



Alma Tadema, R.A., pinx.

COMPARISONS.



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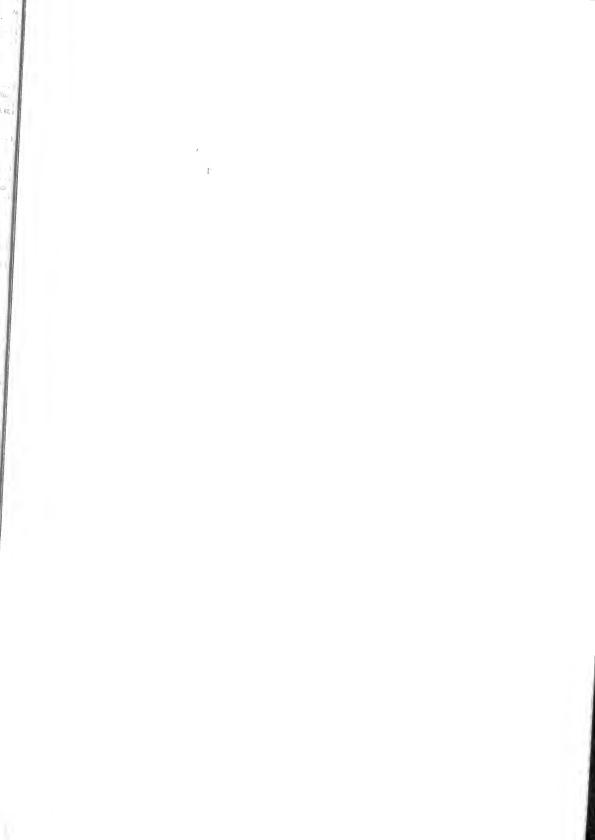
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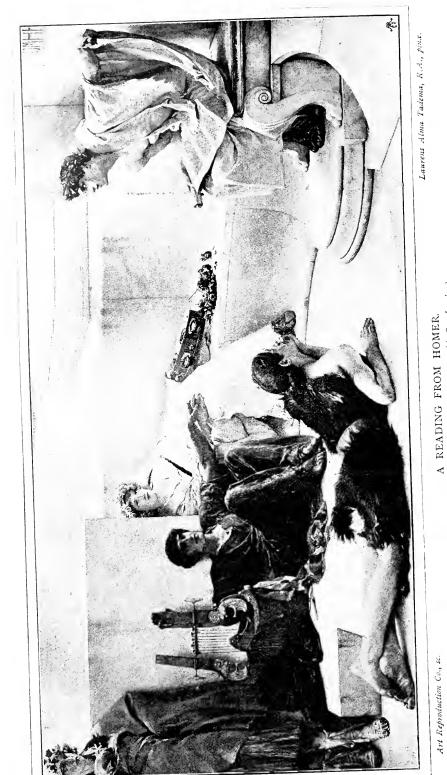
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'Be Homer's works your study and delight, Read them by day and meditate by night.' (An Essay on Criticism.-POPE.)

ATALANTA

Vol. VI.

OCTOBER, 1892.

Νо. бі.

THE BALLAD OF LORD LANGSHAW.

Robert Buch aman

"A ND will ye hae my house, lady,
And will ye hae my land—
The house is old, the land is bare,
And empty is my hand;
But gin ye hunger still for more
This knife o' steel I'll gie—
To cut the breast, howk out the heart
That's sick wi' love for thee!"

"Bide in thy house, Lord Langshaw,
And keep thy barren land,—
My plight is gien to Lauderdale
Whose ring is on my hand;
He lifts me to my saddle-bow,
And thro' the glens we ride—
Sae sheathe thy knife, thou waefu' man,
And seek some ither bride!"

"The silver sheekle wags its pow
Around this house, my dear,
The wind across my lanesome land
Is whistling shrill and drear—
It's hey the blowing o' the broom,
And ho the wither'd thorn!
The bat blinks at the candlelight
And thinks it shining morn!"

Lightly, lightly,
She trotted doon the vale,
The gay goshawk upon her wrist,
Wi' fair young Lauderdale;
While at his door Lord Langshaw stood
They pass'd his barren land,
And as they pass'd she look'd and laugh'd,
And waved her lily hand.

"O bonnie Mary Lindsay,
You've left me here alane,
That last light look is like the steel
To cut my heart in twain.
It's hey the empty house and hall,
And ho the blighted name—
But bide ye, bide ye, till the day
Thy bridegroom leads thee hame!"

Lightly, lightly,

The wedding bells did ring,

And on her middle finger sma'

The bridegroom set the ring,

But as they came from oot the kirk

The bride went white to see

Lord Langshaw on his airn-gray steed

Under the black yew-tree!

Then hameward rode Lord Langshaw,
That waefu' man o' men,
Heavy he droopit as 'neath the snaws
O' threescore years and ten;
All round his house the bitter blast
Wail'd like a saul in pain,
He crept from off his airn-gray steed
And threw his page the rein.

"Come hither, come hither, my little foot-page,
You've served your master weel—
When I lie bluidy on my bed
Pluck out the blade o' steel,
Then leave me in the lanesome house
And do as I command,
And as ye do my last behest
Thy saul be blest or ban'd!"

Lightly, lightly,

They gallopt doon the vale,

Her een were shining bright as stars

On young Lord Lauderdale;

The castle gate stood open wide,

The wedding feast was spread;

Without, the moon rose thin and white;

Within, the lights burnt red.

"O bonnie Mary Lindsay,
A happy dower is thine—
We pledge the bridegroom and the bride
In stoups o' Rhenish wine!"
Then up and laugh'd young Lauderdale,
"A health to all," he said,
"And a health to him who woo'd in vain
The maiden I hae wed!"

From Patrickirk and Lammermoor,
From Mirkmoss and from Doon,
Came wedding gifts o' gems and gold,
Silk snood, and broider'd goon.
It's hey the braw braw wedding gifts,
And ho the dance and sang!
But nae gift came that night from him
Who'd loved sae weel and lang.

Lightly, brightly,

The moon lit roof and tower,

Wi' sheets o' lawn and quilt o' silk

They spread the bridal bower.

The bower was dark, but thro' the pane

The moon keek'd in that night,

And on the pillow fringed wi' gold

Shed beams o' siller light.

There's laughing in the lighted hall
'Mong lords and ladies fair,

The merry bridesmaids and the bride
Come smiling up the stair.

The bridal bower is open wide,
Softly they enter in,

And on the pillow stain'd wi' red
Lord Langshaw's gift is seen!

A gruesome gift, Lord Langshaw,
Is this that comes from you!
A bluidy gift, the dripping knife
That stab'd your strong heart thro'!
O bonnie Mary Lindsay,
Weel may you scream and fall,
Thy lot is wae, this ae night,
This ae night, and all!

This ae night, this ae night,

This ae night and all,

The Lykewake dirge shall echo on

Within your castle-wall.

Dead on his bed Lord Langshaw smiles

Like marble cold and gray,

And at his feet his little foot-page

Keeps watch till dawn o' day!

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

MRS. PARR,

Author of 'Dumps,' 'Dorothy Fox.'

I.

I T was the 15th of February, at the close of a wet, stormy day, that a family was seated in the sitting-room of a house in one of those quiet Groves which lead from the Fulham Road towards Chelsea. It was a clean-curtained, bright, cheerful-looking house with a green door and a brass knocker, over which was a small plate engraved with the name of Clarkson.

Mrs. Clarkson was busy putting the finishing stitches in a garment which her motherly ingenuity had contrived out of a cast-off article belonging to her husband, and when she laid down her needle and held up her handiwork, there was good reason for the justifiable pride with which she regarded it, for really, as she often said, when James left off wearing anything, most persons would say it was past turning to any account, "but there they are," she soliloquized with a satisfied nod of her head, "and a very good job I've made of them."

"Here, Stella," she called to a little girl seated on a low stool near her, "take these and lay them on that chair—carefully, now—I want your father to see how nice they look." Then, glancing at the clock, she added, "Why, it's gone six; he'll be here in another few minutes. Now then, Lottie, put away your books; stir up the fire, child, and you and Carry tidy up the room, there's good girls."

The two girls thus addressed jumped up with cheerful alacrity to do their mother's bidding. They were good-tempered, handy little maidens of twelve and thirteen, able to battle and romp with their young brother, a sturdy tyrant of ten, and to look after and take care of little Stella, who from being fragile, pale, and fair, was looked on as the delicate one of the family.

James Clarkson, cashier to a large mercantile firm in the city, had somewhat of a struggle to provide for the numerous wants of his household. His income was barely over £200 a year, but

then, as he used to say to his friends, Charlotte was such a wonderful manager. How she contrived to do as she did was more than he could tell, and come upon her when you would, you always found her smiling and cheerful. panegyric was due to Mrs. Clarkson's loving, kindly nature; she seemed to embody all those qualities which go to form the word mother, and the centre of her happiness and pleasure was in her home and her family. Many a sorrow and anxiety had she and her husband borne together, but they had carried their burdens bravely, chasing away present care by the hope that better days were in store for them, although how those better days were to come was a dim uncertainty. That Mr. Clarkson's income or position should improve was all but impossible, and the only relative they had, although a rich man, had adopted a nephew of his own whom he had made heir to his property.

Notwithstanding the scantiness of her materials, Mrs. Clarkson often indulged in castle-building. Just now her dreams were rather of a prosaic order, induced by watching her two girls lifting the chairs and pushing into place the heavy, old-fashioned furniture. Strong and healthy as they both were, a few years ought to see them out in the world earning something, so that the parents might manage to do rather more for Edgar, their only boy, and that delicate-looking little Stella.

"I can't think who gave you your pale face," she said as, looking at the child, she spoke out of her reflections; "I wish I could pinch some roses into your cheeks."

"I can, mother, you let me try;" and Edgar pounced upon his little sister, to be promptly fallen upon in his turn by Lottie, who forcibly impressed on him the fact that Stella was a girl, "and girls aren't strong like boys, sir."

"Oh, aren't they," said Edgar derisively, finding that his efforts to get free were vain. "I wish you wouldn't interfere. Mother—now is Lottie to—"

But further appeal and Mrs. Clarkson's answer

were here interrupted by the sound of a key in the door, and a minute later, greeted by a general welcome of "Father, oh!" James Clarkson stood on the threshold of the room. He gave a general nod of his head, took off his hat and overcoat, hung them up, deposited his dripping umbrella in the stand, and with something between a sigh and a grunt took his accustomed seat by the fire, and put on his slippers, which it was Stella's care to see were "warm and comfy."

"Well, my dear, and how's the world going on? What's the news, eh?"

Mrs. Clarkson always began by asking this question, to which her husband as invariably answered, "Oh, I don't know-things just about the same as usual-nothing stirring but stagnation." After which he leisurely and by degrees related to her every occurrence of the day, knowing that the most trivial thing which happened to him would be of importance to her. The worries and perplexities of business, the inconsistencies of the masters, the shortcomings of the clerks, were all poured out to her to be severally smoothed down and have their sharp corners rounded off. Mrs. Clarkson had the womanly charm of softening the injury, while she gave sympathy to the injured, and, the confidences ended, her husband felt at peace with all the world. On this particular evening, however, instead of giving his usual answer he remained silent for a moment, and then in a voice which seemed troubled by emotion, he said-

"Why-poor Briggs is dead."

"La! James, you don't say so. Why how—What did he die of? Was it sudden'?"

"So it seems. He was down at Brighton, stopping, and felt out of sorts somehow, and somebody advised him to have a hot bath—one of the Turkish ones, I dare say. Anyhow, coming out of it he was seized with a fit, and never rightly came to himself again."

"How awful! dear me! Well, though he wasn't, poor man, much of a friend to you or to me, James, still you can't hear of one you've known all your lifetime being cut off in a moment without feeling that it upsets you. I can see it has you, my dear."

"I wish we'd been more reconciled, I must

"So far as that goes it certainly wasn't your

fault that you weren't; but the last time that we met him-at Clapham Station, don't you remember -and you went up and held out your hand to him; well, he spoke as short and stiff as if he thought the next thing you'd do would be to ask him for the loan of five pounds. No, my dear, you must be just there;" and she glanced at her husband, evidently surprised that her argument did not seem as conclusive to him as usual. "One thing is," she continued, "I dare say his nephew won't be so close with the money. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good,' and I'm sure that young fellow must have led the life of a toad under a harrow. Years ago, the few times your sister ever asked us there, I declare it made my flesh creep to hear the two nag-nag at the boy; he couldn't do, or speak, or look so as to please either of them. It was 'Put that down, take care of your clothes, mind the furniture,' until I thought if he'd been a child of mine, I'd rather he'd be left a beggar than have his spirits broken and his temper spoilt in that way."

"They called him Briggs, didn't they?" asked Mr. Clarkson abstractedly. "What was his proper name—do you remember, Char?"

"Well, not at this moment I don't. It seems to have slipped my memory," she added after a few moments' reflection, "but he was Briggs' sister's son."

Mr. Clarkson nodded his head in assent.

"I know—she married against their wishes somebody they didn't approve of, and there was a split that wasn't ever made up until Briggs took the notion in his head that he'd adopt the boy."

"And a bitter pill that was to your sister. I read between the lines when she wrote saying she'd be Stella's godmother. Poor soul, she's dead and gone, but if it had been the Queen herself, she couldn't have made the offer more condescendingly."

Nine years had passed since that day, but Mrs. Clarkson had never been able to forget the mortification of being obliged to accept that honour.

"Come, Char, now isn't that going a little far? It's true I wished at the time that she hadn't hit on quite such a romantic-sounding name as Stella, but that's all that struck me. Seeing that I was her only brother, 'twasn't so unnatural her wishing to be godmother to one of the children."

"Certainly it wasn't! 'Twas the thing you might

have most looked for, only the idea never struck her until that boy was singled out as heir. No, no, my dear; she couldn't bear the thought, if they were both gone, of one of Briggs' family having the chance of handling the money."

"Hm! do you think, then, she would ha' been better pleased if he'd singled out one of our children?"

"Not a bit. My belief is that riches had hardened the poor souls until the power of caring a button for any living creature but themselves had gone from them entirely. I know your poor sister used to display all her finery, thinking I was eaten up with envy and jealousy, instead of which, I was filled with feelings of pity to think there was nobody to care for her, and that she cared for nobody—but there! we mustn't forget that she'd have been a different woman most likely if it had pleased God to bless her with a family."

"I dare say she would," said Mr. Clarkson absently. "The working of Providence is certainly a great mystery."

Mrs. Clarkson looked at her husband with anxiety. It was evident to her that this sudden death of his brother-in-law had given a shock to him. "He's got such a feeling heart, dear fellow," she was saying inwardly, "that it worries him to think they weren't more friendly; and anything like sudden death always seems to prey upon James's spirits. Your tea will do you good, my dear," she said aloud, laying her hand on his shoulder. "Come down and have it, it's all ready. This has been a trying day for you, I can see. Come, chicks, come down; let's all look after dear father."

The whole family went down into the under sitting-room, in which it was their habit to take their meals. Tea—the only meal when they were all assembled—was usually a very merry gathering, the children relating in turn to their father what had occurred to them during the day; but though this evening he listened and smiled as usual, his wife saw that his thoughts were often far away; and when they had finished she was not surprised to hear him say—

"My dears, I want to have a little quiet talk with mother. Stop down here for a time, will you!"

"What is it, James?" asked Mrs. Clarkson softly, as, the door closed, the husband and wife seated themselves one on each side of the fire.

"Why, my dear, a very extraordinary thing has happened. The lawyer has been to me about our little Stella."

"Oh my! James! You don't say that he's remembered to leave the dear child something? Well, that is the last thing I should ever have thought of."

James nodded his head to show that her surmise was true.

"I never! Did he say how much?"

" Everything."

Mrs. Clarkson's face went red and white by turns. She tried to speak, but only a gasp came, and her husband continued—

"Nobody else has a penny."

"Arthur," exclaimed Mrs. Clarkson — "his nephew?"

"Not even the mention of his name. It seems that he and the young fellow, who'd just come back from college, had a violent quarrel about some young lady whom he flatly refused to marry, and this so enraged the old man that he put himself into one of his awful passions, sent for the lawyer, and then and there altered his will."

"Wicked old sinner! What a shame, after all that poor lad has had to put up with. But he sha'n't suffer at our hands; we'll do what's right by him. I should feel like a thief if he hadn't his fair share. And to think after doing such a wrong to be suddenly called into eternity. Oh, James, the thought is awful."

"It appears by what the lawyer tells me—he's a Mr. Lovegrove, and seems a most right-minded, conscientious sort of gentleman—that the new will was made more as a show off than with any thought of reality. Briggs fancied that would be the best means of bringing the nephew to his senses, little thinking how soon the whole would be called into play. Mr. Lovegrove says he shall never forget his look when the will was brought back. He called his nephew in and read the whole of it over from first word to last. He was all of a tremble, and his voice shook so, that he could hardly speak,

as he asked whether he meant to obey him or no. The young fellow too was white to his very lips, but he answered quite firmly that he was willing to give his uncle all submission except where by it he should forfeit his own self-respect, which, if he married the person he proposed to him, he should certainly do; and upon that the clerk was called in, he and Mr. Lovegrove were requested to witness the signature, and then Briggs told the man-servant to pack his portmanteau, as he was going off to Brighton; and he desired his nephew to clear out of the house before he came back, and never to show his face to him again."

"That gives you the character of the man," exclaimed Mrs. Clarkson excitedly; "to turn from his doors the poor lad whom he had pretended to care for as a son. Such hard-heartedness is abominable, James."

"Still, my dear, we mustn't forget that Mr. Lovegrove does him the justice to say that he firmly believes he never meant that will to be anything but a threat—a kind of rod to hold over the boy."

"But if so, James, it can't surely be right that we should take the money. It would be little better than a robbery, it seems to me."

"Robbery or not, my dear, what's law has to be acted upon; and if a man in his right mind and sober senses makes his will, and that will is properly signed and attested to, all the sentiment and good feeling in the world can't alter what is said in it. As he leaves his money and his land, so it must be."

Mr. Clarkson delivered this fiat in such a tone of decision that his wife felt a stop was put to further argument. For several minutes she sat silent, reflecting on the possible change in their circumstances. Already in thought they had removed to a house with a garden, Lottie and Carry were having lessons, Edgar had gone to a good school, Stella had grown fat and rosy by a long stay in the country. Suddenly catching sight of her husband looking at her, she said, with a smile at his anxious expression—

"Only to fancy our ever having anything to call our own!"

The idea of a divided interest between her and any one of her children was an impossibility to Mrs. Clarkson. A fortune left to one was a fortune left to all. You could not separate Stella from her parents and her family.

"You haven't quite heard all," said Mr. Clark-

son, heaving a deep-drawn sigh. "The money, as I told you, is left to Stella."

"That I understood, my dear."

"Yes, but it's under a condition"—he felt his heart begin to beat so quickly that he could hardly steady his voice—"and that's the hard part of it, Char. If the child has the money, we must in a way give her up to trustees appointed to have her properly educated for the position she is to enjoy. She may come, whenever they think proper, to see us, and I fancy they can go so far as letting us have her in her holidays; but she isn't to actually what you call live with us until after she is one-and-twenty."

"Then let them keep the money," exclaimed Mrs. Clarkson promptly. "I won't have my child taken from me for fifty fortunes. Unnatural old brute! He could never give you a rose without sticking a thorn into your finger. Not a bit of it, James. Give the money back to the nephew 'twas intended for. We'll keep our child."

"I wish it could go back to him"—and Mr. Clarkson sighed drearily—"or at least that a good part could; but that's just the point that enrages me. There's a clause that if we refuse, or don't carry out his wishes to the letter, or try by law to upset the laid-down conditions, the whole of the fortune goes to a charity, and neither Stella nor his nephew, nor any living soul belonging to him or bearing his name, is to be permitted to touch a single halfpenny."

"And you call that man a Christian," said Mrs. Clarkson angrily. "Wanting to rob us of our child and give her up to strangers, and be most likely taught to look down upon her own father and mother. Never!" And this thought, coupled with the sudden revulsion of feeling at a disappointment so bitter, made Mrs. Clarkson burst into a flood of tears, which for a few minutes fell from her eyes quick and fast, while her husband sat looking into the fire with a troubled gaze.

After what seemed a lengthened pause, she dried her eyes and tried to be more calm; but her voice was broken and unsteady as she said appealingly—

"But, James, don't you see as I do, my dear?"

He gave a perplexed shake of his head as with a sigh he answered—

"I don't quite know what to say. I don't know what I ought to do for the best. I'm, as it were, torn in two ways at once. If the child was hearty

and strong as the others are, I shouldn't hesitate one bit; but that she isn't. She's not made for the rough side of life; and, Char"—and he leaned over and took his wife's hand in his own—"you and I ain't so young as we used to be. It would lie heavy with me to leave her alone, or to think my dear old woman had to work for her. The others will soon be getting for themselves, and a boy can always fight his way; but of late I've begun to feel very anxious about Stella."

Mrs. Clarkson's tears had dropped slowly and singly on her husband's hand, but at the bare mention of separation, of being left alone, the flood-gates of grief burst open again; and kneeling down, she leaned her head against that faithful loving heart and sobbed bitterly.

"No, no, James; let it have its way. I shall be all the better after, and able to talk more sensibly. But you know what a fond, foolish mother I am, specially over the one who is still our baby."

Mr. Clarkson gave that best comfort to his wife in the language of a love felt most deeply by the tried and trusted; and then at the right moment he began to skilfully drop on the fresh-made wound the salve of consolation.

"You see, my dear, if the will was worded otherwise—for our child to remain with us—it would be our duty to send her away to school, and that would mean separation. And then it doesn't follow because poor Briggs himself hadn't any feeling for her parents, that those who'll have the trust of her will be equally hard-hearted."

"Are they named? Did you hear who they'd be?" was asked tearfully.

"Yes, the two trustees are the nephew and son of Briggs' first master, gentlemen living on their own property in the country. And the lady he wishes to be guardian and have the care of her is their sister, Mrs. Vivian Stapleton, a widow lady, with an only son."

"Oh, then, she's a mother." For the first time Mrs. Clarkson raised her head.

"That's it; just what I was thinking. Knowing what our feelings must be, is it likely she'd try to keep the child away from her parents?"

"And she'd soon get to love the darling. She'd creep her way into anybody's heart, wouldn't she?"

"She's your own child there, Charlotte."

"No, no; I've always said, of all the children, 'twas Stella took most after father."

"And then I haven't told you the best of it," said Mr. Clarkson, in a tone which tried to be most cheerful. "After she is nineteen she is not bound in any way. From the instant she comes of age, everything is in her own hands, to do as she likes, and live with whom she pleases; and that's why Mr. Lovegrove feels so sure the will was never made to stand, for in the other one the old man had tried to keep his finger in everything."

"Well—but the poor young fellow. Can't he be benefited in any way?"

"I'm afraid not—for some years he can't; but our child must be different to what we know of ourselves, Char, if, when she has the power, she doesn't make it right with him; and that's another argument in favour of accepting."

Mrs. Clarkson nodded her head in approval. Her husband saw that, however great the sacrifice might be, she intended to submit to whatever might be best for her child's future.

"It's certainly a large sum to forfeit," she began. "We've always been told he was worth £50,000."

"Every halfpenny of that and more. That's what makes it such a serious consideration, and the necessity of her being so trained that she may be able to spend such a fortune properly."

"Of course it does. I see that now—only—"

"My dear Char, don't you think I feel the sacrifice we're making? but, please God, we shall be rewarded by seeing her grow up a good useful woman, turning the money into a blessing to many."

Mrs. Clarkson raised her tear-stained face, and looked at her husband.

"Amen," she said, solemnly. "Then it is settled that she goes, and I must take comfort in the remembrance that for nine years she was wholly ours. Ah, James, no one in the world can rob us of the happiness of having had Stella as a little child."

III.

Before following the fate of little Stella Clarkson, upon whom Fortune seemed to have suddenly smiled, it may be as well to give some account of the young man upon whom the fickle dame had as suddenly frowned.

For many years it had been the habit of all Mr.

Briggs' friends to speak of his nephew, Arthur Rodney Maynard, as a very lucky young man, one of those fortunate fellows who had but to open his mouth, and in it was popped a silver spoon in the shape of this rich childless uncle, who—simply for the reason that he could think of no one else to fix on—announced it his intention to adopt the boy as his son, and ultimately make him his heir.

Now with that utter disregard for what is for their ultimate welfare, not unfrequently displayed by youth, instead of being overwhelmed with gratitude at the honour shown to him, Arthur Maynard rebelled as far as was in his power. He wished to be left with his own father and mother. He did not want to be any one else's son. More especially he did not want to belong to Uncle Briggs, whom he did not like, and to Aunt Briggs, whom he could not bear. should he be sent from home, parted from all his brothers and sisters? He was very happy. He was sure his parents did not want to get rid of him. Poor people! that most assuredly they did not. Their first-born, their bright intelligent boy, was dear to them as the apple of their eye, but their means were so small, and their family growing so big that, toil and contrive as they did, to make both ends meet was becoming gradually but surely impossible. For years they had had the hope that Mr. Briggs, Mrs. Maynard's brother, would come forward with an offer to help towards giving Arthur a better education; and when this offer actually came in the shape of a proposal to adopt him, they put aside all their own sorrow and rejoiced over the good fortune that had come to their son. have a large house to live in, a pony to ride, good clothes to wear, the best of food given him, and be sent to a school where he would be taught everything, and be brought up as a gentleman. What could any boy desire more? In vain did poor Arthur protest that he wanted none of these things. The fiat had gone forth and he was forced to obey, and at twelve years old he took leave of family, home, even his own name, and as Arthur Briggs went to live in that atmosphere of constant faultfinding and petty nagging which has worked the ruin of many a fine nature.

At the very threshold of his new home, Arthur was met by an enemy in the person of Mrs. Briggs,

whose hitherto comprehensive dislike of all the members of her husband's family was suddenly concentrated on this one small individual, thrust into the unenviable prominence of being presumptive heir to the very considerable fortune which she considered she had helped Mr. Briggs to make. It was true, as she often declared, that she believed no bigger fool than her brother James ever drew the breath of life, and if you asked her to name the woman who of all others was hateful to her, it was Charlotte his wife. Still for all that she had to be told the reason why Briggs' family was to be set up to lord it over her any more than those she belonged to; and, as Mrs. Clarkson rightly guessed, it was the rankling of this grievance which led her to offer herself to be godmother to the new baby, to whom she gave a christening robe, a row of coral beads, and the name of the heroine in the last novel she had read-Stella. This done, she considered herself in a position to argue every point with Mr. Briggs-Arthur was his nephew, Stella her niece—the boy might be his godson, the baby was her goddaughter. Why not then, if fairness was to be looked for, divide the money between them? "Never." Mr. Briggs roared out the word like a clap of thunder. Never would he consent to halve his money. "All or none." If the boy turned out well, and did everything that was wanted of him, and behaved himself properly, and obeyed his wishes in all things, he would come into all the money he had to leave him; if, on the contrary, he turned out a failure, he wouldn't have a penny.

"Then, Josiah, I think it would be wise in you to fix on who next the money's to go to."

Mrs. Briggs said this in a voice of prophecy, as if she had already a revelation of the present heir's ruin. "Perhaps you might then remember that the wife—who's been a good and faithful wife to you—has relations of her own, and that those relations have a family."

"The best thing I can remember," said Mr. Briggs angrily, "is to leave what I've got to found a charity—some asylum for men to go to, where they can find a little peace and quiet when they happen to be saddled with fools of wives who harass and worry them."

This churlish speech had the effect of reducing Mrs. Briggs to tears. An attack of her nerves speedily followed, which invariably ended in sub-

jugating her husband and bringing him to submission.

"Come, come, Jemima," he said. "Now don't let's have any more of this. I own I was put out, and spoke too sharply. The truth is, that you've so set your face against that boy that it angers me."

"Than which nothing could be further from my thoughts, Josiah; but after all these years to find that your sister Sarah's—" and here a series of chokes and gurgles made the unhappy man say with all haste—

"Now, never you mind about my sister Sarah. What's done is done, but if it's any comfort to you, shouldn't things turn out well, I won't forget—what's her name?—your god-daughter. Come, will that satisfy you? Will you let the thing drop now?"

Of course Mrs. Briggs said "Yes," but with that living reminder of her injury always near her, to forget it was impossible, and she carried on the continual friction so persistently that Mr. Briggs was about to propose a compromise when that fell archer, who is no respecter of persons, and who aims his arrows where we least expect them, struck at Mrs. Briggs. The unhappy woman was seized with a mortal illness, and after lingering for three months, she died.

His wife gone, Mr. Briggs found the house so dull that he determined to move about a little, go to Folkestone, Buxton, Harrogate, Scarboro'—see, as he termed it, a little of the world. He took an opinion as to the best means for giving Arthur a good education, and acting on the advice, the boy was sent first to a preparatory school, and then to Rugby. His time there over, he went on to Oxford, and from Oxford he had just returned when this serious difference with his uncle took place, which led to the alteration of the will and the forfeiture of the fortune.

Arthur was at this time twenty. He had grown from an intelligent boy into a very clever man, with a reserve of talents which no one, and least of all he himself, suspected. His was a mind which must be stored in its own way and after its own bent. During the years he had been at school and college, although he had not carried off any of the great prizes or honours, he had sufficiently distinguished himself to be regarded by his masters and tutors as a young man of no mean promise.

But the absence of these substantial proofs of his learning was made into a grievance by Mr. Briggs, who never wearied of repeating that—through not being so lucky as some people were, and not having an uncle who paid for everything for him, he never got but one year's schooling—though one of the youngest chaps there, he took good care that nobody got ahead of him, and whatever prize there was to bring back, that he brought. It was all very fine for masters to write that the lad had talents of a very extraordinary order—to his mind that was tall talk and palaver—the proof of the pudding was in the eating, and the value of a thing was shown by how much you got for it.

Unfortunately Arthur had a sensitive nature. Oppressed by a weight-very far removed from gratitude—of the obligations he was under to his uncle, dissatisfaction with his position increased every year. He was constantly trying to impress upon himself how much he owed to this rich relation, whose money had given him the education to make full use of the power which was beginning to take shape in him. Swell the debt as much as he tried to, the only result was an increased thirst for freedom. Many of us know by experience how keen are the sorrows of youth-the knife then seems to turn in the wound-we declare that the smart is greater than we can bear. It is only age and experience that teach us to silently, smilingly carry griefs. Each term when the young fellow returned home the misery of his position increased, the narrow, sordid, vulgar side of his uncle's character became more apparent to him. The people he met at the house seemed more unbearable. He entreated to be allowed to take a profession. Mr. Briggs put himself into a passion at the very idea. Wasn't he content with the prospect he'd got before him? And as for the present, was there a wish or a want that wasn't supplied for him?

"I'll tell you what," he said, "your work's cut out for you in being thankful for the luck that's fallen to your share. There's the sons of noblemen and baronets who'd jump at being my heir. You should just see how some of the ladies of title have made up to me, thinking I might be a marrying man; but they'd got the wrong sow by the ear there. It's you must get married, not me."

This was the first word dropped on a subject which later on was to sever the bond between them, and free Arthur from the fetters which were growing too galling for him to bear.

Mr. Briggs had a not far-off neighbour in a Mr. Collins, a man even more vulgar and uneducated than himself, who was the possessor of a very large fortune and an only daughter. It occurred to Mr. Collins, and the idea was far from displeasing to Mr. Briggs, that by the union of this young lady with Mr. Briggs' nephew a combination of the two fortunes would make "a very pretty bit of property."

The elders talked the matter over, Mr. Collins volunteering to act so liberally that Mr. Briggs gave his cordial consent and promise to speak to Arthur.

Obtuse as he was, he had sufficient discernment to perceive the gulf which divided the loud, purse-proud, plain Selina Collins from Arthur—good-looking, self-possessed, gentlemanly. He therefore saw the wisdom of broaching the subject with caution, and commenced by dropping hints on marriage generally. Later on he confessed to the desire he had that he might live to see Arthur married, adding, with a seeming burst of confidence, that he was led to feel sometimes that he was not altogether so young as he used to be.

Arthur looked at him in amazement. To hear his uncle admit that mortality had any claim upon him was a novelty. "What on earth is he driving at?" he thought.

He was not doomed to any long suspense. Mr. Briggs was too accustomed to have everything his own way to be fond of what he termed "shilly shally." In the manner Arthur most abominated, a mixture of cunning and jocoseness, he informed

his nephew of the further good luck that had befallen him in having caught the fancy of Miss Selina Collins, who would have at the very least from three to four thousand a year.

Poor Arthur! it seemed to him that this proposal was the last stone degradation could aim at him. His whole being rose up in revolt. The wrongs of years insisted on asserting themselves, and he gave vent to such bitter truths that when Mr. Briggs wrote the letter which immediately brought the lawyer to him, there was much which his pride forbade him to mention to Mr. Lovegrove that accounted for the state of ungovernable rage in which this old friend found him.

What followed the reader knows. Arthur Briggs stepped across the threshold of that "well-appointed mansion," shaking from him the dust of the ten past years, and with it went his assumed name. As Arthur Rodney Maynard he would begin that fresh start which now meant life-for nothing lives that is not free. Being all but penniless, he must work. The thought was delightful to him. He had no longer any parental home. His mother was long dead, his father had married again. Something told him that with his altered prospects he should not find a welcome there. It was to his college tutor he turned, and not in vain, for within a week an offer was made him to make a tour round the world with a famous scholar whose health had suddenly broken down; and just as little Stella was being clasped in the farewell embraces of her family, Rodney Maynard-he had dropped the Arthur-was taking his last look, for some years, of the shores of Old England.



UNE is the time of the Elder-flower, The Elder that comes before the Rose; The world is all one Elder bower,

To him who sees and him who knows; Through England you may walk to-day, But the Elder-flower is all the way.

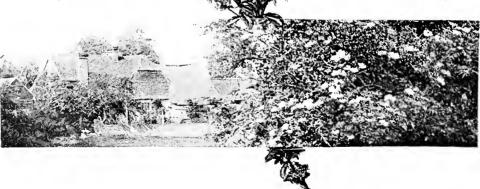
Each cottage-shed and yard to-day In homely white and green is gay.

When the first wave of long green grass Before the mower's scythe sweeps down, When the first rose's petals pass

In showers, the year has lost her crown, The glory of her youth is done, The earth has turned her from the sun.

The nights are white, the North is white; Although the hawthorn and May moon Have passed, there is another light Broad over all the earth in June; Not perfect-sweet, nor perfect-fair, Yet full of fragrance on the air.

But now there is no pause at all Betwixt enchanted day and day, At midnight wakes the cuckoo's call, The grasses sleep not on the way, And when the Elder overflows, All hours are ripening to the Rose.



Oh, my boy and my girl so sweet!

Brother and sister, hand in hand,
Swifter than roes with bounding feet,—
Blue were the skies above the land,
When those twin faces shone together;
Then it was always summer weather.

And then in the Elder-berry time,
What gladness of gathering, to and fro;
One for the topmost bunch to climb,
One with the basket heaped below;
The autumn brought them treasure and glee
In the purple fruit of the Elder-tree.

They climbed in the branches, they made their nest,

They hid in the haze of Elder-flowers,
In the long days—all days were best,—
The swallows skimmed through the
golden hours:

The swallows skimmed through the golden hours:
"This is my secret! come and see;
Here is my house in the Elder-tree."

The making of Elder-berry wine!
What busy feet went up and down!
The secret store, the deep design,
The hands and faces stained and brown;
No one else might share or see
The progress of their industry.

A rustling in the boughs was heard,
And through thick leaves a sunny head
Peeped out, and happy whispers stirred,
Till hushed by some intrusive tread;
And the old tree shook with a silver shower
Of laughter out of the Elder-flower.

The old dark cellar was full of joy,—
Young voices over the crimson wine:
What was the triumph of girl and boy!
No one thought it would be so fine.
When the ground was hard and the stars were bright,

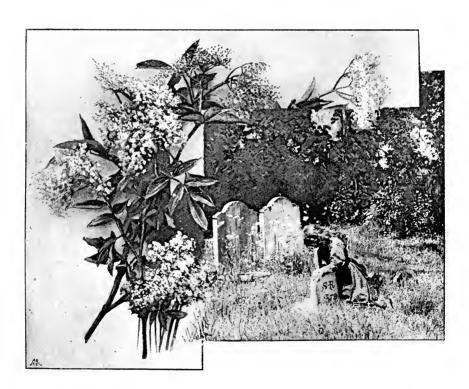
They ran down the road on Christmas night.

They knocked, they opened the poor man's door, ("And blessings be on your darling head!")
"We have brought you our Elder-wine for store,
To make you merry and warm," they said;
Their loving eyes in the firelight shone,
And the place was gladder they looked upon.

Yes, June has passed with all her leaves,
And the birds have fled by two and two,
But the Elder-tree in the garden grieves,
"My bright-faced children, where are you?
Who nestles now in my flowery foam,
Close by the doorways of your home?

One passes, nor looks up at me:—
Are these my eyes of dancing blue?
But where is the one I used to see,
With waving hair, that walked with you?
Nine years I watched him grow in grace,
Two years I have missed him from his place;
Where is the boy with the angel's face?"

H. E. HAMILTON KING.





CHARACTERS OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THEIR WORKS.

ERNST PAUER.

HE subject of this paper is decidedly an interesting one, and it may also claim to possess a certain usefulness with respect to the critical department of the musical art. At the same time, it is a subject which has to be approached with considerable caution, and its consideration likewise demands thoroughness of research and decided impartiality. There is no doubt that the characteristics of a musical work really and truly bear the impress of the composer's personal character. If the composer possesses a character full of nobility, strength, and energy, his works will certainly not show vulgarity, tameness, or indifference of expression; nor, on the other hand, will a composer of a sensitive, dreamy, or languid disposition be able to write healthy, concise, and spirited works. what is character—what constitutes and forms it? In the most general sense of the word, character is the sum of the qualities and peculiarities which distinguish one person from another. Character is what a person acquires by perseverance and strength of will; therefore it is evident that any one who lacks these qualities will never possess a strong character. In the child, character is not yet perfected; it possesses dispositions which, by careful education, may be brought to develop into good

character; this we see also with composers. Early education, good advice and example have materially assisted in developing character, and thus their compositions have acquired the peculiar characteristics which we observe in them. But we shall also find that all those composers who had to rely entirely on their own strength-men like Bach and Handel, Haydn and Beethoven, who were thrown unassisted into the great world, and who had to fight single-handed against adversity and to endure hardships and poverty—were able to give to their works greater force and richer substance than others who were assisted in their early efforts and proceeded to their triumphs by a smoother road. All the composers of whom we have to speak possessed a good character; indeed, the consciousness of serving a noble, lofty, and divine art has often proved the best safeguard against dissipation and vulgarity.

The chief qualities of a good character are nobility of mind, honesty, truthfulness, love of fairness and justice, constancy, readiness to recognize merit wherever it is to be found, gentleness, and evenness of temper. We shall find all these qualities variously illustrated in the works of the

great composers, and in these we recognize their characteristics. We begin with

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH,

who became an orphan when he was but ten years old; he was supported by a brother, much his senior, until he was thirteen; by him he was treated with great severity. After the death of his brother (Johann Christoph), Sebastian was received into St. Michael's School of Eisenach as a choirboy. In that institution he remained three years, three valuable years of hard and honest work. Thoroughness and the faculty of taking plenty of trouble where anything was to be accomplished, appeared in Bach even at this early age. Poor as he was, he managed to make his way from Eisenach to Hamburg several times, in order to hear the celebrated organist Reincke; and in the same way he often went to the distant town of Celle, to hear the performance of the Duke's band of French musicians. Wherever useful experience could be acquired, the young Sebastian was sure to be found. We thus see that Bach was solely dependent on his own exertions. Industry, perseverance, and exemplary modesty were the leading features of the young man's character.

Of his later life, we may observe that he was amiable and kind, despising ostentation, and free from egotism, although he was honoured by princes and by the distinguished men of his time. In the presence of inferior artists he was modest and unassuming; vanity and pride were unknown to him; tolerance of the shortcomings of others was among his many virtues. A faithful and loving husband, a strict but kind father, a painstaking and ever-encouraging teacher, and a devoted Christian, he fulfilled with scrupulous care his duties as a loyal citizen, and was respected and admired by all who knew him. He was and will remain a model as an artist and a man.

With regard to the characteristics of his works, we may say that they consist in completeness and unity, the greatest purity and accuracy; a certain delicious quaintness pervades his compositions for the Clavecin—in them his individuality shows itself more than in the organ—works which are designed and executed in a larger, loftier, more objective style. Every part of Bach's works is

finished and polished with the utmost care; order and neatness, gentleness of expression, no rhapsodical or spasmodic fits and starts, but a systematic and logical development of his ideas, are evident everywhere, and a decidedly natural elegance and agreeable warmth of feeling distinguish his works throughout; indeed we might thus summarize the effect of his works: Logical, systematic, and comprehensible, Bach's music impresses us by its simplicity, precision, and natural flow. Bach combines the thoroughness and solidity of the German style with the clearness of the Italian and the elegance of the French; the *plastic beauty* of his works is as intact to-day as the simplicity and the charm of his melodies.

GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL.

HÄNDEL'S biography is so well known that it appears unnecessary to say more than that he was the son of a barber-surgeon, and that his excellent mother, whose maiden name was Dorothea Faust, educated him up to his seventeenth year, when he left his native town, Halle, and went to Hamburg. At the age of twenty-seven he settled in England, and remained here until his death in 1759. From his father he inherited intelligence, ambition, and energy; from his mother earnest dignity, assiduous activity, and thoroughly Christian devotion. The chief feature of Händel's character was independence and extraordinary power of will. He was not proud, but accepted with a quiet dignity the praise of the public and of princes.

He was wonderfully active, and not having any appointment which brought him a certain reliable income, he had to work at times rather hastily, which accounts for the fact that his works were not nearly finished with that care which Bach bestowed on the completion of his pieces. Bach's activity was exercised in a narrower field than that of Händel. Bach never left Germany, Händel on the other hand went to Italy, he was influenced by Germany, Italy, and England; he adopted from the latter countries only so much as proved the universality of his mind, without effacing his German nationality.

Händel proved and matured his genius in every possible form; he wrote Church and Chamber music; he worked his way through the sound and

fury of the Opera till he gained the glorious calmness and clear spiendour of the Oratorio. He was best pleased when he had an opportunity of employing his energetic mind and his wonderful pertinacity in combating all possible obstacles. Through good and evil report he remained true and devoted to his art, and did not seem to care for outward signs of distinction. Händel's independence was merely the natural and simple bearing of a man who finds in his work its exceeding great reward, and to whom accordingly the prizes that await the suc-

cessful courtier and the man of the world are but vanity and vexation of spirit. The chief characteristics of Händel's music are grandeur, power, and nervous force; all his expressions bear the stamp of a strong soul. Greatest of all he appears in the Choruses; here we find an enthusiasm, a religious energy, which only a man full of character and virtue can possess. We are also struck with a rare purity and just as rare a simplicity; and last, not least, with a total absence of any far-fetched or unnatural means.

(To be continued.)

OLD LOVERS.

STEER close beside the river's edge
Where trails the thorny, pale wild rose,
And where, among the whispering sedge,
The lonely yellow iris grows.
The dappled shadows come and go
Where long-tressed shadows kiss the stream;
Ah—slowly, softly let us go,
Lest we should break the dream.

Beneath the willows let us glide,

And see their gray-green, trembling leaves:

My soul is filled and satisfied

With the sweet spell the evening weaves.

And I can dream that you and I

Are all the world to me and you.

The dream is sweet—if you should try

Could you not dream it too?

You dreamed it once—so long ago,

Here, where the tranquil meadows rest,
Here, where the water-lilies lie

Upon the dreaming river's breast.

Lean to my heart, as long ago—

Oh Lily that my heart once wore,

This hour—if we should let it go—

Will come again no more.

E. NESBIT.



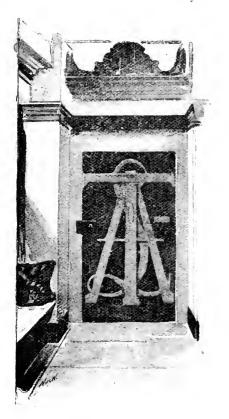
From the photograph by W. II. Grove, by kind permission of the painter.

L A U R E N S A L M A T A D E M A, R. A. $(At\ work.)$



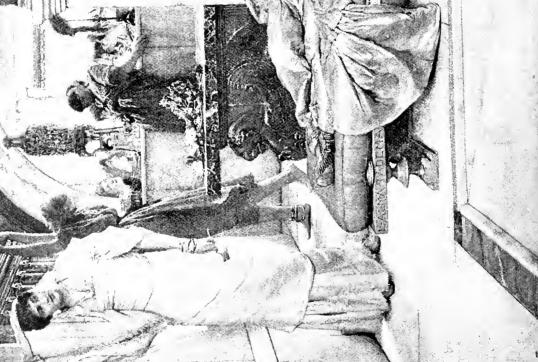
LAURENS ALMA TADEMA.

Julia Cartwright



OREMOST among the foreigners of distinction who have made their home in London, and whom England justly claims as her own, is the painter, Alma Tadema. No artist is more popular at the present time. There is none whose works are more eagerly sought after, both in this country and abroad. Honours have been literally heaped upon him. He is a member of all the chief foreign Academies of Painting, a knight of half a dozen different exalted orders. Russian and American patrons compete for the possession of his smallest canvases; strangers from all parts of the world come to visit his studio, and receive a friendly welcome from the genial artist in that bright home, where, surrounded by every refinement that exquisite taste can suggest, he paints the pictures which have made him famous.

The secret of this general attractiveness is not hard to find. In the first place, M. Tadema is a consummate master of his art. His work is marked with the completeness and certainty which are the result of thorough technical knowledge. No one bestows greater care and pains on his pictures, no one toils with more unwearying industry to satisfy his idea of perfection; but the sense of labour is



Alma Tadema, R.A., pinx.

lost in the success which crowns his efforts, in the charm and harmony of his achievement. words which Mr. Ruskin employed long ago to describe Correggio, might with equal truth be applied to the Dutch master of our own day. "Captain of the painter's art, as such." And in the second place, both M. Tadema's subject-matter and the qualities of his art are of a kind exactly suited to the popular taste. He deals not with ideas, but with facts. He does not vex himself with problems which he cannot solve, does not attempt to portray the deeper emotions and passions of the human heart, or seek to express the higher and more spiritual meanings which Art has to give. He has been accused, we think unjustly, of being devoid of imagination. We should, on the contrary, say that he possesses very remarkable imaginative powers, only that his invention busies itself almost exclusively with facts. What he does possess, there can be no doubt, is a marvellously keen perception of facts, combined with a rare faculty for their reproduction. In spite of his long residence in England, he is still essentially Dutch in his aims and ideals, in the accuracy and finish of his work, in his love of minute detail, in the amazing skill with which he imitates surfaces and textures. is, to put it briefly, Dutch in the excellences as well as the limitations of his art. These are qualities which appeal to all, which are intelligible to every observer, and secure universal applause. Every one can admire the polished gleam of M. Tadema's marbles, the sheen of his silks and satins, the loveliness of his roses and violets; every one must delight in his vivid rendering of the cloudless skies and transparent atmosphere of southern Again, his colour, like his subjects, is habitually joyous and radiant, the brightest hues, the gayest tints are blended together in these little canvases on which he bestows such infinite labour and skill. Once more, we may remark that from first to last M. Tadema's career has been marked by a vigorous individuality. "One reason of my success," he says himself, "is that I have always worked entirely out of my own head, and never imitated other painters. Whatever my qualities or my failings have been, I have always been true to myself."

It is strange to think that this popular Royal Academician, whose figure is so familiar in London society, and whose three hundred pictures have won a world-wide fame, began life in a remote village, in the flattest, dreariest part of Holland, on the banks of the Zuyder Zee. Laurens Alma Tadema was born on the 8th of January, 1836, in the little village of Dronryp, near Leuwarden in Friesland. His father, Pieter Tadema, came of a good old burgher stock, and was a notary by profession. But he died when Laurens, the youngest of his children, was but four years old, leaving a large family to be brought up by his widow. The struggle was a hard one, but the brave mother faced her lot with a courage and an energy which her youngest son inherited. From his childhood he showed signs of artistic talent, and as a schoolboy every spare minute he could get was spent in drawing. But his guardians destined him for a legal profession, and it was not until after a dangerous illness, when he was about fourteen, that he was allowed to follow the bent of his genius.

Then he entered the Academy of Painting at Antwerp, and worked hard there for several years. In 1851, when he was a boy of fifteen, he painted a portrait of himself, which was exhibited in the collection of his pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery ten years ago. Among the most lasting impressions of these student days, the painter himself retains a lively recollection of a marble hall in the Club at Ghent, which he often visited, and where he loved to watch the play of light on the walls. that it was very big, nor yet very beautiful," he adds to-day with a smile, "but to me it seemed And so it happens that when I have marble to paint, I think of that hall, and thenwell, it seems to come of itself." The fact is worthy of note, both as an instance of the enduring power of youthful impressions, and also of the kind of influence to which the peculiar nature of the boy's genius made him susceptible.

In 1859 the young artist became the assistant of Baron Leys, the distinguished Belgian medievalist, who was then engaged in decorating the Guildhall of Antwerp with historical frescoes. From his teaching young Tadema derived that scientific precision and attention to archæological detail which has always been a striking feature in his art, and under his influence he painted his first important works, a series taken from the chronicles of Grégoire de Tours and the history of the Merovingian princes. One of these, the 'Children of Clovis,' now the property of the King of the Belgians, was

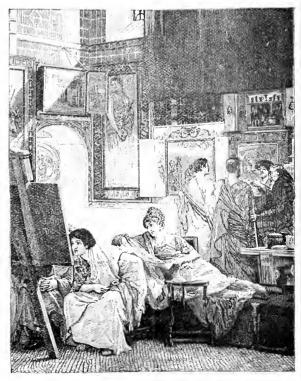


THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

exhibited at Antwerp in 1861, and sold for what then seemed to the artist the considerable sum of 1,600 francs. His mother, who had come to spend her declining years under her son's roof, lived to see the success of this picture and rejoice in the brilliant career that was opening before him. Tadema's position was now assured, and two years later he married a French lady and settled in Brussels. The same year, fired by a strong desire to go back to the origin of art and science in antiquity, he painted a picture of 'The Egyptians Three Thousand Years Ago.' This was the first of a series on Egyptian subjects, all of them marked by considerable originality, but still of a more or less tentative character. Then, one day, he set to work on a Roman subject, and it is surprising to note the rapid progress which he made from that moment. By degrees the hardness and thinness of his colour, together with a certain stiffness of form that marred his early work, disappeared. Every day he gained in technical skill, in the power to describe a scene or tell a story. Several important pictures, among others his 'Ave Cæsar'—the Roman soldiers hailing Claudius as Emperor over the corpse

of the murdered Caligula -- and his 'Tarquinius Superbus, cutting down the poppies with his sceptre' —a really noble and imposing work—were painted between the years 1865 and 1868. At the same time he produced the earliest of those genre pieces, in which he has shown us the private and domestic life of these old Romans—'A Feast in a Pompeian House,' 'A Roman Family,' 'The Honeymoon,' 'A Siesta,' 'At Lesbia's,' etc. Henceforth the life of imperial Rome in her days of splendid decadence was to be his chosen theme. His it was to make the men and women of that bygone age live again, to recreate anew the world in which they moved, and, shutting his eyes to the tyranny, the vice and brutality of the period, show us the brighter side of the picture. He takes us into the charmed circle of which Horace sings, to those scenes of "the feast, the lute, and the rose," to the board where guests, crowned with chaplets of flowers and ivy, quaff the rich Falernian wine, to the villa where Lydia toys with Sybaris, and the poet of the ivory lyre sings the praise of sweetly-smiling, sweetlyspeaking Lalage.

The moment of this new departure in the



THE PICTURE GALLERY.



STUDY OF MONK KNEELING.

painter's career agrees very nearly with the date of his coming to England. In spite of the recognition which his talents had received, it was not easy to make a living by painting in his own country, where all his exertions had scarcely carned a few hundred guldens; and after his wife's death in 1869, he crossed the Channel and settled in London. Already his Roman pictures had attracted attention here, the 'proud Tarquin' had found its way to

Leeds, and in 1869 his 'Pyrrhic Dance' was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Two years afterwards he married the accomplished English lady whose face is familiar to us in her husband's pictures, and who is herself an artist of considerable talent. From this time forward the painter's career is one unbroken record of splendid success, of triumphs won, and aims perfectly accomplished. During the next few years some of his most famous works



STUDY OF GIRL.

appeared at the Academy Exhibition. 'The Vinttage Festival' is a long procession entering the temple of Bacchus. The priestess leads the way, accompanied by men bearing wine and grapes; then come the flute-players and dancers striking cymbals and tambourines as they go. Their heads are crowned with roses, and garlands of glossy ivy are wreathed about the altars and amphoræ. We seem to hear the shouts of Evoe, and recall the lines of Horace—

"Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero Pulsanda tellus."

The Sculpture and Picture Galleries, from which two of our illustrations are taken, and which generally rank as M. Tadema's masterpieces, belong to 1874. Both are characteristic specimens of his



"SAPPHO."
(After the picture by Laurens Alma Tadema.)

best manner. The one represents a sculptor's atelier. the other a painter's studio, where groups of visiters are examining the works of art. The pictures and basrelicts on the walls. the bronze and silver and draperi - are painted mastery, while the figures are more life-like and expressive than is often the case, especially that of the young man in the 'Picture Gallery,' who bends earnestly over the canvas on the easel, careless of the proud beauty reclining on the couch behind him. And in both works the effect is heightened by that skilful management of light which is so marked a feature of this master's The inner court of the sculptor's gallery is flooded with warm while sunlight, most of the painter's studio lies in shadow, and only in one corner we have a glimpse of blue sky and bright sunshine.



PORTRAIT OF MISS MARKS.

The next important work was the 'Audience before Agrippa,' a painting chiefly remarkable for

vases. He has, it is true, shown us that he can paint movement, both in the 'Vintage Pro-

the fine effect of boldly - foreshortened marble staircase dome, which the great favourite of Augustus is seen descending, while his suitors wait below with costly gifts in their hands. This picture was painted during M. Tadema's visit to Rome in the winter of 1875-76, after his beautiful house in the Regent's Park had been wrecked by the canal explosion, and was exhibited at Burlington House on his return. During his absence he had been elected Associate of the Royal Academy, and three years later he was raised to the full honours

of Academician. But, in spite of their great merits, it is not in these larger works that the painter is seen at his best. Where figures are prominent, where action and expression are felt necessary, he is less successful; and this want naturally detracts from the interest of his larger cancession' and in the 'Pyrrhic Dance,' although even there we turn from the warriors to the spectators, and feel that in these forms in repose the chief beauty of the picture lies. And he has, once at least, shown us that he can represent the depths of human despair, in that solemn and impressive picture, 'The Death of the First-born'; where, in the gloom of the ancient Egyptian temple, Pharaoh gazes in silent, immovable anguish on the dead face of his son. The picture, painted in 1873, hangs in the painter's house, and is said to be his favourite work. But he soon returned to his marble villas and his sunlit waters, and on the whole we think that he was right.

Countless are the scenes of domestic Roman life on which he has lavished the treasures of his art. Pompeian interiors, where Roman ladies feed their pets, or recline on embroidered cushions, wrapt in soft, shimmering draperies. These interiors, with their mosaics and acanthus reliefs, their household gods crowned with garlands, their delicately-tinted hangings, more beautiful, we are sometimes tempted to think, than any actual Roman homes, become, in his hands, the scenes of various small incidents which have just the touch of light comedy that is needed to enliven the luxurious splendour. 'Not at Home,' an unwelcome visitor receives his dismissal from a damsel whose mistress is a smiling witness of his reluctant departure. In 'A Lovemissile' we see a laughing girl flinging a note, concealed in a bouquet of crimson roses, at her waiting lover. In 'Shy,' a blushing maiden hides her eyes from the lover who silently lays his offering of choice roses on her lap. Another of our illustrations shows us a group of maidens in the courts of the temple of Venus, on their way to invoke the goddess of Love; while the graceful study of the girl stooping to until her sandal belongs to one of our master's finest pictures, the 'Apodyterium.' Here the many-coloured marbles which line the walls of the ante-room where ladies are preparing for the bath, and the play of light and shade upon their surface, are painted with a perfection which the painter himself has never surpassed.

But even more charming than these wonderfullypainted interiors are the open-air subjects, where we revel in the magic of glowing sunlight and luminous clearness of Italian skies. It may be a gay flower-garden with its trellised vines, tall sunflowers, and white marble statues, where a child runs to

welcome its mother's return, or merely a corner of the kitchen-garden with rows of onions in flower. It may be a whole troop of dancers round the blossoming fruit-tree, celebrating the feast of Pomona; it may be a single oleander-tree displaying its wealth of rosy blossoms under the creamy marble columns of the portico on the water's edge. Sometimes he shows us a Roman maiden fishing in a clear, reedy pool under a gold-coloured wall; or else a lady and her child descending the steps to their boat under the yellow arches of the great travertine bridge across the Tiber. Sometimes a couple of merry girls playing at hide-and-seek among the marble statues and orange groves in the garden of the Villa Albani. But more often he takes us to some lofty terrace overlooking the deep blue seas, where beauteous maidens watch for their lovers in the sweet evening hour. Such a scene we had in 'Love in Idleness,' that brilliant picture which M. Tadema painted in less than a month's time for the Exhibition in the New Gallery last summer. Such, again, was the marble exedra under the stone pines, between the sapphire hues of sea and sky, where we saw Sappho and her maidens listening to Alcœus as he struck his golden lyre and sang of love and glory. And such, too, is the 'Reading from Homer,' a reproduction of which forms the frontispiece to the present number. Here on a balcony, with marble pediment sharply defined against the blue waves, a youth crowned with bay-leaves declaims the inspired verse of the Iliad, from a papyrus roll that lies open on his knee, to a group of attentive listeners. The figures here are exceptionally fine, especially that of the handsome youth in the blue robe lying on the pavement. with one hand on his lyre, the other clasping that of his mistress, the fair woman who reclines behind him, with the wreath of daffodils in her hair and tambourine at her side.

Even more captivating are those two delicious little pictures called 'The Question' and 'Expectations.' In the one, a pair of lovers are leaning on a flower-grown parapet of marble overlooking a blue bay; in the other a lovely maiden watches a boat on the same radiant sea, and the crimson blossoms of the Judas-tree hang over her marble seat. And there was one other which we cannot forbear to name, a tiny little picture, called 'The Rose of all the Roses,' which was exhibited at the Academy in 1886, and again at the Manchester

Exhibition of 1887, after which it disappeared into some private collection. "Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished." The subject was simple, just a fair young maiden simply robed in white, sitting in a bower of white roses on the edge of the summer sea, and the colour was quiet in tone. But the face and the roses alike were exquisitely fair, and the whole thing was a marvel of delicate loveliness.

Year after year M. Tadema gives us these little pictures, very miracles of light and air and dainty colour, which make us wonder how so much beauty can be brought into so small a space. Last summer we had his 'Earthly Paradise,' the picture of a young Roman mother bending down to embrace her child, who, waking out of sleep, stretches out his little arms to snatch the anemones from her hair. The blues and grays of the embroidered silken hangings and draperies contrasted charmingly with the rosy hues of the marble floor, and the bright face of the laughing child gave the whole a touch of human life that was better than all the rest. This year, again, he has chosen a similar subject in his 'Kiss,' a Roman matron stopping on her way to the bathing-place to kiss a bright-haired child, who receives the caress—after the manner of children—somewhat indifferently.

Lastly, M. Tadema has of late years acquired considerable reputation as a portrait-painter. His portraits, as might be expected, are always remarkable for the extreme beauty of their accessories, and are often admirable likenesses of the persons they represent. He has painted Herr Barnay, the Meiningen actor, in the Roman toga which he wears in his famous rôle of Mark Antony; the sculptor Amendola, in his painting suit, holding a silver statuette in his hand; and the well-known etcher, Lowenstamm, sitting at his desk with copper and needle before him. Last year it was Mr. Balfour, whom he showed us sitting on a sofa, covered with a bison-skin. This year it is the musician Paderewski, whose weird head looks down on us from a tapestried background with almost startling reality. And of all his portraits, one of the pleasantest is that of his own daughter, Anna, whose clever young face is set off by the cool gray and green tones of the surroundingsan arrangement of quiet and harmonious colour such as this great artist delights to give us.



THREE FAIR REBELS.

(An International Episode.)

FRANK POPE HUMPHREY.

THE story is told in two lines in the school histories—how three girls, living on the island called Martha's Vineyard, blew up a Liberty pole to prevent its being taken for a ship's spar by the British.

I always knew there must be a volume of romance shut up in those two lines, concerning which I could only dream and speculate until I read certain old yellow letters in the archives of Balsall Hall, Warwickshire. In these letters, one of the Three Fair Rebels, named Barbara, tells the whole story to her cousin Edward.

The incident took place soon after the great and famous Boston tea-party, when a company of the gentlemen of that town, disguised as Mohawk Indians, went down to Griffin's Wharf, and boarding the vessel laden with the tea upon which a tax of threepence the pound had been laid by George III., tumbled it chest by chest into the "laughing sea";—an object lesson for that somewhat obstinate potentate upon their favourite aphorism, "No taxation without representation."

The contagion of this rebellious act spread like wild-fire, and soon reached the lovely island lying south of Massachusetts, within the influence of the Gulf Stream, whereon Barbara lived.

At once, with one accord, the inhabitants flocked to the meeting-house to consider the action of the Boston gentlemen, to declare their approval of it, and to devise some way in which they too could give expression to their loyalty to the aforenamed axiom; and their detestation of George III. and his government. It was voted to raise a Liberty pole, and to bury at its base such of the taxed tea as had found its way on to their island.

And so, writes Barbara, we went up to the Dark Woods, Beatrix, Priscilla, and I, with all the men and women, to find a tree tall enough and straight enough and fair enough to be our brave Liberty pole. We chose one, towering like Saul above his

brethren, and in its top an eagle had builded her nest; the proud, free bird which has since been taken as its crest by Barbara's country.

They hewed it down, each man taking a turn at the axe, and it fell at last with a mighty crash, crushing a dozen or more young saplings, which some of the more superstitious among the women took for a bad omen; and with its crash mingled the cheers of all the men and women, boys and girls, who stood round about.

The branches being lopped off, and the huge trunk hewn into shape, twelve pairs of oxen were hitched to it, and it was hauled to the summit of the high hill on the slope of which our village lies, says Barbara—for she is always the speaker in this story—we following all the way; and my father said it was a grander sight than the King's progress through Westminster, about which my grandfather had often told him and us. I do not see how that can be, but then my father knows.

A hole both broad and deep was dug, and we brought our tea, every leaf, for there were to be no lying Sapphiras among us, to hold back part of the price, as among the Boston women, some of whom, it was rumoured, took the tea that had fallen unwittingly into their husbands' top-boots when the chests were broken open, and so made them cups of tea and drank it! I wonder it did not choke them, the wicked baggages!

So every woman brought her tea—whether it were only a few drainings or a whole chest like that of Mrs. Captain Marchant—and tumbled it in, each herself, and glorying in the doing it. And then it was buried —my mother, because she was the truest woman of them all, they said, throwing in the first shovelful of earth—buried with the base of the Liberty pole many feet below the surface.

When it was all done, we cheered again, the boys throwing up their caps, and we girls waving our aprons and tuckers, till mother said, what with the fog that was creeping in from the Sound, and the fatigue and excitement, we would surely be ill, and so took 'Trix and me home much against our wills. For girls must obey, as you know, cousin, though boys may sometimes be permitted to have their own way. Not that I do not love to obey my father and my mother; that is quite another thing from obeying the red-headed school-master, whom and whose ways I hate. But my mother says honour must be paid to dignitaries for their office' sake, even though in their own persons they be disagreeable.

(From a sentence here and there in Barbara's letters, I infer that though she could not love the red-headed school-master he found no difficulty in cultivating that feeling for his fair pupil.)

The next day our mother and some other of the women brought out a flag they had secretly made, and the moment I saw it I knew it was made of my mother's cherished wedding-gown, a beautiful silk of heaven's own blue, and which she was keeping for 'Trix and me, when we too shall marry. In one corner was the red cross of St. George, made from a scarf Mistress Vincent's husband had brought her from the East Indies on his last voyage; on the cross was embroidered a pine-tree of New England.

Some of the men objected to the cross, and would fain have cut it out, as Governor Endicott had once done. But my father said gravely that we had not yet broken allegiance with the mother-country; when we had, it would be time enough to cut out the cross. So the flag was raised, and as it flew up the length of the pole like some wonderful winged thing, and opened out its beautiful folds to the sea breeze, again we all cheered in wild excitement. But I observed that my mother and Mistress Vincent furtively wiped their eyes. And when the next year Mistress Vincent's only son was killed at Bunker's Hill, I knew what she was thinking of.

I hardly know, my cousin, how to convey to you, so that you can understand it, our feeling concerning that Liberty pole. It was only a straight staff of fragrant pine, it is true, but it was also more than that; it was a symbol, my father said, pointing straight up to the free heavens, it stood for freedom—for freedom, not for ourselves only, but for Englishmen the world over, and for all time and for all peoples. And it also meant, he said, self-denial for freedom's sake.

We girls understood that in a vague way, not as I understand it now, that so many of my countrymen have suffered and died for freedom on our battle-fields, and I have seen women weeping and little children hungering for bread. But still we did comprehend in a measure, and it was the daily habit of 'Trix and Priss and me, after our spinning stent was done, to go up to the hill-top as to a shrine and talk of these things till the fire burned bright in our hearts, and we longed to do as well as talk, not knowing that we had plenty to our hand, and such work as it is woman's province and privilege to do in times of stress. For our mother said we must cleave to our spinning and weaving; there were stockings to knit and clothes to be made for our men, who would soon be called upon to fight for our freedom. For, as you know, cousin, we never trusted to a hireling soldiery, as did King George, who sent his bloody Hessians to crush and kill the descendants of free-born Englishmen. And we run our lead into bullets, and made bandages and lint from the soft old linen in our mother's chests, all of which we were proud and glad to do.

(These letters bore no dates, but from internal evidence I infer they were written somewhere about 1784-5.)

One morning we were spinning in the garret of my father's house, 'Trix, Priss, and I,—for Priss was almost always with us, bringing her wheel across the orchard which lay between the two houses—and we were just saying how much rather we would fight than spin, when Jack Daggetts, Priss's brother, rushed up the garret stairs and shouted before his head was fairly above the floor, "Girls! girls! the British have come! there's a brig anchored in the harbour!" Down he went without stopping to say more, and we after him, leaving the garret door wide open and our rolls swinging from the spindles for the cats to chase and spoil. And there, sure enough, lying off East Chop, was a British war-brig, the Union Jack flying from her mast, her port-holes showing the mouths of her guns, and the sun, which was just breaking over the sea to the east, touching her with a rosy flush.

All the people came flocking down to the sands, and pretty soon a boat put off from the brig, and I could but admire the even stroke of the oars, though the rowers were our enemies. Furthermore, as they stepped on shore, I could but admire

the bravery of their uniforms, like Joseph's coat of many colours; neither could I refrain from contrasting their appearance with that of our select men who, as the fathers of the town, went forward to salute them and to inquire of them their business. But fine feathers do *not* make fine birds, my cousin, and my father in his working clothes did not look a whit less manly and true than the bravest officer of them all.

Their brig had lost a spar, they said, and they had come to search for one in our woods. They looked about, but could find no tree to suit them. And then they fixed an evil eye on our Liberty pole, and said that was exactly what they wanted, and would we sell it to them.

Fancy, if you can, my cousin, our feelings when we were asked to part with our brave Liberty pole, that it might be converted into a spar for a British war-brig!

At first some said "No," and others spake outright and said they would rather die than give it up; it were better to get out our muskets and fight in its defence. That would be absurd, said others, for they would at once open upon us with their ship's guns, and batter our wooden houses about our ears; they would take it any way, and we might as well spare ourselves the loss; and Jacob Morse, the school-master, made a wretched jest, the arrant traitor! about British gold being better than British lead. Thus it was that our Liberty pole was sold, and the ship's carpenters were to come and take it away the next morning.

We watched the boat as it rowed across to where the brig lay at East Chop, and then we went back to the garret, and Priss and I sat down on the floor and cried, but more in anger than in sorrow. Then we wiped our eyes.

"They sha'n't have it! they sha'n't have it!" said Priss. And her eyes flashed fire as she sprang to her feet and stamped so hard upon the floor that the boards rattled, and a bit of the loosened plaster dropped from the ceiling into my mother's dough which she was kneading for the baking. She came to the garret door and called out, "Girls! girls! what are you doing?"

"Stamping on the British!" replied Priss, and mother laughed.

"Oh, it's a shame! a disgrace!" Priss went on. "And to sell it, too! If they had taken it and we couldn't help ourselves—but sell it! what will the

Boston folks say when they hear of it! Do you think *they* would sell a Liberty pole to the British? Oh, I wish I were a man!"

"What would you do?" asked 'Trix.

"Row out and blow up the brig," replied Priss.

"Better blow up the Liberty pole!" said "Trix rimly.

"Trix had not sat down on the floor and cried. She had gone right to spinning, and was walking back and forth by the side of her wheel with a quick, imperative step; a deep red spot burned on either cheek, and her mouth was set after a fashion we all understand when we see it.

When she said that, Priss, who had not ceased fluttering to and fro like a caged eagle, stopped short, made a little run at Trix, broke her roll short off, threw her arms around her, and cried, "Oh you glorious old 'Trix, that's the very thing! Blow it up! that we will! We'll show'em what girls can do. Turn our Liberty pole into a British spar, indeed!" And as she and 'Trix danced around the garret, we could hear the bits of plastering rattling down on to the floor beneath.

Then we put our heads together and plotted, and the outcome of our plotting was that we offered to watch with old Granny Peare that night. tell the truth, cousin, we were all somewhat tired of watching with Granny. So long had she required watchers, some of us had begun to think she was not so sick after all; and our father expressed great surprise when he heard that 'Trix, Priss, and I were to watch together that night. One, he should think, would be quite enough to sit by Granny while she slept comfortably through the night, which was her habit. But mother must have suspected, as mothers will, our plan; for when father pressed the matter, and we grew embarrassed, though persistent, she said in her sweet way and with a twinkle in her eyes, "Oh, let them go, father. Girls like to do things together." And she gave us our favourite supper of apple pot-pie, which we do not often get, flour is so scarce and dear, and stood at the door and moved her hand encouragingly to us as we looked back just before turning the corner at Sweet-water Brook.

'Trix had an auger under her short gown, and I had a little pail of powder under mine. My father kept his powder on a high beam in the wood-house. I had to climb up after it; I filled my pail and clambered carefully down, lest I should fall and spill

the powder, and so explode it and put an end to both the plot and myself. I hid the powder under a boulder till night should come. Priss's part was to learn how to set a slow match.

We found Granny in bed as usual that night. 'Trix made her some gruel, and we tucked her up cosily in bed, and gave her the hop pills. We then told her the news of the day, for Granny dearly loves a dish of gossip, and when she began to doze we grew silent. Priss lay down on the settle; 'Trix curled herself like a kitten in the great stuffed chair—for our 'Trix is small, like Mr. Shakspere's Titania, though full of pluck—while I leaned my head on my folded arms, and the old clock went tick-tack and the mice squealed behind the wainscot.

I awoke with a start as the clock struck eleven. Priss was yawning, but I do not think 'Trix had slept. It was still an hour to twelve, the time we had set, when we knew every one in the village would have been soundly asleep for three good hours at least. For we ring our curfew at eight, as my father says you do in Old England.

We drew the curtains close about Granny's bed, and then, sitting by the red embers, we run bullets and talked in whispers.

As the clock struck twelve we prepared to go. I'riss had not dared to ask Jack how to set a slow match, she said, lest he should remember it, and suspect her when the Liberty pole was found blown up. So she put a brand from the fire into Granny's fry-kettle to light the splinter of fat pine she had brought under her short gown; it was to be fastened to a pole, and the pole lay beside the same boulder where the powder was hidden.

We went out and shut the door softly, leaving the latch-string out, as otherwise we could not get in again. The night was black, and we had to feel our way, putting out our hands to search for Granny's gate. There was no moon—which, indeed, would have spoiled our plot—and the stars were obscured by thick clouds. We ran at first, stumbling over the rough places, but after we had found the pole and powder—which we did after much searching by reason of the darkness—we went more slowly. Granny's house was far away towards West Chop, and we had almost a mile to go, and we arrived at the top of the hill in a breathless state.

We paused and looked about us. We had not spoken the whole way, and we did not speak now,

only took each other by the hand, with a firm clasp of encouragement.

There below us lay the war-brig; we could tell her motion, as she rose and fell on the tide, from the way her mast-light dipped and rose again. All around her the sea broke in fiery ripples, as it did where the breakers dashed against Seconnet Rock. A vessel passing through the Sound left a trail of fire behind her. I suppose it is true what our minister, Mr. Thaxter says, that this fiery appearance is caused by millions of tiny marine creatures, but it seems none the less marvellous. Its very brightness served to deepen the surrounding darkness, and to blind our eyes, so that we could not see the Liberty pole, but had to grope long before we found it.

By the glow of the ember in the fry-kettle we sought the proper place to puncture it with the auger, and then began turning it, two working together, for it went very hard and we soon blistered our hands, unaccustomed to such work. But notwithstanding the smart, we did not pause. What mattered blistered hands in such a cause!

After what seemed a long time we found we were about three-quarters through, and Priss, whose father blasts rocks, and so she knows, said that was enough. I then filled the cavity with my powder; Priss tied the long sliver of fat pine to the pole, lighted it at the ember, and then together we lifted the pole. It was heavy, for it was quite fifteen feet long, and there was great difficulty in balancing it so as to touch the powder. The fat pine flared and flickered like a dancing will-o'-the-wisp, and although by its flame we could distinctly see the powder, it seemed the merest chance when, at last, we did touch it, and it exploded with a crack that seemed to us must awaken every sleeper in the village.

For an instant the explosion lighted up the black night, and as it yawned above us, we caught sight of the top of the Liberty pole; the next instant it fell.

Feeling that our work was now complete, without speaking we turned as by one impulse, and ran down the sandy winding road, faster and faster, winged by fear—faster even than on that day when the Red Indian, crazed with rum, pursued us with his uplifted tomahawk; for every instant, as we ran through the sleeping town, we expected the doors to open and the people to pour forth aroused by the sound of the explosion.

But it could not have been so loud as seemed at the moment to our startled ears; for the silence of the night remained unbroken, save by the crowing of my father's great Dorking cock from his perch in the barn-shed as we ran past.

We hurried breathlessly into Granny's, shut the door, pulled in the latch-string, and dropped upon the floor the fry-kettle and auger—which we had not forgotten even in our haste to bring away, lest they should betray us—giving a loud clang; but Granny did not stir.

We looked at the clock—it lacked ten minutes of three. Worn-out with excitement and fatigue, we soon fell asleep—a brief sleep, however, from which we were awakened at early dawn by the voice of Jack Daggetts at the latch-string hole.

"Girls, girls!" he called in a suppressed voice, so as not to awaken Granny. "The Liberty pole's blown up; bu'sted into smithereens! Won't the British be mad; do come and see!"

We roused ourselves and looked at each other. 'Trix's fair curls had fallen in tangles about her face, and she had a wonderful likeness to cousin Allan's Scotch terrier, as she shook them back, and said—"We shall have to go, girls, or they'll suspect us."

We got bravely through it, for everybody was so eager asking who it was that had done the thing, and wondering what the British would say and do, they took little heed of their neighbour, or I fear our tell-tale faces would have betrayed us.

"Ho! ho! here they come! O Jerusha, won't we catch it now!" shouted Master Johnson's little black imp, Cæsar, making a wheel of himself, with legs and arms for spokes; and he rolled down the hill followed by the crowd that had gathered at the first intimation of what had happened. For a boat was seen putting off from the war-brig, doubtless the carpenters who were to come for their brave spar, and each one, though rejoicing, was seized with sudden alarm and hied him away to the safe shelter of his own house.

But the select men felt it their duty to go forth and meet them, and explain what had happened, and their own ignorance of it, and how it must have been done by mischievous and irresponsible boys while their elders slept. Otherwise, as the carpenters with their tools walked along the street, the town was as silent as at midnight when we had passed so swiftly through it. Not that we did not peep out from behind the curtains to enjoy their discomfiture. And it was while doing this that mother espied the blisters on 'Trix's hands, who was holding down the curtain.

"What ails your hands, my child?"

'Trix instantly held them out, palms up, showing the full blisters and inflamed flesh, and she and mother looked at each other a moment. Then mother said gently—

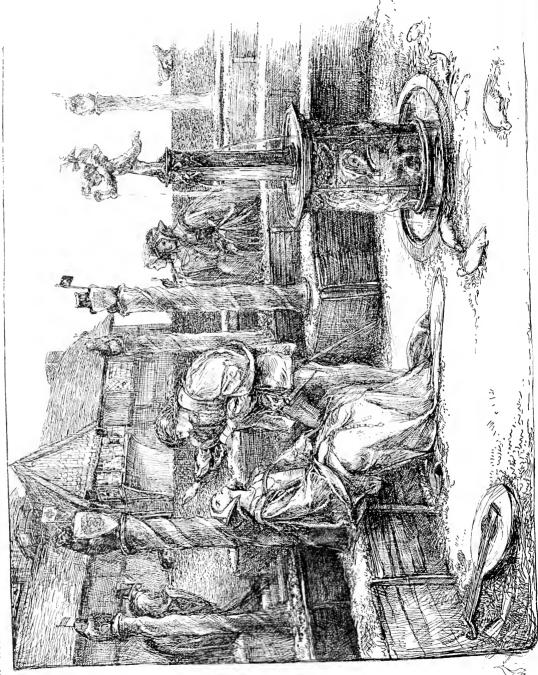
"Come, dearest, and I will do them up in cool linen and mutton tallow." Then, bethinking herself, she turned upon Priss and I. "Barbara and Priscilla, show me your hands!" We obeyed, and I confess, cousin, that I burst into a violent fit of weeping, quite worn-out with loss of sleep and everything. As one whom his mother comforteth, saith the Holy Scripture; and thus my mother comforted us, and bound up our hands, saying to herself as though we were not present, "Dear, tiny, steadfast hands." She asked no questions, but we knew she knew.

The British behaved very well, cousin, that I must acknowledge. They simply said, "We would have paid you;" but although they listened courteously to the statement of the select men, it was evident they did not believe it, which thing nettled my father, who is a man that would keep faith with even his bitterest enemy.

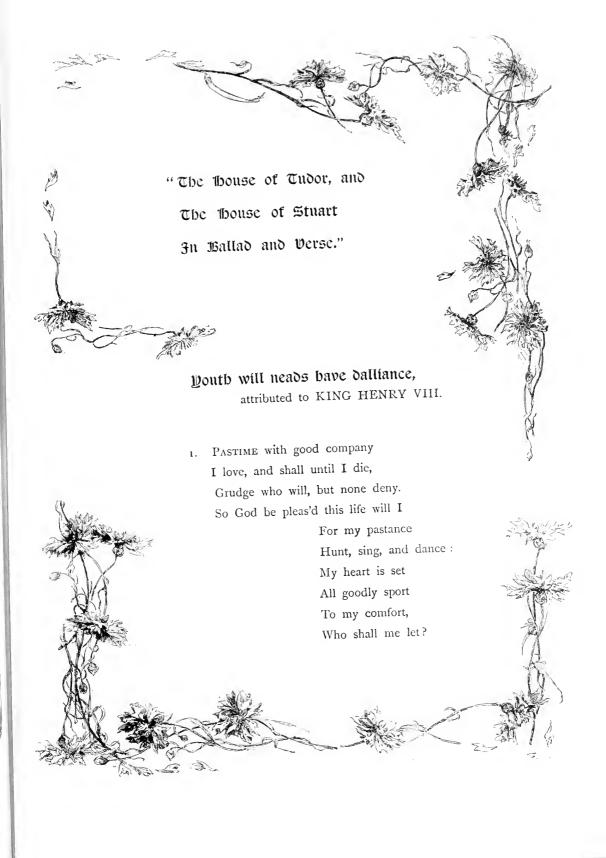
No one but my mother has ever suspected that we three girls did the deed. We have kept our secret, notwithstanding common tradition declares that is a thing impossible for our sex to do. And, indeed, I do not know what 'Trix and Priss would say did they know of this writing. But somehow, cousin, I feel a strange inclination to tell you everything.

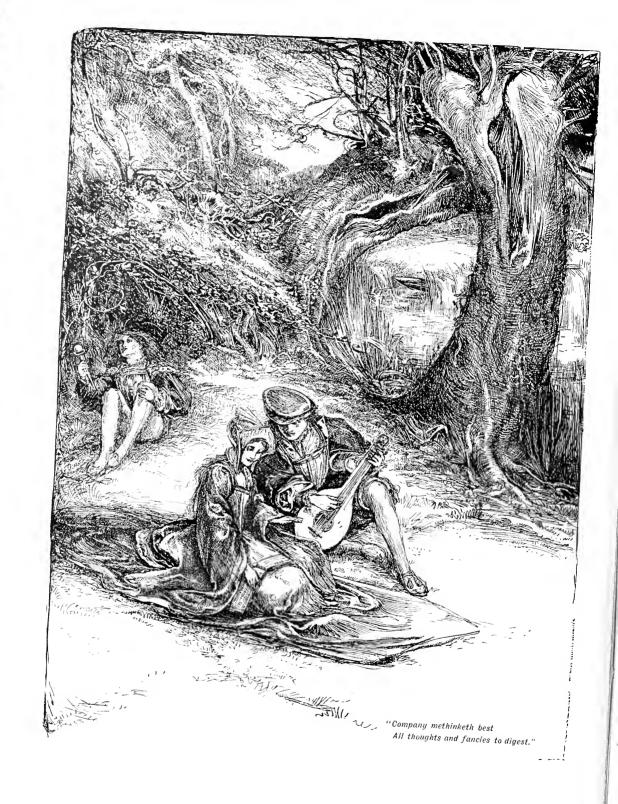
Thus ends the story so far as the yellow letters are concerned. But I have learned from other sources that the secret was not divulged for many years; but that in her old age Priscilla received a pension from the United States Government for her share in this patriotic deed.

On the wall of the great hall at Balsall hangs a portrait of Barbara Neville, beside that of her husband, Edward Neville, which fact explains what was such a mystery to Barbara herself—how she was irresistibly drawn to tell him everything.



YOUTH WILL NEADS HAVE DALLIANCE.







Youth will neads have daliance,
 Of good or ill some pastance,
 Company methinketh best
 All thoughts and fancies to digest.

For idleness
Is chief mistress
Of vices all;
Then who can say
But pass the day
Is best of all.

Then who can say

But pass the day

Is virtue, and vice to flee,

Company is good or ill;

But every man hath his free will

The best ensue,

The worst eschew.

My mind shall be
Virtue to use,
Vice to refuse
I shall use me.



THE EVENING LYCHNIS.

EDWARD MALAN, F.L.S.,

Author of 'Sweet Little Buttercup.'

HILL October has come round again, Chris, and Automne has put out the flowers. The west wind, that moved the barley-fields, and played at hide-and-seek with the buttercups in the lengthening evenings of June, has departed and gone to other lands, and up on the Ridges to-day there is only a sob in the misty air. Solemn and sere the days go by, with just a watery gleam here and there and a dismal procession of clouds, and instead of the gay speed of the landscape, and the blue pomp of distance, and the wide orchestra of light, Nature stands still in sadness, folding itself in a lifeless mood. Yet there is something sacred and divine about it all, if you look at it in the right way. Far away by the braided Exe, where the sheep on autumn mornings come down to drink, and the nut-hatch hails cheer to the pines, the Campions are still out in Sunset Lane, sweetening the dull hours with the fragrance of their breath. And up on the Fells in Yorkshire, where the grizzled heather is waist-high, and the hawk's nest is gray by the waterfall, the great winds, weird and awful, are sounding their clarions, and rushing by with the rush of trains. Perhaps I shall have something to tell you about them some day, but now I want to tell you about the Campion.

You know the Red Campion, or Robin Hood, as it is generally called, because it shows everywhere in July, and you can hardly take a walk anywhere without seeing it. It is a lovely flower, and so is its cousin, the Ragged Robin, which grows in the marsh lands with the Rag-wort and Yellow Flag and Spotted Orchis. Other Ragged Robins there are, too, in London, whose vesture and words are wrought about in divers colours, and whose method of life is quite different from the Ragged Robins that grow in the fields. They never see the fields, nor the becks, nor the tarns, nor the mealy primroses on Coombe Scar; and their Cautley Spout is the pump in the gutter, and their Clouds the stifle of the reeking court. So they grow brown and pale instead of red, and very ragged they are in word and deed, and their limbs are not green with the greenness of youth. For their poor little feet are never cool with moss or yellow bedstraw, and their poor little hands never grasp the lusty air, and their poor little tongues never taste the mountain breezes, except when they go long leagues over the sea to some foreign shore.

But there is another Campion, besides the Red Campion and the Ragged Robin, and that is the one I want to talk about now. It is called the Evening Campion, or Evening Lychnis, because it comes out at sunset, and because prudent souls sometimes take the cottony down off the leaves and use it for lamp-wicks. This Campion has five white petals, larger than the petals of the Red Campion, and its seed-vessel is larger too. The petals are curious. First of all, they have a deep slit down the middle, which makes them look, when the flower is open, as if they were ten in number, but there are not ten petals at all, there are only five. The slit is very useful to the flower, as you will soon see, if you look at it carefully. Most of the day, when the sun is shining, and other flowers are wide awake, the Evening Campion has a strange way of closing its petals, and folding them over one another, till they look as if they were asleep or dead, and then, as soon as twilight comes on, and the other flowers are thinking of going to bed, it is alive again and wide open, and what is more, it is most pleasantly scented. The slit in the petals helps this contrivance, for by this means the flower has ten little straps to fold itself up with, instead of five, and so the precious pollen is more securely pressed down on the pistils, and insects, that have no business to visit the flower in the day-time, are kept out.

Besides this, the flowers are diacious, as they call it, the stamens with the pollen dust being on one flower, and the pistils on another. It is impossible to mistake the flowers. When the flower with the stamens is open, you see nothing but a beautiful little frill in the centre, with a delicate green opening leading down to a depth below; and when the flower with the pistils is open, you see five

feelers displayed like a very small star-fish. It is rather difficult to be sure about the closing of the flower, and what it is for, for sometimes one flower is closed, and sometimes the other, but probably Nature guards the pollen from insects that would steal it, by closing one flower, and then guards the pollen again when it has been transferred to the pistils, by closing the other flower.

Under the microscope, the pistil presents the appearance of a crozier of frosted glass, fingered all over with pins of glass, while the anthers are like so many little slippers full of star-dust pollen. The seed, too, is very beautiful. Covered with a rough and wrinkled skin, like rounded lumps of lava, the whole appearance is like a Cardium shell, with the hilum where the hinge would be. Towards the end of August, the seed-vessels turn brown, and, opening at the tip, fold themselves back so as to allow the seed to escape. Then they look like little pitchers of kindness at the end of the stalks. You will not, however, succeed in obtaining the seed always, for it is not intended for you. It forms the food of one of those insects which most people regard with disgust. Tilt up the little pitcher, and, as sure as not, instead of the seed running out, out will run an earwig! You do not like that, probably; but think for a minute. The beautiful Evening Lychnis, the flower of romance and summer nights, is made to feed earwigs. Duty is the end of Beauty, indeed, here. Loveliness is brought face to face with what we call Deformity. Don't you think Loveliness gets the best of it? Ah, if you use the cottony down of life for that lamp-wick, you will make yourself a name for ever, which the wind will never blow out. At least the Greeks thought so, and as their stories are always so enchanting, I will finish with their story about this very flower.

Once, in the deep morning-time of the world, when Justice and Kindness, the last of the gods, still walked on earth, and Helicon was wet with printed dew, a lame boy named Campion lived at the foot of Parnassus, in the sacred Vale of Delphi. It was almost a crime to be ugly and mis-shapen in the golden days of Greece. Modesty, Majesty, Manliness, Might, were the warders that kept the city gates in those days, and brave hearts alone were the walls of war. Cities were not rampired with stones then, but with the sword-arm of heroes, and when Need and Necessity, those two stern

goddesses, came, with Fire and Famine stalking like spectres behind, then Valour and Victory, the Aloid twins, sprang forward to meet them, and faces were set and knees were strained and spearshafts were shivered in the onset. So Campion's lot was not a happy one, for his limbs were so crooked that he could not join in the sports of the other boys, boxing and wrestling and hurling the javelin; and he could not be up betimes, when the morning was spread upon the mountains, bathing in torrent and pool, and chasing the wild goat and boar among the rocks. But all he could do was to sit on the marble steps of the temple, and catch flies for Athene's owls. And, worst of all, he could never hope to be one of the Immortals. His life was dull and uneventful enough, as some count dulness. Every morning, the Sun, four-horsed and royally seated, drove his chariot up the arch of blue, just glinting the choral heights of Parnassus with sparkles of fire, as Campion opened the temple doors and began his daily task. And every evening the doves cooed divinely, as they brooded in the clefts of the rocks, and Campion closed the temple doors and turned him again to sleep. Then deep shadows, like the shadows of his own life, filled the chasms and gorges, and yet, sometimes, when he looked out, trailing shafts of glory sloped down from Athene, the mid-month moon. But no change broke the stillness of his life, except when some warrior from the wars, covered only with glorious dust, and scarred and seamed with the seams of victory, came to dedicate his arms at the altar, offering a vase, or an urn, or the helmet-crest of his fallen foe. Then how Campion envied him! How he envied him his look, strange and kingly, and his stride like the stride of Oromedon, and the set of his mouth, and his violet eyes, and the flow of his limbs, and his hair more golden than the golden flower of March! because every warrior, whether in Greece or England, is truly brave and gentle, Campion was never laughed at for his lameness or his crooked limbs, and once or twice Majesty had spoken kindly to Lameness. So the gods mixed sweet and bitter in his cup, as they often do, and Campion's soul was white as the white Lychnis at evening.

And in this way life went on, until one day, who should come to Delphi but the great goddess Athene herself, not in the blaze of her Olympian beauty

as she walks the courts of heaven, but plainly, like a Greek maiden, with her gown looped up and a pitcher of kindness on her shoulder to fill at the spring. She wished to see how her work was done, and as ill-luck would have it, Campion was asleep in the sun, weak and suffering, and altogether wornout with his pain. It was the sacred hour of noon, when Athene drew near. She saw the flies. saw Campion. The flies cast little shadows on the marble walls, and Campion cast a shadow. the flies did not move, and Campion did not move, for the gods cast no shadow when they Athene wondered why Campion was sleeping, and, as she wondered, she stooped down and bent over him, to see for herself what was going on. What would you have done, Chris, if you had been Athene? Would you have shrivelled the sinner in his sin with one look of righteous indignation? Would you have flashed him into nothingness in a moment, there to drag out a dull and nameless eternity, digging cyclamen in Hades all alone?

But Athene only kissed the sleeping boy—and as she kissed him he woke with a start, and saw the eyes of the awful goddess looking straight into his eyes. Straight into his very soul those clear eyes looked, searching and peering into the inmost corner, and rifling the secrets of his heart, as easily as autumn rifles the woods, but for all their search they could only see the suffering and the patience

of many years. And at that, large mists of pity gathered in Athene's eyes, and she wondered what she could do. There was nothing more to do, for that kiss had done its work, and Campion was with the Immortals. And where the boy was sleeping, only a fair white flower was seen, with clean pure petals, and knotted limbs, and little pitchers of kindness on some of its stalks. And so to this day the Campion sleeps in the sun.

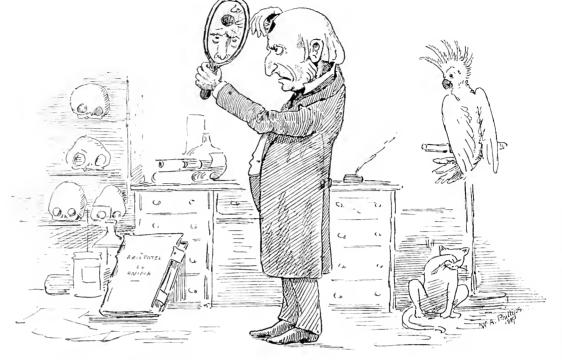
Now, do you wonder at the Evening Lychnis being kind to earwigs? How can it do otherwise? Loveliness is more lovely by being kind to Deformity, and when the red-hot cinder of power is placed within your reach, light your lamp with that wick of kindness. Then, whether the west wind blows over the sweet June meadows, or whether it sobs on the Ridges, as it is sobbing to-day, or whether the sheep come down to drink by the braided Exe, or whether the wild winds wind their clarions in the heather up on the Brown Knot, as they are winding to-day, you will have lighted a lamp which neither wind, nor rain, nor Time the Conqueror can ever put out, and the kind Moongoddess' eyes will fill with tears. Carry a pitcher of kindness. Hide in the heather. day, when you are not thinking, opportunity will offer, and the lamp, that Athene lighted at Delphi, will flash out again, and you will know the true meaning of Reparabit cornua Phabe.

A FANCY.

AN I catch thee by the wing,
Hold thee fast?
Nay, thou flittest, dainty thing,
Swiftly past.

Could I bind thee, wert thou here,
In a verse?
Thou would'st 'scape me, much I fear,
Still perverse.

Flit away, then, flit away,
Little joy,
Others follow who will stay,
Not so coy.



There once was a famous physician
Who bored in his cranium a hole,
With a view to find out the position
And relative size of the soul,

MARY'S BROTHER.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

IS coming was naturally regarded with the greatest curiosity and interest throughout the house-which was a very curious household it must be allowed, such a one as is rarely to be met with in ordinary society. The father and head of it—a man in large business in the great town of Liverpool, Mr. John Fazakerley-had married a young widow with one little girl, Mary Mansfield, who was, now that the mother was dead, the mistress of his house, the mother-sister of all the young ones. Mary had been so young at the time of her mother's second marriage, and had taken so kindly to the happy life of her step-father's house, that not one of the Fazakerley children calculated more certainly upon papa's interest in everything concerning them, or was more exclusively and completely his child, than the girl in whose veins there did not run a drop of his blood. That there were some people who objected to this as unnatural, who even attempted to disturb the peace of the house-

hold by insinuating that it was wrong, and that Mary Mansfield was in reality "no relation" to Mr. Fazakerley, was inevitable—as it was also inevitable on the other side that there should be those who considered Mary as a martyr to her sense of duty and her devotion to her mother's memory, and as sacrificing the best of her life to "those children," who were only her step-brothers and sisters after all. On neither side, however, was the peace of the house disturbed by these cavillings. Mary considered herself to have as good a right to papa as any of the family; and the family in general placed itself upon the willing shoulders of the elder sister with all the calm and composure of natural right. It was a large family, reaching down from Edith, who was nearly twenty, into an indefinite crowd of little ones, indistinguishable to any eye which was not to the manner born. I will not attempt to penetrate these lower depths. At the head of the group came, as I have said, Edith; then John, who considered himself almost a young man, being nearly eighteen, and on the eve of entering his father's office; then Eleanor, commonly called Nelly, who had not yet attained to any independence of mind, but copied Edith almost slavishly, though an occasional deflection of influence from Mary sometimes made this little girl execute an unintentional jump of variation between one path and another; then there came—but why should I enter upon that forest of names? Only Miss Yonge can keep so many threads in her hand and make the reader to see the individuality of each. I shrink from such a task. The three at the top are enough if not already over much.

It is scarcely necessary to say that these three entertained, along with the most perfect love and trust, an occasional gleam of affectionate contempt for Mary, as they might have done for their mother, on account of her old-fashionedness and antiquated ways of thinking as well as acting. Truth compels me to admit that Mary was thirty, an age when a woman is in her finest and noblest bloom: but which it has become the conventional custom to regard as the beginning of decadence—why it is difficult to say. Mary was thirty, and felt, if she did not look, more; for the cares of a family are wearing, though full of pleasure to those for whom that office is intended. To think of all the winter things and all the summer things; to judge when a nursery ailment will yield to nursery remedies, and when the doctor must be sent for; and above all to arbitrate in cases of internal conflict, to repress what is bad in the little commonwealth and encourage what is good—is an occupation full of anxieties, and which rapidly ripens and fills the mind with experience. I do not think that she looked older than her age; but many people thought so, and she was called an old maid and other (intentionally) opprobrious epithets, and had ten or more years added to her age by careless persons who neither knew nor cared anything about Mary. She went on quite serenely all the same upon the even tenor of her way. Nothing ever had happened, nothing ever would happen to Mary, even her brothers and sisters were sure, except what was happening every day.

There was one point, however, in respect to which Mary was remarkable in her family, and which was the one circumstance that might be called mysterious if not romantic in her lot. She had a brother

whom nobody had ever seen, who was her brother all to herself, and not the brother of the rest. This was made possible by the fact that her father too, Mr. Mansfield, had been married before he married Mary's mother, and was the father of a boy who went to India very early, and was totally unknown to any of the Fazakerleys. Nothing was more difficult than to get into the understanding of these young persons the extraordinary, the appalling fact that Mary had a brother who was actually "no relation" to them. There was his portrait in her room, one of the pictures they had all known all their lives; and he was her brother, but one who was "no relation" to her other brothers and sisters. It was a sufficiently curious position indeed, however regarded, but not unknown among families with a proclivity towards marrying. It was, as I have said, the only link of the family with the mysterious and Everything about the Fazakerleys was well-known and evident—their fathers and grandfathers had carried on that great business in Liverpool since almost the beginning of the world. They had not indeed been merchant princes, but they had been exceedingly well-to-do, and able to provide for their children from generation to generation. The young people had cousins all over the country, in all sorts of creditable situations. They had an uncle who was a dean, and a great-uncle who had been an Under-Secretary of State, and several relations in Parliament. Had there been a Debrett for the Liverpool merchant families—which indeed would be an extremely interesting volume -in Liverpool, they would have figured there in all their branches, as they did in the unwritten Debrett of local memory. Mary Mansfield was herself a link with the unknown, for it was very dimly understood who her father was; but Ernest Mansfield, her brother, who was no relation to the Fazakerleys, he was mystery itself, and a whole invisible world.

He was a Civil Servant in India, attended by a crowd of black men in white dresses, governing, or helping to govern, countries of unknown magnificence, and to put his foot upon necks which glimmered with the sheen of priceless jewels, uncut emeralds of the size of eggs, and barbaric pearl and gold beyond counting; and nobody had ever seen him or knew anything about him. The portrait in Mary's room was of a bland young man in smiles and white clothes: and many successive pictures

represented him in different aspects, sometimes seated in his verandah, sometimes with a shooting party, sometimes among a crowd of helmeted white figures on an Indian cricket-ground, sometimes in his court trying natives for their lives-but always bland, and always unlike anybody else. The very youngest of the children picked out that spare form from among the groups and said, "Mary's brudder," from its earliest possibility of talk. And the speculations among the elder ones as to what "Mary's brother" would do when he came home were endless. He had not been home since before the recollection of any of them. Edith indeed declared that she recollected him, but as she could not have been more than five years old at the time, nobody believed in her reminiscences. When he came home, if he ever came home, where would be the home to which Mary's brother would go? He had very few relations, it was said, and no home at all that could be called a home, unless- Would he come here? the young ones asked with bated Wouldn't Mary's home be his home naturally, as he was her brother? or, if not that, what else would he do? Mary had a great many Indian ornaments and curiosities sent her by her brother; there were Indian things in ivory, in ebony, or whatever that black wood is called which Indian workmen carve so curiously, all over the house, presents to his sister's family; almost every one of the children had received presents from him-and Edith above all. There was always something for Edith when Mary received one of those delightful boxes, the arrival of which excited the whole household. She had Indian muslins, and Trichinopoly chains, and filigree work in gold, and embroideries of every description.

These gifts coming out of the unseen had greatly affected Edith's imagination, though no one knew of it. Mary's brother was "no relation." Nothing had ever been more completely impressed upon the imagination of the family than this. It was permitted to build any eastle in the air about him, to weave any tissue of dreams, notwithstanding that it would have been an absurd punctilio to refuse his presents had any one ever thought of doing so. And Edith, from the earliest moment when a girl begins to see for herself an independent fate, and to connect that fate with the advent of the hero whom even Girton has not abolished, had taken Mary's brother for the object of those early dreams which are more

delightful in their sweet felly than anything actual. A thousand times had she seen him in her imagination come "home"; sometimes with delightful familiarity, as one who knew the household by heart, and who had already selected and set apart herself in the midst of it, as she had silently and secretly selected him; sometimes quite in another aspect—as a stranger, confused by the new family into which he was introduced, almost hostile to it, till subjugated by the maiden heroine whose charm he would struggle against ineffectually as long as he could. Curiously enough it was almost in this last point of view that she took most pleasure. He would feel himself "out of it" at first; he might not take to the boys; he might dislike to see Mary, his sister, at everybody's beck and call, attending to papa, looking after the little ones as if nobody but they had any share in her. Many a time had Edith seen in imagination the look of annoyance on that brown face of the photograph, the impatience, the sense of being a stranger—all melting away by degrees under the attraction of her own presence. She had felt that he would resist the influence, and she preferred that he should resist, knowing all the time that his resistance would be in vain. This furnished her with a romance of her own which she kept weaving out day by day. Half her young life was wound in this fairy web. When Mary's brother was mentioned suddenly it brought a little rush of blood to Edith's cheek, her heart began to beat, a soft sense of triumph, of sweet ownership, stole over her. Mary's brother indeed! The time would come when he would be known by quite another name. Mary flattered herself that she knew every thought of her young sister's heart; but she had no more idea of this than if Edith and she had been complete strangers. Nor had Nelly, who was so near Edith in age, and shared her room, and her walks, and every detail of her life. These two were on each side of her, hemming her in from the world, sharing everything with her; but neither of them had the faintest notion of what had come by degrees to be the one great pre-occupation of Edith's foolish little visionary being: though indeed she was not visionary at all, but a girl like other girls, full of her dances and her tennis, and not unwilling to be in much request, and always provided with partners for both functions—en attendant the other partner of whom nobody knew.

And then when the letter came announcing, actually and without any doubt about it, that much talked-of return! Mary's brother was coming home—he was coming to Fairfield (which I have omitted to say was the name of Mr. Fazakerley's house), apparently as if that were the most natural thing in the world. His letter to Mary giving this great news, which she read out to the entire family at the breakfast-table, interrupted at every line by outcries and comments, was accompanied by a letter to papa, a very nice letter, Mr. Fazakerley said, but which he did not read aloud.

"Of course, my dear, your brother must come here," that excellent papa said. "Tell him that I take it for granted that Fairfield shall be his home and head-quarters while he is in England—and as for the friend who is with him, we shall be delighted to see him. I hope we have room enough always for Mary's brother, and any one he may choose to bring."

"His friend?" said Mary, with much astonishment; "he does not say anything to me of any friend." And it was remembered afterwards that Mary fixed her eyes upon papa's face as if to read something more in it, and that the colour in her own fluttered from red to white; but papa on his part gave no response nor looked as if he were aware of anything more than met the eye.

"I see," he replied, looking at the letter again, "that he only says he may have a friend with him for whom he would ask a night's lodging. Of course he shall have a night's lodging if he were the Maharajah himself, or the ship's cook, which is stretching as far as I can think of. Send a note to Suez to tell him so, Mary; and that we are all looking forward to seeing him as to a son coming home."

"Dear father," said Mary, with that changing colour and tears in her eyes. And what more natural than that Mary should change colour and even cry for joy at the thought of seeing her brother from whom she had been parted so long? Edith was the one who was strange—she was even heartless, Nelly thought—taking up the newspaper and reading it as if she were more interested in stupid politics than in Mary's brother who was coming home.

This wonderful return, so much thought of, so much looked forward to, took place on a summer evening when it was nearly dark, and all the family

were assembled in the drawing-room breathless with expectation. Of course the train that day was late, and Mary had just given orders in a doleful voice that dinner was not to be kept waiting any longer, when the door of the drawing-room was flung open, and the group of figures already there seemed suddenly to swell into a crowd, with others coming in. Others! there might have been half a dozen for anything you could tell in the commotion. A voice cried, "Which is Mary?" and there was a rush, and then from Mr. Fazakerley an exclamation, "There's no light to see him by!" The rest stood round, drawing instinetively towards that central group, Edith alone holding back, but all confused with the twilight and their ignorance of each other. I am almost ashamed to say, for I know it is vulgar, that the room was lighted with gas. John Fazakerley, who always had matches in his pocket, rushed at the nearest bracket and struck one, which flared up, throwing the most curious small momentary light on the scene, and then went out tragically, leaving the darkness deeper than before. This incident produced a laugh, but also the strange vibration of a stifled, startled cry, which seemed the very voice of the brief illumination and of the excitement. It was chiefly from Mary, who saw through that momentary gleam a face which she did not expect to see, as well as one which she did expect, and could not keep back the cry of agitation, surprise, and other emotions; but partly, a very little, from Edith, startled beyond measure by feeling both her hands seized in a hearty, cheerful grasp, a large, jolly voice in her ear saying, "Edith, I'm certain!" and then, good heavens! the sweep of a big moustache upon her cheek. As this extraordinary thing happened, John's second match struck successfully, and the light suddenly leapt up in the crystal globe, making everything visible. A long gray man stooping over her was what Edith saw, laughing (the monster!), saying, "Not too big, I hope, to give a kiss to Mary's brother—that's more like an uncle;" and then with a pressure of her two hands that hurt, dropping them and going on to Nelly. Edith felt as if it was not blood but fire that ran in her veins, a sudden flame of rage and trouble seemed to envelop her. Going on to Nelly! making the round! hoping she was not too big! She threaded her way through the family crowd she did not know how, and darted out of

the great open window into the cool darkness of the garden. Oh, dreadful downfall! Oh, horrid prose after all her poetry! Was this what her delicate dreams, her romantic visions, her castles in the air had come to? A tall monster of a man who kissed her, and laughed and hoped she was not too big!-and then went on to the rest! Edith flew through the darkest part of the shrubbery, and rushed into the gloom of the great cedar tree, and pressed her burning cheek against its rough bark to do away with the sensation of that moustache. Too big!--Edith, who was twenty, who might have married had she chosen, had she not been so silly as to think-! Oh, dreadful, dreadful disillusion, downfall, destruction of all the soft, delightful fabric of her dreams! Too big! The girl could not contain herself in her fury and humiliation. She almost scratched her cheek against the tree, she stamped her foot upon the gravel, hot tears rushed to her eyes: this the hero of her dreams, the possible prince of a girl's romance, the ideal man of all men! Mary's brother was none of these things. He was a connection, a kind of relation who thought nothing about Edith but whether she was too big to be kissed-too big! Heaven and earth! If he had even said too old she could have forgiven him-but too big !-as if she were a child!

She stayed in the shadow of the shrubberies till the dressing-bell pealed through the house and out into the garden with a sound of hurry and jubilation which increased the rage in Edith's breast. The very bell seemed to say, "Make haste! make haste! Mary's brother must not be kept waiting for his dinner." Edith did not obey that call. She held back until the very last moment, until a vision of papa's face (who hated any one to be late) came before her, and forced her into the house to prepare for dinner. The drawing-room had been vacated by the crowd some time before, and Edith felt it a little surprising that the one gas-bracket which John had lighted was still all the light in the room. But she was too much flurried and excited to think of that or any other detail, rapt in her anger and dismay above all ordinary circumstances. She went in by the window as she had come, looking like a ghost in her white morning dress against the dark background of the garden and the bit of evening sky, very certain that the room was empty, and that nobody could see her as she stole through.

But in this Edith was deceived. The room was not empty. There was a movement at the other end, and two people rose hurriedly who had been sitting so close to each other that at first they appeared but one. Oh! the brother, no doubt, who had so much to say to Mary that he could not tear himself away, had not even the grace to feel that he ought to get ready in time for dinner, which was the one thing papa insisted on!

"Oh," cried Edith, in her anger. "Don't let me disturb you!" being half pleased, though wholly indignant, that the very first night, when he was the merest stranger, this man should show what manner of man he was by annoying papa.

"Oh, stop a moment, Edith!" cried Mary. Mary was as red as a rose as she came forward into that one serenely shining inquisitive light. She had grown in a moment ever so much younger, younger than her little sister. Her eyes were so bright, so dewy, so deprecating that the angry girl gazed at her amazed. And she was followed by a dark figure, who was not certainly the man who had given Edith that insulting, brotherly, uncle-ey kiss. Another man! And who was this?—not Mary's brother it appeared; for what Mary said was in a very faltering yet happy voice: "Edith, dear, this is your new brother. Oh, bid him welcome, darling, for my sake—"

"I have spoken to Mr. Mansfield already," cried Edith with great dignity but much wonder in her throbbing heart; "and of course he is welcome; but he is not my new brother. We have always been told he was no relation—"

What Mary said and did was more wonderful still, and heartless beyond the power of words to say. She flung over the brother, the other, the Indian man, as if he had never existed. She put her hand upon this second stranger's arm and drew him forward, and she laughed, though it was a very tremulous sort of laugh.

"This is not my brother," she said. "He is going to be something else—to me. But, Edie, he will be *your* brother whatever any one may say."

"I am Mary's husband—that is to be," said this other man.

He took Edith's hand, and drew close to her as if he meant to kiss her too. But that was more than flesh and blood could bear. Edith drew her hand from him as if his touch burned her. She gave utterance to a frightened angry "Oh!" of disapproval.

"I don't understand what you mean," she cried.
"Have you been deceiving us all, all this time—has there never been a brother at all, but only a man you were going to marry? Oh, Mary! Oh, Mary! and we who believed in you so!"

And the girl flew out of the room and up-stairs, indignant, angry, wounded beyond description. Not any brother at all!—no one to give the slightest meaning to all those silly fancies of hers!—no Ernest Mansfield, even a disappointing one, but only a strange man whom Mary was going to marry—Mary, so old, the housekeeper, the caretaker, who never seemed to think of any such thing!

"He shall never be my brother—never, never!" said Edith fiercely to herself.

She forgot her wrath against the man who had kissed her, even forgot and did not stop to inquire who could be that other man. The only thing that gave her a little malignant pleasure was the thought that these two, whom she could hear following her up-stairs, would be terribly late for dinner, and call forth the wrath of papa.

Nelly turned to meet her, all dressed and ready, as she darted into their common room.

"Oh, Edie!" she cried, dancing with excitement, "what a thing to happen! Mary! who ever thought of Mary! You might have been married, it would have been natural; but Mary! And it appears that's all Ernest's doing too; he's the man that sets everything right."

Edith stood desperate in the middle of the room. "I know nothing about it," she said, with her hands clenched and her teeth set; "and I don't want to know anything about it. Who is Mary going to marry? How dares she to bring men here we have never heard of before? And who's Ernest, and how does he dare—dare! I know nothing about it—and I don't want to know anything about it," Edith cried.

But yet even in the midst of her wrath there came a little softening into her heart towards the tall gray man who was still after all Mary's brother. It had been intolerable to believe, after all her thoughts, that he had no existence at all. And I need not say that Nelly's desire to tell being far more genuine than her sister's determination not to hear, the tale was poured forth while Edith made her hasty toilette, all the time taking a secret satisfaction in the thought that Mary, who was so

orderly and never did anything in a hurry, must be late for dinner! It was not a very serious way of putting her in the wrong; but still it was a satisfaction. It appeared from Nelly's tale that Mary had met her lover when absent from Fairfield on a long visit "in mamma's time"—that she had been engaged to him with the consent of her parents. And then mamma had died, the marriage had been put off: and when some misunderstanding arose between the lovers, Mary's devotion to her family had helped to make the breach wider, and at last the engagement had been brought to an end. Ernest had found the man in India years after, still longing for the bride who he believed had thrown him over. And it had been a little plot between him and Mr. Fazakerley to bring the despairing lover back thus suddenly to Mary's feet.

"It is a romance—quite a romance," Nelly cried with triumph, delighted to have something of the kind in the family, not the tame wooings and marryings of ordinary life.

Edith listened, putting up her hair, tying her ribbons, fastening her dress, with many a thought. She too had meant to have a romance in her life. There was something bewildering after all, confusing, almost laughable when you came to think of it in one way, almost insupportable when you thought of it in another—to see the Romance come, filling the house with excitement, but not for the girl to whom it was natural, not to the young seer of visions and dreamer of dreams; to Mary—Mary of all people in the world, the halfmother of the children, papa's housekeeper—Mary, who everybody believed would never marry at all!

"Oh, Edie," cried her little sister, "are you really going down without one thing on that Ernest sent you?—the first night he has come home!"

"If you mean Mr. Mansfield," cried Edith with dignity, "I never should have taken any of his presents if I could have helped it, and I am not going to put any of them on. And he hasn't come home. This new man may be my brother-in-law, I can't help that; but Mary's brother is not my brother, and never shall be. I am not going to call him by his Christian name."

"Oh, Edie!" Nelly cried, remonstrant.

But perhaps things turned out better than might have been expected, for next day Edith, much ashamed of herself, came down with a string of Indian bangles and a Trichinopoly chain.

THE DINNER-TABLE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

ADELA E. ORPEN.



FEAST IN THE 10TH CENTURY, FROM AN OLD MS.

WITHOUT going back to those very early days when our forefathers lived in caves and dressed in skins every day, changing them for yellow and red paint for their Sunday best, one may safely say that knives, and knives only, were the first requisites for a dinner-table. The ancient



ISLE OF HARTY KNIFE,

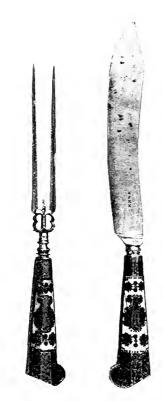
Gauls, we are told, gnawed their meat with their teeth, and only used a knife when they came to a particularly tough bit. Probably the knife was some such implement as that known as the Isle of Harty knife, and to judge from its appearance, it would have been of very little service in helping anybody over a tough bit of meat. The feast where such a knife could be of use must have been of the simplest. Indeed a stern simplicity is the most striking feature of the table furniture of our

venerable ancestors. Look upon the festive board spread in the tenth century as portrayed in the illustration, and think of how our tables look when arranged even for a modest dinner-party. One bottle of liquor, out of which guests may drink in turn, instead of a forest of tumblers and wine-glasses; one dish, containing a pig apparently, instead of half a dozen choices of viands: and

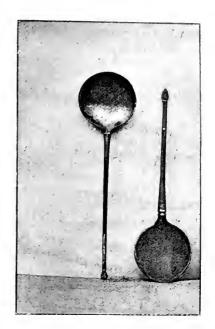
finally two loaves of bread and two knives for the whole table.

Up to the fifteenth century persons of high degree, such as princes, nobles, and bishops, were served in the following manner. The dinner-table was spread in the great hall at about eleven o'clock, The table consisted of boards set upon trestles, on one side of which benches were placed. Benches, not chairs, were the proper things to sit upon at table, hence our word banquet, from the bancs, or benches, upon which the guests sat. cloth was laid; a mere white cloth was not enough upon grand occasions, but several cloths were used, and these had to be folded in diverse and curious fashions. Clever pages who could fold cloths and napkins in many ways were in much request. Henry III. of France gave much thought to this subject, and once had his table-cloth folded so adroitly that it conveyed to the beholder an idea of "a beautiful river where there were billows among which was seen much soup!" The idea, as thus described, does not commend itself to our tastes, it sounds as though the soup was running about all over the table-cloth; but no doubt it looked fine, since it has been considered worthy of a place in history, and has been handed down for our benefit. The cloth, or the nappe, as it was called, and the napkins being safely lodged upon the board, the next thing was to place those things upon it which the guests would require. This was quickly done, as there was nothing to put on the table but the salt-cellar and several slices of bread. Both of these articles were fraught with deep significance, and had to be placed with much knowledge of rank and precedence. The salt-cellar was placed before the lord and master, and according as guests were placed with reference to the salt, so was their rank in that house determined. To sit above the salt denoted that the guest was of gentle blood, and was accepted as an equal by the family. To sit below the salt placed one with the menials and servants, and as such one would be considered.

The most famous "salts" in existence are the three hour-glass salts of Christ College, Cambridge. They were presented to the college in 1507 by the foundress, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, the mother of King Henry VII. The shape of these salts clearly points to their being objects of luxury rather than of utility. The cavity for the salt is extremely small, and seems admirably



KNIFE AND FORK OF 17TH CENTURY.



SPOONS BELONGING TO PHILIP VI. OF FRANCE, 1330.

adapted to let all the salt slip out of the spoon, being both curved and very shallow.

Next after the "salts," the slices of bread were perhaps the most important, and engaged the attention of squire or page. Let no one lightly imagine that people about to dine were served with slices of bread in proportion to their probable hunger. Not at all. They were served with bread strictly in accordance with their rank and precedence. Thus a prince might have five or seven slices, a noble fewer, and a knight perhaps but two. The slices, called trenchers—from the French trancher, to cut-were the plates upon which the food was eaten. The squire cut the meat with his trencher-knife, speared it with the point thereof, and placed it delicately upon his lord's trencher. It was etiquette to touch meat with only two fingers of the left hand when carving, and in the "Boke of Kervynge," printed in 1413, the carver is anxiously bidden to see that his fingers be clean. We are so accustomed to see our food dealt with at table by means of knives and forks, that the sight of people eating with their fingers is exceedingly disgusting to us. A lady who recently travelled in the Sahara was so horrified at her first real Desert dinner, by seeing her Negro mule-driver tear up with his fingers the chicken which she was to eat, that she thought it impossible

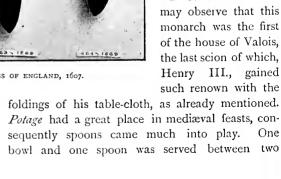
for her to swallow the food thus carved. Such is the force of habit and hunger, however, that in a couple of days she ceased even to notice there was anything unusual about these customs of Arabs. It is only about a century and a half

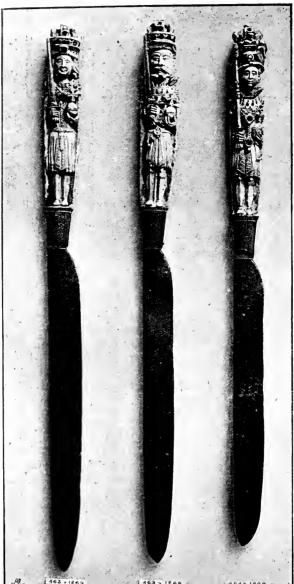
ago that Englishmen learned to use forks. Although we have advanced far away from the simple ways of the good old days when one salt-cellar and two knives was the tableservice of a king, we still hold to the trencher custom in the eating of certain game; small birds, for example, are stillserveduponroasted bread, which is the last relic of the plateless customs of our fore-After dinner fathers. the crumbs from the trenchers were cleared away with a wide trencher-knife, which is the prototype of our crumb-shovel of The earliest to-day. knives were very nearly akin to dirks, and were in fact merely hunting knives, which would do at a pinch to cut an enemy's throat. Every man had his knife conveniently at his girdle, available at a moment's notice for all purposes. Dinnerknives were often in cases containing thirteen each, and the cutlers expended themselves upon the decor-

ation of the handles. A singular set of dinnerknives, with ivory handles carved in effigies of the kings of England, was made in the year 1607. The handles are extremely rich, the crowns and girdles of the kings being adorned with jewels. The maker, whoever he may have been, incidentally reveals to us his strongly Protestant leanings, for he leaves Queen Mary completely out of his dinner-set, and skips nimbly from Edward VI.

to Oueen Elizabeth. A knife and fork with ivory handles inlaid with silver wire in delicate tracery, of which we give an illustration, shows a good example of English work. This pair belonged to one Benjamin Ayloffe, as set forth in an inscription on the blade. which likewise bears the date of 1685. The sturdy German knife and fork, the former being ten inches long, belong to the same century, and are far less elegant in shape, though much skill has been expended in the ornamentation.

"Spoons," observes a French historian gravely, "if not as old as the world, are at least as old as soup." Accordingly we have very early examples of spoons. Those given in the illustration date from the year 1330, and belonged to Philip VI. of France. may observe that this monarch was the first of the house of Valois, the last scion of which, Henry III., gained such renown with the





KNIVES OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND, 1607.

persons, a custom that has given rise to proverbs and slang terms surviving even to our day. If any lady, at the gay courts of the Plantagenets, was gracefully desirous of showing an especial favour towards one of her admirers, she shared her dish and spoon with him at meals. The French have a proverb which says of two people that are on very friendly terms, that they are like "dish and spoon together," and no doubt that otherwise incomprehensible slang term of our own, viz. "spooncy," signifying affection, may be traced to the same origin. There were

many rules for eating gracefully with a spoonfellow, as for instance not to smear one's face with the soup, and never to leave the spoon in the dish. People of fashion used to have each his or her spoon, as travellers in the East do now. Spoons of wealthy people used to be marvellously fine, with rock crystal handles, or gold set in gems.

One of these fragile rock crystal spoons, dating from 1600, is given in the illustration. The bowl bears the sacred monogram engraved in the crystal, and the silver handle is likewise ornamented. This spoon is Italian, as is also the larger one bearing chased work in the bowl. The small, somewhat squat spoon is of German origin. For a length of time spoons were capped with effigies of the Apostles, but towards the middle of the seventeenth century this fashion disappeared. The custom of giving a spoon and a mug to a god-child, still frequently observed, dates from a time when such presents were peculiarly appropriate, in order that the youngster might be fittingly provisioned for life.

The cup, or drinking-vessel, was of course an object of much solicitude. The earliest specimens were wooden bowls. St. Louis used a wooden maple bowl to drink out of—the so-called "mazer



ROCK CRYSTAL SPOONS OF 1600.

bowl." Leatherdrinkingvessels, or Black Jacks, were common in the earliest times; but it soon became the fashion for wealthy persons to have silver cups. Each great person had his own cup, which went by a particular name, as his sword did. Thus, the Earl of Arundel in 1392 bequeaths to his wife her own cup, called "Bealchier." Occasionally these cups were made of the quaintest materials, such as an egg or a cocoanut, and these quaint cups have in some instances survived, while the more precious silver goblets were nearly all melted

down during the civil wars. Yet, notwithstanding the demands made by the king upon his faithful lieges, a certain number of ancient drinking-vessels have remained.

Among the more celebrated are the various college cups at Oxford and Cambridge. cups are often extremely beautiful, and as they are usually the gifts of the founders, they hail in general from the last days of the Lancasters. The standing cup and cover belonging to New College, Oxford, is a good example of the work done by English goldsmiths in the year 1480, and the Valence Mary cup of Pembroke College, Cambridge, is interesting mainly by reason of the tragedy which led to the founding of the college. Mary de St. Paul was married in 1347 to Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, and a grand tournament celebrated the nuptials according to the custom of the times. The unfortunate bridegroom was killed in the mimic fight, and his bride, "maid, wife, and widow all in a day," retired from the world, and devoted her fortune to founding a college and a nunnery. She gave a cup to her college, which was held in sufficient reverence by the Fellows to ensure its preservation when nearly all the college plate was melted down for the king. The



NEW COLLEGE CUP.

Valence Mary cup bears this inscription around the bowl—

"Sayn-denes-yt-es-me-dre, For-her-lof-drenk-and-mak-gud-cher."

The festive invitation is too plain to need translation.

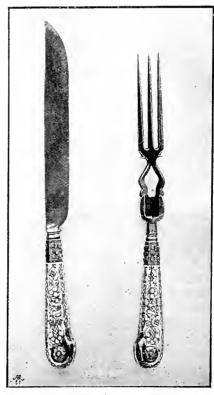
The food which our ancestors ate by means of their spoons, knives, and fingers was as different from ours as was their method of serving it. We have no receipts of the food served upon slices of trencher bread, probably it was all roasted or boiled; but by the time we reach the thirteenth century pewter and wooden platters were in use among the gentry, and gold and silver ones among the nobles or in the king's household.

The *menu* of the coronation feast of King Henry V. has fortunately been preserved to us, from which it appears that the first course consisted of ten kinds of meat and fish; the second course may be said to have been the same, only rather more so if anything; the third course consisted of a variety entertainment, in which fresh cream and dates *en compote* figure along with carps, sturgeon, flounders, roast porpoise, and fried minnows, after which came *doucettes*. Between the courses there were *entremets* of a very different character from what we are accustomed to associate with that word. The *entremets* at this banquet consisted of

certain *suttelltes*, apparently sugar or pastry statues fraught with deep significance. One was a swan, having a "skriptur" in its bill, viz., the precept—

"Regardez Roy, La droyt, voy;"

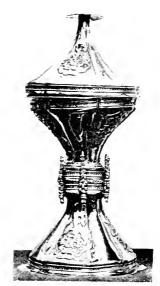
while little cygnets carried round about other and equally recondite "skripturs" in their bills. It was the age of mottoes and legends. Each course had its suttellte, and the last was an "egellis of gold," apparently a gilt eagle invoking the honour of the day. Some of these entremets of the Middle Ages were truly portentous. At a marvellous feast given by the great Duke of Burgundy in 1444, we read of dragons, and knights, and castles, and churches, and elephants, and lions, as entremets; while at another there came an entire band of music covered in a pie-crust, which began to play when the crust was cut—a performance which entirely throws into the shade that beloved pie of our babyhood wherein the four-and-twenty live blackbirds were imprisoned. Perhaps, if we could but trace it out, we should find that "Sing a song a sixpence" had its origin in some suttellte of a mediæval feast.



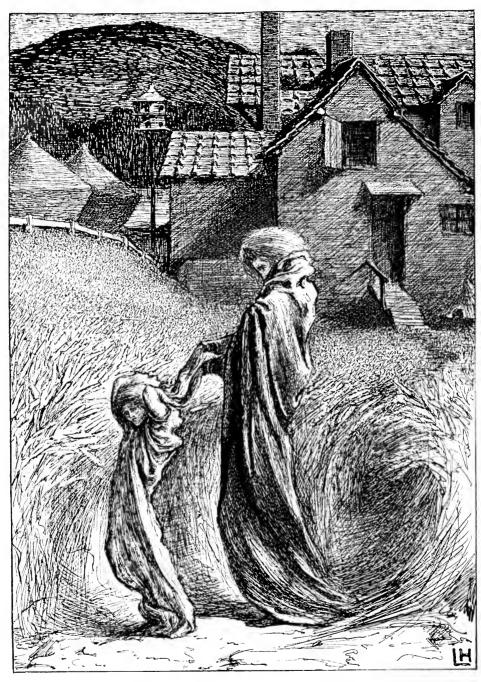
BENJAMIN AYLOFFE'S KNIFE AND FORK,

Sir Christofer Hatten, the well-known dwarf of Queen Henrietta Maria, was first introduced to her served in a pie, but then he was a very small personage, being only eighteen inches high. By that time, no doubt, these ponderous *suttelltes* had gone out of fashion, and little Sir Christofer appeared rather as a joke than anything else.

It seems hard to realize the fact that gentlemannered Charles I., and his fascinating, if frivolous, queen, both ate with their fingers; but such is the case, since it was only in the seventeenth century that forks were first observed by Coryat, an extraordinary person who travelled in Italy in 1611, and there found them in use. He was called furcifer, in consequence of distinguishing himself at home by the use of a fork. Englishmen did not take kindly, however, to the "absurd foreign Then, as now, they were markedly jealous of adopting the customs of other countries, and preferred to stick to the good old English fashion of fingers. It was not until the last century that the use of forks became at all general. Specimens of combination fork and spoon exist, which indicate that the fork was more used for the sake of show than anything else—as an instrument which had to be taken to pieces and set up again between its use as a spoon and as a fork, could hardly be very handy. Thus it is always. The luxuries of one age become the necessaries of the next, and people in the ordinary walks of existence now habitually make use of greater splendour in their every-day life than did the elect of the land in the olden time. As for example, who thinks it anything to have ice to cool wines nowadays? and yet it was one of the "crimes" urged against Henry III. of France that he did, at one of his feasts, have ice to put in his wine. The advent of ice-creams at the court of France, during the regency of Anne of Austria, threw elegant Paris into a ferment of joy and delight, and now street arabs in London get them for a penny apiece. Our wants have marvellously increased, and so too have our means of ministering to those wants. Philosophers and future history must decide whether our happiness is thereby augmented.



HOUR-GLASS SALT OF THE COUNTESS OF RICHMOND.



"Said the Blight, 'Then take my hand, Come with me through the corn-land!"



A BLIGHT came into the corn by night;
He seemed an angel in God's sight.

All the corn-tops looked at him; Dark he stood on the moon's rim.

Out of the farm, a child's soul Came, and into the moonlight stole.

Shadow-bars came over the wheat, And fell upon the child's soul's feet.

"My body sleeps in a warm bed," He looked over the corn, and said.

"I am sent to gather dreams, In among the white moonbeams,

White moonbeams, all in a row:

I must be back at the first cock-crow.

What shall I take, and put in the head Of my warm body, in his warm bed?

I must fashion a dream for him Ready before the moon gets dim."

Said the Blight, "Then take my hand, Come with me through the corn-land!" "Is it not too far to go? Shall I be back before cock-crow?"

"Not too far, and not too near:
I shall have hold of your hand, my dear."

Said the child, "Before I was born, God was good to my father's corn,

Night and day, from His Home's great height. Are you the angel on guard to-night?"

Quoth the other, "Wherever I go, I am a sort of a scare-crow."

Laughed the child, "Why, that's fun too!
Make my body to dream of you!"

But a thousand whispers of wheat, Following after the child's soul's feet,

Cried, "Turn back, lest the cock crow morn, While you are wandering over the corn."

Then the happy soul of the child Kissed them under their heads, and smiled;

Holding the Blight by both hands, As they went up the corn-lands.

All of a sudden the cock crew hard, And the watch-dog howled in the farm-yard;

But the child's body lay too still For a dream to be under his brain-sill.

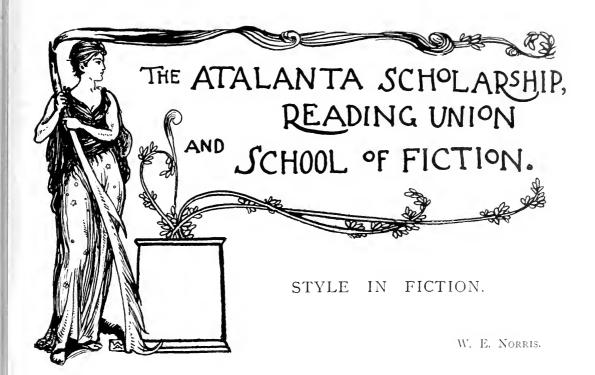
One corn-stem they gave him to hold, A slender sceptre headed with gold;

Never a one of them all could know, Why the corn kept kissing him so.

No one thought how, before he was born, God was good to his father's corn.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.





THE art of writing fiction has of late years been made the subject of innumerable articles by persons most, if not quite all, of whom are doubtless competent and well-informed; and it seems to be pretty generally agreed upon between them, as a nice, definite sort of dogma to start with, that "the main thing is to have a story to tell." Possibly that may be the main thing: possibly also the main thing-if, indeed, there be one where several things are indispensable—may be, not that the writer should have a story to tell, but that he should be able to tell it. To tell it, that is, after a fashion which shall move, interest, or amuse the great novel-reading public, which, patient and tolerant though it may be-patient and tolerant as some of us must needs acknowledge, with a due sense of contrite gratitude, though it is-nevertheless demands something more than a bald narration of supposed events.

The beginner, therefore (for it is only to beginners that the present dogmatizer has the effrontery to address himself), will do well to bear in mind that it is not enough to be equipped with an admirable plot, nor even to have clearly realized in his or her inner consciousness the circumstances

and personages involved therein: both have to be made real to the reader; both, moreover, have to be so treated of as, in one way or another, to tickle the reader's mental palate. This is much the same as saying that the beginner, in order to be a successful beginner, has to acquire a style. Not necessarily, it must be owned, a correct style; still at least a distinctive one. Otherwise he cannot hope to make his audience see people and things as he sees them.

But why talk about "acquiring" a style? Does not every human being already possess a style?dormant, no doubt, yet plainly perceptible in his accustomed turns of speech and methods of expressing himself. And can he do better than utilize this when he sits down with pen and paper to write his story? Perhaps he might do rather better; but there is no need to raise the point at the outset, because the beginner who essays, without preparation or apprenticeship, to tell his story in his own way will very soon discover that that is precisely what he cannot do. The words, somehow, will not come; or, if they do, they come in a manner palpably and grotesquely inadequate; the sentences are clumsy, tautological, badly

rounded, and jar upon the ear; the effect produced is very far from being the effect contemplated. The tyro, in short, finds out to his sorrow that writing is not in the least the same thing as talking, and that even so modest an achievement as the production of a novel is, after all, an art, the inexorable requirements of which do not greatly differ from those claimed by other arts.

And, indeed, why should they? Nobody would ever dream that they did, were it not that the literary art has no schools, colleges, paid professors, no system of salutary checks to intervene between the student and his public. To one who is conscious of ability it seems so simple to seize a pen and go ahead! In a certain country house there was a Scotch cook whose scones were beyond all praise. Implored by a Southern lady to reveal the secret of her unvarying success, she replied, after long consideration, "Aweel, mem, ye just take your girdle, ye see, and-and make a scone." Ouite so: you just take pen and paper and—and write a novel. No directions could be more beautifully succinct; but, unfortunately, it is almost as difficult for a writer who has reached a point of moderate proficiency in his calling to say how this is to be done, as it was for the cook to explain how scones ought to be made. He may, however, be bold enough to affirm that the thing cannot be done off-hand—that the knack of manipulating language has to be mastered, just as that of swimming, riding, shooting, and playing cricket has to be mastered, and that preliminary failures are more or less a matter of course. Swimming is very easy; yet if you take a boy by the scruff of his neck and fling him into deep water, nothing can be more certain than that he will flounder, struggle desperately for a few seconds, and then sink like a stone. Probably there are but a very few people who cannot learn to swim; there are many who cannot learn to shoot or ride; it seems doubtful whether an equal number cannot—if only they will condescend to take the necessary pains learn how to write.

But the trouble is that plenty of men and women who cannot really do these things nevertheless do them after a fashion. Have not the lives of most of us been placed in jeopardy through the erratic performances of some worthy gentleman who is fond of shooting, but who is obviously unfit to be trusted with a gun? Is there an M.F.H.

in England whose soul is not vexed every year by the hopeless, good-humoured, dangerous incapacity of certain members of the hunt? Every now and again one sees a steeplechase won by a horse who has carried off the victory in spite of his well-meaning rider; and in like manner it would be an easy, though an ungracious, task to name authors whose books have commanded a prodigious sale without being, in the true sense of the word, books at all.

Well, the neophyte may say, it does not particularly matter to me whether you are pleased to call my book a book or not; so long as I can please the public, and thereby make sure of receiving a handsome cheque from the publishers, I shall be satisfied. To such a reply no rejoinder can be made, save a warning that successes of the kind alluded to have been achieved under heavy handicap penalties. They prove no more than that, as a good horse will occasionally win a race, although he be badly ridden, so a large section of the novel-reading public will tolerate inartistic work and slipshod English for the sake of a good story. And, since you are supposed to be beginning, why should you wish to carry extra weight, or imagine that you are able to do so? It is not given to everybody—alas! it is by no means given to everybody—to conceive a really good and original plot; yet some among us, whose pretensions to excel in that direction are as scanty as need be, may contrive to give pleasure, may to a certain extent please ourselves with our handling of the vocation for which we believe that we are best fitted, may even pocket the cheques which we have earned without feeling that we have robbed anybody.

In other words, novels do not give pleasure or meet with acceptance simply and solely by virtue of their subject-matter. The novel, at least so far as England, which is the great novel-producing country, is concerned, may be regarded as a sort of literary omnibus—a vehicle adapted for the carrying of all manner of incongruous freights, heavy and light. Descriptions of every grade of contemporary society have their places in it; descriptions of scenery and very little else have a right of entry; history is not excluded; its springs are even strong enough to bear the weight of amateur theology and psychical research. Perhaps, strictly speaking, this ought not to be so; but it is so, and if, after so many years of laxity, we were to go in

for strict rules and principles, we should be all the poorer for our pedantic exactitude. According to Tennyson, England is a desirable land in which to reside, because it is

"The land where, girt by friends or foes, A man may speak the thing he will;"

and so the English novel affords a fine, broad field for a man to stretch his limbs in, the sole condition of admittance into it being that he should do so with some approach to grace and symmetry.

It shall not be asserted or pretended that the average reader consciously exacts these things, that he is conscious of having them when he has secured them, or of resenting their absence when he has been defrauded of them. But when he tosses a book across the room, with his accustomed cruelly concise criticism that it is "bosh" or "rot," the above-mentioned species of resentment is, in most cases, what he unconsciously feels. We ourselves, from the moment that we cease to be average writers, become average readers, and are no whit less unmerciful than the rest of the world. are not going to be bored by anybody, if we can help it. Possibly, from being in the trade, we may know a little better than those who are not in the trade why we are bored; but that does not soften our hearts, nor are we likely to purchase a second work by an author who has bored us once. Therefore it is worth while to conciliate us, and to consider how this may best be done.

Doubtless, as has been admitted all along, there are more methods than one of capturing and retaining the public ear; but this brief paper professes to deal only with one—that of style. The beginner, we will take it for granted, wants to have a style of his own, wants to make the most that he can of his mother-tongue, wants to clothe his thoughts in readable language, wants above all to send them forth with the stamp of his individuality upon them. And he is confronted at starting by the annoying discovery that he is unable to do this. How is he to do it?

"My dear," said an experienced chaperon to a young débutante, "study to be natural." Where-upon everybody who heard her laughed. Yet the old lady knew what she was talking about, and had not really been guilty of a contradiction in terms. Under artificial social conditions it is not possible to be natural until the rules of the game have been learnt. Situations are continually cropping up in

which Nature, unassisted by Art, will play you the shabby trick of turning her back upon you and leaving you to demean yourself in a ludicrously unnatural manner. No débutante, however great may be her inborn grace and ease of deportment, would venture to be presented at Court without having gone through some preliminary rehearsal; scarcely would she face a first ball or a first dinnerparty unless a few previous hints and instructions had been conveyed to her. But, fortified by an exact knowledge of what is the right thing to do, she sails forth confidently, she dares to be herself, and she makes, let us hope, the desired impression in quarters where it is desirable that an impression should be made.

Not dissimilar is the case of the budding novelist; although there is no denying that it is easier to show a young lady how to carry herself than to show a would-be prose-writer how to please. His apprenticeship must needs be a longer and a less definite one. Rules, indeed, there are for himcut and dried rules, relating to accuracy of grammar and punctuation, avoidance of involved sentences, neologisms, catch phrases and the like; but these will not take him quite the length that he wishes to go. They will not take him quite that length; yet they will help him on his way, and he must condescend to study them. Furthermore, he should study slowly and carefully the works of those who have attained renown chiefly by reason of their style. Addison, Gibbon, Macaulay, Carlyle, Ruskin, Sterne—to select at random half a dozen names out of the throng which at once presents itself—he ought not only to be familiar with the writings of all these and other masters of English prose, but to scrutinize closely their several methods, so that he may come by degrees to understand what the capabilities of the language are and what admirable, though widely divergent, results have been arrived at by those who have vanguished its difficulties.

With that language it is true that some of the writers just cited have taken liberties: one, in particular, has allowed himself enormous and audacious liberties. But that is only because he had made the language so completely his servant that he was in a certain sense entitled to do as he pleased with it. The student is not recommended to imitate Carlyle; for the matter of that, he is not recommended to imitate anybody, direct, deliberate

imitation being as surely foredoomed to failure in literature as in all other arts. But he may be advised to dissect, to analyze, to search patiently for the secrets of proportion, of balance, of rhythmical, harmonious diction. Haply he will discover these; in any event he will reap the benefit of having mixed with good company, just as, in playing no matter what game, we all insensibly improve when we are associated with or pitted against our superiors. And the stricter the rules by which he determines to bind himself down the better it will be for him in the long run. In musical composition many things are said to be "forbidden"-so many that the bewildered student of harmony and counterpoint, knowing how frequently great composers have transgressed the limits within which he is cramped, is apt to exclaim in despair, "But you won't let me do anything! Why may I not do what Bach has done?" The only answer that can be returned is, "Because you are not Bach." Ultimate case and liberty are the outcome, as dexterity is the outcome, of early discipline; it may be that they are never truly or certainly acquired by any other means.

It is, in short, the old story of "infinite pains." Whether "the capacity for taking infinite pains" is or is not satisfactory as a definition of genius is another question; but we may at least be sure that infinite pains are never wasted. Not that we have any right to expect an immediate and abundant harvest. It is the slow, but sure, education of the taste and the ear that has to be aimed at, and this will only come to us by imperceptible degrees. Gustave Flaubert, than whom no more painstaking writer ever lived, was so persuaded of the artistic compulsion that lay upon him to use the right word or the right phrase, so convinced that for every idea there is but one absolutely fitting word or phrase, that he would spend hours in tormenting himself over a single sentence. Often at the end of all he remained dissatisfied-could not but be dissatisfied. In one of his letters he draws a pathetic parallel between himself and a violinist who plays false, being well aware that he is playing false, yet lacking the power to correct his faulty execution. The tears roll down the unhappy fiddler's cheeks, the bow falls from his hand . . .

Ah, well! we cannot all be artists like Flaubert. We are mediocrities at best, most of us; we know that we are mediocrities, and we are not going to cry about it. But let us acknowledge, with the humility which beseems us, how immeasurably he was our superior, not in genius alone, but in industry, in conscientiousness, in self-sacrifice. We mediocre folks, who have acquired a certain facility of expression, are apt to be only too lenient with ourselves. The exact word that we want, the precise phrase suitable to our purpose, are not forthcoming; but others are ready and will serve well enough. We take the others, hoping that nobody will notice their ineptitude. The beginner also will, in process of time, arrive at this fatal facility, and it is not in the least likely that he will have strength to resist a temptation to which ninety-nine authors out of a hundred succumb. All the more important, therefore, is it that he should adopt and observe the strictest rules at starting; so that he may form a style of which, once formed, he will never be able to divest himself. We made a comparison just now between the arts of literature and equitation. They have not a great deal in common; but they are so far alike that early training has the first and last word in each. There are men who are almost in the front rank amongst riders, but who have never reached, and never will quite reach that rank, because of the errors of those who instructed them in their youth. Heavy-handed they are, and heavy-handed they will remain till the end of the chapter. So it is, not only with mediocre writers, but even with some who belong to the first class. These have taken up tricks and mannerisms, pretty enough and pleasing enough while the charm of novelty still hung about them, but provoking and perilous from the moment that they have lost that charm, that they have ceased to be servants and have become masters. Macaulay, for example, had an admirable style; yet after a time one grows irritated with it, knowing so well in what manner he will deal with any given subject under the sun. At the opening of some sonorous, well-balanced paragraph the reader is prone to say to himself, with a sigh, "Ah, I see you coming with your distressing antitheses!" And there, sure enough, they are, neat, polished, brilliant, turned out to order—wearisome. But if, during his lifetime, some reader of his had had the impudence to point this out to him, and if, with the modesty which is a part of true greatness, he had admitted that the criticism was not unjust, could he, do you think, have written otherwise than as he did?

Therefore, let the tyro put away from him all insidious temptations to be brilliant or original; let him think chiefly, if not solely, of being lucid; let him store up for himself a vocabulary from which all ambiguous terms shall be rigorously excluded. So, having studied, he will be able, like the débutante, to be natural, and will have gained possession of a style which will, at any rate, be correct and

his own. So, too, he may perhaps be able to look back not discontentedly upon a measure of good, solid work accomplished, when the time shall come to hang up the fiddle and the bow, to lay aside the worn-out old pen and make his final bow to a public by whom he may anticipate with some confidence that he will be speedily and mercifully forgotten.

STUDIES IN STYLE.

Write to the best of your ability a Paper on any one of the following subjects:—

- A. A Dialogue between two well-known characters. (After the model of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*.)
- B. An Account of any Historical Incident—in the style of Macaulay.
- C. Description of an Imaginary Episode; the Heroine has lost her way in a lonely tract of country, and night is approaching. Describe the situation.

Only Members of the Atalanta Reading-Union and School of Fiction may answer the above. Reply-Papers must contain not more than 500 words, and must be sent in on or before 25th October. They should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and they should have the words Atalanta School of Fiction written on the cover.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (SEPTEMBER).

In The Princess, when Florian and his companions are discovered by the Lady Psyche, and threatened with death. (Tennyson.)

The little Robber-Girl, who saves the life of Gerda by sending her away on the Reindeer. (Hans Andersen's *The Snow Queen.*)

III.

I. "Cluny's Cage" was one of the hiding-places of Cluny Macpherson, the chief of the Clan Vourich, one of the leaders of the Rebellion in favour of Prince Charlie. It was

a queer little house, hidden among the thicket on the face of the cliff; it was something in shape like an egg, and capable of holding in comfort five or six people. (R. L. Stevenson's Kidnaffed.)

2. "Kerguelen's Land" was the Island of the Albatross, where Ida's father was wrecked. (Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances, by Mrs. Ewing.)

IV.

Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

V

Matthew Arnold's In Memory of the Author of Obermann.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

T.

I. When Bacon spoke the following words, what was the "one subject" to which he referred? "I have persuaded men, and shall persuade them for ages, that I possess a wide range of thought unexplored by others, and first thrown open by me, with many fair enclosures of choice and abstruse knowledge. I have incited and instructed them to examine all subjects of useful and rational inquiry; few that occurred to me have I myself left untouched or untried: one, however, hath almost escaped me, and surely one worth the trouble."

2. Where may the words be found?

I.

Mention the older Poet and Poem from which Wordsworth borrowed the rhythm and measure of his three Yarrow Poems.

III.

Quote any line from Spenser that tells the name of the town where he was born.

IV

Who was "Kantaka"?

V.

Explain the reference in the following quotations:-

- 1. "Recollect the friend. Codlin's the friend, not Short. Short's very well as far as he goes, but the real friend is Codlin—not Short."
 - 2. "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."
 - 3 "To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o'er the faem;
 The king's daughter of Noroway,
 'Tis thou maun bring her hame."
 - 4. No resting could he find at all,
 No ease, nor heart's content;
 No house, nor home, nor biding-place;
 But wandering forth he went
 From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
 With grieved conscience still,
 Repenting for the heinous guilt
 Of his fore-passed ill."
- 5. "Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea, And the stars themselves have flowers for me, One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all! Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere, With its plane-tree isle reflected clear, And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;

Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay, And the golden floods that hitherward stray, Yet—oh! 'tis only the Blest can say How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!"

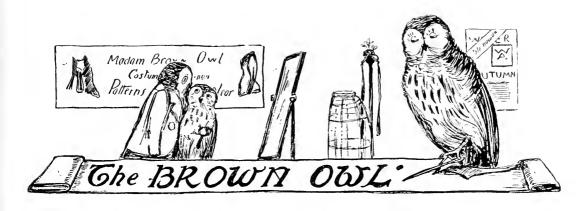
- 6. "His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height, His armour was sable to view; All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight; The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright; The lights in the chamber burned blue."
- 7. "A multitude noteless of numbers, As wild weeds cast on an heap: And sounder than sleep are their slumbers, And softer than song is their sleep; And sweeter than all things, and stranger The sense, if perchance it may be, That the wind is divested of danger, And scatheless the sea."
- 8. "It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
 A theme for a poet's idle page;
 But still when the mists of doubt prevail,
 And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
 We hear from the misty, troubled shore
 The voice of the children gone before,
 Drawing the soul to its anchorage."
- "Her heart is like an outbound ship
 That at its anchor swings;
 The murmur of the stranded shell
 Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and smiling, hears her praise, But dreams the while of one Who watches from the sea-blown deck The icebergs in the sun.

She looks across the harbour-bar
To see the white gulls fly;
His greeting from the Northern Sea
Is in their clanging cry."

Io. "Through the lands low-lying, fast and free I ride alone, and under the moon;
An empty road that is strange to me,
Yet at every turn remembered soon:
A road like a race-course, even and wide,
With grassy margins on either side;
In a rapture of blowing air I ride,
With a heart that is beating tune."

All readers of Atalanta may send in answers to the above. Reply-Papers must be forwarded on or before 15th October. They should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should have the words *Search Questions* written on the cover. Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded Half-Yearly.



THE REFINEMENT OF DRESS.

(From a Girl's Point of View.)

THE Art of Dressing is like that of mixing one's colours—both operations must be performed "with brains." And for this reason, and because "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," our wise little friends at the top of the page have given us leave to say a few words on this subject.

However good an allowance a girl may have, she cannot dress well unless she spends on the matter a little time and thought as well as money. But when economy is a strict necessity, the amount of time and thought expended must be much greater. Few girls, I think, realize how much the manner of wearing their things has to do with a pretty effect. A dress may have come from the hands of a first-class dressmaker, but it will not look well unless it is put on with care and neat-Then, too, the manner of doing the hair has a great effect on the tout ensemble—the simpler its arrangement the better, to my thinking. I am always sorry when I see a girl's head disfigured with puffs and rolls and knots. Pretty, neat coils are far more becoming; they are natural and graceful, and the eye rests on them with pleasure after the monstrosities so often seen.

Now when buying a new dress or costume, the first thing is to decide what you want—whether is it a strong, serviceable, every-day dress, or a pretty dainty one for special occasions? Always have some idea of what you want before you go into a shop, and don't—whatever you do—don't be led

into buying the first thing that strikes your fancy. If you do, the thought will probably come to you afterwards that you have bought a green dress, and, horror of horrors! the only hat you have to wear with it is blue! So take my advice, and have your plan ready made. Then try and picture to yourself how the whole thing will look. The true art in dressing is to have everything in keeping, and nothing striking the eye specially. The whole effect should be that of neat, dainty harmony, and no part of the dress should be in the extreme of fashion. In the matter of gloves especially, it is wonderful how often people go wrong. It is quite a common thing to see pale primrose or lavender kid gloves worn with a heavy dark serge dress. It may be fashionable, but it is not in good taste, not to mention that it greatly exaggerates the size of the hand. You may try to be smart and welldressed, but, as Mr. Curdle said, "All is unavailing without a strict observance of the unities"-a remark which applies equally well to dress as to the drama.

When you have decided what sort of a dress you need, the next thing is to reckon how much money can be spent on it. This sum should be divided—so much each for material, trimming, lining, etc. Unless your supply of dresses be large, you must not get bright or fanciful colours—people so soon get to know and recognize them. Of course, girls who have good colours and complexions can wear almost anything, but with others

the choice is limited. Fair girls, without much colour, should avoid neutral tints, and wear warm dark colours—reds and pinks will usually suit such. Girls who have bright colours should wear blue, mauve, lilac, and green—never red. Of course it is impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules, for each must be guided by her own peculiarities. I have, however, heard it said that the most effective way of dressing is to match the colour of the hair in the daytime, and the colour of the eyes at night.

For all seasons of the year a standard dress is a black or dark-coloured serge. It is neat and serviceable, and the present fashion of wearing blouses gives endless variety. I find that, as a rule, this kind of dress gets so much wear that the skirt is worn out before the bodice. If so, serge can generally be matched with very little trouble, and a second skirt can be made when the first one is done at very little expense. Then, of course, other dresses depend upon the season. colour is a good wearing colour for summer—it does not show the dust; electric blues and grays are good and cool, but the former rarely, if ever, suit people, and the latter never look so dressy as fawn-colour. For winter wear warm colours should be chosen—deep red, brown, terra-cotta, or purple.

When you have chosen your dress, the next thing is to consider how it is to be made, and here we come to the oppressing question of dressmakers' bills. What a big item they are, and what a hole they make in the quarter's allowance! Speaking from experience, I strongly advise all girls who have even a little time at their disposal to try and make their own dresses, at any rate their every-day ones. It sounds a great deal, but with all the nineteenth century advantages of well-cut patterns and sewing-machines, it really is not at all difficult. First you must measure yourself accurately, and get the pattern you have decided upon from one of the many well-known firms who supply them. Then get the use of the big dining-table, a pair of scissors sharp from the grindstone, a hot iron at hand, and start. If you are a beginner it is a good plan to rip up an old skirt, and remake it exactly by the pattern; it gives you an idea of what is coming, what difficulties you have to avoid, and where you are likely to go wrong. Every seam you sew should be ironed out flat, especially the bodice seams, as it makes them sit so well. Every bit of stitching, too, that shows should be done with fine silk, which can always be obtained to match the material. Of course the amount of work depends altogether on the pattern you have chosen. It is best to use a simple one without much trimming; for one thing, you are sure to get on better, and for another, no amount of frills and furbelows can ever look as pretty as the straight long lines of drapery so much worn now. The present style of skirt is perfectly easy to produce; the bodice is of course what you make it, and, as I said before, the simpler the better. If you can get a girl-friend to come in and help you, and an amiable brother or cousin at leisure to turn the handle of the sewing-machine, it is wonderful what an amount of fun can be got out of a day's dressmaking.

As for millinery, that department of dress is always a bugbear to some. If a girl has not a taste for it, nothing will show her how to trim hats, and the prettiest things will come to grief in her hands. My advice to her is to let well alone, and to be content with simple, bought things. But if, on the other hand, she really likes it, and feels happy when operating on headgear of any sort, she should try and master the art of hat-trimming, and might even get a few lessons from a good milliner. Then, if she has a quick eye and a dainty hand, she will easily be able to copy pretty models, and will feel well repaid for her exertions. It is well, if you can manage it, to have a hat to wear with each walkingdress. If you cannot do it in any other way, have two inexpensive ones instead of one grand one, and you will find it answer well.

At the present time there are so many girls whose studies or employments take them out every day and in all weathers, that one cannot but wish to address a word specially to them. The most trying season of the year is now coming for such, and they should be well prepared for it. A good waterproof, the best that can be afforded, is absolutely essential; likewise a strong pair of boots—never mind if they are rather solid-looking. Then, with a little plain felt hat, trimmed simply so that the rain cannot injure it, and the serviceable serge dress underneath, our damsel, be she earnest student or hard-worked secretary, can sally forth undismayed by wind or weather, inasmuch as she is comfortably and suitably clad.

In conclusion, let me say again, don't be above

attending to trifles, don't let a button or a thread be beneath your notice. Gloves, handkerchiefs, stockings, shoes—all may be as simple and plain as possible, but should show the neatness and care which alone, in these days of cheap finery, mark the refinement of dress.

Horatia Hardy.

SCOTLAND'S INVITATION TO LADY-STUDENTS.

THE four Scottish Universities have been in the melting-pot. For several years past reformers within and without, hostile and drastic, friendly and mild, have been very busy with plans for academic reorganization; and from the bewildering chaos of these plans something like a cosmos has at length taken definite shape. The Scottish Universities Commission, appointed by an Act of Parliament in 1889, and presided over by an eminent Scottish judge, has now nearly completed its labours. To tell the whole story of the work done by the refiner's crucible would be tedious, but part of it will interest a good many of our fair readers. We shall therefore confine our attention to the important new Ordinance regulating graduation in Arts, mainly founded on a scheme proposed by the University of Edinburgh, and approved by Her Majesty in Council a couple of months ago.

In order to understand this Ordinance and the improvements it effects, we must glance at the system which it supersedes. Formerly seven subjects only were recognized in the Scottish Universities as qualifying for a degree in Arts. The student might be deeply versed in Oriental and modern languages, for example, or in history and political science, or in astronomy, geology, and chemistry; yet not one single step would all this learning advance him towards the goal of a degree in Arts. For that degree seven fixed subjects were inexorably prescribed (viz., English, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Physics, Logic, and Philosophy), and excellent though they be, they obviously form a bed of Procrustes which cannot suit everybody. The chief reform therefore has been to increase the number of subjects qualifying for graduation from seven to twenty-seven, and to institute a liberal system of options, while still securing a preferential position to the time-honoured seven fixed stars. Next we must mention the new preliminary examination. Henceforth no student can reckon his attendance on lectures as qualifying for graduation unless be has first passed a preliminary examination or its equivalent (such as one of the University local examinations). Last, but by no means least, comes Scotland's invitation to ladies. Hitherto ladies have been excluded from all direct participation in University education; now they are to be admitted to all the Arts Lectures and to graduation in Arts. Ere long they will doubtless be admitted to the departments of Medicine and Science also, but in these cases the arrangements will probably be somewhat different.

And here let us say a word about the vexed question whether a University education is suitable for women. A solid and undeniable answer is furnished by actual experience. All professors and lecturers who have taught and examined women on the academic standard will cordially bear witness that they are in most respects equal and in some respects superior to men. Lady-students will therefore be heartily welcomed by academic Scotland under her new régime, for they will certainly both benefit themselves and do credit to the Universities.

Now for a sketch of the new system of study.

I. Ladies not intending to graduate may now attend any of the Arts Lectures without passing any preliminary examination, and may obtain certificates of attendance and proficiency in any one or more subjects.

II. Those who intend to graduate must pass a preliminary examination in (1) English, (2) Latin or Greek, (3) Mathematics, and (4) one of—Latin, Greek (if not already taken), French, German, Italian, Dynamics.

III. Candidates for graduation must attend seven full courses of lectures and pass the University examinations in these subjects. They may choose one of three distinct avenues, each of which may be largely diversified at discretion by parallel sidewalks. We will denote the alternative avenues by the letters A, B, and C.

A. You must take both Latin and Greek, in which case your seven subjects are (1) Latin; (2) Greek; (3) English, or a Modern Language, or History; (4) Logic and Metaphysics or Moral Philosophy; (5) Mathematics or Natural Philosophy; (6) and (7) Any two of the twenty-seven

Arts graduation subjects named in the Ordinance, if not already taken (such as Oriental and modern languages; geology, astronomy, and other sciences; political economy, fine art, law).

B. You must take Logic and Metaphysics, and also Moral Philosophy. In this case your seven subjects are (1) Logic and Metaphysics; (2) Moral Philosophy; (3) Latin or Greek; (4) English, or a Modern Language, or History; (5) Mathematics or Natural Philosophy; (6) and (7) Any two subjects other than those already taken.

C. You must take two of—Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry. In this case your curriculum will consist of (1) and (2) Two of—Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry; (3) Latin or Greek; (4) English, or a Modern Language, or History; (5) Logic and Metaphysics or Moral Philosophy; (6) and (7) Any two subjects other than those already taken.

Besides these avenues to the ordinary degree, others lead to degrees with honours, but on these we need not at present enter.

And now as to the arrangements in each of the Universities. In that of Edinburgh, the largest and best equipped (with her thirty-eight professors, a large staff of lecturers, tutors, and assistants, and 3,500 students), ladies are to be admitted to all the same Arts Lectures as the men, and may compete with them on equal terms in the periodical class examinations as well as in the graduation examinations. In the University of Glasgow ladies will be taught in separate classes in Queen Margaret's College, an excellent institution affiliated to the University. In Aberdeen and St. Andrews the arrangements will be similar to those in Edinburgh. In all these University towns students may live where and as they please, at a cost of about £5a month or upwards, while the total cost of the Arts curriculum (exclusive of books and such private tuition as may possibly be required), from beginning to end of the three anni academici, will amount to about £35. The chief term or "session" begins about the middle of October, and in the case of most of the subjects the annus academicus is over by the end of March.

What of the relative merits of the four Universities, you will perhaps ask? This is a delicate question. Each is excellent in its own way; but Edinburgh certainly ranks first in point of size and

importance, Glasgow second, Aberdeen third, and St. Andrews fourth. On the other hand Glasgow, as already mentioned, offers special advantages to lady-students; for good, honest, hard work Aberdeen is unsurpassed; while St. Andrews is a charmingly quiet and quaint old-world nook. But go to any one of them you please, and those who, like the present writer, are graduates of both English and Scottish Universities, will venture to guarantee you a more thorough and all-round general education than you can get almost anywhere else in the United Kingdom. J. Kirkpatrick.

A FTER the tremendous activity of a summer which has witnessed the most extensive Operatic enterprise London has ever known, it is hardly to be expected that the winter, with its renewal of effort and labour, should open as brilliantly at the outset. As for the life of the moment, one must seek it to find it at all, for the public's musical places still partake largely of the nature of deserts. It is now time for private discovery!

For even in the slack season the sap does not stagnate; though its course is stealthy it is preparing for great things. The Muse is not asleep. In forgotten corners, in fascinating slums, one may pursue and find her—en déshabille in an attic possibly, it is true, but at least in an attic in earnest—not touching the guitar in the shade of a magnolia set stalk-deep in a stage flower-pot, as the manner occasionally is.

First then, take, in the purlieus of Bloomsbury, John Street of legal repute. There, in a stone-flagged chamber behind the enormous knockers of an old-fashioned family mansion, you may find, on a Wednesday evening, the street-arab choir of the Italian Colony in London.

Seething on Saffron Hill, and surging round Gray's Inn, the Italian Colony is one of the poorest and, perhaps, least known of all those alien tribes that haunt the snug confines of Bloomsbury. Though principally attaining such small notice as is bestowed by the Press on its hatreds, vendettas, and night-broils, of late the Colony has become unaccountably peaceful. And the improvement attends on the steps of the new Padre, Dr. Stauder. One of the most interesting evenings that I have enjoyed for a long time passed under his auspices.

Dr. and Mrs. Stauder, at 34, John Street, amongst an astonishingly large number of other philanthropic

emprises, have started a Choral Society. To them, every Wednesday evening, comes a troop of boys and girls assembling in a big old lecture-room to hang their harps, so to speak, on the willows, and sing Italy's songs in her language. Few of them, these dark-browed children, but were born in the blessed South, as is evidenced not only by their complexions but by the *timbre* of the voices, that is so different to our raukish insular inflexion.

The class has only been organized in the space of the last few months, but already innumerable part-songs of the Campagna (taken on the Solfeggi system at sight from the black-board) make pleasant harmony, and the expression and feeling, the colouring, of the work is quite extraordinarily good. Nominally the class is in the hands of a clever and competent Italian, but the doctor himself superintends, and is constantly his own maître d'orchestre. An enthusiastic and eminently infectious musician, the result of his forcible—at times almost inspired -perception on these yearning impressionable young foreigners is veritably magical. I have seen few stranger, or more strangely suggestive emotions, than this eagerness, this intense appreciation of and aptitude for musical expression, when taken in connection with a night-class of aliens gathered in that dim old house in a foreign world-of familiar Bloomsbury. A very generous and disinterested work is going on in John Street, unthanked and unsupported—and if desire, appreciation, attempt, and in some measure great success, be worthy of our help, these children of beautiful Italy congested in the darkness of a London night may surely lay V. Cecil Cotes. claim to it.

UR summer holidays have scarcely yet slipped into oblivion, and Sybil Maxwell's description of a Moor-stream will appeal with a certain piquancy to many.

OME down with me to the country when the clouds cast shadows and trail them gloriously like ruffling purple skirts over the breezy hill-sides. Come when Mother Nature is in a holiday humour, having done her duty all round, seen that the hay is saved and the corn and apples are ripening splendidly; when she has crowded the hedges with rapidly-hardening nuts, and the

moor with purpling whortle-berries; bird, beast, and that extortionate taskmaster, man, are well provided for, and now she is going to play.

Let us make our way up stream, the water is low, and the river "hideth himself"—as the country people say of that mysterious source of waters, Cranmere Pool. It is on its summer behaviour. Where the spate came tearing down in the winter, and the brown peat water, crested with angry, lurid-tinted foam, like chocolate and cream with a streak of lightning through it, raged like a lion, all is now drought and silence, the water has gathered itself into its narrowest channels. A bank of boulders, left bare by the summer retreat of the stream, bears a grotesque and horrible likeness to a battle-field, strewn with convicts' heads. The lowest layers of stone in this weird-looking bank are still fringed with green river-weed, hard and tangled and matted as badlydried fur after a city shower.

Leaving the boulders on our right, we come upon a weir, lying half dry and bare in the summer heat, with a parched, whitey-gray look in the sunshine. It had been cut in the natural granite which forms the Avon's bed, that the salmon might get up stream and eat the trout!—for the river was too small to carry both comfortably—and all good trout-fishers blessed the poachers, who poached the salmon openly on Sunday mornings in the vicarage grounds, and everybody felt aggrieved when the officious conservators marched these friends of the trout away to prison.

A thin fall, that had lost its winter roar and substance, wavered like a veil of lace over the other half of the weir. Spli-ish-spla-ash-spli-ish -spla-ash-in a lazy, soothing kind of waysetting itself to waltz tunes, while tiny rills, trickling from the edge at wide intervals, made a faint, treble accompaniment. Over the "shining shallow" above danced green elongated reflections of trees, changing shadows of clouds, keenly real duplicates of a few bare sticks and branches; and in the pool below was the natural darkness and mystery of depth. An untrained eye might rest long on the glaze foam and plaited currents of the surface, but let us look deeper, as those who search below the waves for hidden cities; and behold, in the shade at the edge of the lower pool, under the dirtiest part of the embankment, a knot of eels assembled in deep consultation. The trout rushed and dodged among the great stones and alder-roots, sometimes cannoning against each other in their eagerness when a particularly tempting beetle fell in mid-stream.

Sometimes a big fellow came and sunned himself in the open, motionless except for the quivering of his head fins; lying, not with his head straight up stream, as many people who ought to know better will tell you, but slanting well to the right to save himself, no doubt, from a dead contention with the current.

Wonderful hues of light and shade, green and gold and amber, sweep across his dark back and transparent lacy fins, that seem to have been skilfully crimped in very straight lines by some river nymph that very morning. Nor is he the only living denizen of the place Beautiful. Should something come with a thud against your throat, and cling there like grim death, do not be surprised or alarmed. It would only be a cockchafer from the oaks overhead. Unfasten him and set him in your hand, he will remain there contentedly enough; he is a thorough country gentleman, honest, substantial, comfortable, and well-dressed in his well-fitting brown coat and light striped waistcoat.

As you wander on, the varying voice of the water sings you a thousand songs; each turn of the bank presents a fresh and lovely picture, until, leaving the last fringe of trees behind you, you emerge on the open moor—a wild and wonderful transition from the sheltered to the savage. Were Nadine and her Uncle to appear on this strange border-land, you would scarcely feel surprise. Anything wild and eerie might inhabit the rockstrewn, tor-crowned heights of the great rolling turf-covered hemispheres that rise right and left of the stream. Behind us lie the rock-bound ravines; behind us the great long cemetery of boulders. Now the water slides apologetically over the broad, smooth shoulders of a bed of bright-red granite, and when a leap became necessary, slips into deep, quiet pools and out again with as little fuss as possible. There is a fascination about this new phase of gentleness that fairly pulls you out of your shoes and stockings, and entices you into mid-stream with these appendages of civilization slung in your belt. Strange, is it not, to see your feet gleaming like a nymph's against the dark green mosses and red rock as you cross a shallow? Plunge into deeper water, and your limbs seem to waver away from you and take magical hues of greenish pearl, as if the water gods had turned them into Belique china for trespassing on their premises.

When you are tired of burying your toes among soft green mosses, stand for a moment on the smooth hot rock, and toast them in the sun; then plunge again into the cool peat water until your soul is satisfied with freshness—and once more booted, you turn refreshed to life's dusty highways, when I bid you bon voyage. Sybil Maxwell.

THE Squire, by Mrs. Parr (Cassell and Co.), will be read with interest by the many people who enjoyed that delightful book, Dorothy Fox; and by a younger public who appreciated Dumps, and who are now prepared to take all possible pleasure out of the novel by the same author which begins in this month's issue. The Squire is distinctly a pastoral story, therefore those who look for keen excitement in its pages will be disappointed. But those, on the other hand, who appreciate a certain raciness of style, and some graphic character sketches, will find The Squire quite to their taste. It is the story of two generations. This fact takes to a certain extent from the interest, and gives the reader a curious sense of confusion. Except to the order of mind that delights in family-trees, and can follow the intricacies of family relations to the third and fourth generation, it is difficult to disentangle the histories of Humphrey Royston, Gilbert Keene, and Barbara Croft.

The best and most original characters in the book are Mrs. Croft and David; they are both very cleverly portrayed, and Mrs. Croft, with her dignity and pride, her sharp tongue and faithful true heart, is a character to call forth real admiration. David's love for his mother is one of the most touching incidents in the book; in short, these two are worth twenty Barbaras and Gilberts.

The book, however, as a whole is quite worthy of its talented author. It is far removed from anything sensational, but it is full of human interests, and breathes the freshness of country air in every line of its pages.

L. T. Meade.

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"MY LADY'S COMING."

Albert Lynch, pinx.

ATALANTA

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MY LADY'S COMING.

EDWARD F. STRANGE.

Time stole over the hill one morn

Leading my Lady by the hand—

Dearest, you came with the young, green corn

When the voice of Spring-time was in the land;

And your cheeks were red with the light of the morn,

And a rose was in your hand!

What was the song you sang to me

That day when our love was young?

Dearest, you sang right merrily,

The sweetest that ever was sung—

For 'twas all of our love—and you sang to me

Long ago when our love was young.

Fain would Time have borne you away

Over the hills to the Life to be—

Dearest, you smiled, and I bade you stay,

And I clasped your hand; but it might not be,

So I have come with you from far away,

Over the hills to the Sea.

And still Time hurries us on and on,

Hand in hand, till the journey's o'er—

Dearest, too soon will the light be gone;

Already I hear the breakers' roar,

And the surge of the waves on the yellow sand,

Where we shall bid Time farewell—and stand,

Hand in hand—on the Shore!

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

MRS. PARR,

Author of 'Dumps,' 'Dorothy Fox.'

IV.

RS. VIVIAN STAPLETON—to whose guardianship the will of Mr. Briggs entrusted Stella Clarkson—was a lady of good position, a widow, with an only son. She was the daughter of the man who had given Mr. Briggs his first start in life, who had laid the foundation of his fortune, and to whom—to his credit—up to his last hour Mr. Briggs had been deeply grateful. Seen with any of this family, the boastful, self-satisfied man was a different being. He could never forget the humble position which he had originally held with them; but, by a curious twist in his character, instead of this servile condition displeasing him, it seemed but to exalt in his mind their position.

Mrs. Stapleton—amiable, gracious, very sympathetic—always welcomed Mr. Briggs, because he brought back to her the days of a youth which had been singularly happy; and from these memories

she would be led on to speak of her marriage, the early death of her husband, the solace she had found in bringing up her only child—a son—and the rather lonely condition she was now left in, because her boy was at college and no longer lived with her. Speaking of this at their last meeting, she had chanced to say, "If I had but been blessed with a daughter, it would have made my life so much happier. Do you know, Briggs, that sometimes I am half tempted to adopt a little girl."

Mr. Briggs had pooh-poohed the idea. "Why, what would Mr. Vivian say?"

"I believe he would quite approve. When he leaves college he will want to make the grand tour, as other young men do—which means going round the world now; and with him so far away I should be more lonely than ever."

Not much more than a week had passed, when these words forcibly returned to Mr. Briggs' mind. He was labouring under an excitement which

broke down all the barriers he would otherwise have seen. He named the trustees and guardians in his new will, meaning to ask their consent later on; but, thirsting for an outlet for his outraged feelings, he began at once a letter to Mrs. Stapleton, penned with an eloquence to which he had hitherto been a stranger. He reminded her of the debt which bound him to the house of Trevor; of the devotion he had for the family; of the almost adoration with which he had always regarded her. Then, touching on the wound that had been given to him by his nephew, he implored her to undertake the bringing up of the child to whom he now meant to leave his money. In the midst of this appeal the letter broke off abruptly. That same day the writer was struck down by the hand of death. And when, a few days later, the unfinished letter was sent to Mrs. Stapleton, the tears she shed at reading it were the only tribute of sorrow paid to the memory of Josiah Briggs.

Recalling the last conversation she had had with him, she saw that he had desired that she would, during his lifetime, undertake the supervision of this little girl-whom she mentally conjured up as a low-bred, perhaps vulgar child; but the trust he had put in her his death rendered sacred. It was the last wish he had given expression to-he who had always been so faithful, so devoted, so true a friend to her and her family. To refuse this last request was impossible; she only waited for the parents to make their decision, and then she wrote to Mrs. Clarkson, telling her that she accepted the responsibility. The letter was the effort of a delicate mind; and the writer assured Mrs. Clarkson that she might rely on her little daughter receiving at her hands every care it was in her power to give her. "Until I have seen her," she went on to say, "I am not able to arrange my plans." And then came the question of how soon the child could come, first to see, and then to remain with her.

This question Mrs. Clarkson settled by naming an early date on which she would take Stella to Mrs. Stapleton's house, and deliver her up to her care. "I've got to give her up, James," she said, in answer to a remonstrance from her husband that there was no need for such hurry, "so the sooner it's over the better. And having to bustle and stitch to get her things ready gives me less time to think; besides, I so want to see the lady. I do hope I shall like her."

"You're pretty sure to do that, Char, for she's bound to like you. She'd be a queer sort if she didn't, and I've no doubt about her taking to Stella. I'll bet there's a surprise in store for her in seeing that child. Judging from Briggs and Jemima, she's very likely to think something after their style is going to be brought to her."

In her heart Mrs. Clarkson had a similar suspicion, and the motherly pride in her child's refined look and behaviour helped to support her for the trying ordeal.

Mrs. Stapleton's town residence—a charmingly artistic house in Kensington Gore-was fitted up with all the luxury that money can supply, and arranged with a taste which gave the stamp of the owner's individuality. When the harmony of all this elegance drew forth praise from the beholder, Mrs. Stapleton was wont to show herself delighted. "Because," she would say, "all the merit belongs to my son. He has the most fastidious taste of any one I ever met. Already he is a perfect æsthete, and promises to become a virtuoso-a dilettante of the highest order. A little slip or fault that another would not perceive would be to him an agony." Although Mrs. Stapleton would say this in the voice of a pride which filled her, she was in the habit of paying very dearly for the sensitiveness of this superfine son. Each detail and circumstance of her every-day life had to be referred to his wonderful refinement and delicacy, and much of her time was taken up in arranging that these senses were in no way offended.

Sitting in her boudoir, on this very morning, awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Clarkson and the little girl, Mrs. Stapleton's mind was occupied by doubts about her son. Should the child turn out to be plain, stupid, vulgar-well, there was an end to the matter. All she could do would be to find a good school, place her there, and trust to time and teachers to make something better of her. Yet, while making this decision, conscience was twitting her, telling her that, having accepted the trust, that was a poor way of fulfilling her duty; and then her heart-a very kindly one-smote her for the little she proposed doing to carry out the wishes of her old friend. To justify to herself this seeming treachery, she began to argue that a child born of uneducated parents, in poor surroundings, must of necessity be steeped in small vulgarities that every moment would offend both eye and ear.

Could she-putting Vivian aside-be supposed to put up with these until her personal influence had altered her protégée. Again, was alterationmeaning improvement-probable? Certainly. If brought into contact with her family-No. Absolute separation from them was imperative; but, then, was it possible for that to be managed? Some of these people were so intractable—so ignorant where the good of their children was concerned. Poor, perplexed Mrs. Stapleton !-- she began to wish that she had never uttered one word of that desire to adopt a child, which had led to Mr. Briggs taking the notion of saddling her with this responsibility. It all sprang out of the great loneliness she felt since her boy had left her. Already she realised that when he had finished his college life she must not expect him to settle down with his too-adoring mother. Unfortunately there would be no necessity for him to work or to follow any profession. Independent of his mother's ample means, a fortune had been accumulating for him since he was a baby. He did not know what it was to have a want unsupplied or a wish ungratified.

Suddenly Mrs. Stapleton's ear was caught by the sound of the house-door bell. She gave a glance at the clock—already half-past twelve; the visitors she was expecting must have arrived.

"Mrs. Clarkson, madam," announced the butler, flinging wide open the door with an air of being accustomed to introduce none but distinguished personages. Mrs. Stapleton rose quickly, and with outstretched hand advanced to meet her visitor; but suddenly catching sight of little Stella—dressed to look more than ordinarily attractive by her anxious mother—she made an instant's pause, exclaiming in a voice of glad surprise,

"And is this my little charge? Are you Stella? Oh, I am sure we shall love each other. Come and give me a kiss, darling."

That evening, when Mrs. Clarkson was giving her husband each detail of the visit, she said, "Oh, James, those words, and the way she said them, spoke volumes to me. I saw that the child pleased her, and that the door of her heart had flown open to let her in. Indeed, she afterwards said as much; and they were my comfort all the day."

Mrs. Clarkson did not say—even to her husband—what a trying day that had been to her. She felt it was necessary for him to have been with her if he was to understand her feelings. Her emotions

had been stirred through her senses. The luxury and elegance displayed in the furnishing of the rooms; the costly knick-knacks; the wealth of flowers, with their all-pervading perfume; the delicacy of the daintily-served food of which she had partaken—each had combined to impress the immeasurable distance which spread out between her and the graceful ease of the well-bred woman whom her child was to be taught to look upon as a mother. Never before had Charlotte Clarkson felt any hot rebellion against the sordid surroundings in which her life was fixed. If the mere sight of this house, and one day passed there, could make what was familiar and dear distasteful to her, how would it fare with Stella? Mixed with the pain of parting with her child, there crept into her heart a bitterness because of the certainty that gradually they would grow apart from one another; that the differences of manners and dress, and a thousand small trivialities, would push them so far asunder that, in time, even love could not bridge the space over. But, after the fashion some of us have of concealing the sharpest smart in the wound that pains us, Mrs. Clarkson said nothing of this to her husband or her family. She gave Mrs. Stapleton all the praise she felt was due to her, and repeated that it would have been impossible to be more kind in words and behaviour.

It had been decided that an interval of a few weeks had better pass before the child had another sight of her mother. At the end of a few days a telegram came saying that Stella was well; this was in due time followed by a letter telling Mrs. Clarkson that the two were getting on admirably. "My son," it said, "without whose approbation I am never happy, has formed golden opinions about your little daughter. He advises that I shall engage a governess for her, and take her into the country with me; and as this advice agrees entirely with my own wishes, I shall decide to act upon it. Already I find the dear child an interest and a solace to me. It has been a puzzle to find a name by which she shall call me. Mrs. Stapleton was too formal; guardian suggests a choleric old man. My son very happily hit on Marraine—godmother —and already she says it quite prettily. We shall be starting for my country house about the 6th; will it be convenient if I bring Stella to see you on Saturday? I name Saturday, because you spoke of her father being at home in the afternoon. I

am going to a concert. I would leave her on my way there, and call at 5.30 to take her home."

"It's giving a very little time for her to stay," said Mr. Clarkson, at the conclusion of the letter. "Why couldn't we have taken her back ourselves?"

"Why?" said his wife bitterly. "Why, because, James, she doesn't any longer belong to you and me, and the sooner we realise that the better."

Mr. Clarkson shook his head to show that he differed from that opinion entirely. But when Saturday came, and Stella arrived looking like a fairy in her new dainty finery, a little of the dread which filled his wife began to creep into the mind of James Clarkson; and when, later on, at the door stood the well-appointed carriage in which was seated Mrs. Stapleton, handsome, charmingly dressed, and graciously condescending, poor Clarkson felt a little humiliated that things had not gone better with him. He was conscious that the house was small; the children playing in the street noisy; that the neighbours hanging out of their windows showed vulgar Even the little Irish servant, who idolised Stella, came in for her share of his dissatisfaction. Why must she put her grimy face and rough red head up the area steps under the very eyes of the footman? This demon of discontent interfered with the good-bye he wanted to give to his child. Lottie! Carrie! Edgar!-did ever any of them before behave so stupidly, standing staring, never saying a word? Even Char wasn't on the spot as she was accustomed to be, but stood like a statue. Everything was passing as if in a dream. He had kissed the child, seen her turn from the door and be helped into the carriage, without seeming to realise what was happening. Now the coachman was gathering up the reins; Mrs. Stapleton was making a farewell movement to them all; Stella turned to him a little face all stained with tears. "Oh!" he ran down the steps, but already they had started. He could see Mrs. Stapleton drawing the child nearer to her, trying to soothe her grief; another few moments, and they had turned the corner and were gonegone! Re-entering the house, he went up to his wife, and putting his arm around her, "Ah, Char," he said, "I can enter into all you feel now. believe there our hearts are one. If 'twas to come all over again we'd keep our child, and Briggs' money might go to Jericho."

V.

IT is not our intention in this history to give a detailed account of the different incidents which occurred during the uneventful school-days of Stella Clarkson. Year by year, as she grew, she entwined herself more closely round the hopes and the affections of Mrs. Stapleton, who was wont to say that had it not been for this fresh interest given to her life, her time must have passed very wearily. Her son, arrived at man's estate, had become a well-known figure in London society; where, according to his mother's belief, he was looked on as a genius, and reverenced as chief disciple of a new school of taste and art, which was distinguished by the peculiarity, that its followers only worshipped the things which their more common-piace fellow-creatures found ugly or incomprehensible.

In reality, Vivian Stapleton was not far removed from being in some ways a clever man, but his talents were weighted in the beginning of life by being heir to a large fortune, and by a superabundant amount of maternal devotion, and later on all but obscured under a carefully-masked vanity, and an overwhelming wish to make a figure in the world.

The wonderful book he was about to write, the charming pictures already commenced, had for years formed the topic of Mrs. Stapleton's conversation. As of yore, she was never weary of singing the praises of her wonderful son, and she had so thoroughly educated Stella in the same belief, that the bare idea of measuring this gifted being by the standard applied to ordinary mortals would have been looked on by them both as nothing short of heresy.

In all matters, uninfluenced by her son, Mrs. Stapleton was able to exercise discernment and discretion, but his slightest wish was to her a law, to be carried out and obeyed without hesitation. Thus, so long as Stella remained a pretty child, who could be romped with and made a toy and plaything of, the word school was never whispered. A nice clever girl was engaged to be her governess, and the report given was that she was progressing splendidly. Vivian's return either to the London home or to "The Hawthorns," their house in the country, was hailed as a holiday, and the only

lessons then done by Stella were the erratic teachings she received in painting, poetry, or the art of recitation. Never was there a more apt pupil seen than this quick, graceful child, whose whole energies were taxed to satisfy her master, and Vivian felt his trouble amply rewarded by the praise and applause he received as her teacher.

Suddenly a cloud spread over this blue heaven of approbation. Vivian spent a winter in Italy. In the spring Mrs. Stapleton joined him at Florence. When she returned to England he went to Swatzerland with some climbing men, and through a variety of circumstances it happened that an interval of more than eighteen months went by without his seeing Stella. Certainly, when they met again, she had greatly changed. seemed as if she had taken a sudden plunge into that awkward age at which most girls arrive gradually. She had sprung up in height with the quickness of a weed, her hitherto pretty arms and legs reminded one of matches or well-picked bones. Her face had grown long-its oval was completely gone-her complexion was muddy, her hair so thick that it had to be arranged in a fashion which seemed to deform her head; and beyond this, she had developed an awkward self-conscious manner which filled her with constant embarrassment.

Their first greeting over, Vivian sat gazing at her with looks which filled his mother with despair. For months she had been dreading this meeting, entreating the poor girl—she was just turned thirteen—to do this thing and not to do the other thing, and all on Vivian's account, until the unhappy Stella hardly ventured to breathe, and bolted like an arrow the moment she caught a sign of dismissal.

Then burst forth the floodgates of Vivian's speech. "What has happened? What have you done to her?" he kept repeating. "Heavenly powers! what a monster! My dear mother, you cannot keep her about you, or if so you must give me up. The sight of that awkward piece of humanity near me would crush every idea, stifle every emotion. Oh!" and with the lengthened groan he gave the exaggerated shudder which his mother knew so well, and which was meant to convey that the whole gamut of his sensitive nerves were jarred on and put out of harmony.

"But, Vivian, my dear, remember Stella is just at that awkward age of transition which all young people have to go through—boys and girls too."

"Do you mean me to understand that I—"

Mrs. Stapleton hastened to correct the error into which she had fallen.

"You!" she said, in a tone of reproach. "Vivian, has it ever fallen to your lot to be like others? To suffer from the imperfections and drawbacks to which the greater portion of poor humanity are heirs? I was speaking of the ordinary run of children, and among them this suddenly-developed awkwardness of Stella is not singular."

"All the same," he said with a shrug of his shoulders, "to a temperament such as mine that inartistic presence is unbearable. It would be a constant offence to my eye, added to which I should be everlastingly reminded of the disappointment this alteration is to me. I had written a charming little thing which I meant to teach her to recite; and again, there is my 'Ideala.' Where now am I to find a model? The picture is ruined. I may as well put the whole thing into the fire."

"Oh, Vivian, dear pray don't be rash. Only give her time; she'll come all right again, indeed she will. Why, if I could only recall their names, I could tell you of a dozen girls—celebrated beauties of the present day—who were positively repulsive at Stella's age.

"That, dear mother, would in no way counteract the depressing effect she has on me. Of course I know—I don't ask—I can't expect that you should understand this unfortunately sensitive temperament of mine, but," and this with a well-practised air of the confession being dragged from him—"we all have to pay a penalty for gifts we possess."

"My dearest boy, who should know that better than I? All I ask is, What am I to do with her? for apart from the alteration in her looks, Stella is the same dear child she ever was—so thoughtful, so good, so loving to me."

"I dare say; although that has little bearing on the present matter."

"You mean on the question of sending her away?" said Mrs. Stapleton hesitatingly.

"I don't remember that suggestion coming from me." Vivian was beginning to assume his distant, impenetrable air which invariably subjugated his mother. "You seemed to think it was impossible that one house should hold the two of you."

Mrs. Stapleton thought she would try and put on a little gaiety.

"I did, and I do; but there are chambers—rooms—hotels in any number which would suit me."

"And you can bear to think that where it is a question between you and anybody, I could for an instant contemplate the bare idea of you giving way. Oh, my boy, I have done nothing to deserve this of you. If there were a hundred Stellas, I would cheerfully send them to the North Pole rather than give you one moment's disquietude; but I think you should hardly require that I should need to tell you this."

In a moment Vivian was kneeling at her side, with his arms round her. In spite of his many quips and cranks, he loved his mother fondly.

"I do know it," he said earnestly. "Forgive me."

"Darling, there is nothing to forgive—nothing. The whole matter is settled, and really settled, I dare say, for Stella's good. To tell the truth, I have for some time felt that some change in education might be good for her. She has so few girl companions; indeed, since Delia Trevor went to Lausanne she has nobody."

"What about her family?" asked Vivian somewhat irrelevantly.

"What about them—how?" was Mrs. Stapleton's vague answer.

"Why, I mean, do they still ever meet or communicate with each other?"

"Yes, certainly. Stella writes to her parents frequently. If she forgets it I always remind her. Then when we are in town she always takes a present when she goes to see them. It's quite a business getting something for the father and mother, and the boy, and the sisters."

"The parents, I think I've heard you say, are nice sort of people?"

"Very—I don't think in their class they could be better; but the girls—oh, terrible!"

"Valgar?"

"Well, perhaps—not quite that; but third-rate and common-place to a degree. I can see that Stella feels it. She is always so subdued and quiet after a visit to them."

"My horror would be, Is this change in her the

leaven of vulgarity—the cloven foot of obscure birth peeping out?"

"Oh no," said Mrs. Stapleton decidedly, "of that I am quite sure; besides, I repeat, the parents have no trace of vulgarity—that is, of real vulgarity—in them. I don't say that externally you would take the mother for a lady, or the father for a gentleman, but au fond they really are so."

"A painful incongruity, and as regards nature a failure in art. I detest anomalies. In a vulgar body give me a vulgar mind, and I know where I am. Just as those who possess refined feelings and delicate sentiments should be *grands seigneurs et dames* to the tips of their fingers. I would rather have blue blood in my veins than possess the wealth of a millionaire."

Mrs. Stapleton could always admire what she held to be the eloquence of her son, without considering herself sufficiently clever to closely follow his reasonings. In this case the murmur of acquiescence she gave was perhaps less enthusiastic than usual, from the fact that from a distance Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson always commanded her respect. Since the day Stella was entrusted to her care, they had never interfered or thrust themselves forward in any way. The letters the mother sent to her child were masterpieces of affection and simplicity; and although, with the thoughtlessness of youth, Stella might sometimes leave them too long unanswered, she treasured each one; for, notwithstanding the affection she gave to Mrs. Stapleton, she loved her mother very dearly. Mrs. Stapleton showed her appreciation of the Clarksons' delicate behaviour by the liberality of the presents which she suggested that Stella should send them; and when, on the occasion of a recent visit, the girl on her return had asked why, if she was to have so much money, she could not at once give some to her parents, to make them live more comfortably, Mrs. Stapleton had deplored the wording of Mr. Briggs' will, which insisted on the accumulation of the property. "But," she added, "there are only a few years to wait now, and then you will marry, or come of age, and in either case have the uncontrolled disposition of a very large sum of money; and it will be your first duty, and I am sure also your greatest pleasure, to ensure that the remaining years of your father and mother are passed in comfort and plenty. The man who did not agree to that would not be a worthy husband for you, Stella."

"And I wouldn't marry him."

"That's right. If you did, I should look on all my training as thrown away."

"But I don't intend ever to marry. I mean to live always with you."

"And with Vivian?"

"And with Vivian too. But then he might get married, mightn't he?"

"He might, certainly."

"I don't think if he did that you or I would like that lady."

"I should try to."

"Should you? Oh, but I don't think it could be, because she would have to be so beautiful, and clever, and wise, and witty, and so faultless in every way, that I cannot think wherever any one would go to find her."

"Neither can I; but perhaps when we least expect it some fairy godmother may bring her to him. Story-books say such things have happened to these young Prince Charmings."

VI.

Many years had passed before Stella Clarkson was told the reason of this sudden decision, that it was necessary for her to be sent to school. By that time she could afford to laugh at the prejudice which formerly would have filled her with distress and pain.

To soften the separation, and throw some gleam of sunshine into the banishment, Mrs. Stapleton selected for Stella the same school as that to which her niece, Delia Trevor, had gone.

The two girls were already friends, and with Delia near, Stella would not feel so lonely. It was Mrs. Stapleton herself for whom one had most need to be sorry, for her son, refusing to believe that a gawky girl could be in any way a companion for his mother, saw no more necessity for remaining near her than he had seen heretofore.

As for Stella, it was but natural that she should very quickly regain her good spirits, and before long she was able to write to Mrs. Stapleton and tell her that she was quite happy, and liked schoollife and Mdlle. Corvoran so much, that she had to thank "dear Marraine a thousand times for sending her there."

At "Les Palmiers," that pretty house whose green freshness of lawn, shaded by spreading trees, attracts the attention of every one who takes the road leading to Vevey from Lausanne, Stella remained for three years—years which passed very happily. During this time she never returned to England, but, for at least one holiday, and sometimes for two in the year, Mrs. Stapleton would go to her, and would join Mdlle. Corvoran at Les Avants, Villars, Saas Fee, or any one of the mountain resorts to which the popular governess, in holiday-time, took her pupils. From each visit Mrs. Stapleton returned more satisfied with the improvement she met with in Stella, who had grown into the unaffected, frank, gay, typical English girl, with a disposition which made her beloved by all who knew her, and a face fair enough to attract admiration from all who saw her.

Mrs. Stapleton had no fear now that Stella's presence would jar on the sensitive nerves of her son. Time, which had given her young charge beauty, had kindly increased the store of Vivian's common-sense. He laughed now at the craze which had at that time possessed him; shook his head over the indulgent love which made his "weak" mother give way to his folly; and did not see that, although his ambition had taken loftier aims, he was as much the slave of Imitation as formerly, when he had followed in the footsteps of the apostle who sat all night to watch a lily die.

It had been arranged for some time past that as soon as Stella reached the age of seventeen she was to leave school, and to travel in company with Mrs. Stapleton. It was with a mixed happiness that the young girl felt the date for parting with her present life was drawing very near. Since the time she had come to "Les Palmiers," the walls of the school-house had made for her a world in which was enclosed all the motives and subjects for joy and sorrow. There were the friends with whose daily life her own was en-All she knew of disappointments, ambitions, aspirations, were centred there. It would be impossible to leave all this without regret, or to sever these ties without a pang; yet, while feeling this, she was full of curiosity and longing to be out in the world, to make one of that vast crowd who daily play in the great drama of life. The unfolding of each sentiment in the young heart is so wondrous—the stirring of each tender susceptibility such a new surprise! Emotions then burst forth fresh and green like the buds in spring, and call for as delicate handling. All these sensibilities were beginning to take shape in Stella, and agitate the hitherto unruffled calmness of her nature. and some few of her more chosen friends had now long conversations together, drifting into subjects whose gravity would have surprised older listeners unacquainted with the serious views so many young girls hold at the start of life. These young Minervas censured frivolity, the waste of time upon too many pleasures; they exalted self-sacrifice, heroism, living for others. They even spoke of love, and this with great authority, because not a heart among them had ever been troubled, and drew for one another's benefit the pattern of the man each believed it possible to give a heart to.

It would have greatly pleased Mrs. Stapleton to hear that Stella's model was drawn on lines bearing the strongest resemblance to Vivian, as he lived in her recollection. For some time now the devoted mother had been hugging to her breast a scheme for bringing about a union between these two dear beloved beings, which showed more plainly than any other thing could do how thoroughly Stella had won her affection.

Fully aware that the Clarkson family would be a great stumbling-block to her son, Mrs. Stapleton had argued that the longer Stella was kept abroad the better, and this, not with the wish to diminish the love between parents and child, but that by separation the line of demarcation would grow sharper, and that Stella would notice it more.

Out of her love for the girl, Mrs. Stapleton had gone several times to Matilda Grove, bearer of gifts which, though they came in Stella's name, had cost Mrs. Stapleton an infinity of trouble in choosing. After each visit she came to the conclusion that her going there was a mistake. Mrs. Clarkson, amid her common-place surroundings, was to her a common-place woman, and she had to keep a sharp watch on her own good breeding from the fear that she might be betrayed into an air of condescension. Oh, the pity of it that they would not emigrate—all go off to America or Australia. If only the ocean rolled between them and Stella, she would feel an affection for the whole family, including those two impossible daughters, whom it took all her faith and credulity to believe were To be just, Lottic and actually Stella's sisters.

Carrie were no more unlike Stella now than they had been nine years before, at the opening of this story. But every point in them had developed and exaggerated. At heart they were two good, dutiful, loving girls, guileless of a mean idea. To them their sister was a being to be worshipped; it had never entered either of their minds to be jealous or envious of her. In time, when she got the power, they felt that she was "certain to be good to father and mother, so that they had not to work any more, and could take things easy and comfortable." That was the goal of their anticipation as regarded Stella. For themselves they neither expected nor wanted anything. One had gained the summit of her ambition by passing the post-office examination; the other got £50 a year for being a book-keeper.

With healthy minds in healthy bodies, full of content with themselves and love for others, they knew a heaven of happiness to which no change of position or gift of fortune could add jot or tittle. But Nature, so bounteous in her good gifts to their internal qualities, had been equally liberal to their external appearance. Although not bearing any great resemblance to one another, each was buxom, bouncing, highly-coloured; buds that, for their future good looks, had burst into blossom too early. Their voices, actions, even their mode of dressing, impressed on you their vitality—it was impossible to escape them. Without desire or effort on their part you had to notice them. Benevolent, cheery folk can give a complacent smile to these buoyant creatures whose youth will not last for ever, but through many of us they send a shiver-and this was the effect they had on Mrs. Stapleton.

A woman with wider sympathies with her fellow-creatures might have spoken of this to Stella; but Mrs. Stapleton's originally large nature had been dwarfed by the conventionality of her training, which taught her to measure all she said and did by one standard—good breeding. To offend the custom and taste of the set in which she moved was more unpardonable than a sin—the latter you could forgive; the former you could not forget. In spite of this weakness—and it was by no means her only one—Mrs. Stapleton was a very loveable woman, with a keen appreciation of many of the higher qualities which she knew she did not possess.

During the years that Stella had been with her,

she constantly told herself that the companionship of the child was influencing for good her better nature; and as the time drew near for her and her ward to be re-united, she felt as much joy in the prospect of their meeting as if Stella had been in reality her daughter. Vivian had left her some months before to pay a visit to Japan. It was now September, and she did not expect him back in Europe until the spring. Before he started, she had told him that by that time Stella would have left school, and would again be living with her—on which announcement he had made no comment, beyond the hope that she would find pleasure in the girl's society.

"You see no objection to her being with us?" Mrs. Stapleton had ventured to say.

"I, my dear mother! What possible difference can it make to me?" Vivian was at this time posing as a being absolutely indifferent to woman's society.

"Well, dear, you know before—of course I am very grateful to you for it now—but then I should never have dreamed of sending her to school, only you—"

"Yes, yes, I dare say; but," tapping her shoulder with his hand, "try and remember that I have not room in my busy brain to hoard up the small recollections of long ago. Some fresh interest, a new idea, sends a wave of thought which sweeps over the past, and as regards the common-place events of every-day life, leaves a blank, unsullied page."

"Dear one!" murmured his mother admiringly, "of course I ought to know. Of course I do know, only—"

He stopped her with a shake of his head. "Only," he echoed, "settle your life independently of me; and if it makes you happier to have twenty girls with you, have twenty."

"It will not keep you away from home?"

"Certainly not," he said, with a little laugh. "Only the probability is, I shall forget all about them."

"Oh, I've no intention of taxing your memory. Stella's companionship is all that is needed by me;" and with a glance from out the corner of her eye she ventured to add, "She has grown into a sweet girl; I love her as a daughter."

"Really," said her son, with an air of abstraction, conveying the idea that his thoughts were about as near to her as the centre of Africa.

Mrs. Stapleton felt it was best not to venture more, but to trust to time and opportunity to bring about a livelier interest between them. She had seen other fancies take possession of and die out in her son; perhaps this indifference to women would follow them.

VII.

Stella declared—and Mrs. Stapleton agreed with her—that nothing could exceed the pleasures of that winter which they spent together after she had left school.

To the girl, full of the power of enjoyment and enthusiasm, the excitement of travelling, seeing new places, living in cities hitherto only read about and heard of, was a source of perpetual delight. There was always something to look forward to, something to do; each day was full of adventure and the unforeseen. Mrs. Stapleton, feeling the contagion of that young ardent mind, bubbling over with high spirits and animation, refreshed at the spring of Stella's ardour those impressions which time and familiarity had staled. The weeks and months seemed to fly. Now they were at Florence, Venice, Naples, getting a peep at Sorrento, Capri; "taking just a bird's-eye view," Mrs. Stapleton would say, adding that she hoped the next time Stella came, they would be with a companion whose every word seemed to mark out fresh beauties in all he looked upon. Stella did not require that she should name who this companion was. During the whole of their travel the devoted mother never lost sight of what to her was the main point at issue—the hope that Stella might prove irresistibly attractive to Vivian. His name was never long left out of any conversation. Scenery, pictures, statuary, churches, all turned on the one pivot—Vivian's taste and what he thought of them. Years before, Mrs. Stapleton had visited Italy with her son, and the criticisms he had then passed, the places he had raved about, the things he could not be induced to look at, were all retailed for Stella's edification. And the girl listened attentively, quite prepared to submit to the oracle who still occupied the pinnacle upon which in her childish days she had placed him.

During her school life, surrounded by her girl

companions, the masculine portion of the world's community had had but little interest for Stella. Wise Mdlle. Corvoran never tabooed the object or subject of love, which, if introduced into conversation, was freely discussed as something not only individually possible but probable—a disease which all might catch and few could avoid. This matter-of-fact treatment generally damps youthful imagination; it is mystery which kindles the fire. No parent had ever had an anxious moment about one of Mdlle. Corvoran's pupils so long as they remained under the shelter of "Les Palmiers." But the aspect of Stella Clarkson's life was now altered; each day seemed to open up fresh possibilities, developing new ideas in her. One of her many surprises was the interest and kindness shown to them by the masculine portion of their fellow-travellers, many of whom were eager to render any service which was likely to open up an acquaintance with a girl so unaffectedly charming and pretty.

"Do you know, Marraine," she said one day, as they sat chatting together, just sufficiently tired by an excursion to Chiaja to make idleness a luxury, "that I am beginning to believe that most men are very nice."

"Certainly they are, dear; but to whom," and this with a little anxiety, "do you refer?"

Already there had risen up before Mrs. Stapleton's eyes a fair young man of that day, who had told them so much about Virgil; and yesterday, at San Severino, the one with the black beard, who she found was placed opposite to them at *table d'hôte*. These visions were not dispelled until Stella said—

"Oh, not to anybody in particular. I was thinking of all those we have met everywhere."

"Well, I must say," said Mrs. Stapleton, in a tone of sincere conviction, "that we have been most fortunate. They have all been such thorough gentlemen, and that is no slight praise when you consider the standard of perfection we measure them by."

"Oh, but I never expect to find any one to put on the same level as Vivian."

Mrs. Stapleton smiled delightedly, and Stella continued—

"Do you know it is one of the things I most look forward to-meeting him again."

"So do I," said Mrs. Stapleton sympathetically.

"I wonder will he know me; because I think I've altered—a little improved perhaps—since he saw me."

"A *little improved*, Miss Modesty. Why, you bundle of vanity," giving her arm a shake, "you know you have grown very pretty."

"Pretty? Am I? Do you really think so? No, no; please don't laugh at me, Marraine. It isn't vanity which makes me ask—it is—well, I may as well tell the truth—because I very much want to be so."

"You may rest satisfied then," said Mrs. Stapleton, smiling kindly at the sweet face turned to her, "that that fairy godmother, who has so well looked after you, didn't forget to squeeze in beauty among her gifts, and I believe I am as grateful to her for it as you can be. Oh, my dear child," and she put on a very grave face, "what a fright you gave me about four years ago."

"A fright! I! How?"

"Well, I don't think I ever meant to tell you—at least not for some time—but I really think I must, because all danger is over now, and I'm sure it will add to our fun;" and upon this Mrs. Stapleton related to Stella a somewhat toned-down version of the real cause of her being so suddenly packed off to school. "I was quite broken-hearted at the time to part with you," continued the kindly woman, "but I'm so glad I made the effort now."

"I'm sure it has been for my good."

"Certainly it has, in every way. And it was all Vivian's doing. You see, darling, there is another thing for us to be grateful to him for."

"Yes," said Stella half-heartedly. "I very well remember that time. And how puzzled I used to be. Now I have the key to it all. But suppose that I had remained ugly?"

"Darling! Impossible."

"Not at all. Many of the girls at school who weren't half as bad as I—don't you remember my dreadful legs and arms? real spindles they were—have never altered a bit. They are the same now: their faces half a yard long," and she pulled hers down in imitation; "just like mine used to be—pimples, freckles, exactly as I had."

"Dear, dear, how dreadful."

"I don't know; it hasn't made any difference to those who really care for them. Their fathers and mothers and friends love them just as well."

"And so, my dear child, I should have loved

you. At the same time I am very glad to have you as you are."

"And so am I to be so; but it does me good to hear that if I had not been so you still would have loved me."

Mrs. Stapleton drew the young girl closely to her.

"Ah!" she said, "I don't believe anything could prevent me doing that now. As the old verse says, 'You've locked yourself inside my heart and thrown away the key."

There was another close hug, and then Stella raised her head, and smiling as she gave it a little wag, she said—

"I've got to be even though yet with Mr. Vivian. He must be made to assure me that he has overcome his prejudices, and is able to endure the sight of my presence. I'll pay him out in his own coin yet, you'll see."

Mrs. Stapleton gave her hearty consent to this probability.

"I trust," she said fervently, "that in little over a month now we shall have had our happy meeting. Directly after Easter we must leave Rome and go straight to Territet, there to wait his arrival. Nothing could have pleased me more than his consenting to join us in Switzerland. I was so afraid that once back in London, there he'd stay."

Mrs. Stapleton did not then know that, but for an accident of travel, her fears would most certainly have been justified. Vivian's last stopping-place was New York, where a happy chance brought him into rather close contact with a man he had for some time been most anxious to know-Rodney Maynard—known to the world as Maynard Rodney, one of the most suddenly successful writers of the day. He had transposed his name when signing his first literary effort, and as that had brought him fame, he had kept the—if it may so be termed pseudonym, by which he was now universally known in society. Ever anxious to follow in the track of any star, Vivian laid himself out to be more than usually agreeable. He was able to be of some service to his new acquaintance, and finding out the date on which he meant to return to England, he took care to secure his own passage by the same vessel. Naturally thrown together on board the ship, the intimacy increased. Previous to starting, Maynard Rodney—as we shall now call him-had happened to say in conversation

that before settling down to some fresh work that he was engaged on, he meant to spend a week or so at Montreux to look up a sick friend who was staying near there. The hint was immediately seized on, and a telegram, despatched to Mrs. Stapleton, informed her that at Territet she would be joined by Vivian.

It was the 23rd of April, St. George's Day in the calendar, but in the diaries of two women underlined and marked as "probable date of Vivian's arrival."

For a week past Mrs. Stapleton and Stella had been kept in a perfect turmoil of anxiety. "Expect me on the 17th," followed by "Unavoidably detained," "Coming without fail on Thursday," "Circumstances over which I have no control prevent"

But oh, joy! on the previous evening a telegram had come from Paris, sent off from the Lyons station, saying, "Meet me at the station Territet, at something after nine." Then began a grand search in the time-table, so that they might know the exact minute to expect the train. Was it possible! Yes, actually that train did not stop at Territet; passengers must get out at the Montreux station. Was ever anything so provoking? A solemn conclave was held, to which Clements-the maid—was admitted, that they might come to a decision as to what was best to do; and it was at length finally settled, Mrs. Stapleton not being wholly free from the supposition that an exception to rules might be made in favour of Vivian, that the mother should await her son at Territet, early perambulations not being a strong point in her character; while Stella, accompanied by Clements, should drive to the Montreux station.

Positively there was not the slightest reason to get up at seven o'clock. Yet Stella was moving about her room at that hour, utterly disgracing all those lofty sentiments she had agreed with at "Les Palmiers," about the undue waste of time on dress, by carefully inspecting a new tailor-made gown, and setting in a row all her hats, to be severally tried on when her hair was done.

Already there was a little pink flush in her cheeks, and her eyes were beginning to dance with the mischief that was brimming over in her. It was due to herself, she felt, that Vivian should have a lesson, and if she could give it, she meant it to be a sharp one; and then a softened look came into

her face, and the reflection, at which she was no longer looking, was more charming than before. What a friend he had been to her, and that too from the very first, when she was only a very lonely-hearted little child. How he had tried to win her love, and had succeeded too. For years she had thought of nothing so much as striving to please him. What hours she had spent hammering those verses, whose beauties she could not then appreciate, into her poor little brains—

"Lady on whom the moon now looks, Before thy shrine on bended knee."

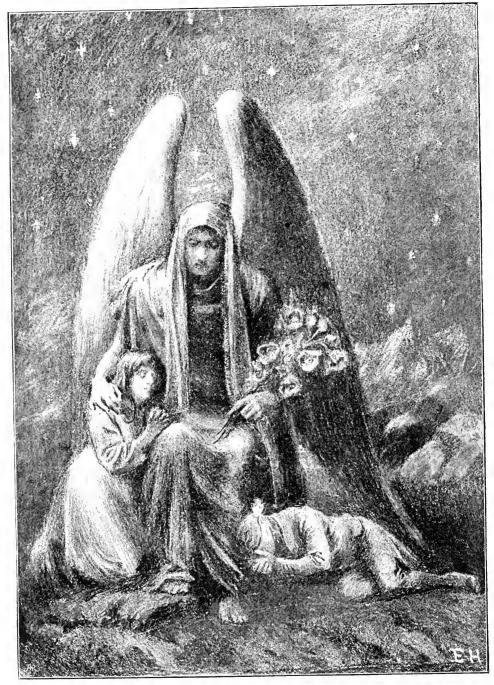
Yes, that movement of her arm and hands was the very one he had taught her, and she could repeat the whole poem still. She remembered every word,

that would tell him that he had not been forgotten by her. "And because you grew plain, he drove you away," she said, addressing the fair image before her. "Well, I don't think that was very kind. It is not the way you would have treated him. So now for revenge." And with deft fingers she began to arrange her hair, which was of the colour that the French eall cendré, admirably in keeping with her delicate features and complexion. There was some indecision about the hat, but at length one was chosen. And when, quite equipped, with all her armour on, she took a final survey of herself, she burst out laughing, saying, "Well, for good right down vanity, commend me to myself, Miss Stella Clarkson."

(To be continued.)



[&]quot;That orbed maiden with white fire laden, Whom mortals call the moon, Glides glammering o'er my fleez-elike floor, By the midnight breezes strewn; And wherever the beat of her unseen feet, Which only the angels hear, May have broken the woof of my tan's thin roof, The stars peep behind her and peer."



Art Reproduction Co., sc.

MORS VITÆ SOLAMEN.

Everard Hopkins, del.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

EVERARD HOPKINS.

DEAR, let me hang my little wreath of weeds Upon your monument; Not that your name such poor memorial needs, But for my heart's content, That worships the high aim to which your deeds Were purely bent.

Strong heart that bore the intolerable strain Of such long agony: The tortured night of dreams, the gnawing pain Of your bound secrecy, The haunting fear of weakness, ere you gain Death's Sanctuary.

Your image fades not, lifted up, apart, Not querulous with fate, As on that day you passed in the death-cart Towards Death's narrow gate— O scarlet-shirted body and white Heart Immaculate.

I.

INMINDFUL, unmeaning, blank, rises No. 148 from the Rue S. Jean, at Caen in Calvados, just where the Rue des Carmes leads away to the little inland quay, and No. 44 of that Rue des Carmes stirs in it no faintest recollection.

But, a bare hundred years ago, in place of that stuccoed front in the Rue S. Jean, stood grey and sad in fallen state the Grand Manoir, and the Chamber of Commerce down the side street was the Hôtel de l'Intendance, linked closely enough together in the story of Charlotte Corday.

In the autumn of 1790 an old lady, Madame de Bretheville, is living, lonely enough, with one servant, in that gloomy house; while a tall young woman stands knocking at the door, a man beside her carrying her trunk.

Admitted, the young woman explains herself as an unknown cousin, Marie Anne Charlotte de Corday-borne hither by high tide of Revolution - and yet not drifted; for, unannounced and un-



At Repreduction Co., sc.

" Misunderstood,"

Everard Hopkins, del.

expected, she has come deliberately of her own counsel, thinking it the thing she had best do, as three years hence silently, of her own prompting, she will leave to accomplish what she has to do.

Caen is not new to her. She has been educated in the Abbaye aux Dames, and floated out from thence on a wave of Revolution that levelled all convent walls, was carried back to the home of her father at Argentan.

Here, however, where poverty is ever more urgent,

five foot six inches, strongly built and slim, with a long oval face and clear fair complexion. Her hair, worn loose in the sweet fashion of that day, wreathing and shadowing her brow and clustering on her shoulders, was light brown. Her eyes were grey, with a serious tender smile in them. The nose high and large, the mouth neither big nor small. Her chin was strongly cleft, and her voice of singular beauty.

Her life for the next two years passes stilly enough.



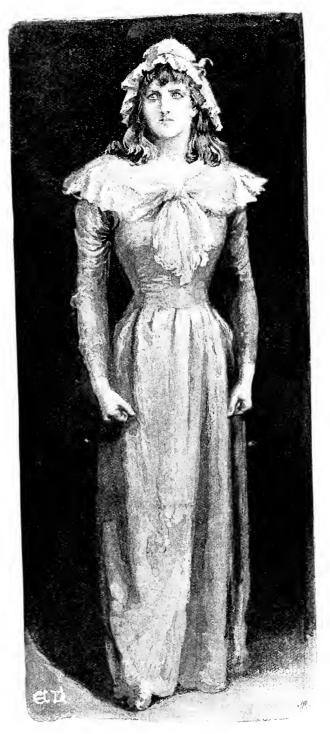
" The Cousin."

she will not, cannot, stay. Hears of her cousin, Madame de Bretheville, takes her resolution, and comes to her, nothing doubting.

Madame de Bretheville does not take to her young cousin at first—thinks her morose, unsocial, with an expression "as though meditating some evil deed," a curious prophetic flash.

Charlotte, or, as she signs herself in her letters at this time, Marie, was tall—she remained in the memory as tall—apparently about five foot five or

She becomes a good musician, and paints in watercolours; writes letters to her few friends too, which
show her clear reason, her observation, and a certain
demure mischievous humour which remains with
her to the last. All this while, however, she listens
keenly enough to the turmoil of the Revolution as
it seethes round her, and more than all to the echoes
that come from the heart of it all—from Paris.
Famine and misery and death possess the land
Glare of burning chateaux, burning villages, burning



" The Call."



" The last kiss."

towns light up the midnight sky westwards and southwards towards Brittany and Vendée. The frontiers are one ring of fire as France hurls back Prussia on the east, wrestles with Austria and England in the north, grapples with Spain and Sardinia in the south. Lyons is besieged; Marseilles and Bordeaux are very hells of carnage; the English flag floats over Toulon, and her ships scour and patrol the Channel and the bay. For now a king's life has been taken, a queen awaits her certain doom in prison, and the little prince is to

be a hostage in the hands of the vilest. The end of a world.

Charlotte will not away to England for sanctuary. "God keeps us here for other uses," she says, dimly divining the future.

Above the jarring voices at Paris, high above all, rises on her ear one voice that cries for blood and ever more blood—blood of kings, of queens, of aristocrats, of traders, of deputies—the voice of Marat.

"His delight was in cursing, and it shall happen

unto him: he loved not blessing, therefore it shall be far from him."

And looking and listening intently, she sees a duel begin between this man and a band of eloquent young men known to her as the Girondins—a duel to the death.

To her, in that dim light, the poor, eloquent, purblind, doomed Girondins seem heroes. For a little while fortune trembles in the balance, and then—their own weapon turns against them, and instead of accusers they are the accused, are proscribed, scattered, vanquished for ever.

of all their ill-fated plans the most hopeless. From their head-quarters at the Hôtel de l'Intendance they will raise a war of the provinces against Paris—no less. Louvet, who alone shall win through the unimaginable dangers and trials to come, and live long enough to write those memoirs that make us hold our breath in reading; dense, tactless Péthion, who has been borne so high, and shall be cast so low; Barbaroux, "the Antinous," who has helped to overthrow kings, to be overthrown by Marat; Guadet, with his pathetic hopefulness; and Buzot, who shall carry the secret of his aching



" To Paris."

And then her hour came—I know not in what dim and faded room, or in what high-walled close, where overhead the slender sprays of apple droop and aspire across the western sky, that voice first called to her and claimed her; I only know that having heard she neither doubted nor complained, but bowed and accepted her doom.

For now, some seventeen of the Girondins, escaped from arrest in their own houses at Paris, have drifted to Caen, there to play their last card—

heart a few months longer "till death relieve him"—these, among others, are there. With these Charlotte will take counsel, hear what they have to tell, and make her plans. It was Barbaroux she chose for advice. Many times she goes to talk with him in the Rue des Carmes. Péthion, who can never understand the finer feelings, that one does not grossly insult a fallen queen, for instance, noting her waiting there, says with heavy pleasantry, "Ah, the fair Royalist who comes

to see the Republicans." The girl's dignity is hurt.

"Citizen Péthion," she says proudly, "you do not understand me; some day you will understand me better." He will understand many things better in those dark days to come, hunted by sea and shore, hidden in out-houses and caves, with famine and fear for companions, till peasants find his body and Buzot's half eaten by dogs.

But now Charlotte has prepared everything; she has her passport for Paris, and a letter from Barbaroux to a friend there, Lauze Duperret, who may be of use to her.

She writes to her father before going, saying she has fled to England. Falsehoods, however, were always hateful to her, and her end accomplished, she writes to him again to tell the truth. One friend whom she went to see on her last day in Caen noticed an unusual agitation in her, otherwise her secret was perfectly kept from all. Leaving the house for the last time, she noticed the son of the concierge playing, and kissed him.

When Charlotte Corday left on a boy's check this last kiss of hers she was not quite twenty-five years old, she had known no luxury, love had never touched her. Some show of courtship there had been, not worth her heeding. She seems to have found some real sympathy in Barbaroux, but it was the merest friendship. In that Paris, whither she now speeds, there waits for her unknowing one who shall never speak with her, but shall throw himself into her grave for love of her. There lives

a man too who shall sing of her, who might have loved her, whom she might have loved, poet and soldier, a hater of all vile things, whose life also shall be forfeit to the guillotine—André Chénier.

Out of that journey of hers breaks the one ray of comedy that, as in some tragedy of Shakspeare's, relieves the gloom of her short drama.

Among her fellow-travellers, tiresome country folk infected with a dull and savage Jacobinism, is a young man who looks too long on her proud and tired beauty—falls a victim and offers—himself—wearisome enough, but she can smile as she warns him against love at first sight.

She must have suffered too—with heat and dust and jolting, the pungent smell of market-baskets, the trivial gossip of the women, the savage folly of the men. Yet there were compensations for her. The corn-fields glow in the late light against the sombre fringe of forest. Across the meadows where the quiet streams meander, the tinkling sheep-bells reach her. Her eyes can wander where the crimsoned capes stretch far, and purple islands float in the golden sea of sunset. The violet night, athrill with melting stars, enfolds her; far down the summer lightning throbs, until behind its solemn long-drawn bars, the awful dawn uprises.

Over the horizon eastwards peer the domes and towers of Paris, where her supreme hour and her fate attend her, and the long rest where she shall wait "what dreams may come."

A DAISY.

J UST one story is your asking? Well, what story shall it be? "Twas a leap elastic, darling, brought you up on mother's knee; Never a tale until you give her lovesome kisses, one, two, three.

What is that within your hand, dear? "Only a daisy," do you say? Darling little rose-lipt daisy from the happy fields of May! Think you, if we asked the daisy, it could tell a tale to-day?

Childie, there is never a flower, if we hearkened, but could tell Tales of all delight and beauty; such my darling loveth well; I have heard the daisy speaking; you shall hearken for a spell.

There's a very wondrous city in its heart that safe doth hold Many citizens and lovely, drest in robes of living gold; There is many and many a homestead safe within that fairy fold.

Warmed by rays of golden sunshine, breathing in the free sweet air, Calm in radiancy the happy, glad in fellowship the fair, All the glory of true living, all the happiness, is there.

Long ago, how long I know not, each fair family's estate Hung upon itself, none other; each alone in beauty sate; But it learned a higher glory, rose to loveliness more great.

Very lovely is the home, but yet there's more for women and men; And these folk found out the secret, and they won the glory then; Higher glory, fairer beauty, to be each a citizen.

Then they set around the city, in their loveliness and grace, Tall fair ladies, gold-invested, lovely wardens of the race; By their beauty sweet alluring the gift-bearers to the place.

Oh, the wonderful gift-bearers! oh, the light and joy they bring! Through the city do they carry sacred gift with angel wing; Very lovely, very sacred; LIFE we call this precious thing.

Yet the holy gift it lieth in the city's heart alway, Though it needeth the gift-bearers to come in and softly lay Tender touches on each bosom ripe to give and take that day. As they watched for the gift-bearers by the city to alight, Golden robes the wardens loosed, and stood arrayed in sheeny white; And the dear light tinged their whiteness with rose-radiance exquisite.

There for ever stand they stately at the portals till they feel Soft air with those light wings winnowed, and their rosed-white grace reveal To the ones for whom it waiteth the sweet waiting commonweal.

Then the city glows with rapture, in a fairer light than day's, And the golden men and women shine more radiant with its rays; It's all beautiful, and yet we see things only through a haze!

And the wardens of the city, rosed-white ladies, do they glow With the rapture and the blisses, when the city portals go Open wide to the gift-bearers? No, my little daughter, no!

Not that rapture, not those blisses! but perhaps, whom Love hath set Wardens of the joy he giveth, may have other rapture yet! Kiss me, child; I smile albeit one quick thought mine eyes have wet.

'Twas a thought of one most precious, and a wonder if her place In the by-and-by should give her all life's sweetest joy and grace; Or if she must go more softly, with God's patience on her face.

Who it was, no matter, sweetest. Nay, I did not mean to cry! Love me with your arms and lips, dear; oh, I love you utterly; But I know the Father loves my darling better far than I.

Dear Dan Chaucer loved the daisy; sang of it in days of yore; Burns and Wordsworth were its lovers; but I think they loved not more Than one singer of its beauty, rosed-white rays and golden core.

Happy florets of the disk and blessed florets of the ray, God's dear sun and dew shall quicken all your beauty day by day. So good-bye, love-hearted daisy, born in gladsome fields of May!

E. H. HICKEY.

Note.—For the story of the evolution of the daisy, see Grant Allen's charming Flowers and their Pedigrees. Briefly, it is this. The daisy, originally a simple flower, passed through various stages after it had specialized five of its stamens into petals, until it reached the tubular form. It became composite, and finally set aside the outer row of florets as rays; each ray being then an incomplete, pistillate flower. The "use" of these rays is the attraction to the flower of those insects by whose help fertilization is secured. From being the same colour as the disk-florets, the rays have become white, tinged with pink. The suggestion of the ray-floret symbolization I owe to a friend.—E. H. H.



THE THREE FATES.

(From the picture by Michelanselo in the Pit.i Palace, Florence.)

MICHELANGELO.

G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

PART I.



MICHELANGELO

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI, the Florentine sculptor, painter, architect, and poet, was born under the pontificate of Sixtus IV., on Sunday, the 6th of March, 1475, at eight o'clock of the night; and, as Vasari tells us, "'The name he received was Michelangelo, because without further consideration, and inspired by some influence from above, the father thought he perceived something celestial and divine in him beyond what is usual with mortals."

His father was the Signor Ludovico di Lionardo Buonarroti Simoni, who supposed himself to be descended from the most noble and most ancient family of the Counts of Canossa, the mother being also a noble as well as an excellent lady. The boy, however, was given to the wife of a stone-cutter to be nursed; wherefore, jesting one day with Vasari, Michelangelo said, "Giorgio, if I have anything good in me, it comes from my birth in the pure air of your country of Arezzo, and perhaps

also from the fact that with the milk of my nurse I imbibed the chisels and hammers wherewith I make my figures."

At the age of twelve he was sent to a grammarian named Francesco d'Urbino, but like other artistic youths, he was the despair of his schoolmaster, covering his copy-books and even the walls of his school-room with drawings.

He became the friend of a pupil of Ghirlandajo, named Francesco Granacci, who let him into the master's studio. Ghirlandajo, struck by the boy's efforts, became an accomplice in these clandestine studies, and eventually went to the father, the expodesta, to ask him to let his son become his pupil. The descendant of the Canossas was at first indignant at such a proposal, for even in those days, and in Italy itself, there was this extraordinary prejudice against the following of our beautiful art. However, the determination of the young Buonarroti at length overcame the feeble resistance of the father, who was in his heart proud of the abilities his son had betrayed.

Besides his studies at the atelier of Ghirlandajo, where he made such progress that the master soon began to think his pupil knew more than he did, he paid frequent visits to the Church of the Carmine, there to study the frescoes of Masaccio, the father of the Renaissance, whose works have inspired some of the noblest painters of Italy.

I was in Florence some years ago with a sympathetic brother artist, and we were much impressed by these same works, as we sat together in the old Church of the Carmine, and could well imagine how the freedom and grace of their design must have delighted those admirers who had so long been accustomed to the stiff and lifeless productions of his predecessors. It is supposed—let us hope it is only a supposition—that Masaccio met with a violent death at the hands of some jealous painters.

It is said that one night he left Florence, and was never afterwards heard of.

There was another school, and it must have been a delightful one, to which our Michelangelo had free access, and that was the garden of St. Mark, where Lorenzo de Medicis—well called the Magnificent—had collected all the fine antique sculpture that he could become possessed of; and he could do so to his heart's content, for he had the two necessary qualifications to that end, namely, great wealth and a true love and taste for art.

Here under the shade of the acacia. and in the sylvan groves loaded with fragrance, the young artists could study at their ease, surrounded with everything to engender and excite in them a love for the Beautiful, and encouraged moreover by the presence of Lorenzo himself, and by Bertholdo the sculptor, who was ever ready to direct and correct their efforts. Why are our English schools of art such dens of ugliness? Is it that we have a kind of virtuous wish to drive the would-be artist from his mad career, and to show him how it is possible to turn a delightful calling into a dreary and almost hopeless pursuit?

But even in what seems to have been a paradise of art, there were shadows and dark places, there were jealousies and heart-burnings, for the artist is peculiar in his temperament. The precocious superiority of

Michelangelo, the especial favour bestowed by Lorenzo in taking him to live with him in his palace, and the young man's haughty and reserved character, soon aroused the jealousy of his fellow-students. Pietro Torrigiano, one of the cleverest as well as the strongest and most eccentric among them, and a bully to boot, soon found occasion to quarrel with Buonarroti—a scuffle, a blow, and our great artist was laid prostrate with a broken nose. Torrigiano was driven from Florence, and still greater favours were heaped upon Michelangelo.



THE VIRGIN AND INFANT JESUS.
(In the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, Florence.)

This Torrigiano was, however, a fine fellow, but evidently tempered to a dangerous degree. He came to England and executed some most beautiful work on the tomb of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey; then, after many adventures, went to Spain, where he met with an untimely death, which was hideously tragic. Vasari tells us that the Duc d'Arcos ordered of him a statue of the Virgin, for which he was to pay forty ducats; the work was most beautiful, but the patron refused to pay the stipulated amount, and gave him only thirty ducats. This so enraged Torrigiano that, seizing his hammer, he broke the statue to pieces. The Duke, astounded and vexed to the last degree, took a terrible vengeance, and denounced him to the Inquisition. He was imprisoned, and last, seeing no hope of ever being released, a



PIETA. (IN ST. PETER'S, ROME,)

fearful despair seized upon him, he refused all food, and died of starvation in his cell; so that this strange genius paid a dreadful penalty for his fiery passion, and the broken nose of Michelangelo was terribly avenged. We can but pity Torrigiano, whilst we hold up to hateful memory the character of the Count d'Arcos and the infernal doings of the Holy Inquisition.

Let it be noted that the artist should not confine his studies to drawing, painting, and modelling, but must devote a certain portion of his time to literature and science, and not be a dunce in these things, for how shall he with an untutored mind produce work that shall interest the intellectual portion of the community? The rich mines of literature must be food for his fancy, which, combined with the observation of Nature, provide him with subjects without end. Nor can there be any better exercise for his imagination than to become acquainted with the marvellous discoveries of science

which present to him the vastness and the wonderfulness of creation.

To this end Michelangelo became one of the most remarkable pupils of Angelo Politien, and studied under him, with the two sons of Lorenzo de Medicis, acquiring a knowledge of the classics, of the Dantesque poetry, and of the Bible, which so often inspired him in his work; also of the natural sciences and other learning, which enabled him in after life to undertake any work that was demanded of him, whether of sculpture, painting, architecture, or engineering. True it is that the mind of this pupil was a great mind, but it must have failed in its many tasks had it remained uncultivated.

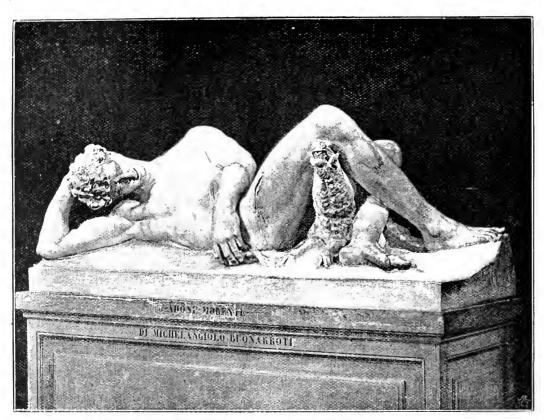
But an end soon came to all this good fortune, for on the 8th of April, 1492, when Michelangelo was eighteen years of age, died the great Lorenzo de Medicis. He died in all the glory of his renown as a wise ruler and a patron and protector of Art; and although Savonarola refused him his benedic-

tion, he nevertheless has left an imperishable name connected with the Italian Renaissance.

At his death the young Buonarroti left the palace of his illustrious friend and returned to his father's modest house, there to lament the great loss he had sustained.

Peter de Medicis had thrown open the gates of the towns of Tuscany to Charles VIII. of France, and this reception of a foreign army gave a pretext to the Florentines to overthrow the rule of the Medici. The son of Lorenzo the Magnificent was expelled from Florence. The Republic was prowent on to Bologna. Here he got into some difficulty owing to his ignorance of their passport system, and was threatened with imprisonment, when he unexpectedly met with a friend, one Jean Francesco d'Aldrovandi, who got him out of his difficulty by paying the fine of fifty livres, which the artist out of his slender purse was not able to do.

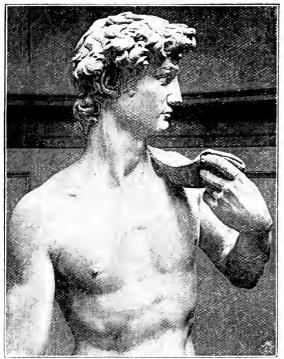
Michelangelo was fortunate in meeting with Aldrovandi, who took him to his house and treated him with so much hospitality that the old happy days he had spent in the palace at Florence seemed



DYING ADONIS.
(In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

claimed, greatly under the influence of Savonarola, and a long reign of anarchy ensued. Michelangelo, in the midst of these political agitations, could take neither one side nor the other; for how could he arm himself against Savonarola, who was his friend, or against a Medicis, the son of his great benefactor? He therefore left Florence and went to Venice, where he met with little sympathy, and

to pass over again. There must have been something highly attractive in the young artist besides his talent to endear him to these friends and patrons. The beautiful thoughts in his poems, and the deep feeling shown in many of them, combined with much simplicity and a total absence of affectation, explain to us, I think, what manner of man he was. But Aldrovandi was not content



DAVID. (FLORENCE.

that his young friend should be merely his guest, and without suspecting how great a genius he was entertaining, yet knowing him to be a good sculptor, obtained for him a commission to execute for the tomb of St. Domenic a 'St. Petronius,' and an angel, half lifesize, holding a candelabrum. This exquisite figure is full of grace and beauty, as may be seen by our illustration.

We are told that the great success of these works excited so much jealousy among the Bolognese artists that Michelangelo had to return to Florence. I am rather loth to believe this, for as a rule a true artist is only too delighted to welcome a new genius, for therein he sees new glory to the art he is devoted to.

However, Michelangelo did return to Florence, and among other works executed a beautiful 'Sleep-

ing Cupid.' At the suggestion of Baldassare del Milanese, it was buried in a garden, in order to give it that old look which is more often admired by the would-be connoisseur than the beautiful form of the antique itself. This statue was eventually sent to Rome, and sold to the Cardinal St. George for two hundred ducats, although the 'St. Petronius' and the 'Beautiful Angel' fetched only thirty. Not that the artist received the money. His share was the modest thirty—the dealer claimed the rest. As soon as this sale was effected, Michelangelo, wishing to profit by the reputation of this modern antique, made known the ruse, and claimed the authorship of the 'Cupid.' The Cardinal was furious, and sent one of his gentlemen to Florence to verify the fact, for the young sculptor was accused of claiming as his own a work that belonged to one of the most famous masters of antiquity. Perhaps the excellence of it was some excuse for the accusation, especially as Michelangelo was at that time almost unknown.

As soon as it was made evident that Michel-



HOLV FAMILV.
(Painted by Michelangelo for Angelo Doni.



ANGEL AND CANDELABRUM, FOR THE ALTAR OF ST. DOMENIC, BOLOGNA.

angelo was really the sculptor of the 'Cupid,' the Cardinal St. George became anxious to see the young artist, and invited him to Rome, that he might there give further proof of his talents.

The political agitations in Florence were now at their full height. Savonarola openly preached religious reform, the most exquisite works of art were made fuel for bonfires, and Pope Alexander VI. was anathematized. The contest between the Franciscans and the Dominicans increased. The ordeal by fire was appealed to, which ended in a farce. Savonarola lost his prestige, and finally was burnt as a heretic in the Piazza San Marco, and his ashes thrown into the Arno, on the 23rd of May, 1498. He shared the fate of too many of those earnest reformers of the world, which often, as our poet says in one of his sonnets, "rewards its greatest benefactors with cold neglect and even

death," and then, as if in irony or with a sense of grim humour, treasures up their memories and reverences ever afterwards the slightest relic that remains of them. I visited some years ago the Convent of San Marco, and sat in the very cell that was formerly occupied by Savonarola; all the simple furniture is preserved with scrupulous care, even to the books he read, and withal a picture representing his cruel death.

We can only imagine what must have been the feeling of Michelangelo, the friend and admirer of Savonarola, when he heard of his martyrdom. He had little inclination to return to Florence, which was not then in a condition to foster the arts of peace. He determined, therefore, to remain in Rome. In 1499 he executed for the Cardinal de Villiers a group in marble called 'The Pietà,' the Virgin Mother supporting on her knees the

body of the crucified Saviour. The work was not signed, and was attributed to one Gobbo, but in order to correct this error, Michelangelo went unperceived in the night-time and engraved his own name on the girdle of the Virgin. The Pope bought the group, which is now in St. Peter's.

Michelangelo now began to be famous. He was but twenty-three, and had already produced works of the greatest excellence; among them the 'Beautiful Angel'; the 'St. Petronius'; a little 'St. John,' a marvel of naïve grace and delicacy of form; the 'Sleeping Cupid,' which passed for an antique; a 'Bacchus,' with a pretty little fawn behind him, who is eating the grapes he has stolen from the god, said to be a masterpiece; and the 'Adonis'; and yet he is much younger than many of

our Academy students. And these works are only part of his long labours, for to have executed them he must have passed his waking hours in almost ceaseless study, often burning the midnight candle sitting alone with a dead body that he is dissecting, and from which he is making anatomical drawings.

At the age of twentyfive he returned Florence, where fame had already preceded him. The Council of Ten were anxious that the glory of Art should not die out with the Medici, and had therefore hinted at his return. An enormous block of marble, that had previously been destined for a colossal statue of Simoni da Fiesole, had a long time lain idle, since no sculptor had been found bold enough to attack it; even Lionardo da Vinci had refused the conflict.

and there it stood, like the Goliath of the Philistines, till Michelangelo, who seemed to fear no undertaking, came forward, and after three years produced the colossal figure of 'David,' which was dragged in triumph and placed in front of the Palazzo Vecchio.

Michelangelo now takes up his brushes and rests from hewing marble in a change of work. He executes for Angelo Doni a 'Holy Family' (see illustration), one of the few easel pictures that he painted; indeed, I believe that this is considered the only undoubted one. The picture of the 'Three Fates,' in the Pitti Palace at Florence, is supposed to be painted by Rosso from his design.

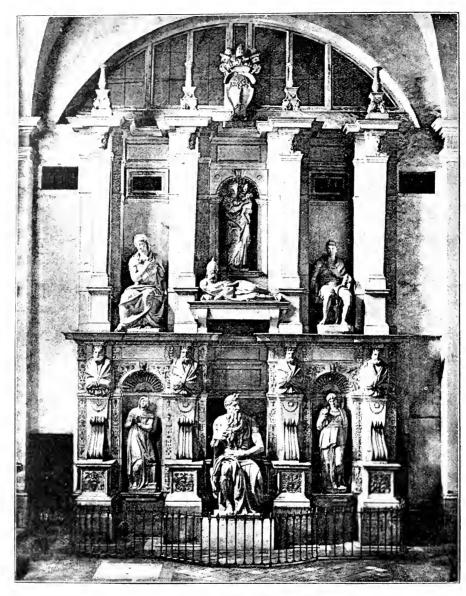
But to return to Angelo Doni. The picture he had commanded was sent to him, and the price

fixed for it was 70 ducats (whether of silver or gold is not stated), but the patron, thinking it too much for a young man to ask, sent 60; whereupon the offended painter sent a messenger to say that he now demanded 100 ducats. The Signor Doni then sent the 70 originally asked; again the artist refuses to accept the proffer, and says that the price is 170 ducats. So Signor Doni, fearing to lose the picture, or to have to pay a still higher price for it, sent the full sum, and thus had to pay 100 ducats for his parsimony.

About this time, what is supposed to have been a contest or competition with Lionardo da Vinci took place. The Seigneurie of Florence were anxious that the Council Chamber of the Palazzo Vecchio should be decorated with frescoes, and called upon their



VICTORY.
(Palazzo Vecchie, Florence.)



TOMB OF JULIUS II. IN SAN PIETRO IN VINCULIS, ROME. (With Statue of Moses.)

two great artists, Lionardo da Vinci and Michelangelo, to execute the work. On one wall Lionardo was to paint 'The Battle of the Standard,' an episode in the battle of Anghiari; on the other Michelangelo was to paint 'The Siege of Pisa.' For these pictures the cartoons only were executed, and although neither of them have come down to us, they were two of the most celebrated cartoons in the world, not only on account of their merits, but also because tradi-

tion has romanced upon them. They were looked upon as "The School of the Universe," and were studied by the artists of the time, including the great Raphael. However, both disappeared in 1512; it is not stated how that of Lionardo was lost, but Vasari tells a story of the destruction of Michelangelo's cartoon, which perhaps is not true, though it is dramatic.

He says, "The cartoon of Michelangelo was executed for Piero Soderini, who destined it for

the Hall of the Grand Council, and which presented a vast number of nude figures. It was given to public view, when all the artists hastened to copy this work on account of its excellence. Among the rest came Baccio Bandinelli, nor did any time elapse before he surpassed all his fellowlabourers. Baccio visited the Hall more frequently than any of the other artists, and had even made a counterfeit key thereof. It thus happened that in the year 1512, when Piero Soderini was deposed from the Government, and the house of Medici restored to its position, Baccio entered the Hall secretly and alone during the tumults consequent on the changes then ensuing, when he cut the cartoon into numerous pieces. The cause of this action not being known, some said that Baccio had torn up the cartoon for the purpose of taking certain portions to himself; others that he had done it with a view to deprive other young artists of the advantages of the study thereof; but others, perhaps interpreting the matter more truly, attributed the deed to Baccio's hatred of Michelangelo, of which he gave full evidence throughout his after life. The loss of the cartoon was not a small one to the city, and the blame cast on Baccio was very heavy, since he was justly declared by every one to have proved himself most envious and malignant."

So says Vasari, but we must remember that he was only just born when this cartoon disappeared, he never could have seen it, and therefore all this account must have been from the talk he had heard. It is much more probable that when a tumultuous mob entered the Council Hall that great damage was done to the work, and that it was removed in separate pieces rather to preserve what was left of it than to destroy it. Had it been the act of a single jealous artist creeping at midnight, by means of a false key, into the Hall, he would not have left any part of it unobliterated; but many portions of it were preserved, and the principal group was engraved by Marc Antonio,

and this is as well known as any of the other works of the master. It represents some Florentine soldiers bathing in the Arno, they are surprised by the enemy's horsemen, and are hurriedly dressing and helping each other out of the water—an excellent subject, and one most adapted to show the great beauty of the human form.

In 1503, Cardinal Julian de Rovero was elected to the Pontificate, and took the name of Julius II. This bold Pope was a great character, and one of the most important personages in the history of the life of Michelangelo, for it was through him that the ceiling of the Sistine chapel was executed, which is perhaps the most original and the grandest conception in the whole range of art, whether ancient or modern. It is to this Pope that we are indebted for the basilica of St. Peter's at Rome; for the 'Moses' (see illustration), which was but an item of the contemplated Mausoleum of the Pope himself; and also for the magnificent productions of Raphael in the Hall of the Signatura of the Vatican, namely, the 'Dispute of the Sacrament,' 'The School of Athens,' 'Parnassus,' and others. It is remarkable that this extraordinary man, whose whole life seems to have been occupied in warfare, should at the same time have been the greatest patron of the arts of peace. 'The Placid Old Man,' as painted by Raphael, sitting in his arm-chair (a replica of the picture is in our National Gallery), scarcely conveys the idea "of the fighting Pontiff, who at the siege of Mirandola in 1511, in cold January weather, when he must have been past seventy, placed himself at the head of his troops and fearlessly exposed himself to the fire of the enemy in planning the order of attack, and was present at every important situation of danger. Before the town could formally capitulate, he mounted the scaling-ladder and entered it sword in hand through the breach he had made."1

1 See Life of Michelangelo, by J. S. Harford.

(To be continued.)

A VOUNG MUTINEER.

L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER I.

THE village choir were practising in the church—their voices, somewhat harsh and uncultivated, were sending forth volumes of sound into the summer air. The church doors were thrown open, and a young man dressed in cricketing-flannels was leaning against the porch. He was tall and square-shouldered, with closely-cropped dark hair, and a keen, intelligent face.

When the music became very loud and discordant he moved impatiently, but as the human voices ceased and the sweet notes of the voluntary sounded in full melody on the little organ, a look of relief swept like a soothing hand over his forehead.

The gates of the Rectory were within a stone'sthrow of the church. Up the avenue now three people might have been seen advancing. were children, one an adult. The grown member of this little group was tall and slight; she wore spectacles, and although not specially gifted with wisdom, possessed a particularly wise appearance. The two little girls, who were her pupils, walked somewhat sedately by her side. As they passed the church the governess looked neither to right nor left, but the eldest girl fixed her keen and somewhat hungry eyes with a questioning gaze on the young man who stood in the porch. nodded back to her a glance full of intelligence, which he further emphasized by a quick and somewhat audacious wink from his left eye. The little girl walked on loftily; she thought that Jasper Quentyns, who was more or less a stranger in the neighbourhood, had taken a distinct liberty.

"What's the matter, Judy?" asked the smallest of the girls.

"Nothing," replied Judy quickly. She turned to her governess as she spoke. "Miss Mills, I was very good at my lessons, wasn't I, to-day?"

"Yes, Judy."

"You are not going to forget what you promised me?"

"I am afraid I do forget; what was it?"

"You said if I were really good I might stop at the church on my way back and go home with Hilda. I have been good, so I may go home with Hilda, may I not?"

"Yes, child, of course, if I promised it, but we are only just going out now. It is a fine autumnal day, and I want to get to the woods to pick some bracken and heather, for your Aunt Marjorie has asked me to fill all the vases for dinner to-night. There are not half enough flowers in the garden at present, so I must go to the woods, whatever happens. Your sister will have left the church when we have returned, Judy."

"No, she won't," replied Judy. "The practice will be twice as long as usual to-day because of the Harvest Festival on Sunday."

"Well, if she is there you can go in and wait for her, as you have been a good girl. Now let us talk of something else."

"I have nothing else to talk about," answered Judy somewhat sulkily.

The bright expression which gave her small eager face its charm, left it; she fell back a pace or two, and Miss Mills walked on alone in front.

Judy was not popular with her governess. Miss Mills was tired of her constant remarks about Hilda. She had a good deal to think of to-day, and she was pleased to let her two pupils amuse themselves.

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Judy's hungry and unsatisfied eyes softened and grew happy when their gaze fell upon Babs. Babs was only six, and she had a power of interesting every one with whom she came in contact. Her wise, fat face, somewhat solemn in expression, was the essence of good-humour. Her blue eyes were as serene as an unruffled summer pool. She could say heaps of old-fashioned, quaint things. She had strong likes and dislikes, but she was never known to be cross. She adored Judy, and Judy liked her, for all Judy's passionate love was already disposed of. It centred itself round her eldest sister, Hilda.

The day was a late one in September. The air was still very balmy and even warm, and Miss Mills soon found herself sufficiently tired to be glad to take advantage of a stile which led right through the field into the woods to rest herself. She sat comfortably on the top of the stile, and looking down the road saw that her little pupils were disporting themselves happily; they were not in the slightest danger, and she was in no hurry to call them to her side.

"Children are the most fagging creatures in Christendom," she said to herself; "for my part I can't understand any one going into raptures over them. For one nice child there are twenty disagreeable ones. I have nothing to say against Babs, of course; but Judy, she is about the most spoilt creature I ever came across, and of course it is all Hilda's fault. I must speak to Mr. Merton, I really must, if this goes on. Hilda and Judy ought to be parted, but of course Hilda won't leave home unless, unless-ah, I wonder if there is any chance of that. Too good news to be true. Too good luck for Mr. Quentyns anyhow. shouldn't be surprised if he is trying to get Hilda all this time, but—he is scarcely likely to succeed. Poor Judy, what a blow anything of that kind would be to her; but of course there is not the least chance of it."

Miss Mills took off her hat as she spoke, and allowed the summer air to play with her somewhat thin fringe and to cool her heated cheeks.

"I hate children," she soliloquized. "I did hope that my time of servitude was nearly over, but when men prove so unfaithful!" Here a very angry gleam flashed out of her eyes; she put her hand into her pocket, and taking out a letter, read it slowly and carefully. Her expression was not pleasant while she perused the words on the closely-written page.

She had just returned the letter to its envelope when a gay voice sounded in her ears. A girl was seen walking across the field and approaching the stile. She was a fair-haired, pretty girl, dressed in the height of the fashion. She had a merry laugh, and a merry voice, and two very bright blue eyes.

"How do you do, Miss Mills?" she called to her. "I am going to see Hilda. Can you tell me if she is at home?"

"How do you do, Miss Anstruther?" replied Miss Mills; "I did not know you had returned."

"Yes, we all came home yesterday. I am longing to see Hilda, I have such heaps of things to tell her. Is she at the Rectory?"

"At the present moment she is very busily employed trying to train the most unmelodious choir in Great Britain," replied Miss Mills. "The Harvest Festival takes place on Sunday, and in consequence she has more than usual to do."

"Ah, you need not tell me; I am not going to venture within sound of that choir. I shall go down to the Rectory and wait until her duties are ended. There is not the least hurry. Good-bye, Miss Mills. Are the children well?"

"You can see for yourself," replied Miss Mills; "they are coming up the road side by side."

"Old-fashioned little pair," replied Miss Anstruther, with a laugh. "I'll just run down the road and give them a kiss each, and then go on to the Rectory."

Miss Mills did not say anything further. Miss Anstruther mounted the stile, called out to the children to announce her approach, kissed them when they met, received an earnest gaze from Judy and an indifferent one from Babs, and went on her way.

"Do you like her, Judy?" asked Babs, when the pretty girl had left them.

"Oh, yes," replied Judy in a careless tone; "she is well enough. I don't love her, if that's what you mean, Babs."

"Of course it isn't what I mean," replied Babs. "How many rooms have you got in your heart, Judy?"

"One big room quite full," replied Judy with emphasis.

"I know-it's full of Hilda."

"It is."

"I have got a good many rooms in my heart," said Babs. "Mr. Love is in some of them, and Mr. Like is in others. Have you no room in your heart for Mr. Like, Judy?"

" No."

"Then poor Miss Mills does not live in your heart at all?"

"No. Oh, dear, what a long walk she's going to take us to-day. If I had known that this morning I wouldn't have taken so much pains over my arithmetic. I sha'n't have a scrap of time with Hilda. It is too bad. I am sure Miss Mills

does it to worry me. She never can bear us to be together."

"Poor Judy," replied Babs. "I sha'n't let Miss Mills live in my heart at all if she vexes you; but oh dear, oh dear, look, do look! do you see that monstrous spider over there, the one with the sun shining on his web?"

"Yes."

"Don't you love spiders?"

"Of course. I love all animals. I have a separate heart for animals."

Babs looked intensely interested.

"I love all animals too," she said, "every single one, all kinds—cren pigs. Don't you love pigs, Judy?"

"Of course I do."

"I wonder if Miss Mills does? There she is, reading her letter. She has read it twenty times already to-day, so she must know it by heart now. Let's run up and ask her if she loves pigs."

Judy quickened her steps, and the two little girls presently reached the stile.

"Miss Mills," said Babs, in her clear voice, "we want to know something very badly. Do you love pigs?"

"Do I love pigs?" asked Miss Mills with a start. "You ridiculous child, what nonsense you are talking!"

"But do you?" repeated Babs. "It is most important for Judy and me to know; for we love them, poor things—we think they're awfully nice."

Miss Mills laughed in the kind of manner which always irritated Judy.

"I am sorry not to be able to join your very peculiar hero-worship, my dears," she said. "I can't say that I am attached to the pig."

"Then it is very wrong of you," said Judy, her eyes flashing, "when you think of all the poor pig does for you."

"Of all the poor pig does for me! What next?"

"You wouldn't be the woman you are but for the pig," said Judy. "Don't you eat him every day of your life for breakfast? You wouldn't be as strong as you are but for the poor pig, and the least you can do is to love him. I don't suppose he likes being killed to oblige you."

Judy's great eyes were flashing, and her little sensitive mouth was quivering.

Miss Mills gave her a non-comprehending glance.

She could not in the least fathom the child's queer, passionate nature. Injustice of all sorts preyed upon Judy; she could make herself morbid on almost any theme, and a gloomy picture now filled her little soul. The animals were giving up their lives for the human race, and the human race did not even give them affection in return.

"Is that letter very funny?" asked Babs.

"It is not funny, but it is interesting to me."

"Do you love the person who wrote it to you?"

Miss Mills let the sheet of closely-written paper fall upon her lap; her eyes gazed into the child's serene and wise little face. Something impelled her to say words which she knew could not be understood.

"I hate the person who wrote that letter more than any one else in all the world," she exclaimed.

There was a passionate ring in her thin voice. The emotion which filled her voice and shone out of her eyes gave pathos to her commonplace face. Babs began to pull a flower to pieces. She had never conjugated the verb to hate, and did not know in the least what it meant; but Judy looked at her governess with new interest.

"Why do you get letters from the person you hate so much?" she asked.

"Don't ask any more questions," replied Miss Mills. She folded up the sheet of paper, slipped it into its envelope, replaced the envelope in her pocket, and started to her feet. "Let us continue our walk," she said. "We shall reach the woods in five minutes if we are quick."

"But," said Judy, as they went down the path across the field, "I should like to know, Miss Mills, why you get letters from a person you hate."

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"When little girls ask troublesome questions they must not expect them to be answered," responded Miss Mills.

Judy was silent. The faint passing interest she had experienced died out of her face, and the rather sulky, unsatisfied expression returned to it.

Miss Mills, whose heart was very full of something, spoke again, more to herself than to the children.

"If there is one bigger mistake than another," she said, "it is the mistake of being fond of any one. Oh, how silly girls are when they get engaged to be married!"

"What's that?" asked Babs.

"I know," said Judy, who was again all curiosity

and interest. "I'll tell you another time about it, Babs. Miss Hicks in the village was engaged, and she had a wedding in the summer. I'll tell you all about it, Babs, if you ask me when we are going to bed to-night. Please, Miss Mills, why is it dreadful to be engaged to be married?"

"Your troubles begin then," said Miss Mills. "Oh, don't talk to me about it, children. May you never understand what I am suffering! Oh, the fickleness of some people! The promises that are made only to be broken! You trust a person, and you are ever so happy; and then you find that you have made a great big mistake, and you are miserable."

"Is that you, Miss Mills? Are you the miserable person?" asked Judy.

"No, no, child, I didn't say it was me. I wasn't talking of any one in particular, and I shouldn't even have said what I did. Forget it, Judy—forget it, Babs. Come, let us collect the ferns."

"Suppose we find some white heather," said Babs eagerly.

"And much that's worth, too," replied Miss Mills. "I found a piece last summer. I gave—" She sighed, and the corners of her mouth drooped. She looked as if she were going to cry.

CHAPTER II.

JUDY'S soul swelled within her when she heard the music still sending volumes of sound out of the little church. Miss Mills had not spoken all the way home. Babs had chattered without a moment's intermission. Her conversation had been entirely about birds and beasts and creeping things. Judy had replied with rather less interest than usual. She was so anxious to hurry home, so fearful of being too late. Now it was all right. Hilda was still in the church, and, delightful—more than delightful—the discordant notes of the choir had ceased, and only the delicious sounds of the organ were borne on the breeze.

"Hilda is in the church," said Judy, pulling her governess by her sleeve. "Good-bye, Miss Mills; good-bye, Babs."

She rushed away, scarcely heeding her governess's voice as it called after her to be sure to be back at the Rectory in time for tea.

The church doors were still open, but the young

man in the cricketing-flannels, who had stood in the porch when Judy had started on her walk, was no longer to be seen. The little girl stole into the quiet church on tip-toe, crept up to her sister Hilda's side, and lying down on the floor, laid her head on her sister's white dress.

Judy's lips kissed the hem of the dress two or three times; then she lay quiet, a sweet expression round her lips, a tranquil, satisfied light in her eyes. Here she was at rest, her eager craving heart was full and satisfied.

"You dear little monkey!" said Hilda, pausing for a moment in her really magnificent rendering of one of Bach's most passionate fugues. She touched the child's head lightly with her hand as she spoke.

"Oh, don't stop, Hilda; go on. I am so happy," whispered Judy back.

Hilda smiled, and immediately resumed the music which thrilled through and through Judy's soul.

Hilda was eighteen, and the full glory and bloom of this perfect age surrounded her; it shone in her dark red-brown hair, and gleamed in her brown eyes, and smiled on her lips, and even echoed from her sweet voice. Hilda would always be lovely to look at, but she had the tender radiance of early spring about her now. Judy was not the only person who thought her the fairest creature in the world.

While she was playing, and the influence of the music was more and more filling her face, there came a shadow across the church floor. The shadow lengthened and grew longer, and the young man, whose smile Judy had ignored, came softly across the church and up to Hilda's side.

"Go on playing," he said, nodding to her. "I have been waiting and listening. I can wait and listen a little longer if you will allow me to sit in the church."

"I shall have done in a moment," said Hilda. "I just want to choose something for the final voluntary." She took up a book of lighter music as she spoke, and selecting some of Haydn's sweet and gracious melodies, began to play.

Judy stirred restlessly. Jasper Quentyns came closer, so close that his shadow fell partly over the child as she lay on the ground, and quite shut away the evening sunlight as it streamed over Hilda's figure. He was a musician himself, and he made comments which were listened to attentively.

Hilda played the notes as he directed her. She brought added volume into certain passages, she rendered the light staccato notes with precision.

"Oh, you are spoiling the playing," said Judy suddenly. She started up, knitting her black brows and glaring angrily at Jasper Quentyns.

"You don't mean to say you are here all the time, you little puss," he exclaimed. "I thought you and Miss Mills and Babs were miles away by now. Why, what's the matter, child? Why do you frown at me as if I were an ogre?"

Hilda put her arm round Judy's waist. The contact of Hilda's arm was like balm to the child; she smiled and held out her hand penitently.

"Of course I don't think you are an ogre," she said, "but I do wish you would let Hilda play her music her own way."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense, Judy," said Hilda; "you quite forget that Mr. Quentyns knows a great deal more about music than I do."

"He doesn't play half nor quarter as well as you, for all that," replied Judy, with emphasis.

Hilda bent forward and kissed her little sister on her forehead.

"We won't have any more music at present," she said, "it is time for us to return to the house. You are going to dine at the Rectory this evening, are you not, Mr. Quentyns?"

"If you will have me."

"Of course we shall all be delighted to have you."

"Hilda," said Judy, "do you know that Mildred Anstruther is down at the house waiting to see you?"

A faint little shadow of disappointment flitted across Hilda Merton's face—an additional wave of colour mounted to Jasper Quentyns' brow. He looked at Hilda to see if she had noticed it; Hilda turned from him and began to arrange her music.

"Come," she said, "we mustn't keep Mildred waiting."

"What has she come for?" asked Jasper, as the three walked down the shady avenue.

"You know you are glad to see her," replied Hilda suddenly.

Something in her tone caused Jasper to laugh and raise his brows in mock surprise. Judy looked eagerly from one face to the other. Her heart began to beat with fierce dislike to Jasper. What right had he to interfere with Hilda's music, and above all things, what right had he to bring that tone into Hilda's beloved voice?

Judy clasped her sister's arm with a tight pressure. In a few minutes they reached the old-fashioned and cosy Rectory.

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The Rector was pacing about in the pleasant evening sunshine, and Mildred Anstruther was walking by his side and chatting to him.

"Oh, here you are," said Mildred, running up to her friend and greeting her with affection; "and you here too, Mr. Quentyns?—this is a delightful surprise."

"You had better run into the house now, Judy," said Hilda. "Yes, darling, go at once."

"May I come down after dinner to-night, Hilda?"

"You look rather pale, Judy, and as we are having friends to dinner it may be best for you to go to bed," said another voice. This voice proceeded from the comfortable, good-natured mouth of Aunt Marjorie.

"No, no, Aunt Maggie, you won't send me to bed. Hilda, you'll plead for me, won't you?" gasped Judy.

"I think she may come down just for half an hour, auntie," said Hilda, smiling.

"Well, child, it must be as you please; of course we all know who spoils Judy."

"Of course we all know who loves Judy," said Hilda. "Now are you satisfied, my sweet? Run away; be the best of good children. Eat a hearty tea; don't think of any trouble. Oh, Judy, what a frown you have between your brows; let me kiss it away. I'll find you in the drawing-room after dinner."

"And you'll come and talk to me if only for one minute. Promise, promise, Hilda."

"Of course I promise; now run off."

Judy went slowly away. She thought the grown people very unkind to dismiss her. She was interested in all people who were grown up; she had not a great deal of sympathy with children—she felt that she did not quite belong to them. The depth of her thoughts, the intense pathos of her unsatisfied affections were incomprehensible to most children. Hilda understood her perfectly, and even Aunt Marjorie and her father were more agreeable companions than Miss Mills and Babs.

There was no help for it, however. Judy was a school-room child, and back to the school-room

and to Miss Mills's dull society she must go. Swinging her hat on her arm she walked slowly down the long, cool stone passage which led from the principal hall to the school-room regions. A maid-servant of the name of Susan hurried past her with the tray which contained the school-room tea in her hands.

"You must be quick, Miss Judy, I am bringing in the tea," she said.

Judy frowned. She did not think it at all necessary for Susan to remind her of her rather disagreeable duties. Instead of hurrying to the school-room she stood still and looked out of one of the windows. The words Miss Mills had uttered as they walked across the fields to the wood kept returning to her memory. In some curious undefined, uncomfortable way she connected them with her sister Hilda. What did they mean? Why was it dreadful to be engaged to be married? Why were some people so fickle, and why were promises broken? Judy had never seen Miss Mills so excited before.

"She looked quite interesting when she spoke in that voice," said Judy to herself. "What did she mean? what could she mean? She said it was dreadful to be married, and dreadful to be engaged. I think I'll go and ask Mrs. Sutton. I don't care if I am a bit late for tea. The worst Miss Mills will do is to give me some poetry to learn, and I like learning poetry. Yes, I'll go and see Mrs. Sutton. She was married twice, so she must have been engaged twice. She must know all—all about it. She's a much better judge than Miss Mills, who never was married at all."

Judy opened a baize door which shut behind her with a bang. She went down a few steps, and a moment later was standing in a comfortably furnished sitting-room which belonged to the housekeeper, Mrs. Sutton.

Mrs. Sutton was a stout, portly old lady. She had twinkling good-humoured eyes, a mouth which smiled whenever she looked at a child, and a constant habit of putting her hand into her pocket and taking out a lollipop. This lollipop found its way straight into the receptive mouth of any small creature of the human race who came in her way.

"Is that you, Miss Judy?" she said, now turning round and setting down her own cup of strong tea. "Come along, my pet, and give me a kiss. What do you say to this?" She held a pink sugar-stick

between her finger and thumb. "I suppose you'll want another for Miss Babs, bless her!"

"Yes, thank you, Sutton," replied Judy. "Will you lay them on the table, please, and I'll take them when I am going away. Sutton, I want to talk to you about a very private matter."

"Well, darling—bless your dear heart, your secrets are safe enough with me."

"Oh, it isn't exactly a secret, Sutton—it is something I want to know. Is it a dreadful thing to be engaged to be married?"

"Bless us and save us!" said Mrs. Sutton. She flopped down again on her seat, and her red face grew purple. "Are you quite well, Miss Judy? You haven't been reading naughty books now, that you shouldn't open? What could put such thoughts into the head of a little miss like you?"

"Please answer me, Sutton, it is most important—Is it dreadful to be engaged to be married? and are people fickle? and are promises broken?"

"But, my dear-"

"Will you answer me, dear, kind Sutton?"

"Well, Miss Judy, well—anything to please you, dearie—it all depends."

"What does it depend on?"

"Taken from the female point of view, it depends on the sort the young man is; but, my darling, it's many and many a long day before you need worrit yourself with such matters."

"But I want to know," persisted Judy. "People do get married. You were married twice yourself, Sutton; you told me so once."

"So I was, dear, and both my wedding-gowns are in a trunk up-stairs. My first was a figured sateen, a buff-coloured ground with red flowers thrown over it. My second was gray poplin. I was supposed to do very well with my second marriage, Miss Judy."

"Then you were twice engaged, and twice married," said Judy. "I don't want to hear about the wedding-gowns, Sutton. I am rather in a hurry. I want you to tell me about the other things. What were they like—the being engaged, and the being married? Was the person fickle, and did he break his promise?"

For some reason or other Mrs. Sutton's face became so deeply flushed that she looked quite angry.

"I'll tell you what it is, Miss Judy," she said; "some one is putting thoughts into your head what

oughtn't to do it. You are a motherless child, and there's some one filling your head with arrant nonsense. What do you know about engagements and—and disappointments, and dreams what proves but early mists of the morning? what do you know of fickleness, and broken promises? There, child, you won't get any of that bad sort of knowledge out of me. Now you run away, dearie. There's some one been talking about what they oughtn't to, and you has no call to listen, my pet. There's some weddings happy, and there's some that ain't, and that's all I can say. Run away now, Miss Judy."

CHAPTER III.

HILDA MERTON stood in a rather irresolute fashion in her bed-room. Several people were coming to dine at the Rectory to-night, and she, as the young mistress of the establishment, ought to be in the drawing-room even now waiting to receive her guests. The Rector was a very wealthy man, and all those luxuries surrounded Hilda which are the portion of those who are gently nurtured and well-born. Her maid had left the room, the young girl's simple white dress was arranged to perfection, her lovely hair was coiled becomingly around her shapely head. She was standing before her looking-glass putting the final touches to her toilet.

For some reason they took a long time to put. Hilda gazed into the reflection of her own pretty face as if she saw it not. Her brown eyes looked through the mirrored eyes in the glass with an almost abstracted expression. Suddenly a smile flitted across her face.

"I'll do it," she exclaimed. "I'll wear his white rose. He may think what he pleases. I—I do love him with all my heart and soul."

She blushed as she uttered these last words, and looked in a half-frightened way across the room, as if by chance some one might have overheard her.

The next moment the white rose was snugly peeping out from among the coils of her rich hair. Her dress was fastened at the throat with a pearl brooch. She was in simple white from top to toe.

"How late you are, Hilda," said Aunt Marjoric.
"I was getting quite nervous. You know I hate to be alone in the drawing-room when our visitors come; and really, my love, what a simple dress—

nothing but a washing muslin. Did not you hear your father say that the Dean and Mrs. Sparks were coming to dinner to-night?"

"Of course I did, Aunt Marjorie. The cook also knows that the Dean is coming to dine. Now don't fret, there's a dear. I look nice, don't I? that's the main thing."

"Yes, Hilda, you look beautiful," said Aunt Marjorie solemnly; "but after all, when you have a new pink chiffon and—and—"

"Hush, auntic dear, I see the Dean stepping out of his brougham."

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The other guests followed the Dean and Mrs. Sparks almost immediately. Dinner was announced, and the party withdrew to the dining-room.

Hilda, in her simple white dress, with her happy sunshiny face, was the principal object of attraction at this dinner. There were two or three young men present, and they looked at her a good deal. Jasper Quentyns favoured her with one quick glance; he was sitting at the far end of the table, and a very pretty girl was placed at his side. He saw the rose in Hilda's hair, and his heart beat quickly; his spirits rose several degrees, and he became so delightful and communicative to his neighbour, that she thought him quite the pleasantest and handsomest man she had ever met.

Quentyns did not glance again at Hilda. He was satisfied, for he felt pretty sure that a certain question which he meant to ask would be answered in the way that he wished.

The dinner came to an end, and the ladies withdrew into the drawing-room. Two little figures in white dresses were waiting to receive them. Babs was trotted everywhere, admired, petted, and praised by every one. Judy stood in the shadow behind one of the curtains and watched Hilda.

"Come out, Judy, and be sociable," said her sister.

"I don't want to talk. I am so happy here, Hilda," she replied.

"I do like spiders when they are very, very fat," sounded Babs's voice across the room.

"Oh, you droll little creature!" exclaimed a lady; "why I should fly from a spider any distance."

"Perhaps you like earwigs better," said Babs.

"Earwigs, they are horrors; oh, you quaint, quaint little soul."

Babs did not care to be called a quaint little

soul. She trotted across the room and stood by Iudy's side.

"There's nobody at all funny here," she said in a whisper. "I wish I had Tiddliwinks, my dear new kitty, to play with; I don't care for fine ladies."

"It is time for you to go to bed, Babs," said Judy.

"No, it isn't. I am not going before you go. You always talk to me as if I was a baby, and I aren't. Judy, you might tell me now what it is to be 'gaged to be married."

"No, I can't tell you now," said Judy; "the gentlemen are coming in, and we mustn't talk and interrupt. If you won't go to bed you must stay quiet. You know if Aunt Marjorie sees you she'll send you off at once; now they are going to sing; ah, that'll be jolly. You stay quiet, Babs, and listen."

Four young men surrounded the piano. Jasper Quentyns was one; Hilda played the accompaniment. The four voices did ample justice to the beautiful glee—"Men were deceivers ever." The well-known words were applauded vigorously, the applause rose to an encore. Judy listened as if fascinated.

"Sigh no more, ladies; ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go"

"Yes, that's the right thing to do," said Judy, turning round and fixing her bright eyes on Babs.

"How funny you look," said Babs; "you ought to go to bed."

"Come, Barbara, what is this about?" said Aunt Marjorie's voice. "You up still—what can Miss Mills be thinking of? Now, little girls, it is nine o'clock, and you must both go away. Good-night, Babs dear; good-night, Judy."

"Mayn't I say good-night to Hilda?" whispered Indy.

"No, she's busy; run away this moment. Judy, if you question me I shall have to appeal to your father. Now, my loves, go."

The little girls left the room, Babs complacently enough, Judy unwillingly. Babs was sleepy, and was very glad to lay her little head on her white pillow; but sleep was very far away from Judy's eyes.

The little girls' bed-room was over a portion of the drawing-room. They could hear the waves of the music and the light conversation and the gay laughter as they lay in their cots. The sounds soon mingled with Babs's dreams, but Judy felt more restless and excited each moment.

Miss Mills had entire care of the children. She dressed them and undressed them as well as taught them. She had left them now for the night. Miss Mills at this moment was writing an indignant letter in reply to the one which had so excited her feelings this morning. Her school-room was far away. Judy knew that she was safe. If she got out of bed, no one would hear her. In her little white nightdress she stole across the moonlit floor and crept up to the window. She softly unfastened the hasp and flung the window open. She could see down into the garden, and could almost hear the words spoken in the drawing-room. Two figures had stepped out of the conservatory and side by side were walking across the silvered lawn.

Judy's heart beat with great thumps—one of these people was her sister Hilda, the other was Jasper Quentyns. They walked side by side, keeping close to one another. Their movements were very slow, they were talking almost in whispers. Hilda's head only reached to Jasper's shoulder; he was bending down over her. Presently he took her hand. Judy felt as if she should scream.

"He's a horrid, horrid, wicked man," she said under her breath; "he's a deceiver. 'Men were deceivers ever.' I know what he is. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? Oh Hilda, oh Hilda, darling, you sha'n't go through the misery of being engaged and then being married. Oh, oh, what shall I do to save you, Hilda?"

Quentyns and Hilda were standing still. They had moved out of the line of light which streamed from the drawing-room, and were standing under the shadow of a great beech-tree. Judy felt that she could almost hear their words. From where she leant out of the window she could certainly see their actions. Quentyns stooped suddenly and kissed Hilda on her forchead; Hilda looked up at him and laid both her hands in his. He folded them in a firm pressure, and again stooping, kissed her twice.

Up-stairs in the nursery, misery was filling one

little heart to the brim. A sob caught Judy's breath—she felt as if she should choke. She dared not look any more, but drawing down the blind, crept back into bed and covered her head with the bed-elothes.

In the drawing-room the guests stopped on, and never missed the two who had stolen away across the moonlit lawn. One girl, it is true, might have been noticed to east some anxious glances towards the open window, and the companion who talked to her could not help observing that she scarcely replied to his remarks, and was not fully alive to his witticisms; but the rest of the little world jogged on its way merrily enough, unconscious of that Paradise which was so close to them in the Rectory garden, and of that Purgatory which one little soul was enduring up-stairs.

"Hilda," said Quentyns, when they had stood for some time under the beech-tree, and had said many things each to the other, and felt a great deal more than could ever be put into words. "Hilda," said Quentyns, and all the poetry of the lovely summer evening seemed to have got into his eyes and filled his voice, "I give you all, remember, all that a man can give. I give you the love of my entire heart. My present is yours, my future is to be yours. I live for you, Hilda—I shall always live for you. Think what that means even for one minute."

"I can quite understand it," replied Hilda, "for

I also live for you. I am yours, Jasper, for now and always."

"And I am a very jealous man," said Quentyns. "When I give all, I like to get all."

Hilda laughed slightly.

"How solemnly you speak," she said, stepping back a pace and an almost imperceptible jar coming into her voice. Then she came close again. "The fault you will have to find with me is this, Jasper," she said, looking fully at him with her sweet eyes; "I shall love you, if anything, too well. No one can ever come between us, unless it is dear little Judy."

"Judy! Don't you think you make too much fuss about that child? She is such a morbid little piece of humanity."

"Not a bit of it. You don't quite understand her. She and I are much more than ordinary sisters to each other. I feel as if I were in a certain sense Judy's mother. When mother died she left Judy to me. Little darling! No one ever had a more faithful or a nobler heart. You must get fond of her too, for my sake; won't you, Jasper?"

"I'll do anything for your sake, you know that, Hilda. But don't let us talk of Judy any more just now—let us—"

"Mr. Quentyns, is that your voice I hear?" called Aunt Marjorie, from the drawing-room. "And, Hilda, ought you to be out with the dew falling so heavily?"

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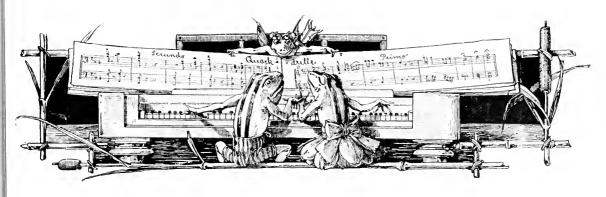
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(To be continued.)





CHARACTERS OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THEIR WORKS.

ERNST PAUER.

JOSEPH HAYDN.

ACH and Händel both came from the northern part of Germany, and both were Protestants, whilst Joseph Haydn was an Austrian and Roman Catholic. His parents were poor people, and lived in the most humble circumstances; indeed, Beethoven, when showing a picture of Haydn's birthplace to the musician Hummel, could with truth say, "Look here, in such a poor miserable hut the great composer Haydn was born." Haydn's education was a very simple, nay, it might be called a very imperfect one. As a choirboy of St. Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna, he lived in the so-called "Imperial Convict," an institution kept by the Imperial Government, in which boys who sang in the church were educated. Haydn was in every respect a self-taught musician. With the greatest pains he studied the celebrated work 'Gradus ad Parnassum,' by Johann Joseph Fux (1660—1741); regardless of the pangs of hunger or the discomfort of a cold garret, he practised on a little spinet the sonatas of Emmanuel Bach, and continued his studies on the violin. Feeling his

deficiency in thorough-bass and counterpoint, he begged the pompous Italian maestro, Porpora (1686-1767), to look through his compositions, in return for which service he cleaned Porpora's boots and brushed his clothes. Indeed, Haydn's youth was a very wretched one; he and Sebastian Bach had certainly a most melancholy childhood, and had to suffer the greatest privations. Haydn's character exhibited two wonderful features, a constant cheerfulness, and a remarkable trust in the power of his industry, and by means of it in a better future. Through evil and good report he retained a childlike simplicity, and a depth and strength of prayerful faith that is rarely found. Even in his old age he would never begin to compose a work of any importance before he had knelt down, taken his rosary, and repeated the customary number of prayers. He maintained that, after having prayed to God to lend him His Almighty assistance, the ideas used to flow into his pen, and he felt ready and capable of labour and strong to do his work. Many of his manuscripts bear the heading, "In the Name of God," and the concluding sentence, "The Lord be praised." Haydn remained throughout his whole

life dependent on the goodwill of others. True it is, that the Princes Esterhazy, from whom he held an appointment as capellmeister, were kind and even generous to him, but yet he was always the servant; he had to listen to their suggestions, had to carry out their wishes, to construct a symphony according to patterns indicated by his masters, or to introduce into these works certain favourite airs of invited guests. A comparative independence Havdn enjoyed only during his two visits to London, and thus his twelve symphonies, generally called 'Salomon' symphonies, composed for the London concert entrepreneur, Johann Peter Salomon (1745-1815), show in a marked degree the beneficial effect of greater freedom. Indeed, in all the works of his later years he appears to have taken more trouble in finishing and polishing, and as regards their characteristic expression, it may be said that he was influenced by his contemporary Mozart, although Haydn was twenty-four years older than the illustrious composer of 'Don Giovanni.' We do not wish to imply that even in his earlier works he was ever negligent or careless, but in his later compositions the ideas themselves are more substantial; the thematic work is pursued with greater refinement, indeed a nobler, more dignified expression and spirit pervades the later productions. We repeat once more that the chief features of Haydn's character were enormous industry, rare good-nature, innate kindness, and especial modesty. He said himself, "Any one can see by the looks of me that I am a good-natured sort of fellow." In his general behaviour and manner of dressing he was almost over-precise, but this punctiliousness may have been the result of his habits as a member of a princely household, and of a constant anxiety to do his duty and always to exhibit his best manners. From these remarks it is easy to recognize the chief characteristic qualities of Haydn's compositions. These are naturalness, a refreshing cheerfulness and brightness, a childlike simplicity, great solidity of construction, and clearness of grouping and of arranging his material; an inexhaustible mine of melodious and harmonious beauties, and a rare fondness for a jest. In this respect he is unique, and a true representative of the Austrian, respectively the Viennese character; nowhere are people more cheerful, ready for fun and wit, than in Vienna; the people are natural, and not given to embark on philosophical speculations, or to give themselves up to dreamy meditations; they are *realistic*, and so is also Haydn's music—at times a little coarse, it is never vulgar, he himself is one of the people, and he loves the people. We have only to compare a French Minuet with one of Haydn's—the French Minuet is an aristocratic dance, full of elegance and conventionalities; that of Haydn is the dance of the good-natured, natural, and substantial citizens.

If we consider that Haydn was to a great extent a self-taught man, we cannot fail to have the greatest admiration for his enormous genius; he breaks away from the dogmatic rules and fetters of science, obeys the dictates of his own feeling and individuality, and thus initiates a new epoch in the musical art. Therefore all honour to him, the real founder of the modern school.

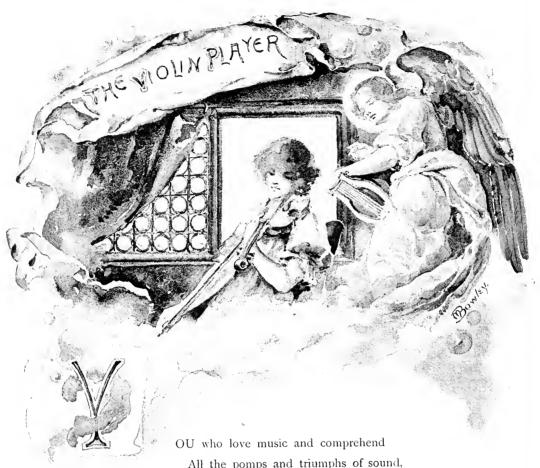
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

MOZART has often been called the favourite of the Muses, and he certainly deserves this epithet, for all the noble and grand qualities a composer may boast, Nature showered on him with a liberal hand; indeed there never was, and very likely there never will be, a greater musical genius than Mozart. With regard to versatility he is unrivalled, the sweetness of his music has never been surpassed, nor has the intuitive feeling for gracefulness, for perfection of form, truth of characteristic expression, ever been possessed in the same fullness by another composer. Alike successful in dramatic and lyric, in secular and sacred, in instrumental and vocal music, the readiness of his invention, the spontaneity and absolute correctness of his feeling, and his wonderful industry, render him a true marvel and a real hero of musical history.

Mozart's father, Leopold Mozart, was a plain, honest, shrewd man, who possessed a great amount of common sense, and educated his son with much care and strictness; at times he was, perhaps, too severe, but it must not be forgotten that the young Mozart's genius was so extraordinarily precocious, that in a certain sense worldly things made but little impression upon the young musician. The chief features of Mozart's character were undoubtedly kindness

and a warm, affectionate disposition; being of a childlike simplicity himself, he thought all other people were like him in character. Many times his good-nature was imposed upon, many times he was cheated, but never did such disagreeable experience make a lasting impression upon his unsuspecting and confiding nature. Mozart possessed an inborn nobility and suavity of character; he sincerely loved his parents and his sister; he never was jealous of other composers' successes, and rather kept his own deserts in the shade. was an acute observer, and in his caustic remarks he always "hit the nail on the head." Haydn, Mozart was of a cheerful temperament. We have only to read his letters to become convinced of his joviality and unfailing good-humour. With regard to the characteristics of his works, one particular feature is especially noticeable, and strikes the listener at once—this is a never-failing and singularly correct and perfect sense of beauty, symmetry, and purity. He mastered the scientific rules of the musical art in such a degree that the most intricate combinations, and such as appeared almost dangerous, resolve themselves into graceful, charming, and fascinating melodies under his hand; he intermingles and disentangles the most complicated phrases with astonishing facility, and indeed we listen with real satisfaction and pleasure to counterpuntal experiments which, treated by another composer, would perhaps sound dry and uninteresting. Mozart's melodies are in every instance sweet and natural, and mostly interesting, and their construction is always symmetrical, the proportions are highly finished, and therefore easily understood. It cannot be said that Mozart possessed that masculine force which distinguishes the works of Händel and Beethoven; he somewhat lacked passion, although his symphonies, quartetts, and other instrumental works exhibit a variety and vivacity, an exuberance of life, which nearly approaches passion. But who knows whether he did not consider that passion exceeded or overstepped the limits of the beautiful? For gracefulness and sustained charm, Mozart is unparalleled. When it was said that Mozart was like Haydn, jovial and cheerful, it ought to be added that Mozart was by far wittier, and his geniality was backed by an intellectuality which Haydn did not possess. Mozart was a genius in every respect, and without wishing to detract from the merits of any of the other great composers, it may be asserted, that with respect to versatility, universality, and thorough beauty and readiness of creating, he never was surpassed.





OU who love music and comprehend

All the pomps and triumphs of sound,

Deign you to follow me, critical friend,

Into my span of enchanted ground?

An infinite sky where the sun has set,

A chamber of shadow and afterglow,

Against the window en silhouette

A model for Fra Angelico,

A slim girl-form, a delicate pose,

A downcast head, a glory of hair,—

Often I wonder if such were those

Who climbed the visioned Ladder of Prayer—

THE VIOLIN-PLAYER.

A soft cheek pressed to a violin,

And two grave eyes that haply keep

Watch for the soul of the music in

The notes that follow the white arm's sweep.

Like you the vision? Oh, unto me

The child and the tune are the hunger of heart.

The vague sweet sorrow, the mystery

Which is the beginning and end of Art.

VICTOR PLAKE.



IN FAR POMERANIA

MARY E. HULLAH.

O^N 14th July, 1889, at 7.45 p.m., they met, by arrangement, at the Liverpool Street station.

Our travellers were two young ladies (presently to be joined by a third, but of her more anon), and they were bound for Stolp, in Further Pomerania. Fraülein Anna von Kranz (as the name denotes) was German; her friend, Miss Amelia Symonds, most unmistakably English. They had been on terms of affectionate intimacy for years. Anna's relations were not unknown to Amelia, and when the former, in the true spirit of hospitality, had said,

"Come home with me to Stolp; my parents will be delighted to see you," the latter, longing for foreign travel, had accepted the invitation with all the ardour of her nature.

Before proceeding further with the history of their memorable journey, it is as well to mention that the travellers, though bent on pleasure, had so scanty a purse, that the aim and object of their lives for the last few weeks had been to hit upon a cheap mode of reaching their destination. Time was no great object; they had the summer before them, but economy was the order of the day.

Just at the last, a slight deviation of the original plan was suggested by Anna.

"Dear Amelia," she said, "we must first visit Uncle Carl at Wartow. My parents are staying there. It is a little out of the way, but that does not matter."

Amelia had assented, and now, on the day fixed, she found herself, amidst the hurry and scurry of hundreds of passengers, bound for Uncle Carl's castle at Wartow, without having any distinct notion whither she was going; for, however important in the eyes of the von Kranz family, the village of Wartow found no place on the map of Prussia.

Anna was small and sprightly; she carried in the one hand a compact but heavy portmanteau; in the other a six-pound glass jar of marmalade—a present from a lady in London to Frau von Kranz in Stolp. Amelia was of that turn of character which combines extreme nervousness with apparent stolidity. She, arriving first at the station, had suffered considerable anxiety concerning the fate of her keys, which, however, she discovered at length in the exact pocket of the travelling-bag in which she had put them in order to be "quite handy."

This little misfortune having been fully discussed, the travellers proceeded to take their places in a third-class carriage.

"Wait," cried Anna eagerly; "did I tell you that a German girl is coming with us as far as Hamburg? She does not like crossing alone, and entreated me to allow her to join us."

"Very good," replied Amelia; "but it only wants five minutes to the hour. The train starts at eight o'clock. Where is she?"

- "We had better go and find her."
- "What is she like?"
- "I don't know. She wrote to say that she

would wear a hat with gray feathers. I have never seen her."

At the risk of losing the train, Anna plunged into the crowd, and accosted several young ladies with gray feathers in their hats, who one and all indignantly resented being taken for somebody else; then she ran to the ticket-office and reconnoitred—all in vain! She returned, as the bell rang, breathless to the carriage, to find a plump damsel (with a *red* feather) seated comfortably by Amelia's side. So far so good.

The plump damsel was apologetic, Anna was good-natured though warm-tempered, the door was banged violently, and the train glided out of the station.

Arrived at Harwich, the three passengers alighted from the train. It was now quite dark, a fair windless summer night. They looked around. They had telegraphed for berths on board the *Swallow*, and felt confident that, however great the press, *they*, at least, had secured comfortable quarters.

A bronzed and bearded man advanced.

"Are you ladies for the Swallow? I am the captain."

Anna eyed him with curiosity. "Do you speak German?"

"I am German," was the answer, upon which Anna gave a little bound of pleasure.

"That's right!" she cried in triumph; "now we shall get on beautifully. Take us to your ship, Herr Captain!"

Thus admonished, the captain led the way; they followed across a wide space of quay, across a jetty, up and down till they reached that spot in the harbour where the steamship *Swallow* was being laden for her journey.

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"When do we start?" was the next question.

"Well, not just yet, but very soon, my ladies. Perhaps you had better go on board."

On board they went: in the cabin was one thin youth in spectacles; the madding crowd of travellers had preferred to take some other route. "All the more room for us," said the friends, as they arranged their possessions in the cabin, and looked for further amusement.

"Let us talk to the gentleman, he seems lonely," suggested Amelia, who liked her fellow-creatures. But Anna objected: "I don't like him," she said decidedly, "he looks commercial.

Let us go on deck and find out when we do start."

The captain was walking up and down, his hands in his pockets, whistling. There were no signs of active preparation for immediate departure. It was now nearly twelve o'clock; the fresh salt breeze blew pleasantly across the harbour.

"Are we going soon, Herr Captain?"

"Really, my ladies," was the polite answer, "I regret to say that we cannot get the eargo on board—not yet awhile. There are a few little English threshing-machines without which we dare not leave. To-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, all will be well."

To-morrow morning! For one brief moment the two friends looked at each other in dismay. Then their courage rose again to the fore. What did it matter? The sea was as smooth as a lake—they were eosily settled on board. Finally, as they had no power to order the captain to start without the threshing-machines, they agreed to make the best of it, and sat quietly chatting on a seat near the wheel.

In the meantime the plump damsel had stolen to the vessel's side; a white pocket-handkerchief was visible in her hand.

Anna and Amelia exchanged glances; with one accord they rose, and Anna sought to solace her compatriot.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Ach!" sighed the Fraülein, "we do not start till nine o'clock, and my mamma expects me to tea to-morrow afternoon at Cologne!"

Amelia clasped her hands to her head and took a solitary turn on deck; there was yet another person whose ideas on the geography of Germany were but imperfectly developed. For, look at it how you will, Hamburg is not on the direct road from London to Cologne.

Ultimately the steward was bribed to send a telegram to Cologne, but it was clear that the Fraülein's mamma must drink tea unenlivened by the pleasure of her daughter's society for one more afternoon at least, if not two afternoons—or perhaps three.

Soon after daybreak, next morning, our friends were startled from their sleep by a creaking and banging and thumping of so hideous a character that further rest became impossible. By and by,

having indulged in a few hours' nightmare, they dressed and scrambled up the cabin stairs. On deck was a scene of vigorous action. The little English machines were being enticed on board by means of a huge crane: one was already in the hold, one was even now quivering in mid-air; on the quay were fourteen more of them.

"We must really make up our minds," said Anna, as she gazed around –gray were the stone walls of the quay, golden the sunbeams—"to be very patient."

"Yes," replied Amelia, "but it appears to me that we might as well have travelled direct, vià Flushing. We shall eat up the difference in our fares long before the journey is over. I am so hungry!"

"Breakfast is served, if you please," announced the steward.

Early rising and sea air had given our friends a good appetite, and into what marvels of foreign cookery were they plunged! Herrings and compot, German sausage, raw ham and hot coffee, sour bread and eggs with sweet sauce, potato salad, and stewed pears.

The captain presently joined the party and made himself so agreeable that Anna forgot to reproach him with unpunctuality.

By ten o'clock the entire cargo was shipped, and the *Swallow* sped forth on her voyage to Hamburg.

In the meantime Amelia had struck up speaking acquaintance with the forlorn passenger. He was a most polite little gentleman, who, after two years' work in a London office, was going home for a short holiday. Anna waived her "commercial" antipathies, and condescended to allow Herr Otto Müller to join in the conversation.

There was a broad seat at the top of the cabin stairs, and hither the good-natured captain dragged, with his own hands, the velvet sofa cushions from his own cabin, "for the comfort of the ladies." Ah! how delightful it was to sit there hour after hour, with the sweet sea-breeze just whispering across the deck, with the sea dark blue and the sky a vast azure dome! Never was such weather, and never was so agreeable a trip.

Herr Otto Müller beguiled the time by relating his experiences, limited to a boarding-house at Clapham, of English society, and showing to a sympathetic audience the ivory-handled umbrella that he was taking home as a present to his sister

Well, a very little matter suffices to amuse a happy party, and the day passed quickly by.

The following afternoon they sighted land, and then a white butterfly or two fluttered about the deck, and the snowy-plumed sea-gulls came sweeping through the sky, and there was still the same unruffled sea. Later on there was a halt to take up a pilot, and shortly after sunset the *Swallow* entered the Elbe.

Half awed by the beauty of the scene, the friends stood watching on deck. Low, flat shores, silver moonbeams dancing on the surface of the river, dark masses of foliage, a white bank of clouds, black houses with here and there a light flashing from a window, wind-mills grim and high, stars overhead, and a glorious full moon! So they reached the city before dawn.

"If the ladies preferred to do so," explained the captain, as he went off to visit his wife and child, "they were welcome to remain on board till their train started."

Good! Our travellers accepted the invitation, and retired in search of a little repose: there was a long day's work before them.

From this moment Amelia gave herself up to the guidance of her companion, and frankly acquiesced in every arrangement that was suggested. Anna was in her native land: Anna would know how to manage and what to do. All mankind is liable to err, and gradually it dawned upon Amelia that she had miscalculated her friend's capacity for making things go merry as a marriage-bell.

"Now, in the first place," said Anna, as they set foot on shore, accompanied by the Fräulein from Cologne and the ever-obliging Herr Otto Müller, "we will spare the expense of a fly, and walk; it is a lovely day, and a porter can bring the luggage."

Well and good; but if you are not quite sure from which station the train starts—ay, there's the rub! However, first and foremost the lady from Cologne had to be deposited at the K—Station: that was a good step from the ship. It waxed hotter and hotter, and behold! our travellers rejected with contumely at the P—Bahnhof, and sent on a mile farther to book for Stettin at the S—Bahnhof. It was as though, oh! English reader, one trudged in the dog-days

behind a heavily-laden truck from Battersea Pier to Charing Cross, from Charing Cross to Victoria, and from thence to Waterloo.

"I almost think," observed Herr Otto Müller mildly, as Anna paid the porter about three times his legal fare, "that it would have been more economical to have had a fly."

This remark did not tend to raise the spirits of the heated and jaded pedestrians. Anna's courage broke down with a crash; she declared her incapacity to proceed another yard further Pomeraniawards that day.

At this crisis the city clerk came nobly to the rescue: he actually volunteered to guard the luggage while the ladies refreshed themselves with breakfast. A cup of coffee and delicious breadand-butter proved an excellent restorative. With energies renewed and spirits invigorated, they returned from the waiting-room to do battle with the Custom-House officers.

Here Anna appeared to great advantage; with a smiling countenance she unstrapped a bundle of rags and produced the six-pound jar of marmalade. "What is there to pay on this English délicatesse, Herr Custom-House Officer?"

"One shilling and twopence, exactly."

"Very well;" the sum was promptly paid. The train was about to start, the station was crowded with screaming passengers of all nationalities; Herr Otto Müller, Anna's purse in his grasp, was struggling to take the tickets, hindermost in a long queue of travellers.

"Nothing more to declare, Fraülein?"

"Nothing more, Herr Custom-House Officer, I thank you!"

The box was locked and strapped. In the agitation of the moment Anna had failed to mention the fact that under the tray were gloves and ribbons, silks and laces, in abundance. Alas!

"At heart," says the charming American writer, "every man is a smuggler, and how much more every woman!"

Ten minutes later the friends were seated calmly in the train; they had exchanged farewells and visiting cards with their courteous fellow-passenger; they had arranged their bags and umbrellas; everything looked well for the present. Too soon, however, fresh difficulties loomed upon them. At Stettin they would be obliged to book again for Wartow, and to their consternation they discovered

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that Herr Otto Müller had paid for the tickets with German money, consequently they had nothing left but sovereigns and some small silver. Would the ticket-clerk take English gold? If not, what were they to do? After all their efforts it would be impossible to reach Uncle Carl's that night.

Discussing this momentous question somewhat indiscreetly in the German tongue, their embarrassment was soon apparent to the other passengers; and at length a brown-eyed round-shouldered man, who long ago had declared himself to be a hair-dresser by profession, suggested that he should change the English gold there and then on consideration that he received a small percentage for his trouble.

A perfectly fair and just proposal; the friends breathed anew.

"What will you give me for a sovereign?" asked Anna, who was spokeswoman in the undoubted right of being in her native land.

"Sixteen marks and a half."

Perfectly aware that a sovereign is always worth more than twenty marks, Anna's just wrath blazed out. "You can keep your marks," she said indignantly, "and we will keep our English gold."

And with this she turned her back on the honest hair-dresser, and spoke with him no more.

What a long day! By eleven o'clock it was hot, by twelve o'clock it was so hot that our travellers could scarcely keep up the pretence of happiness any longer. What a slow train, with its innumerable stoppages! How many, many changes at out-of-the-way stations! Three o'clock—four! Now they had quite made up their mind to pass the night at Stettin; they had consulted a guard, who in his turn had consulted another official. English sovereigns, no! They should have been got rid of at Hamburg. In Pomerania folks like Prussian money, and were not accustomed to anything foreign or outlandish.

"They will be so disappointed," sighed Anna; "and the last train for Wartow leaves Stettin at 5.30. There will be no time to drive to a *Bureau de Change*."

Amelia smiled sadly, too exhausted to suggest any fresh scheme. Fortunately, as a last resource, it occurred to Anna to consult a pleasant-looking young man, who just then entered the carriage with a polite bow, and a "Good afternoon" to all assembled.

Ah! what mountains they had made of molehills! The new-comer considered it probable that the authorities would take English gold, but in order to save the ladies any inconvenience, he, being in business, would willingly give them twenty marks for their sovereign.

The bargain was struck, with deep gratitude on the part of the weary and exhausted friends, and some secret amusement on the part of the civil young merchant.

Once more it appeared probable that they would reach Wartow that night.

Stettin at last! Here they got out to take tickets, leaving their baggage in the carriage, serenely oblivious of the fact that they must change trains. Having drunk their coffee, and thus wasted twenty precious moments, they proceeded to recross the platform in the direction of the carriage they had left.

 Λ military-looking guard came flying from the distance.

"This train goes no farther. Return immediately!"

"Then where, oh! Herr Conducteur, is our baggage?"

"In the lost property office."

Too true. In a stuffy little room, on the other side of the station, the friends found their bags, and the portmanteau, and the umbrellas and wraps, arranged in a row. A very fat-faced porter advanced, chuckling. He had a deep bass voice.

"Does this honey-pot belong to you, ladies? Because, if so, it is cracked."

Cracked! Some ruthless monster had let it fall on the ground. The glass was broken in twenty places, and the marmalade, that had cost so much trouble, and so many *pfennigs* duty, was oozing through in unpleasant stickiness.

"Throw it away!" cried Anna, in despair. "And now, direct us to the right train for Wartow."

Could it be possible that, at last, they were in a through carriage, and would change no more until they reached their destination?

The porter said so.

Anna doubted his word, and Amelia was too fatigued to do more than murmur, faintly, "Do not speak to me, darling; let me sleep, if I can."

But she couldn't, with the slanting rays of sunshine pouring through the window, with the dust and the glare and the noise, and the jolting of the carriage, which seemed to say with ceaseless persistency, "hot—hotter—hottest—hot—hotter—hottest."

The long hours passed away, and, in addition to other miseries, Amelia was seized with violent thirst. For a time she bore it in silence; then, desirous of sympathy, she touched her friend's arm.

"I am so thirsty."

"Are you? I don't know when we shall stop again. Will you have a little brandy? It is in my bag."

Though at home of a sober and temperate turn, our English traveller jumped at the suggestion. Brandy! so cool and refreshing; she yearned for it as the parched Arab yearns for the oasis in the desert!

Anna opened her bag and produced a flat bottle in triumph—to find that the cork had come out at an early period of the journey, and that there was not a drop of invigorating spirit left; only a strong perfume, which, we may add, haunted the bag during the remainder of its natural life.

The disappointment subsequent on this discovery was hardly lived down before a terrible idea occurred to Amelia. "Suppose," she remarked in inquiring tones as she watched the twilight spreading over the face of the country, so flat, so drear, so unfamiliar; "suppose your mother does not come to meet us?"

"She is sure to come, and if not, we must wait until we are fetched. There is no station, you know, and there are no porters, so we must wait in the field where the train puts us down."

"We cannot wait all night, dearest Anna!"

"Certainly not. I have got a splendid plan. I shall walk to the village (I know the way) and beg the pastor to lend us his cart, while you take care of the luggage."

There was no answer. It was growing dark; at rare intervals they passed a gleaming light in a farm-house window; the trees looked strangely dark; the faint stars twinkled in the heavens.

No station! No porter! Amelia had heard all this before; but in London, somehow or other, she had failed to realize the horrors of the situation. The white cliffs of Albion were many a league distant; before her rolled, so to speak, the waves of the tideless Baltic. And the guard had

received instructions to stop the train whilst she and Anna alighted—in the wilderness!

For a time she sat deep in thought, and then her fears broke forth —

"Anna!"

Anna roused herself from a brief slumber. "Well, dear girl?"

"When you go to fetch the pastor's cart, do not think me disobliging, but I am resolved to accompany you. I cannot—don't ask it of me—I cannot be left alone at midnight sitting on the boxes in a field in Further Pomerania!"

* * * * * *

Another hour in the cramped carriage; it grew very dark. The friends sat each in her corner, silent and tacitum. Suddenly there was a shrill whistle, and the train stopped.

Anna, waking as if by magic to the sense of joyful home-coming, thrust her head out of the window.

"Mother, my mother!" she cried, and so, leaving the care of the umbrellas to her friend, darted precipitant from the carriage. In an instant half a dozen heads were thrust from as many windows. After a lengthy journey through uninteresting scenery, it was a delightful sight to witness the meeting between mother and daughter, who were locked in each other's arms, while a small fair-haired brother danced a war-dance of pure joy round the couple.

So much Amelia saw, and then she, too, came down from the high carriage, or was helped down, she knew not how, to receive the most hearty welcome from Anna's relations. There was no lack of assistance and no need to look up the pastor at this unwonted hour of the night. Uncle Carl had sent three servants, four horses, and twocarriages to convey his guests and their luggage tothe castle. How fresh the air was; how delightful to be driving in that cool breeze after the close atmosphere of the coupé. The stars, too, were shining brightly; a ray of moonlight peeped forth from a cloud, and the trees, which before had looked so stiff and black, were rustling a kindly welcome and spreading their graceful branches tothe lovely night.

The drive lasted an hour, or it may be longer. A white building of huge dimensions loomed through the dusk.

"Here we are!"

"Here they are!"

"Good evening, noble ladies," from a nimble servant who ran towards the carriage. Ah! but the whole household, in true German fashion, was assembled to meet the strangers on the door-step.

"Good evening! good evening!" sounded on all sides; and Uncle Carl added, in friendly tones, "Welcome to Wartow, welcome!"

When the first excitement of meeting was over, the travellers were conducted through a noble hall to a dining-room, where a dainty supper-table was spread.

"Let them first eat and drink, poor children!" was the cry of the kindly hostess.

It was blissful to sit in the quiet room and be served by those loving hands. Surely the belated Prince arriving at the White Cat's Palace could not have experienced a feeling of greater relief. No more trains to-night, no more noise and bustle, no more heat and dust. On the contrary, large lofty rooms, scrupulously clean, with waxen floors and snowy-white curtains, and windows opening on to a rose garden. Up-stairs was a bed-room fit for a queen, with its writing-table and sofa, its bed with pillows be-laced and embroidered, its French windows and balcony, and the young daughter of the house standing, candle in hand, only too anxious to unpack and "save the dear tired ones" from unnecessary fatigue.

Yes, very soon the discomforts of the last few hours were clean forgotten, and the guests fell into profound and peaceful slumber. The next day was spent under the hospitable roof of Wartow, and the following morning, refreshed and invigorated, our friends set forth again; but this time they travelled with Anna's relations, and there were no more difficulties with luggage and tickets. The weather, too, was all in their favour; it had rained a little during the night, the sunshine was brilliant but not fierce, the flat land-scape, with its red-tiled roofs, its wooden-towered churches, and broad expanse of sky, became beautiful in their eyes.

At Colberg they stopped and dined in a restaurant garden; all around them families of holiday-makers partaking of their modest refreshment, and rejoicing in the warmth and sunlight. Hot beefsteak and salad proved to be most palatable; and German beer, foaming in tankards, a draught for the gods.

It was a cross-country journey, and the trains, after the manner of their kind, did not always fit. No matter, the party bought souvenirs, and wandered peacefully by the sea-shore at Colberg, where Miss Symonds for the first time saw the Baltic. If such a happy day aan be said to have been marred by a cloud of regret, the cloud took this form. Amelia found no lumps of glittering amber in all its barley-sugar glory, and she bad now been for thirty-six hours within the precincts of Pomerania without having met one Pomeranian dog. However, other and more renowned travellers have been forced to endure disappointment of a kindred nature, and with this philosophical reflection she speedily solaced herself.

Wonderfully quiet and peaceful was Stolp when they alighted from the train, and Amelia turned her admiring gaze first in this direction and then in that. Stolp, being one of the principal towns in the province, formerly belonged to the ducal family of Pomerania; but when the last duke died in 1637, Further Pomerania (after being held for a short period by Sweden) fell into the hands of the Electors of Brandenburg, who, even in those early times, yielded easily to the pleasure of annexation.

In the days of their prosperity, the dukes frequently resided in the castle at Stolp, and some of them were buried in the Marienkirche, as the enormous monument in the chancel testifies. The town has its boulevards and gardens, its marketplace, its two red-brick churches, its quaint narrow streets, its noble avenues, and, moreover, its magnificent Blücher Hussar regiment, of which the Prince of Wales is Colonel. Hussars are to be seen riding out daily for exercise; splendid officers in bright blue uniform, with clanking swords and clattering spurs, are to be met at the corner of every street and in every public garden. However terrible these warriors can be on the field of battle, it would be difficult to find more agreeable and courteous companions in a drawing-room.

As a special proof of politeness to the guest of the von Kranz family, Amelia was, shortly after her arrival, conducted through the officers' club, and shown the treasures of the place. Blücher's spurs and *Fèderbusch*; a portrait of Blücher, grim and fierce and black-moustached; and a portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, with bright blue

eyes and yellow beard, in marked contrast to his great predecessor.

"And does the prince often come here?" asked the English guest.

"No." was the answer. "His Royal Highness had hitherto been prevented from visiting Stolp, but it was hoped that before long he would honour the town with his presence."

Soon afterwards the wish was fulfilled, and Stolp greeted its royal visitor with an outburst of enthusiasm.

Further Pomeranians as a people have their fair share of conceit, and many were the heated arguments in which our English heroine, occasionally supported by Anna, found herself involved. Between her desire to show respect to her benevolent hosts, and her irrepressible longing to assert her nationality, and to prove indisputably that Britons never, never, never could, can, or shall be slaves, Amelia fell into hopeless muddles of grammar and wrong genders. Upon which her ardent antagonists smiled politely, and, congratulating her on her excellent German, began again with fresh vigour in the following fashion. England was a third-rate power; England never having had an army, had now no fleet. French would shortly land in Ireland; the Germans, if they chose, could land at any moment on the Her ships were all rotting; her eastern coast. guns were all bursting; her sun was set; her day was done. Prussia was the reigning power in 1890, as England had been at the beginning of the century, etc.

Nevertheless, there are bounds to the arrogance of the Prussian soul, even when mounted on its favourite hobby, as one true anecdote will show.

It so fell out that on a sunny morning, Anna, strolling with her friend and her sister across the market-place, presently bethought herself that she had been charged by her mother with a message to her father, which must be delivered forthwith.

"We will go to Schultzer's!" she said, cheerfully.

"What is Schultzer's?"

"Schultzer's? Oh, it is a club-room, where the gentlemen meet to talk politics and read the papers. The room is behind a shop; we will send Schultzer in to fetch papa."

The shop turned out to be a small and somewhat stuffy grocer's, where cheese, candles, sausages, lard, paraffin, and coffee were exposed for sale.

Who could be more obliging than Schultzer, the grocer and club proprietor? Certainly, if the young ladies would be so exceedingly kind as to honour his shop by waiting a moment, he would inform the gentleman of their presence.

Very soon Herr von Kranz's benevolent countenance appeared in a low doorway; he came as ambassador from the club, who entreated the ladies to deign to enter their room.

Nothing loth, Amelia followed her companions down a few stairs into a small low-roofed apartment, where four or five civilians and a couple of officers were standing in a circle, each with his lighted cigar in his hand, bowing with a dignity and grace that took away from the scene all sense of incongruity. In the background was Schultzer brewing a bowl of punch.

The visitors were regaled forthwith with this beverage, compounded of white Rhine wine and strawberries, and the English lady was handed with much ceremony to the place of honour in the centre of the horse-hair sofa. Meantime fumes of fragrant tobacco pervaded the club. It is sad to have to relate, that after being the recipient of this wellmeant hospitality, the Fates had decreed that Miss Symonds should quarrel with her hosts; yet so it

There happened to be present a certain advocate of high standing, and after a time it occurred to him to entertain the English visitor with a slight sketch of the Crimean war, during which trifling campaign the English army remained passive, and the few insignificant victories that were obtained over the Russians were entirely owing to the undaunted courage of the French.

English Amelia clasped her hands indignantly; her eyes gleamed fire; she was about to retaliate in an impassioned flow of ungrammatical absurdities, when all at once, as oil upon the heaving waters, the clink of a spoon against a glass was heard from the farther side of the table. A middle-aged major, whose plump figure was drilled into military dignity, was standing, glass in hand: "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "I have a toast to propose: 'Rule Britannia!'"

Saying which, the kind-hearted and polite little gentleman bowed, and, holding his full-brimmed goblet towards Amelia, clinked her glass with the utmost friendliness. In an instant, a shout was raised of "Rule Britannia!" The company sprang

to their feet, none more zealous to perform this little act of homage than the irascible advocate, while the clashing of glasses echoed through the room, and smiles of good-humour spread themselves on every countenance. Peace was restored and good-fellowship prevailed. With this pleasant reminiscence of the customs of Further Pomerania, we bid our readers farewell.

"THE LAST GIFT."

A H! Love, my Love—now that thou liest low Take all my love for thee and fold it so Between thy weary hands that none may know What treasure fills them, till the Angels blow Thy finger-tips apart with gentle ruth And sing for joy at such a deep God truth: That Love hath conquer'd Death and enter'd in Where else all fails, save prayer, to entrance win.

META ORRED.



"WELL DONE, 'CALLIOPE'!"

March 16th, 1889.

OME listen to my story.

And tell it far and free,
How Englishmen won glory
That shall never cease to be,
When the gallant ship 'Calliope'
Stood stoutly out to sea.

Fair, fair are the Samoan isles

Beneath an azure sky,

When careless for a thousand miles

The land-birds seaward fly,

And emerald shore and sapphire deep

In sun and slumber lie.

But fierce Samoan islands seem

When winds begin to blow,

When pale as ash the waters gleam,

And where the palm-trees grow

About the coral rocks are flung

Storm-woven wreaths of snow.

Black Friday! down the glass did run,
The birds came hurrying back,
To angry seas an angry sun
Went down behind the wrack;
And pale for swoon, the full March moon
Fled frightened thro' the pack.

The wind blew west, the wind blew east,
We dropped our heaviest chain,
The sea was churned and flew like yeast
Before the thrashing rain,
And through the night of roar and spite
We fought the hurricane.

Steam up, with head to wind we lay,
And bitter broke the morn;
Three ships cast hopelessly away!
Three, doomed to fate forlorn—
Like steeds that strain against the rein—
Still battled, tempest-torn.

Hemmed round by reefs whose ragged teeth
Beset the harbour ways,
While wind-sucked surges from beneath
Were flung in blinding haze,
What hand could steer, what eye see clear,
To thread the cruel maze?

Our cables snapped, new ropes were bent,
Our starboard "bower" was sound,
Chained, but in agony, we went,
Like a mad bull, round and round;
Ahead, astern, at every turn
We feared to touch the ground.

With fierce ungovernable prow

The 'Olga' smote and passed,

And soon her bulk across our bow

The wild 'Vandalia' cast;

With bowsprit jammed and quarter rammed

Still, still we fought the blast.

Now close beneath our "counter" ran
The reef-mad, furious wave,
The crew looked silent man to man.
Then cried our captain brave,
"Slip cables all! whate'er befall,
Let ocean be our grave.

"For better far it is to dare

The fiercest winds that be,

Than beach and break a craft so fair

As our 'Calliope';

Full steam ahead!" the captain said,

Full steam ahead! no fiercer breath

Did ever piston fill,

The engine seemed to race with Death,

The stokers worked with will,

Our seven fires burned, our great screw turned,

But we were standing still.

And so we stood to sea.

Nor long our iron-hearted ship
Irresolute would stay,
'Twixt rolling hull and reef we slip,
We steer towards the bay,
And make the strait and stormy gate

Where 'Trenton' bars the way.

Now God have mercy! save us all

From iron heel and boom!

We rose up o'er the water wall,

We scarce had passage room;

Starboard or port a yard too short,

It would have sealed our doom.

Then to the 'Trenton's' rigging sprang
The sailors with a cry,
Above the storm their voices rang.
"Bravo! good-bye!"
When men so near to dying cheer,
It is not hard to die.

Scathed by the dragon's teeth we passed

From out the jaws of hell,

We faced all day the howling blast,

Rose mountain high and fell,

And still far forth towards the north

We steered, and all was well.

Within our plunging coffin pent
We heard the tempest roar,
We knew the fate from which we went,
Nor recked the death before;
Some loved their lives, some loved their wives.
But all loved honour more.

Now climbing up the whelming wave,

Nor left nor right we veered;

Now poised, now flung into our grave,

Again the prow upreared.

No hand, no heart, but played its part,

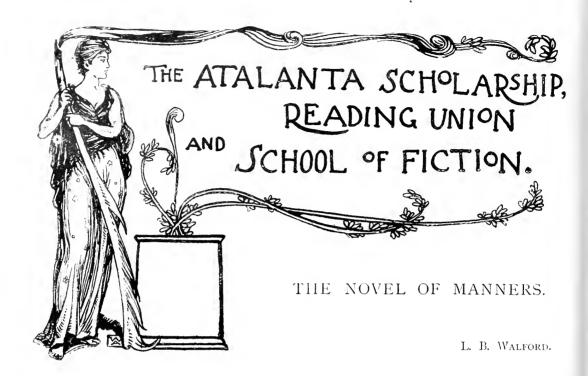
And not a soul that feared.

O'er-swept by seas from stem to stern,
Our ship was true as steel;
Still bravely did each furnace burn,
And steady went the wheel,
And taut and tight we trod the might
Of the storm beneath our keel.

And when the second dawn had come,
And sank the surly sea,
"'Bout ship" we went, and stood for home,
The home where we would be,
And heard the cheer ring loud and clear,
"Well done, 'Calliope'!"

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

Note. - I am indebted to one of the ship's company for the narrative upon which this ballad is based.



LIURRY and scamper, the result of a feverish desire to reap the fruits of every undertaking before the seed is well-nigh sown, is one of the characteristics of the times in which we live. Few can endure to bestow upon their work a moment more of time, or a hair's-breadth more of pains than will carry it through to the goal on which their ambition—often a very poor and low one—is set; while, as for the greater proportion of our present day aspirants to fame, if they ever pause to reflect upon the infinitude of loving care and anxiety lavished upon the products of by-gone days, it is with a sensation of contempt and a pluming of themselves upon their superior smartness and activity.

Now there is of course a great deal to be said in favour of energetic competition, and it cannot be denied that many of the best things ever done, or written, or painted, have been flashed off, as it were, red-hot from the brain. We cannot believe, for instance, that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is ever long over his burning sketches of human life, wherein every word tells; and we know that Lord Byron penned canto after canto of *Childe Harold* with scarce a correction or a hesitation; but it is a

mistake so mischievous for beginners in the fields of literature to fall into (and it is, moreover, one that so many do fall into), that of imagining that they too can dash down straightway their own crude thoughts—even when the thoughts themselves are good and original—and send them to the press, all unrevised and *un-thought-out*, that I am going to begin this brief paper addressed to young readers and would-be writers by the single word "Hold!" Hold! Pause. Consider what you want to do, and whether you have indeed strength and patience to do it.

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This is the sort of thing that often happens; that has happened in my experience scores of times. A boy, or girl—usually a girl—comes up with shy diffidence and much assumed modesty of demeanour to beg for just one word of encouragement—or discouragement—anent a roll of manuscript she holds in her timid hand. Is it any good at all? She knows it is very badly written; she is afraid she will only be laughed at; but still it would be so kind, so very kind, if I would just glance over it when I have a little time—oh, any time will do; she is only ashamed of taking up my valuable time with her foolish attempts. All the time I can see

she is on the tenterhooks of impatience, and that while half-alarmed by her own boldness, there is an underlying sense of having rushed into the battle-field in which laurels are to be won, and wherein a special wreath awaits her own fair brow.

Perhaps the manuscript is really full of promise. With some alterations and amendments, with an idea worked out here, and a digression omitted there, with, in short, a general revision and recasting of the whole, it would be worth while offering to the public through the medium of editor or publisher. But when I proceed to point out all that is to be done, and when, thinking to please and encourage, I suggest, "Now, after you have gone carefully through the whole, and written it out afresh, bring it back, and we will see what can be done to get it into print," I am amazed to find my young littérateur on the verge of tears! She doesn't want to go all through "the horrid thing" again. She is "sick of the sight of it." She is sure I don't think she will ever write, or I "would never have said what I did!" It is impossible to describe the disgust with which she eyes the poor MS. her hands have reluctantly received from mine. I can scarcely believe those orbs which regarded me so beseechingly a few hours before can be the same which now brim with sullen moisture. Possibly I am informed at this juneture that my young friend would never have thought of writing, and would never have supposed she could write, but for seeing what "rubbish" is accepted and put into print at the present time. She felt she could do at least as well as that, or that; and she is evidently surprised that I have not at once declared she could do a great deal better. Now, the awkward part of the business is, perchance, that I have seen, I have fully recognized the fact that, could the ideal be raised, the effort would rise in proportion; but perceiving no desire on the part of my young writer to do better and worthier things than those she herself condemns, only to rival them and to attain their infinitesimal measure of success, I hardly know how to proceed. The case is hopeless. A hundred to one I never hear of any further literary aspirations from that quarter.

My young readers must of course understand that the above refers solely to a certain class of would-be writers, namely, to those who write in order to have written, in order to gratify secret vanity, and make contemporaries stare; neither from love of the thing for itself, nor because of the pressure of poverty—the two main causes of earnest literary effort.

Let me now, however, suppose that I have to deal with a young author in embryo of another sort, one who has real talent, combined with patience, perseverance, and modesty. George Eliot's saving, that distinction in authorship was not to be won without "a patient renunciation of small desires" (I quote from memory, but fancy those are the exact words), has an acute meaning for those who have struggled in the contest. It is not enough to be possessed of the true yearning to give vent to the pent-up stores of imagination and observation within the breast; there must be a resolute turning aside from every hindrance, and a steadfast purpose to grudge neither time nor thought, nor strength nor opportunity, in perfecting the work which desire or necessity begot. This holds good of every species of authorship, but the warning is especially needed in the realms of fiction, because fiction (of a sort) is so easy to write; and it is most of all needed with the novel of "manners" -the novel which aims to depict our present generation, with all its habits, customs, whims, and foibles because the novel of "manners" is the one apparently most within the reach of every ordinary writer.

And yet, if you will believe me, dear young girl, who might write and write well, if you would only take the pains, and not set your standard so terribly low, and not be thirsting to see your name in print, and hear what your companions have to say about it—if you will believe me, scamped work is abselutely fatal to the novel of "manners."

Listen, and I will tell you why. When a messenger who has witnessed with his own eyes some terrible scene, dashes into the midst of an awestruck circle, and pours forth the tale of woe with sobbing breath and bursting bombshells of words, who cares what those words are? Their meaning is enough. But at another time, when, in cheerful, social intercourse, the same voice is raised to tell a quiet tale, or recount a simple reminiscence, the tone, the look by which the narration is accompanied, the phrases in which it is presented to the listening audience, are *everything* to its success. Thus, although a great scene in romance may be enormously heightened and accentuated by well-chosen language (as all famous romancists know),

a novel which relies mainly for its interest on a well constructed plot, or on a thrilling life of adventure, or on passionate inward contests (we have all of these and many more varieties at the present day), will be better able to dispense with the careful finish and polished style than the novel of "manners," to which they are absolutely indispensable.

The novel of "manners" reaches its highest perfection in the products of Thackeray and Jane Austen. I may be laughed at for naming these two together, but I know who would not have laughed—Lord Macaulay would not have laughed, neither would Sir Walter Scott, nor some more of the greatest of our literary critics. What I mean is that neither Thackeray nor Miss Austen have plots in the accepted sense of the word—at all. They alike take a page of human life and place it beneath the microscope. We perceive all the creatures, large and small, wriggling about. have no breathless interest to learn whither they will ultimately wriggle; we are simply content to study their movements and requirements—yet it is a study of the most absorbing kind.

And although of course it was the marvellous knowledge of human nature displayed by these two writers which placed them on the summit of their sphere, the beauty of Esmond, and the charm of Mansfield Park, are so heightened by the exquisitely picked phraseology in which even the most trifling episodes are conveyed, that after long lapses of time memory will often supply the very words, finding them incapable of alteration or of improvement. I doubt if any reader could supply half a dozen sentences on end from, we will say, Wilkie Collins, or Charles Reade, or R. D. Blackmore. Their admirable novels, full of spirit-stirring scenes, are not novels of "manners"; a precise and formal arrangement of words would be almost out of place in them, and would try the reader's patience still more perhaps than the writer's.

In penning the above do not let me be mistaken. Thackeray was not by any means a master of style—his style was often faulty; he often repeated himself; he seldom rounded off his sentences as Miss Austen did. But he was careful with a most minute and elaborate care to present every movement of his characters beneath the microscope so as to fasten upon them the attention of the "great, stupid public," who, he averred, needed "catching by the ears to make it look!"

Of the present day no writer has more happily combined the delineation of "manners" with the narration of beautiful and pathetic stories than Mr. Thomas Hardy. One reads Far from the Madding Crowd first with hurried eagerness to learn its incidents and close, and again with delighted lingering over its homely by waters, when rustics sit and chat. Mr. Barrie essays to follow in the same line, but in Mr. Barrie the gift of depicting rural "manners" far surpasses the gift of manipulating incident. Even The Little Minister is nothing but a string of characteristic scenes illustrative of the "manners" of the Scottish parish.

Americans succeed wonderfully with novels of "manners," as witness Mr. Henry James and Mr. W. D. Howells. These distinguished novelists may almost be said to dispense aitogether with incident, and to rest their claim on our sympathies entirely on the interest all thinking men and women take in the emotions, agitations, ambitions, and distractions of each other's daily life.

And at this point let me note one drawback which every delineator of "manners," pure and simple, has to contend with. He, or she, is absolutely sure to be accused of drawing scenes and characters from personal experience. fidelity with which such a writer seeks to depict life as it presents itself in its homely, every-day aspect, raises the inevitable outcry, which, when once set a-going, can never be silenced, until such of us as labour in this special field are literally tripped up at every turn; and people we have never seen, and whose very names are unknown to us, are asserted with the most positive authority to be our prototypes for heroes and heroines. To such an extent has this craze for fitting on caps been carried, that before the publication of some of my own novels I have been reasoned with by Mr. Blackwood, the editor of Blackwood, on the question of satirizing certain people whom he did not for a moment doubt were the originals of my leading characters. To his almost incredulous amazement I was unaware of the very existence of those so-called "originals"! An idea may be eaught, or a long train of thought may be fired by the idiosyncrasy of some one present in person before the writer; but to say that the whole character when completely developed is drawn from life because of the hint, as it were, which began it, is like saying that an animal is

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on Par copied from life because a single bone has been placed in the hands of the artist, from which he has been enabled—as anatomists know can be done—to piece together the entire creature, and in his mind's eye behold it.

The novel of "manners" rarely meets with sudden appreciation. Miss Burney's *Evelina*, to be sure, was an exception; but then *Evelina* was so broadly humorous, so farcical, and, moreover, came out at a time when so few competitors were in the field, that it can hardly be reckoned with. Miss Ferrier, that delightful Scotchwoman, whose novels are all "manners" together, had only, and still has only, a limited if an enthusiastic *clientèle*; whereas Miss Austen was ridiculously overlooked until she was dead. Her quiet, keen, unerring insight into the hearts of men and women had to work itself by slow degrees into the abiding recognition wherewith it is at last crowned.

But if slowly won, such laurels never fade. Human nature being the same in every age, the student of human nature can never be really out of date; his or her productions must always appeal to something within the thoughtful reader's breast, and awaken a response. The habits and customs of every generation may vary, but these are only like to the faces of the different time-pieces made in different periods; the main-springs are the same, the object of the time-piece is the same; wherefore, recognizing our own passions, pursuits, and aims beneath the different exterior of our forefathers, we can never regard them with indifference.

Thus, the novel of "manners," which caught the essence of its own times, must as a natural sequence amuse and instruct ours. Other kinds of fiction may catch people's fancy more quickly at the outset; other and more brilliant varieties may outshine the sober tints and slender texture of its woof; but the tapestry pictures in the novel of "manners," with every stitch complete, and every thread in its right place, will be found giving delight to new generations of readers, when many of the showy and striking works of fiction which now meet the eye at every turn are mouldering on the shelf, their very names forgotten.

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

- I. Sketch the portraits of a family-group of three characters. Place them in any circumstances you prefer.
- II. Describe an imaginary incident,—The unexpected meeting of two visitors, who dislike each other, in the house of a lady who wishes to be very friendly with both.

Only one question must be answered. Papers must contain not more than 500 words. State name, address, and number of words used. Papers must be sent in by October 25th, addressed to the Superintendent, R. U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. In every case the Reply-Papers may be regarded as fragments taken from an imaginary longer story, with no regular beginning or end.

In connection with the above lecture, members of the Reading-Union are recommended to read any of the following books:—Jane Austen's novels, Miss Edgeworth's *Tales of Fashionable Life*, Miss Ferrier's *Marriage*, Miss Burney's *Evelina* and *Cecilia*.

All particulars of the Atalanta Scholarship, Reading-Union, and School of Fiction will be forwarded on application to the Superintendent, R. U. Only members of the Reading-Union may send in Reply-Papers to the above questions. Prizes of One Guinea and Half a Guinea are awarded monthly, in addition to the Final Scholarship of £20 for two years, and £10 prize.

Scholarship Competition.

1800-1801.

The following Members of the READING-UNION having been mentioned five or more times in the Henour List are

entitled to compete for the Final Scholarship and Prize,
V. M. Allfrey, C. Arkwright, C. Perry-Ayscough, C. Bawtree, L. Beaumont, O. Beaumont, I. Betts, M. Bischoff, F. C. Blackett, E. C. Blunt, M. M. Brett, Hon. M. Brodrick, R. Mortlock-Brown, L. E. C. Burdon, M. E. Burke, K. L. C. Blackett, E. C. Blunt, M. M. Brett, Hon, M. Brodrick, R. Mortlock-Brown, L. E. C. Burdon, M. E. Burke, K. L. Burke, D. Burke, C. V. Buxton, C. S. J. Cameron, M. de Cetto, M. C. Clapham, G. M. Clayton, F. M. Comper, H. F. Davies-Cooke, M. E. Cornford, E. Courtney, R. M. Danby, H. Darwall, A. Debenham, L. H. Debenham, E. W. Disney, R. M. Duff, E. B. Dunn, D. Egerton, M. Elliott, M. Elphinstone, Z. Eppstein, L. G. Evans, A. G. Ewart, H. M. Fischer, B. Fischer, G. M. Flood, A. Foster, F. M. Poster, A. M. Galton, F. M. Gellatly, A. Gibton, M. Giron, C. Goodall, N. Goodier, M. B. Gover, I. I. Greaves, B. Griffith, L. Guilbert, A. M. Hackett, F. M. Haines, E. A. Hatch, I. Heathcote, A. Hele, A. Jacomb-Hood, I. S. Jacomb-Hood, E. S. Hopkinson, J. K. Howard, M. Howe, M. Ingleby, C. Ingledew, M. F. Jamieson, C. C. Jones, E. Jörgensen, Lady M. Keppel, M. Knipe, G. S. C. Kyd, M. B. Lamb, R. M. Moore-Lane, M. A. B. Leach, C. Lebour, E. M. Leman, Lady M. Leveson-Gower, E. Liddell, A. M. Lloyd, M. E. Lloyd, C. D. Lloyd, K. P. Lloyd, M. C. Lloyd, E. M. A. Longfield, S. B. Mackie, E. J. Maclachlan, K. Mann, C. B. Margetts, I. C. Marshall, E. E. Martin, A. Marzials, C. S. Meade, G. E. Meinertzhagen, A. M. Mercer, M. Meyrick, H. R. Miller, C. L. Morant, M. L. Morant, E. M. Nesbitt, F. M. H. Nirenstein, S. Orde, M. H. Palmer, L. D. Palmer, C. B. Parker, W. Parnell, V. G. Parsons, A. Peel, Mrs. Phelps, A. M. Phillips, H. Pollock, K. Pollock, B. A. Powell, C. Prideaux, E. G. Ramsden, A. E. Redpath, M. F. J. Reid, G. Daphne Rendel, M. A. Rice, R. de la Rive, E. Salt, E. K. Sanders, M. Orford-Smith, F. Stapylton-Smith, E. Stanger, S. W. Steel, H. Strong, Mary Stuart, H. M. Tapp, Edith B. Taylor, Evelyn B. Taylor, A. J. Thompson, A. Trotter, M. D. Turner, M. P. Vaughan, Agnes Ward, M. H. Welsh, H. F. C. Wyld, K. M. Wyld, W. F. Wynne. W. F. Wynne.

SUBJECTS FOR SCHOLARSHIP ESSAY.

Write an Essay on one of the two following subjects—

- I. Britain's position and influence among nations in the years 1837—65.
- Britain's political and social progress in the years 1837—65.

Candidates are recommended to confine their attention to a few of the most memorable features of our national or our international history during the period indicated.

Examiner:

John Kirkpatrick, LL.D., Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh.

Rules:

Only One Question must be answered. Papers must be sent in by December 1st, and must contain not more than 2,000 words. They should be written on one side only of the paper, and state name, age, address of writer, and number of words used, on the first page. They must be addressed to the Superintendent, R. U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and have the words "Scholarship Essay" on the cover. Competitors living abroad or in the colonies may have till December 10th for sending in their Essays.

On receipt of Professor Kirkpatrick's report the following Awards will be made—

- I. A Scholarship of f, 20, tenable for two years.
- II. A PRIZE of TEN POUNDS.

SEARCH OUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

To whom do the following quotations refer? Where may they be found?

- "Great in council and great in war, Foremost captain of his time, Rich in saving common-sense, And as the greatest only are, In his simplicity sublime."
- 2. "There was ne'er a man born who had more of the

Of the true lyric bard and all that kind of thing; And his failures arise (though he seem not to know it) From the very same cause that has made him a poet,— A fervour of mind which knows no separation 'Twixt simple excitement and pure inspiration.'

- "For now he haunts his native land As an immortal youth; his hand Guides every plough; He sits beside each ingle nook; His voice is in each rushing brook, Each rustling bough."
- 4. "Hers was the hand that played for many a year Love's silver phrase for England, smooth and well."
- 5. "Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power, A watchman on the lonely tower, Thy thrilling trump had roused the land, When fraud or danger were at hand;

By thee, as by the beacon-light, Our pilots had kept course aright; As some proud column, though alone, Thy strength had propped the tottering throne; Now is the stately column broke, The beacon-light is quenched in smoke, The trumpet's silver sound is still, The warder silent on the hill!'

H.

Quote ten consecutive lines from Milton that contain the names of thirteen rivers.

111.

Mention the occasion to which these lines refer-

"Here, take my crown Two kings of England cannot reign at once. But stay awhile; let me be king till night, That I may gaze upon this glittering crown; So shall my eyes receive their last content, My head the latest honour due to it, And jointly both yield up their wished right."

Give the real names of the people who are commemorated in the following poems—(1) Lycidas: (2) Adonais; (3) Thyrsis; (4) In Memoriam; (5) Astrophel.

All readers of Atalanta may send in answers to the above. Reply-Papers must be forwarded on or before 15th November. They should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should have the words Search Questions written on the cover. Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded Half-Yearly.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH OUESTIONS (OCTOBER).

1. He referred to himself-Francis Bacon. 2. The passage is in Landor's Imaginary Conversations, "Lord Bacon and Richard Hooker."

H.

Leader Haughs and Yarrow, a song by Nicol Burne, a wandering ministrel of the seventeenth century. [Two verses of this poem are quoted in Andrew Lang's Blue Poetry Book.

111.

"At last they all to mery London came, To mery London, my most kyndly Nurse, That to me gave this Life's first native source." Spenser's Prothalamion.

"White Kantaka" was the horse of Prince Siddårtha. (Sir Edwin Arnold's $Light\ of\ Asia.$)

- 1. Codlin and Short were the two travelling showmen with whom Little Nell and her grandfather stayed for some time. (The Old Curiosity Shop.)
- Catarina to Camoens. (Mrs. Barrett-Browning.)
 Sir Patrick Spens is sent to fetch the Princess of Norway to marry the King of Scotland. (Old Ballad.)
 - 4. From the old Ballad of The Wandering Jew.
- 5. Song sung by the Peri at the gate of Paradise. (Moore.) 6. From the Ballad of Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene. (Matthew Lewis.) The ghost of Alonzo appears at the bridal feast of the faithless Imogene.
- 7. Refers to the graveyard by the North Sea, in Swinburne's poem of that name.
- 8. Bret Harte's poem, the Legend of Greyport, where the children drift out to sea in the disused hulk of an old ship. On foggy days seamen are said to hear their voices guiding them to port.
- 9. Whittier's poem, Amy Wentworth, the rich and lovely lady who married the skipper of a fishing-boat.
- 10. From Mrs. Hamilton's poem, "A Moonlight Ride," in her Book of Dreams.

ANSWERS TO OUESTIONS IN SEPTEMBER.

Pope's Essay on Man will be regarded as an alternative answer to Question IV, and Rider Haggard's Mr. Meeson's Will and Captain Cook's Voyages as answers to Question III.



WINDOW-BOX GARDENING.

WE have not arrived at that happy state of society—or can we have passed it?—when everybody has that best possession—a garden. But if everybody cannot have a stretch of fair earth, large enough to grow just sufficient floral beauty to mark the seasons, and to provide sweet occupation when the work of the day is finished, it is happily within the reach of all to have a box-garden, and to most to have a Window-box Garden. Earth would be the better, and life would be the brighter, if some Fairy Godmother—some Nursery Queen—would start us in the way of Window-box Gardening, in real earnest, and to this end I am wishful to say a few words upon the subject.

The Window-box, as applied to horticultural needs, has hardly got beyond the experimental stage. In the limited space at my disposal, it is obviously not desirable to spend time upon the consideration of the many forms in which this phase of town gardening presents itself, and in which it is to be found, say, in the dingy streets of thickly-populated centres, and at the backs of the houses, on the fringe of the city, open to the railway traffic upon suburban lines, and where the Mother of Invention is much in evidence. The houses are huddled together, and to many the bright rays of the sun never come to carry light and warmth enough to put the look of health into the straggling slips of weakly stalk and sickly foliage. There is not growth or beauty sufficient even to gladden the weary eyes, or to touch the heavy hearts which are to be found in these dim lands of shadow, where there is naught but the cloak of gloom for the spirit of heaviness.

If some association of philanthropists and enthusiasts were able to organize a movement by which the possibilities of Window Gardening could be shown and put into practical effect, what a great amount of good could be done with but slender means.

We need not wait the advent, however, of any such society. The best plan is for us to put the idea into practical effect ourselves so far as we are individually concerned. By the force of example we may introduce the notion in such a way that it may be taken up by others. In this way we may, through this little piece of portable garden, carry through court and alley the tender lessons of leaf and flower which prophet and poet have ever linked with the impressive story of the life of man.

We will then cater for ourselves. And what is a Window-box Garden? Simply what its name implies. As much garden as you can get in a box, made to fit properly the width of your window, to rest upon its outer ledge, filled with earth to accommodate growing plants. "First catch your hare," said Mrs. Somebody. First then, for us, get your box. If it is to be a thing of beauty, as I hope it will be, and a joy for ever, as it may be, you will readily perceive we must bestow some amount of careful attention to the matter at the outset. The box must be in good taste, and in keeping with the character of the house and its surroundings. I have seen a vulgar gaudy glare of red and blue, a standing offence in spite of its pretentious ornament. In the opposite direction I have seen a roughly-finished trough, daubed with colouring matter of a bright green, or a doleful brown, tilted over by following the slope of the

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window-sill upon which it rested. I have watched the application of water to the drooping plants, and have noticed the surprise of the unwary person who, happening to be passing along the street beneath, got bespattered freely with the droppings which have found a mode of escape, and after the first burst of release have then been content to trickle, with dirty stain, down the side of the house, to the disfigurement of anything and everything that was yet capable of damage in this direction.

It is of course desirable to have the box wate: tight, to prevent the escape of water and dirt. This can be secured either by having the outer case of the box of zinc, with ornamental tiles for a facing; or, if a wooden outer case is preferred, then an inner case of zinc, or a trough of lead in which to stand the pots or place the soil. I think a zinc outer case is best, and this can be obtained through any seedsman in our larger towns, or from any of the trading firms in London, or elsewhere, who lay themselves out specially for supplying horticultural sundries of this character.

If you are to fill your case with plants in pots only, all that you need besides the zinc outer case would be two slips of wood to lie lengthways at the bottom of the box upon which to place the flowerpots so that they would be raised slightly above the bottom of the case. But this arrangement of plants in pots is almost certain to seem stiff and formal, whilst you want your window-box to wear more completely the garden aspect. It is then desirable to have slight wooden boxes made to fit the frame—the outer case. That is to say, not one big box alone, but have one box made the length of the case, and an inch or two in width. This is for the reception of the plants for the front fringe as it were—the border-line of beauty to grace the front of the box. Then a similar long narrow box for the back of the case. Between these the space can be divided into three parts, so that you have five wooden boxes, in all, to fit the zinc case, and these find their way into proper places, making the whole thing compact and complete. reason for this will be obvious when explained.

By providing duplicate sets of these cheap fittings you have the opportunity afforded for bringing on your seedlings and plants in some parts of the house suitable for the purpose, and when the flowers in the window-box are getting past their best you have reinforcements ready at hand, and in the pink of perfection, to take the places of those which begin to show signs of decay. The plan recommended also admits of variation of colour effects, not otherwise possible.

These wooden fittings must have holes drilled through the bottoms, for drainage, and they must of course stand upon the wooden strips at the bottom of the zinc case, to which we have before referred, so that the boxes of earth do not stand in water, which would make them become clammy and sodden. There must be sufficient surface watering to keep the plants well moist, but care must be exercised to prevent overdose. It is not well to allow stagnant water to lie at the bottom of the case. Provide yourself with a syringe made with a long nozzle, an attachment which can be made to your measurements by any brazier to whom you explain your need. This is to be worked between the boxes, and the water sucked up and taken away.

We need not trouble about details as to the proper compost for filling the boxes. It will be best to get this ready mixed at first, and the soil can be re-used with an occasional re-adjustment of its constituent parts.

Now with regard to the plants. We may aim at starting with the early spring. It is therefore now, as we near the close of the year, the proper time to prepare for this show of spring bloom, which may best be secured, I think, by the employment of flowering bulbs. For the outer edging you would depend, say, upon the crocus. In your long, narrow box you place the bulbs—or corms we should say, to be strictly correct—closely together so that you may secure as far as possible an unbroken chain of colour. You may have but one colour; in that case I think the golden yellow the best. Or you can have white, blue, and yellow intermixed, but I like the line of gold. In the central partition hyacinths may be grown, with tulips on either side, or daffodils and jonquils, with snowdrops, scillas, or glory of the snow, for the box nearer the window.

In the meantime in the preparatory stage you have forget-me-not and primulas, with silene, alyssum, saxifrages, and the like, growing into maturity for use at the proper period for replacement. To succeed these flowers of the later spring, I venture to transgress the canons of good taste, as held by

some candid critics and floral authorities, by suggesting geraniums, calceolarias, petunias, heliotropes, and dwarf nasturtiums, or some such selection from the long list of bright and showy summer glory which readily suggests itself. A line of lobelia, or golden feather, or some of the silver and bronze edgings, so easily raised, and so prettily effective, will set off the gay centre. These will dazzle brightly all the summer through. For sake of variety you may if you choose introduce relays of begonias, sedums, or some bright foliage plants; and we must not forget flowers of special fragrance—musk, mathiola, and mignonette. It is so difficult to specialize where choice is so wide and all are beautiful.

The great secret for successful treatment is to be found in the fact that the relay boxes are always well kept up, so that the wild sweep of sudden storm, or the quiet process of natural decay, never catches you unprepared, but always ready with the right substitute, at the right time, in proper condition.

After the summer you may fall back upon layers of dwarf-growing ivies, with small conifers and suitable evergreens. These must be kept clean, and really demand more care than they usually get, even in situations free from the smoke and dust of towns. In addition there are berry-bearing plants, such as the pernettyas and the skimmias. These would carry you on to the new year, when a fringe of hepaticas and winter aconites would brave the elements and conquer the cold. Such plants as the Christmas rose and the earlier forms of ranunculus are welcome additions. lycopods, and even sedges and grasses, with other wayside weeds, despised because common, extend the lists in other directions, and furnish desirable elements of variation.

To the eye that sees, Nature is boundless. There is interest and loveliness at every turn, such as the crowds covet but the few find. Dare to be unconventional, and genius will find close at hand always the thing just fitted for its purpose.

We have only touched, and that all too feebly, the outer edge of a subject that is capable of extension in many ways, and which I may perhaps be permitted further to unfold at some future date. In the meantime, if I have said sufficient to induce some of the readers of *Atalanta* to put these ideas into tangible fact, the object of the paper will have

been gained, and new advocates will be found for the delightful pursuit of Window-box Gardening.

Edmund J. Baillie.

ICHAELMAS Term at Cambridge began on Saturday, October 1st, with a meeting in the Senate House for the election of University officers, and with what is of more immediate interest to Cambridge students, the examination formally called the "Previous Examination," but familiarly known as the "Little-Go." For this, as usual, a large number of Undergraduates came up on the day before, and likewise a certain number of Girton and Newnham students. However, while Little-Go Examiners and Little-Go Candidates were obliged to come thus early in Term to-Cambridge, the greater number of Cambridge residents-Undergraduates, Dons, and Dons' families -delayed returning until a week later. College lectures and College meetings-what is called Full Term-did not begin until Tuesday, October 11th. But, for some days before the 11th, the railway stations (built, oddly enough, nearly two miles away from Cambridge, so that people talk of making a railway from the Cambridge railway station to the town of Cambridge!) and the town itself were busy and alert, -- cabs piled with luggage dashing about, bringing travellers from Switzerland or Italy, from the moors, or the sea, or the mountains,—lecturers and students hurrying from place to place,—everybody and everything preparing for the year's work which was just about to commence.

A walk through the long buildings of Girton College, or the three separate Halls of Newnham College, would have shown libraries, lecture-rooms, reading-rooms, and students'-rooms in a condition of perfect orderliness, brightness, freshness, and entire preparedness for the beginning of Michaelmas Term. Some 100 students were expected at Girton, some 150 at Newnham; but as 150 students is a larger number than the present buildings at Newnham College can lodge, an overflow house close at hand had been taken, where ten or eight girls are to live under the charge of one of the classical lecturers of the College, Miss Edith Sharpley.

During the summer Miss E. M. Hensley has been made lecturer in Modern Languages at Girton College,—otherwise, no change has taken place in the list of Girton resident lecturers. At Newnham Miss Philippa Fawcett has been appointed an additional lecturer in Mathematics, and an old student of the College, Miss Lilian Sheldon, has returned as an additional demonstrator in Biology.

The new buildings of Newnham College were begun during the Long Vacation: these consist of a new wing added on to Old Hall, a new set of some six lecture or coaching-rooms, and a covered passage, which will connect Old Hall with Sidgwick Hall, and thus bring the entire range of College buildings practically under one roof. The ground-floor of the new wing will consist in part of a porter's lodge, and a common-room for lecturers (the need of and wish for such a room has long been felt among the Newnham Dons!); the first-floor, consisting of about twelve rooms, will be the future home of Professor and Mrs. Sidgwick—Mrs. Sidgwick being the present Principal of the College; the second and third floors will contain lecturers' and students' rooms.

The funds for the new buildings have been provided in part by private subscriptions, one friend of girls' education giving £1000, another £,500, and so on-and in part by a bequest under the will of Mrs. Pfeiffer, who died a few years ago. Many of the readers of *Atalanta* will know Emily Pfeiffer's name, as the writer of not a few pleasing, graceful, and thoughtful poems. She and her husband were strong believers in the possible good results of educating girls physically and mentally as carefully as we have for long years tried to educate our boys. And a visit which Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer paid to Cambridge some years ago, in order to see and inspect for themselves Girton College and Newnham College, strengthened, I have been told, their hope and belief in what the future might bring forth. Mrs. Pfeiffer was a rich woman, and when she died (she outlived her husband a little time) she left a large sum of money to be devoted to the education of girls. It fell to the share of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury, to interpret the will and distribute the money, and when he did so, in the spring of this year 1892, he assigned a sum of £5000 to Newnham College, a similar sum to Girton College, and various amounts to other Girls' The new buildings at Newnham are, as I have said, being in a measure built out of this £,5000, and are to bear Mrs. Pfeiffer's name, and to be called the Pfeiffer Building.

The Committee of Girton College has decided to spend their portion of the Pfeiffer bequest on Scholarships; these likewise will have Mrs. Pfeiffer's name.

Building is to begin soon again at Girton, and it is said a College Chapel is to form part of the new structure; the need of this is much felt at Girton, because of the distance—two and a half or three miles of the College from Cambridge. At Newnham, on the other hand, the want of a Chapel is less felt. King's College Chapel, for example—which the authorities of King's, in the most generous manner, open freely to all comers—is less than ten minutes' walk from Newnham; and here on week-days, as well as on Sundays, the students come in large numbers.

As usual the Long Vacation at Cambridge has been by no means a time of idleness; early in July the men came back from home to their different colleges to read with their various tutors, and the girls came to Girton and Newnham to do likewise. About forty students were at Girton: rather over seventy at Newnham. The "Long" was a very pleasant one, and in spite of gloomy skies many happy afternoons were spent lying on the grass under the trees in the College gardens, or boating on the river, or driving in pony-carriages to Babraham, or Madingley, or Ely.

Newnham had, in addition to its own students, other visitors; for a colony of thirty or more Local Lectures Students were received and lodged in Old Hall, in charge of one of the three Vice-Principals. Both Oxford and Cambridge Universities have for some years past invited every summer the men and women students who attend the University Extension-Lectures throughout the country to come to Oxford and Cambridge and spend a month,—to attend lectures specially arranged for them, to work in the University Laboratories, and to share in the unique pleasures and interests of life in an English University town. This last summer's stay at Cambridge seemed, our visitors said, to be even more delightful than in former years. Every one enjoyed the visits to the Observatory, when, under Mr. Newall's direction, they were shown, amongst other sights, the planet Mars, through one of the greatest telescopes in the world. I have not been informed as to the results of the observations made, nor as to what conclusions were arrived at on the subject of canals, or of probable Martian

inhabitants!—every one enjoyed the geological expeditions under Professor Hughes's guidance, and the botanical excursions into different regions of Cambridgeshire. Then, Professor Michael Foster gave a lecture on the functions of the brain: Professor Jebb gave a lecture on Pindar: Professor Gwatkin on Henry II.; and Mr. Middleton Wake, the greatest living authority on his subject, lectured on Albert Dürer, Rembrandt, and other early German and Italian artists, and by the charm of his manner, and the beauty of the pictures he showed us, almost persuaded some to throw up their usual vocations in life, and become, like him, collectors of line-engravings!

Besides these, many less serious entertainments were provided for our visitors; Dr. and Mrs. Porter gave a garden-party in the delightful old gardens of Peterhouse; the Vice-Chancellor gave an afternoon reception in Christ's Lodge; there was a water-party on the Cam with tea at Baitsbite; Girton College invited all the lady-students to spend an afternoon; and several private parties of different kinds were given.

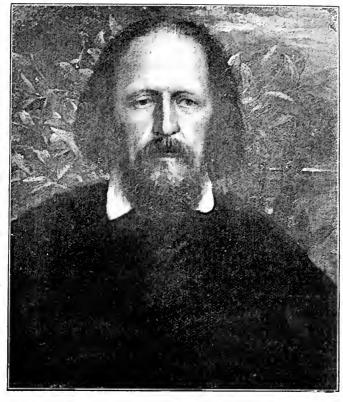
As this letter goes to press we are in the full swing of work and other occupations at Girton and at Newnham—our lectures, our science demonstrations, our games of tennis, and hockey, and fives, our country walks, our musical, literary, political clubs or societies, our tea and our coffee parties!

THAT a busy world it has become, to be W HAT a busy word a markably new or particularly astounding as yet, perhaps, bobs on its ocean, but the waves are all agog—the grand piano stands open—the audience crowds in the stalls. And it is always pleasant to find one's predictions fulfilled. Nearly ten months ago, do you remember our discussing Dvorak's Requiem Mass, then about to be performed at the Albert Hall for the first time? You remember the pleasure it gave us? Well, the proof of the pie is—publicity. And so highly has this most beautiful composition since then been appreciated, that it will be again on the programmes of the Royal Choral Society, on the 2nd November, and with Albani and Lloyd as interpreters! As a nation they call us unmusical—we at least understand and value the works of foreign contemporaries. For instance, just now there is Schubert—the greatest of musical poets. Unable to gain a hearing in his own Vienna, cruelly, ridiculously ridiculed by the German papers, and scarcely observed on the Continent, Schubert's popularity in England dates from the establishment of the Monday Popular and Crystal Palace Concerts, when we heard him for the first time very shortly after his death.

Thus, Mr. Mann's announcement of a Memorial Concert on the 19th—which day is the anniversary of Franz Peter Schubert's death, 1828—is of peculiar interest. No one in the world but Mozart, who was lowered to his grave in St. Mark's, Vienna, thirty-seven years earlier, while not a friend stood by, led so sad a life as Schubert. The son of a German schoolmaster and his wife Elizabeth Fitz -who was a cook-Franz Schubert was only one of fourteen continuously underfed, underclothed children. He was exceedingly ugly, and during a large part of his brief career was a mere daily drudge who taught the spelling-book to a set of small Vienna dunces. Even in the days of his greatest prosperity his income was never equivalent to £,100 English money. His invaluable manuscripts, scattered, as they were, broadcast amongst his acquaintance, got recklessly lost and destroyed, while for years no publisher would entertain the idea of even publishing one of them. Morever, his manners were gauche. He never impressed strangers favourably, although by his few intimate friends he was intensely beloved and admired, and he was absolutely minus the bump that stands for business capacity. Schubert is an idealist—an impressionist -if one may use such a term of such an one as he. But the seventy florins that it cost to carry his remains from Vienna and lay them, with only three graves between, beside Beethoven in the little cemetery at Währing, were almost more than his father and Ferdinand, his brother, could possibly To-day a few strokes of his pen would command any price, anywhere.

At St. James's Hall, the London Symphony Concerts fall due on the 3rd and the 17th. And it is not strange that the name of Franz Schubert should echo from them also; although it was to the Philharmonic that Mendelssohn in 1844 offered, with his own overture of *Ruy Blas*, a performance of Schubert's great Symphony in C—both which immortal works our wise Philharmonic forbears, be it spoken softly, indignantly rejected!

V. Cecil Cotes.



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

From the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.,

MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS.

PLACE the Laurel on his brow,
Let the glorious anthem roll;—
Poet, we salute thee now,
Honour to thy deathless soul!

Long beneath our English sky
Rang thy golden music sweet,
We, who unremembered die,
Lay our tribute at thy feet.

As the sword of Christian Knight,
Stainless was thy silver pen,
Ever faithful to the right,
Battling for the souls of men.

Bid them come, whose hearts were stirred

By thy melody divine;—

Lo! a Nation, at the word,

Flocks around thine honoured shrine.

Let them speak who loved thee well,

Owned thy Leadership and sway,—

Hark! the myriad voices tell

How we mourn our Prince to-day.

Dead thou art not, for thy voice

Echoes still from shore to shore;
England's heart may well rejoice,

Thou art hers for evermore.

MARY MACLEOD.

THE One Good Guest by Mrs. Walford (Longmans) harps upon a well-known theme, but one which few people can handle with more familiarity than the clever author of Mr. Smith. The difficulties, the pleasures, the minute trials which are to be encountered in large country houses, and in certain sections of London Society, are faithfully depicted. Mrs. Walford holds up a mirror which might well make these so-called fine folk ashamed, and she shows that the man who is straightforward, unaffected, and simple is the truest gentleman.

But apart from any lesson which the *One Good Guest* may teach, it is a brightly-written and pleasant story, and to those who take an interest in the society aspect of life, it will help to while away some of the dull November hours.

A NOTHER book that will do likewise, but for a totally different class of readers, is the Second Series of *Voces Populi* by F. Anstey (Longmans). Most people are acquainted with these echoes of the street, of the platform, of the picture-galleries, the Exhibitions, and even the social parties of our times. They are literally echoes, for Mr. Anstey has taken down most of them from personal observation. His sense of humour is well known, and he has the curious and very rare faculty of the hearing ear and the seeing eye, to such a sharp extent that he can not only see the fun, but transfer it in all its freshness to the written page.

"A Christmas Romp" will be appreciated by every one, and not less that most excellently described scene called "The Obstructive Hat."

A STORY called *Dally*, by Maria Louise Pool (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.), possesses those features which belong more or less to the better class of American novels. There is little or no plot, but the character-drawing is exceedingly

careful, and the descriptive parts stand out with a certain crispness and clearness which peculiarly belongs to America.

Maria Louise Pool is not Mary E. Wilkins, her touch is not nearly so delicate, nor are her perceptions of the finer shades of feeling so keen, but in some ways she resembles Miss Wilkins, and if she has less refinement, it is possible to give her the palm for greater strength.

Dally is a "Carolina girl"; she has lived a dreadful life at a place called "White Crow Mounting," but the child, who possessed a face like a little flower, was taken compassion on and adopted by a person who went by the name of the "Widder Bijah." The widow lived in a picturesque village near Boston, and poor Dally, notwithstanding her beauty, was more or less the terror of the neighbourhood for some time after her arrival.

This queer little character, with her quaint graciousness, the strange mesmerism she could exercise over any one at will, is the heroine of the story. The author has put her on the canvas in very bold colouring, and she stands out with rare and almost abrupt distinctness.

In some respects the book repels as well as charms, but Dally's short life and tragic death are not easily forgotten.

THE time for Christmas cards is already approaching, and Messrs. Marshall Brothers have a large supply of cards, booklets, and calendars suitable for the season. Some of these are illustrated by the well-known Baroness Marie von Beckendorff, with words by Frances Ridley Havergal. Such names are sufficient recommendation in themselves; and the little booklet, called Blessings for All, which opens with Frances Ridley Havergal's words, "Oh, Master, at Thy feet," will be appreciated by numbers of readers. "The Christian Graces" is a particularly pretty calendar for 1893.

L. T. Meade.



From photograph by Frederick Hollyer,

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.



MEMOIRS OF HIS ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PART I.—THE LORD ADVOCATE.

CHAPTER I.

A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

THE 25th day of August, 1751, about two in the afternoon, I, David Balfour, came forth of the British Linen Company, a porter attending me with a bag of money, and some of the chief of these merchants bowing me from their doors. Two days before, and even so late as yester morning, I was like a beggarman by the wayside, clad in rags, brought down to my last shilling, my companion a condemned traitor, a price set on my own head for a crime with the news of which the country rang. To-day I was served heir to my position in life, a

landed laird, a bank porter by me carrying my gold, recommendations in my pocket, and (in the words of the saying) the ball directly at my foot.

There were two circumstances that served me as ballast to so much sail. The first was the very difficult and deadly business I had still to handle; the second, the place that I was in. The tall, black city, and the numbers and movement and noise of so many folk, made a new world for me, after the moorland braes, the sea sands, and the still countrysides that I had frequented up to then. The throng of the citizens in particular abashed me. Rankeillor's son was short and small in the girth, his clothes scarce held on me; and it was plain I was ill-qualified to strut in front of a bank

porter. It was plain, if I did so, I should but set folk laughing and (what was worse in my case) set them asking questions. So that I behooved to come by some clothes of my own, and in the meanwhile, to walk by the porter's side and put my hand on his arm as though we were a pair of friends.

At a merchant's in the Luckenbooths I had myself fitted out: none too fine, for I had no idea to appear like a beggar on horseback; but comely and responsible, so that servants should respect me. Thence to an armourer's, where I got a stout, plain sword, to suit with my degree in life. I felt safer with the weapon, though (for one so ignorant of defence) it might be called an added danger. The porter, who was naturally a man of some experience, judged my accourrement to be well chosen.

"Naething kenspeckle," 1 said he, "plain, dacent cla'es. As for the rapier, nae doubt it sits wi' your degree; but an I had been you I would hae waired my siller better gates than that;" and proposed I should buy winter hosen from a wife in the Cowgate-back, that was a cousin of his own and made them "extraordinar endurable."

But I had other matters on my hands more pressing. Here I was in this old black city, which was for all the world like a rabbit warren, not only by the number of its dwellers, but the complication of its passages and holes. It was indeed where no stranger had a chance to find a friend, let be another stranger. Suppose him even to hit on the right close, people dwelt so thronged in these tall houses, he might very well seek a day before he chanced on the right door. The ordinary course was to hire a lad they called a caddie, who was like a guide or pilot,—led you where you had occasion, and (your errands being done) brought you again where you were lodging. But these caddies, being always employed in the same sort of services, and having it for obligation to be well-informed of every house and person in the city, had grown to form a brotherhood of spies; and I knew from tales of Mr. Campbell's how they communicated one with another, what a rage of curiosity they conceived as to their employers' business, and how they were like eyes and fingers to the police. It would be a piece of little wisdom, the way I was now placed, to tack such a ferret to my tails. I had three visits to make, all immediately needful: to my kinsman, Mr. Balfour,

¹ Conspicuous.

of Pilrig; to Stewart the Writer, who was Appin's agent; and to William Grant, Esquire, of Prestongrange, Lord Advocate of Scotland. Mr. Balfour's was a non-committal visit; and besides (Pilrig being in the country), I made bold to find my way to it myself, with the help of my two legs and a Scots tongue. But the rest were in a different case. Not only was the visit to Appin's agent, in the midst of the cry about the Appin murder, dangerous in itself, but it was highly inconsistent with the other. I was like to have a bad enough time of it with my Lord Advocate Grant, the best of ways; but to go to him, hot-foot from Appin's agent, was little likely to mend my own affairs and might prove the mere ruin of friend Alan's. The whole thing, besides, gave me a look of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds that was little to my fancy. I determined, therefore, to be done at once with Mr. Stewart and the whole Jacobitical side of my business, and to profit for that purpose by the guidance of the porter at my side. But it chanced that I had scarce given him the address, when there came a sprinkle of rain—nothing to hurt only for my new clothes—and we took shelter under a porch at the head of a close or alley.

Being strange to what I saw, I stepped a little further in. The narrow paved way descended swiftly. Prodigious tall houses sprang upon each side and bulged out, one storey was beyond another as they rose. At the top only a ribbon of sky showed in.

By what I could spy in the windows, and by the respectable persons that passed out and in, I saw the houses to be very well occupied. And the whole appearance of the place interested me like a tale.

I was still gazing, when there came a sudden brisk tramp of feet in time and clash of steel behind me. Turning quickly, I was aware of a party of armed soldiers, and, in their midst, a tall man in a great-coat. He walked with a stoop that was like a piece of courtesy, genteel and insinuating; he waved his hand plausibly as he went, and his face was sly and handsome. I thought his eye took me in, but could not meet it. This procession went by to a door in the close, which a serving-man in fine livery opened; and two of the soldier lads carried the prisoner within, the rest lingering with their firelocks by the door.

There can nothing pass in the streets of a city

without some following of idle folk and children. It was so now; but the more part melted away incontinent until but three were left. One was a girl: she was dressed like a lady, and had a screen of the Drummond colours on her head; but her comrades or (I should say) followers were ragged gillies, such as I had seen the matches of by the dozen in my Highland journey. They all spoke together earnestly in Gaelic, the sound of which was pleasant in my ears for the sake of Alan; and though the rain was by again, and my porter plucked at me to be going, I even drew nearer where they were to listen. The lady scolded sharply, the others making apologies and cringing before her, so that I made sure she was come of a chief's house. All the while the three of them sought in their pockets, and by what I could make out, they had the matter of half a farthing among the party; which made me smile a little to see all Highland folk alike for fine obeisances and empty sporrans.

It chanced the girl turned suddenly about, so that I saw her face for the first time. There is no greater wonder than the way the face of a young woman fits in a man's mind, and stays there, and he could never tell you why: it just seems it was the thing he wanted. She had wonderful bright eyes, like stars, and I dare say the eyes had a part in it; but what I remember the most clearly was the way her lips were a trifle open as she turned. And whatever was the cause, I stood there staring like a fool. On her side, as she had not known there was any one so near, she looked at me a little longer, and perhaps with more surprise than was entirely civil.

It went through my country head she might be wondering at my new clothes. With that, I blushed to my hair; and at the sight of my colouring, it's to be supposed she drew her own conclusions, for she moved her gillies further down the close, and they fell again to the dispute where I could hear no more of it.

I had often admired a lassic before then, if scarce so sudden and strong; and it was rather my disposition to withdraw than to come forward, for I was much in fear of mockery from the womenkind. You would have thought I had now all the more reason to pursue my common practice, since I had met this young lady in the city street, seemingly following a prisoner, and accompanied with two very ragged, indecent-like Highlandmen. But there

was here a different ingredient: it was plain the girl thought I had been prying into her secrets; and with my new clothes and sword, and at the top of my new fortunes, this was more than I could swallow. The beggar on horseback could not bear to be thrust down so low, or at the least of it, not by this young lady.

I followed accordingly, and took off my new hat to her the best that I was able.

"Madam," said I, "I think it only fair to myself to let you understand I have no Gaelic. It is true I was listening, for I have friends of my own across the Highland line, and the sound of that tongue comes friendly. But for your private affairs, if you had spoken Greek, I might have had more guess at them."

She made a little distant curtsey. "There is no harm done," she said, with a pretty accent, most like the English (but more agreeable); "A cat may look at a king."

"I do not mean to offend," said I. "I have no skill of city manners. I never before this day set foot inside the doors of Edinburgh. Take me for a country lad—it's what I am—and I would rather I told you than you found it out."

"Indeed, it will be a very unusual thing for strangers to be speaking to each other on the causeway," she replied. "But if you are landward-bred, it will be different. I am as landward as yourself. I am Highland, as you see, and think myself the farther from my home."

"It is not yet a week since I passed the line," said I. "Less than a week ago I was on the Braes of Balwhidder."

"Balwhither?" she cries; "come ye from Balwhither? The name of it makes all there is in me rejoice. You will not have been there long and not known some of our friends or family?"

"I lived with a very honest, kind man called Duncan Dhu Maclaren," I replied.

"Well, I know Duncan, and you give him the true name!" she said; "and if he is an honest man, his wife is honest indeed."

"Ay," said I, "they are fine people, and the place is a bonny place."

"Where in the great world is such another?" she cries; "I am loving the smell of that place and the roots that grew there."

I was infinitely taken with the spirit of the maid.

¹ Country.

"I could be wishing I had brought you a spray of that heather," says I. "And though I did ill to speak with you at the first, now it seems we have common acquaintance I make it my petition you will not forget me. David Balfour is the name I am known by. This is my lucky day, when I have just come into a landed estate and am not very long out of a deadly peril. I wish you would keep my name in mind for the sake of Balwhidder," said I, "and I will yours for the sake of my lucky day."

"My name is not spoken," she replied, with a great deal of haughtiness. "More than a hundred years it has not gone upon men's tongues, save for a blink. I am nameless, like the Folk of Peace.¹ Catriona Drummond is the one I use."

Now, indeed, I knew where I was standing. In all broad Scotland there was but the one name proscribed, and that was the name of the Macgregors. Yet so far from flying this undesirable acquaintancy, I plunged the deeper in.

"I have been sitting with one who was in the same case with yourself," said I; "and I think he will be one of your friends. They called him Robin Oig."

"Did ye so?" cries she. "Ye met Rob?"

"I passed the night with him," said I.

"He is a fowl of the night," said she.

"There was a set of pipes there," I went on, "so you may judge if the time passed."

"You should be no enemy, at all events," said she. "That was his brother there, a moment since, with the red soldiers round him. It is him that I call father."

"Is it so?" cried I. "Are you a daughter of James More's?"

"All the daughter that he has," says she, "the daughter of a prisoner. That I should forget it so, even for one hour, to talk with strangers!"

Then one of the gillies addressed her in what he had of English, to know what "she" (meaning by that himself) was to do about "ta sneeshin'." I took some note of him for a short, bandy-legged, red-haired, big-headed man, that I was to know more of to my cost.

"There can be none the day, Niel," she replied.
"How will you get sneeshin', wanting siller? It will teach you another time to be more careful; and I think James More will not be very well pleased with Niel of the Tom!"

¹ The Fairies.

"Miss Drummond," I said, "I told you I was in my lucky day. Here I am, and a bank porter at my tail! And remember, I have had the hospitality of your own country of Balwhidder."

"It was not one of my people gave it," said she.

"Ah, well," said I, "but I am owing your uncle at least for some springs upon the pipes; besides which, I have offered myself to be your friend, and you have been so forgetful that you did not refuse me in the proper time."

"If it had been a great sum, it might have done you honour," said she. "But I will tell you what this is. James More lies shackled in prison; but this time past, they will be bringing him down here daily to the Advocate's—"

"The Advocate's?" I cried, "is that—?"

"It is the house of the Lord Advocate Grant of Prestongrange," said she. "There they bring my father one time and another, for what purpose I have no thought in my mind; but it seems there is some hope dawned for him. All this same time, they will not let me be seeing him, nor yet him write; and we wait upon the King's Street to catch him, and now we give him his snuff as he goes by, and now something else. And here is this son of trouble, Niel, son of Duncan, has lost my four-penny-piece that was to buy that snuff, and James More must go wanting, and will think his daughter has forgotten him."

I took sixpence from my pocket, gave it to Niel, and bade him go about his errand. Then to her—

"That sixpence came with me by Balwhidder," said I.

"Ah," she said. "You are a friend to the Gregara!"

"I would not like to deceive you either," said I.
"I know very little of the Gregara, and less of James More and his doings. But since the while I have been standing in this close, I seem to know something of yourself; and if you will just say 'a friend to Miss Catriona,' I will see you are the less cheated."

"The one cannot be without the other," said she.

"I will even try," said I.

"And what will you be thinking of myself," she cried, "to be holding my hand to the first stranger?"

"I am thinking nothing but that you are a good daughter," said I.

"I must not be without repaying it," she said. "Where is it you stop?"

"To tell the truth, I am stopping nowhere yet," said I, "being not full three hours in the city. But if you will give me your direction, I will be so bold as come seeking my sixpence for myself."

"Well, I can trust you for that?" she asked.

"You have little fear," said I.

"I stop beyond the village of Dean, on the north side of the water, with Mrs. Drummond-Ogilvy of Allardyce, who is my near friend, and will be glad to thank you."

"You are to see me, then, so soon as what I have to do permits," said I; and the remembrance of Alan rolling in again upon my mind, I made haste to say farewell.

I could not but think, even as I did so, that we had made extraordinary free upon short acquaintance, and that a really wise young lady would have shown herself more backward. I think it was the bank porter that put me from this ungallant train of thought.

"I thought ye had been a lad of some kind o' sense," he began, shooting out his lips. "Ye're no likely to gang far this gate. 'A fule and his siller's shune parted.' Eh, but ye're a green callant!" he cried, "cleikin' up wi' sic-like folk."

"If you dare to speak of the young lady—" I began.

"Leddy!" he cried. "Haud us and safe us, whatten leddy? Ca' thon a leddy? Man, it's weel seen ye're no very acquant in Embro'!"

A clap of anger took me.

"Here!" said I, "lead where I told you, and keep your mouth shut!"

He did not wholly obey me: for though he no more addressed me directly, he sang at me, as he went, in a very impudent manner and with an exceedingly ill voice and ear—

"As Mally Lee cam down the street, her capuchin did flee,

She cuist a look ahint her to see her negligee, And we're a' gaun east and wast, we're a' gaun ajee, We're a' gaun east and wast courtin' Mally Lee."

CHAPTER II.

THE HIGHLAND WRITER.

MR. CHARLES STEWART, the Writer, dwelt at the top of the longest stair that ever mason set a hand to—fifteen flights of it, no less; and when I had come to his door, and a clerk had opened it, and told me his master was within, I had scarce breath enough to send my porter packing.

"Awa' east and wast wi' ye!" said I, took the money-bag out of his hands, and followed the clerk in.

The outer room was an office with the clerk's chair at a table spead with law papers. In the inner chamber, which opened from it, a little brisk man sat poring on a deed, from which he scarce raised his eyes upon my entrance; indeed he still kept his fingers in the place, as though prepared to show me out and fall again to his studies. This pleased me little enough, and what pleased me less, I thought the clerk was in a good posture to overhear what should pass between us.

I asked if he was Mr. Charles Stewart, the Writer.

"The same," says he; "and if the question is equally fair, who may you be yourself?"

"You never heard tell of my name nor of me either," said I, "but I bring you a token from a friend that you know well—that you know well," I repeated, lowering my voice, "but maybe are not just so keen to hear from at this present being. And the bits of business that I have to propone to you are rather in the nature of being confidential. In short, I would like to think we were quite private."

He rose without more words, casting down his paper like a man ill-pleased, sent forth his clerk of an errand, and shut-to the house-door behind him.

"Now, sir," said he, returning, "speak out your mind and fear nothing. Though before you begin," he cries out, "I tell you mine misgives me! I tell you beforehand, ye're either a Stewart or a Stewart sent ye. A good name it is, and one it would ill become my father's son to lightly—but I begin to grue at the sound of it."

"My name is called Balfour," said I; "David Balfour of Shaws. As for him that sent me, I will

let his token speak." And I showed the silver button.

"Put it in your pocket, sir!" cries he. "Ye need name no names. The deevil's buckie, I ken the button of him! And de'il hae 't! where is he now?"

I told him I knew not where Alan was, but he had some sure place (or thought he had) about the north side, where he was to lie until a ship was found for him, and how and where he had appointed to be spoken with.

"It's been always my opinion that I would hang in a tow for this family of mine," he cried; "and, dod! I believe the day's come now! Get a ship for him, quoth he! And who's to pay for it? The man's daft!"

"That is my part of the affair, Mr. Stewart," said I. "Here is a bag of good money, and if more be wanted, more is to be had where it came from."

"I needn't ask your politics," said he.

"Ye need not," said I, smiling, "for I'm as big a Whig as grows."

"Stop a bit, stop a bit," says Mr. Stewart. "What's all this? A Whig? Then why are you here with Alan's button? And what kind of a black-foot traffic is this that I find ye out in, Mr. Whig? Here is a forfeited rebel and an accused murderer, with two hundred pounds on his life; and ye ask me to meddle in his business, and then tell me ye're a Whig! I have no mind of any such Whigs before, though I've kent plenty of them."

"He's a forfeited rebel, the more's the pity," said I, "for the man's my friend. I can only wish he had been better guided. And an accused murderer, that he is too, for his misfortune; but wrongfully accused."

"I hear you say so," said Stewart.

"More than you are to hear me say so before long," said I. "Alan Breck is innocent, and so is James."

"Oh!" says he, "the two cases hang together. If Alan is out, James can never be in."

Therefore I told him briefly of my acquaintance with Alan, of the accident that brought me present at the Appin murder, and the various passages of our escape among the heather, and my recovery of my estate. "So, sir, you have now the whole train of these events," I went on, "and can see for yourself how I come to be mingled up with the affairs of your family and friends, which (for all of

our sakes) I wish had been plainer and less bloody. You can see for yourself, too, that I have certain pieces of business depending, which were scarcely fit to lay before a lawyer chosen at random. No more remains but to ask if you will undertake my service?"

"I have no great mind to it; but coming as you do with Alan's button, the choice is scarcely left me," said he. "What are your instructions?" he added, and took up his pen.

"The first point is to smuggle Alan forth of this country," said I; "but I need not be repeating that."

"I am little likely to forget it," said Stewart.

"The next thing is the bit of money I am owing to Cluny," I went on. "It would be ill for me to find a conveyance, but that should be no stick for you. It was two pounds, five shillings, and three-halfpence farthing sterling."

He noted it.

"Then," said I, "there's a Mr. Henderland, a licensed preacher and missionary in Ardgour, that I would like well to get some snuff into the hands of; and as I dare say you keep touch with your friends in Appin (so near by), it's a job you could doubtless overtake with the other."

"How much snuff are we to say?" he asked.

"I was thinking of two pounds," said I.

"Two," said he.

"Then there's the lass, Alison Hastie, in Limekilns," said I, "her that helped Alan and me across the Forth: I was thinking, if I could get her a good Sunday gow", such as she could wear with decency in her degree, it would be an ease to my conscience: for the mere truth is, we owe her our two lives."

"I'm glad to see you are thrifty, Mr. Balfour," says he, making his notes.

"I would think shame to be otherwise the first day of my fortune," said I. "And now if you will compute the outlay and your own proper charges, I would be glad to know if I could get some spending money back. It's not that I grudge the whole of it to get Alan safe; it's not that I lack more; but having drawn so much the one day, I think it would have a very ill appearance if I was back again seeking the next. Only be sure you have enough," I added, "for I am very undesirous to meet with you again."

"Well, and I'm pleased to see you're cautious

too," said the Writer; "but I think ye take a risk to lay so considerable a sum at my discretion."

He said this with a plain sneer.

"I'll have to run the hazard," I replied. "Oh, and there's another service I would ask, and that's to direct me to a lodging, for I have no roof to my head. But it must be a lodging I may seem to have hit upon by accident, for it would never do if the Lord Advocate were to get any jealousy of our acquaintance."

"Ye may set your weary spirit at rest," said he.
"I will never name your name, sir; and it's my belief, the Advocate is still so much to be sympathized with that he doesnae ken of your existence."

I saw I had got to the wrong side of the man.

"There's a braw day coming for him, then," said I; "for he'll have to learn of it in the deaf side of his head no later than to-morrow, when I call on him."

"When ye call on him!" repeated Mr. Stewart. "Am I daft, or are you? What takes ye near the Advocate?"

"Oh, just to give myself up," said I.

"Mr. Balfour," he cried, "are ye making a mock of me?"

"No, sir," said I; "though I think you have allowed yourself some such freedoms with myself. But I give you to understand, once and for all, that I am in no jesting spirit."

"Nor yet me," says Stewart. "And I give you to understand (if that's to be the word) that I like the looks of your behaviour less and less. You come here to me with all sorts of propositions which will put me in a train of very doubtful acts, and bring me among very undesirable persons this many a day to come. And then you tell me you're going straight out of my office to make your peace with the Advocate! Alan's button here, or Alan's button there, the four quarters of Alan would nae bribe me further in."

"I would take it with a little more temper," said I. "and perhaps we can avoid what you object to. I can see no way for it but to give myself up, but perhaps you can see another; and if you could, I could never deny but what I would be rather relieved, for I think my traffic with his lordship is little likely to agree with my health. There's just the one thing clear, that I have to give my evidence. For I hope it'll save Alan's character

(what's left of it), and James's neek, which is the more immediate."

He was silent for a breathing-space; and then, "My man," said he, "you'll never be allowed to give such evidence."

"We'll have to see about that," said I. "I'm stiffnecked when I like."

"Ye muckle ass!" cried Stewart, "it's James they want, James has got to hang—Alan too, if they could catch him—but James whatever! Go near the Advocate with any such business, and you'll see! he'll find a way to muzzle ye."

"I think better of the Advocate than that," said I.

"The Advocate be hanged!" cries he. "It's the Campbells, man! Ye'll have the whole clanjamfry of them on your back; and so will the Advocate too, poor body! It's extraordinar ye cannot see where ye stand! If there's no fair way to stop your gab, there's a foul one gaping. They can put ye in the dock, do ye see that?" he cried, and stabbed me with one finger in the leg.

"Ay," said I, "I was told that same no farther back than this morning by another lawyer."

"And who was he?" asked Stewart. "He spoke sense at least."

I told him I must be excused from naming him, for he was a decent, stout old Whig, and had little mind to be mixed up in such affairs.

"I think all the world seems to be mixed up in it!" cries Stewart. "But what said you?"

I told him what had passed between Rankeillor and myself before the house of Shaws.

"Well, and so ye will hang!" said he. "Ye'll hang beside James Stewart—there's your future told."

"I hope better of it yet than that," said I; "but I could never deny there was a risk."

"Risk!" says he, and then sat silent again. "I ought to thank you for your staunchness to my friends, to whom you show a very good spirit," he says, "if you have the strength to stand by it. But I warn you that you're wading deep. I wouldn't put myself in your place (me that's a Stewart born!) for all the Stewarts that ever were since Noah. Risk? ay, I take over-many. But to be tried in court before a Campbell jury and a Campbell judge, and that in a Campbell country and upon a Campbell quarrel—think what you like of me, Balfour, it's beyond me."

"It's a different way of thinking, I suppose," said I; "I was brought up to this one by my father before me."

"Glory to his bones! he has left a decent son to his name," says he. "Yet I wouldn't have you judge me over-sorely. My case is dooms hard. See, sir, ye tell me ye're a Whig; I wonder what I am? No Whig, to be sure; I couldnae be just that. But—laugh in your ear, man—I'm maybe no yery keen on the other side."

"Is that a fact?" cried I. "It's what I would think of a man of your intelligence."

"Hoot! none of your whillywhas!" cries he; "there's intelligence upon both sides. But for my private part, I have no particular desire to harm King George; and as for King James, God bless him! he does very well for me across the water. I'm a lawyer, ye see; fond of my books and my bottle, a good plea, a well-drawn deed, a crack in the Parliament House with other lawyer-bodies, and perhaps a turn at golf on a Saturday at e'en. Where do ye come in with your Hieland plaids and claymores?"

"Well," said I, "it's a fact ye have little of the wild Highlandman."

"Little?" quoth he. "Nothing, man! And yet I'm Hieland born, and when the clan pipes, who but me has to dance? The clan and the name, that goes by all. It's just what you said yourself: my father learned it to me! and a bonny trade I have of it! Treason and traitors, and the smuggling of them out and in; and the French recruiting-weary fall it! and the smuggling through of the recruits: and their pleas-a sorrow of their pleas! Here have I been moving one for young Ardshiel, my cousin; claimed the estate under the marriage contract—a forfeited estate! I told them it was nonsense: muckle they cared! And there was I cooking behind a yadvocate that liked the business as little as myself, for it was fair ruin to the pair of us-a black mark-disaffected branded on us, like folk's names upon their kye! And what can I do? I'm a Stewart, ye see, and must fend for my clan and family. Here, no later by than yesterday, there was one of our Stewart lads carried to the Castle. What for? I ken fine. Act of 1736: recruiting for King Lewie. And you'll see, he'll whistle me in to be his lawyer, and there'll be another black mark on my chara'ter! I tell you

fair; if I but kent the heid of a Hebrew wurd from the hurdies of it, I would fling the whole thing up and turn minister!"

"It's rather a hard position," said I.

"Dooms hard!" cries he. "And that's what makes me think so much of ye—you that's no Stewart—to stick your head so deep in Stewart business. And for what, I do not know; unless it was the sense of duty."

"I hope it will be that," said I.

"Well," says he, "it's a grand quality. But here is my clerk back; and by your leave, we'll pick a bit of dinner, all the three of us. When that's done, I'll give you the direction of a very decent man, that 'll be very fain to have you for a lodger. And I'll fill your pockets to ye, forbye, out of your ain bag. For this business 'll not be near as dear as ye suppose—not even the ship part of it."

I made him a sign that his clerk was within hearing.

"Hoot, ye neednae mind for Robbie," cries he.
"A Stewart too, puir deevil! and has smuggled out more French recruits and trafficking papists than what he has hairs upon his face. Why, it's Robin that manages that branch of my affairs. Who will we have now, Rob, for across the water?"

"There be Andie Sungal in the *Thristle*," replied Rob. "I saw Hoseason the other day, but it seems he's wanting the ship. Then there 'll be Tam Stobo, but I'm none so sure of Tam. I've seen him colloquing with some gey queer acquaintances; and if it was anybody important, I would give Tam the go-by."

"The head's worth two hundred pounds, Robin," said Stewart.

"Gosh; that'll no be Alan Breck!" cried the clerk.

"Just Alan," said his master.

"Weary winds! that's sayrious," cried Robin.
"I'll try Andie then; Andie'll be the best."

"It seems it's quite a big business," I observed.

"Mr. Balfour, there's no end to it," said Stewart.

"There was a name your clerk mentioned," I went on; "Hoseason. That must be my man, I think. Hoseason, of the brig *Covenant*. Would you set your trust on him?"

"He didnae behave very well to you and Alan," said Mr. Stewart, "but my mind of the man in general is rather otherwise. If he had taken Alan

¹ Flatteries.

on board his ship on an agreement, it's my notion he would have proved a just dealer. How say ye, Rob?"

"No more honest skipper in the trade than Eli," said the clerk. "I would lippen to 1 Eli's word—ay, if it was the Chevalier, or Appin himsel'," he added.

"And it was him that brought the doctor, wasnae 't?" asked the master.

"He was the very man," said the clerk.

"And I think he took the doctor back?" says Stewart.

"Ay, with his sporran full!" cried Robin.
"And Eli kent of that!" 2

"Well, it seems it's hard to ken folk rightly," said I.

"That was just what I forgot when ye came in, Mr. Balfour!" says the Writer.

CHAPTER III.

I GO TO PILRIG.

The next morning I was no sooner awake in my new lodging than I was up and into my new clothes; and no sooner the breakfast swallowed, than I was forth on my adventures. Alan, I could hope, was fended for; James was like to be a more difficult affair, and I could not but think that enterprise might cost me dear, even as everybody said to whom I had opened my opinion. It seemed I was come to the top of the mountain only to cast myself down; that I had clambered up, through as many and hard trials, to be rich, to be recognized, to wear city clothes and a sword to my side—all to commit mere suicide at the last end of it, and the worst kind of suicide besides, which is to get hanged at the King's charges.

"What was I doing it for?" I asked, as I went down the High Street and out north by Leith Wynd. First I said it was to save James Stewart, and no doubt the memory of his distress, and his wife's cries, and a word or so I had let drop on that occasion, worked upon me strongly. At the same time I reflected that it was (or ought to be) the most indifferent matter to my father's son whether

James died in his bed or from a scaffold. He was Alan's cousin, to be sure; but so far as regarded Alan, the best thing would be to lie low, and let the King, and his Grace of Argyle, and the corbie crows, pick the bones of his kinsman their own way. Nor could I forget that while we were all in the pot together, James had shown no such particular anxiety whether for Alan or me.

Next it came upon me, I was acting for the sake of Justice. And I thought it a fine word, and reasoned it out that (since we dwelt in politics, at some discomfort to each of us) the main thing of all must still be justice, and the death of any innocent man a wound upon the whole community. Next, again, it was the Accuser of the Brethren that gave me a turn of his argument; bid me think shame for pretending myself concerned in these high matters; and told me I was but a prating, vain child, who had spoken long words to Rankeillor and to Stewart, and held myself bound upon my vanity to make good that boastfulness. Nay, and he hit me with the other end of the stick; for he accused me of a kind of artful cowardice, going about at the expense of a little risk to purchase greater safety. No doubt, until I had declared and cleared myself, I might any day encounter Mungo Campbell or the Sheriff's officer, and be recognized, and dragged into the Appin murder by the heels! And no doubt, in case I could manage my declaration with success, I should breathe more free for ever after. But when I looked the argument full in the face, I could see nought to be ashamed of. As for the rest, "Here are the two roads," I thought, "and both go to the same place. It's unjust that James should hang if I can save him, and it would be ridiculous in me to have talked so much and then do nothing. It's lucky for James of the Glens that I have boasted beforehand; and none so unlucky for myself, because now I'm committed to do right. I have the name of a gentleman and the means of one; it would be a poor discovery that I was wanting in the essence." And then I thought this was a Pagan spirit, and said a prayer in to myself, asking for what courage I might lack, and that I might go straight to my duty like a soldier to battle, and come off again scatheless, as so many do.

This train of reasoning brought me to a more resolved complexion; though it was far from closing up my sense of the dangers that surrounded

¹ Trust to.

² This must have reference to Dr. Cameron on his first visit.—D. B.

me, nor of how very apt I was (if I went on) to stumble on the ladder of the gallows. It was a plain, fair morning, but the wind in the east. The little chill of it sang in my blood, and gave me a feeling of the autumn, and the dead leaves, and dead folks' bodies in their graves. It seemed the devil was in it, if I was to die in that tide of my fortunes and in other folks' affairs! On the top of the Calton Hill, though it was not the customary time of year for that diversion, some children were crying and running with their kites. These toys appeared very plain against the sky; I remarked a great one soar on the wind to a high altitude, and then plump among the whins; and I thought to myself at sight of it, "There goes Davie!"

My way lay over Mouter's Hill, and through an end of a clachan on the braeside among fields. There was a whirr of looms in it that went from house to house, bees bummed in the gardens, the neighbours that I saw at the doorsteps talked in a strange tongue; and I found out later that this was Picardy, a village where the French weavers wrought for the Linen Company. Here I got a fresh direction for Pilrig, my destination; and a little beyond, on the wayside, came by a gibbet and two men hanged in chains. They were dipped in tar, as the manner is; the wind spun them. the chains clattered, and the birds hung about the uncanny jumping-jacks and cried. The sight coming on me suddenly, like an illustration of my fears, I could scarce be done with examining it and drinking in discomfort. And as I thus turned and turned about the gibbet, what should I strike on but a weird old wife, that sat behind a leg of it, and nodded, and talked about to herself with becks and courtesies.

"Who are these two, mother?" I asked, and pointed to the corpses.

"A blessing on your precious face!" she cried.
"Twa joes¹ o' mine; just twa o' my old joes, my hinny dear."

"What did they suffer for?" I asked.

"Ou, just for the guid cause," said she. "After I spaed to them the way that it would end. Twa shillin' Scots; no pickle mair; and there are twa bonny callants hingin' for 't! They took it frae a wean belonged to Brouchton."

"Ay?" said I to myself, and not to the daft limmer, "and did they come to such a figure

¹ Sweethearts. ² Child.

for so poor a business? This is to lose all indeed!"

"Gie's your loof,3 hinny," says she, "and let me spae your weird to ye."

"No, mother," said I, "I see far enough the way I am. It's an unco thing to see too far in front."

"I read it in your bree," she said; "there's a bonnie lassie that has bricht e'en, and there's a wee man in a braw coat, and a big man in a pouthered wig, and there's the shadow of the wuddy,⁴ joe, that lies braid across your path. Gie's your loof, hinny, and let Auld Merren spae it to ye bonny."

The two chance shots that seemed to point at Alan and the daughter of James More struck me hard, and I fled from the eldritch creature, casting her a baubee, which she continued to sit and play with under the moving shadows of the hanged.

My way down the causeway of Leith Walk would have been more pleasant to me but for this encounter. The old rampart ran among fields; the like of them I had never seen for artfulness of agriculture; I was pleased, besides, to be so far in the still countryside; but the shackles of the gibbet clattered in my head, and the mops and mows of the old witch, and the thought of the dead men, hag-rode my spirits. To hang on a gallows, that seemed a hard case; and whether a man came to hang there for two shillin' Scots, or (as Mr. Stewart had it) from the sense of duty, once he was tarred and shackled and hung up, the difference seemed small. There might David Balfour hang; and other lads pass on their errands and think light of him; and old daft limmers sit at the leg-foot and spae their fortunes; and the clean, genty maids go by, and look to the other side, and hold a nose. I saw them plain, and they had gray eyes, and their screens upon their heads were of the Drummond colours.

I was thus in the poorest of spirits, though still pretty resolved, when I came in view of Pilrig, a pleasant gabled house, set by the Walk side, among some brave young woods. The laird's horse was standing saddled at the door as I came up; but himself was in the study, where he received me in the midst of learned works and musical instruments; for he was not only a deep philosopher but much of a musician. He greeted me at first

³ Palm.

4 Gallows.

pretty well, and when he had read Rankeillor's letter, placed himself obligingly at my disposal.

"And what is it, Cousin David?" says he, "since it appears that we are cousins—what is this that I can do for you? A word to Prestongrange? Doubtless that is easily given. But what should be the word?"

"Mr. Balfour," said I, "if I were to tell you my whole story the way it fell out, it's my opinion (and it was Rankeillor's before me) that you would be very little made up with it."

"I am sorry to hear this of you, kinsman," says he.

"I must not take that at your hands, Mr. Balfour," said I; "I have nothing to my charge to make me sorry, or you for me, but just the common infirmities of mankind. 'The guilt of Adam's first sin, the want of original righteousness, and the corruption of my whole nature,' so much I must answer for, and I hope I have been taught where to look for help," I said, for I judged from the look of the man he would think the better of me if I knew my questions. "But in the way of worldly honour, I have no great stumble to reproach myself with; my difficulties have befallen me very much against my will, and (by all that I can see) without my fault. My trouble is to have become dipped in a political complication, which it is judged you would be blythe to avoid a knowledge of."

"Why, very well, Mr. David," he replied; "I am pleased to see you are all that Rankeillor represented. And for what you say of political complications, you do me more than justice. It is my study to be beyond suspicion, and indeed outside the field of it. The question is," says he, "how, if I am to know nothing, I can very well assist you?"

"Why, sir," said I, "I propose you should write to his lordship that I am a young man of reasonable good family and good means: both of which I believe to be the case."

"I have Rankeillor's word for it," said Mr. Balfour; "and I count that a warrandice against all deadly."

"To which you might add (if you will take my word for so much) that I am a good churchman, loyal to King George, and so brought up," I went on.

1 Catechism.

"None of which will do you any harm," said Mr. Balfour.

"Then you might go on to say that I sought his Lordship on a matter of great moment, connected with his Majesty's service and the administration of justice," I suggested.

"As I am not to hear the matter," says the laird, "I will not take upon myself to justify its weight. 'Great moment' therefore falls, and 'moment' along with it. For the rest, I might express myself much as you propose."

"And then, sir," said I, and rubbed my neck a little with my thumb, "then I would be very desirous if you could slip in a word that might perhaps tell for my protection."

"Protection?" says he. "For your protection? Here is a phrase that somewhat dampens me. If the matter be so dangerous, I own I would be a little loath to move in it blindfold."

"I believe I could indicate in two words where the thing sticks," said I.

"Perhaps that would be the best," said he.

"Well, it's the Appin murder," said I.

He held up both the hands. "Sirs! sirs!" cried he.

I thought by the expression of his face and voice that I had lost my helper.

"Let me explain-" I began.

"I thank you kindly; I will hear no more of it," says he; "I decline in toto to hear more of it. For your name's sake, and Rankeillor's, and perhaps a little for your own, I will do what I can to help you; but I will hear no more upon the facts. And it is my first clear duty to warn you. These are deep waters, Mr. David, and you are a young man. Be cautious, and think twice."

"It is to be supposed I will have thought oftener than that, Mr. Balfour," said I; "and I will direct your attention again to Rankeillor's letter, where (I hope and believe) he has registered his approval of that which I design."

"Well, well," said he; and then again, "Well, well! I will do what I can for you." Therewith he took a pen and paper, sat awhile in thought, and began to write with much consideration. "I understand that Rankeillor approves of what you have in mind?" he asked presently.

"After some discussion, sir, he bade me go forward in God's name," said I.

"That is the Name to go in," said Mr. Balfour,

and resumed his writing. Presently he signed, re-read what he had written, and addressed me again. "Now here, Mr. David," said he, "is a letter of introduction, which I will seal without closing, and give into your hands open, as the form requires. But since I am acting in the dark I will just read it you, so that you may see if it will serve your end.

" 'PILRIG, August 26th, 1751.

"'MY LORD,

""This is to bring to your notice my namesake and cousin, David Balfour, Esquire, of Shaws, a young gentleman of unblemished descent and good estate. He has enjoyed besides the more valuable advantages of a godly training, and his political principles are all that your Lordship can desire. I am not in Mr. Balfour's confidence, but I understand him to have a matter to declare touching his Majesty's service and the administration of justice: purposes for which your lordship's zeal is known. I should add that the young gentleman's intention is known to and approved of by his friends, who will watch with hopeful anxiety the event of his success or failure.'

"Whereupon," continued Mr. Balfour, "I have subscribed myself with the usual compliments. You observe I have said 'some of your friends'; I hope you can justify my plural?"

"Perfectly, sir; my purpose is known and approved by more than one," said I, "and your letter, which I take a pleasure to thank you for, is all I could have hoped."

"It was all I could squeeze out," said he; "and from what I know of the matter you design to meddle in, I can only pray God that it may prove sufficient."

CHAPTER IV.

LORD ADVOCATE PRESTONGRANGE.

My kinsman kept me to a meal, "for the honour of the roof," he said, and I believe I made the better speed on my return. I had no thought but to be done with the next stage and have myself fully committed. To a person circumstanced as I was, the appearance of closing the door on hesita-

tion and temptation was itself extremely tempting; and I was the more disappointed, when I came to Prestongrange's house, to be informed he was abroad. I believe it was true at the moment, and for some hours after; and then I have no doubt the Advocate came home again and enjoyed himself in a neighbouring chamber among friends, while perhaps the very fact of my arrival was for-I would have gone away a dozen times, only for this strong drawing to have done with my declaration out of hand, and be able to lay me down to sleep with a free conscience. At first I read, for the little cabinet where I was left contained a variety of books, but I fear I read with little profit; and the weather falling cloudy, the dusk coming up earlier than usual, and my cabinet being lighted with but a loophole of a window, I was at last obliged to desist from this diversion (such as it was) and pass the rest of my time of waiting in a very burthensome vacuity. The sound of people talking in a near chamber, the pleasant note of a harpsichord, and once the voice of a lady singing, bore me kind of company.

I do not know the hour, but the darkness was long come, when the door of the cabinet opened and I was aware of, by the light behind him, of a tall figure of a man upon the threshold. I rose at once.

"Is anybody there?" he asked. "Who is that?"

"I am the bearer of a letter from the laird of Pilrig to the Lord Advocate," said I.

"Have you been here long?" he asked.

"I would not like to hazard an estimate of how many hours," said I.

"It is the first I hear of it," he replied with a chuckle. "The lads must have forgotten you. But you are in the bit at last, for I am Prestongrange."

So saying, he passed before me into the next room, whither (upon his sign) I followed him, and where he lit a candle and took his place before a business table. It was a long room, of a good proportion, wholly lined with books. That small spark of light in a corner struck out the man's handsome person and strong face. He was flushed, his eye watered and sparkled, and before he sat down I observed him to sway back and forth. No doubt he had been supping liberally, but his mind and tongue were under full control.

"Well, sir, sit ye down," said he. "And let us see Pilrig's letter."

He glanced it through in the beginning carelessly, looking up and bowing when he came to my name, but at the last words I thought I observed his attention to redouble, and I made sure he read them twice. All this while, you are to suppose my heart was beating, for I had now crossed my Rubicon, and was come fairly on the field of battle.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Balfour," he said, when he had done. "Let me offer you a glass of claret."

"Under your favour, my Lord, I think it would scarce be fair on me," said I. "I have come here, as the letter will have mentioned, on a business of some gravity to myself; and as I am little used with wine, I might be the sooner affected."

"You shall be the judge," said he. "But if you will permit, I believe I will even have the bottle in myself." He touched a bell, and the footman came as at a signal, bringing wine and glasses. "You are sure you will not join me?" asked the Advocate. "Well, here is to our better acquaintance! In what way can I serve you?"

"I should perhaps begin by telling you, my Lord, that I am here at your own pressing invitation," said I.

"You have the advantage of me somewhere," said he; "for I profess I think I never heard of you before this evening."

"Right, my Lord, the name is indeed new to you," said I. "And yet you have been for some time extremely wishful to make my acquaintance, and have declared the same in public."

"I wish you would afford me a clue," says he. "I am no Daniel."

"It will perhaps serve for such," said I, "that if I was in a jesting humour—which is far from the case—I believe I might lay a claim on your Lordship for two hundred pounds!"

"In what sense?" he inquired.

"In the sense of rewards offered for my person," said I.

He thrust away his glass once and for all, and sat straight up in his chair, where he had been previously lolling.

"What am I to understand?" said he.

"A tall, strong lad of about eighteen," quoted 1; "speaks like a Lowlander, and has no beard."

"I recognize those words," said he, "which, if you have come here with any ill-judged intention of amusing yourself, are like to prove extremely prejudicial to your safety."

"My purpose in this," I replied, "is just entirely as serious as life and death. And you have understood me perfectly. I am the boy who was speaking with Glenure when he was shot."

"I can only suppose (seeing you here) that you claim to be innocent," said he.

"The inference is clear," I said. "I am a very loyal subject to King George, but if I had anything to reproach myself with I would have had more discretion than to walk into your den."

"I am glad of that," said he. "This horrid crime, Mr. Balfour, is of a dye which cannot permit any clemency. Blood has been barbarously shed! It has been shed in direct opposition to his Majesty and our whole frame of laws, by those who are their known and public oppugnants. I take a very high sense of this. I will not deny that I consider the crime as directly personal to his Majesty."

"And unfortunately, my Lord," I added a little drily, "directly personal to another great personage, who may be nameless."

"If you mean anything by those words, I must tell you I consider them unfit for a good subject; and were they spoke publicly, I should make it my business to take note of them," said he. "You do not appear to me to recognize the gravity of your situation, or you would be more careful not to pejorate the same by words which glance upon the purity of Justice. Justice, in this country and in my hands, is no respecter of persons."

"You give me too great a share in my own speech, my Lord," said I. "I did but repeat the common talk of the country, which I have heard everywhere and from men of all opinions as I came along."

"When you are come to more discretion you will understand such talk is not to be listened to, how much less repeated," says the Advocate. "But I acquit you of an ill intention. That nobleman, whom we all honour and who has indeed been wounded in a near place by the late barbarity, sits too high to be reached by these aspersions. The Duke of Argyle—you see that I deal plainly with you—takes it to heart as I do, and as we are both bound to do, by our judicial functions, and the service of his Majesty; and I could wish that all

hands in this ill age were equally clean of family rancour. But from the accident that this is a Campbell who has fallen martyr to his duty-as who else but the Campbells have ever put themselves foremost on that path? I may say it, who am no Campbell-and that the chief of that great house happens (for all our advantages) to be the present head of the College of Justice, small minds and disaffected tongues are set agog in every change-house in the country; and I find a young gentleman like Mr. Balfour so ill-advised as to make himself their echo." So much he spoke with a very oratorical delivery, as if in court, and then declined again upon the manner of a gentleman. "All this apart," said he, "it now remains that I should learn what I am to do with you?"

"I had thought it was rather I that should learn the same from your Lordship," said I.

"Ay, true," says the Advocate. "But you see, you come to me well-recommended. There is a good honest Whig name to this letter," says he, picking it up a moment from the table, "and extrajudicially, Mr. Balfour, there is always the possibility of some arrangement. I tell you—and I tell you beforehand, that you may be the more upon your guard—your fate lies with me singly. In such a matter (be it said with reverence) I am more powerful than the King's Majesty. And should you please me—and of course satisfy my conscience—in what remains to be held of our interview, I tell you it may remain between ourselves."

"Meaning how?" I asked.

"Why, I mean it thus, Mr. Balfour," said he; "that if you give satisfaction, no soul need know so much as that you visited my house. And you may observe that I do not even call my clerk."

I saw what way he was driving. "I suppose it is needless any one should be informed upon my visit," said I. "Though the precise nature of my gains by that I cannot see. I am not at all ashamed of coming here."

"And have no cause to be," says he encouragingly, "nor yet (if you are careful) to fear the consequences."

"My Lord," said I, "speaking under your correction, I am not very easy to be frightened."

"And I am sure I do not seek to frighten you," says he. "But to the interrogation. And let me warn you to volunteer nothing beyond the questions I shall ask you. It may consist very

immediately with your safety. I have a great discretion, it is true, but there are bounds to it."

"I shall try to follow your Lordship's advice," said I.

He spread a sheet of paper on the table, and wrote a heading.

"It appears you were present, by the way, in the wood of Lettermore at the moment of the fatal shot," he began. "Was this by accident?"

"By accident," said I.

"How came you in speech with Colin Campbell?" he asked.

"I was inquiring my way of him to Aucharn," I replied.

I observed he did not write this answer down.

"H'm, true," said he, "I had forgotten that. And do you know, Mr. Balfour, I would dwell, if I were you, as little as might be on your relations with these Stewarts. It might be found to complicate our business. I am not yet inclined to regard these matters as essential."

"I had thought, my Lord, that all points of fact were equally material in such a case," said I.

"You forget we are now trying these Stewarts," he replied, with great significance. "If we should ever come to be trying you, it will be very different, and I shall press these very questions that I am now willing to glide upon. But to resume. I have it here in Mr. Mungo Campbell's precognition that you ran immediately up the brae. How came that?"

"Not immediately, my Lord, and the cause was my seeing of the murderer."

"You saw him then?"

"As plain as I see your Lordship, though not so near hand."

"You know him?"

"I should know him again."

"In your pursuit you were not so fortunate, then, as to overtake him?"

"I was not."

"Was he alone?"

"He was alone."

"There was no one else in that neighbourhood?"

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"Alan Breck Stewart was not far off in a piece of a wood."

The Advocate laid his pen down.

"I think we are playing at cross purposes," said he, "which you will find to prove a very ill amusement for yourself." "I content myself with following your Lordship's advice and answering what I am asked," said I.

"Be so wise as to bethink yourself in time," said he. "I use you with the most anxious tenderness, which you scarce seem to appreciate, and which (unless you be more careful) may prove to be in vain."

"I do appreciate your tenderness, but conceive it to be mistaken," I replied, with something of a falter, for I saw we were come to grips at last. "I am here to lay before you certain information, by which I shall convince you Alan had no hand whatever in the killing of Glenure."

The Advocate appeared for a moment at a stick, sitting with pressed lips, and blinking his eyes upon me like an angry cat.

"Mr. Balfour," he said at last, "I tell you pointedly you go an ill way for your own interests."

"My Lord," I said, "I am as free of the charge of considering my own interests in this matter as your Lordship. As God judges me, I have but the one design, and that is to see justice executed and the innocent go clear. If, in pursuit of that, I come to fall under your Lordship's displeasure, I must bear it as I may."

At this he rose from his chair, lit a second candle, and for awhile gazed upon me steadily. I was surprised to see a great change of gravity fallen upon his face, and I could have almost thought he was a little pale.

"You are either very simple or extremely the reverse, and I see that I must deal with you more confidentially," says he. "This is a political case—ah, yes, Mr. Balfour, whether we like it or no, the case is political, and I tremble when I think what issues may depend from it. To a political case, I need scarce tell a young man of your education, we approach with very different thoughts from one which is criminal only. Salus populi suprema lex is a maxim susceptible of great abuse, but it has that force which we find elsewhere only in the laws of nature: I mean it has the force of necessity. I will open this out to you, if you will allow me, at more length. You would have me believe—"

"Under your pardon, my Lord, I would have you to believe nothing but that which I can prove," said I.

"Tut, tut, young gentleman," says he; "be not pragmatical and suffer a man who might be your father (if it was nothing more) to employ his own imperfect language and express his own poor thought even when they have the misfortune not to coincide with Mr. Balfour's. You would have me to believe Breck innocent. I would think this of little account, the more so as we cannot catch our man. But the matter of Breck's innocence shoots beyond itself. Once admitted, it would destroy the whole presumptions of our case against another and very different criminal; a man grown old in treason, already twice in arms against his King, and already twice forgiven, a fomenter of discontent, and (whoever may have fired the shot) the unmistakable original of the deed in question. I need not tell you that I mean James Stewart."

"And I can just say plainly that the innocence of Alan and of James is what I am here to declare in private to your Lordship, and what I am prepared to establish at the trial by my testimony," said I.

"To which I can only answer by an equal plainness, Mr. Balfour," said he, "that in that case your testimony will not be called by me, and I desire you to withhold it altogether."

"You are at the head of Justice in this country," I cried, "and you propose to me a crime."

"I am a man nursing with both hands the interests of this country," he replied, "and I press on you a political necessity. Patriotism is not always moral in the formal sense. You might be glad of it, I think; it is your own protection; the facts are heavy against you; and if I am still trying to except you from a very dangerous place, it is part, of course, because I am not insensible to your honesty in coming here; in part because of Pilrig's letter: but in part, and in chief part, because I regard in this matter my political duty first and my judicial duty only second. For the same reason—I repeat it to you in the same frank words—I do not want your testimony."

"I desire not to be thought to make a repartee, when I express only the plain sense of our position," said I. "But if your Lordship has no need of my testimony, I believe the other side would be extremely blythe to get it."

Prestongrange arose and began to pace to and fro in the room.

"You are not so young," he said, "but what you must remember very clearly the year '45 and the shock that went about the country. I read in Pilrig's letter that you are sound in Kirk and State. Who saved them in that fatal year? I do not refer to his Royal Highness and his ramrods, which were extremely useful in their day, but the country had been saved and the field won before ever Cumberland came upon Drummossie. Who saved it? I repeat—who saved the Protestant religion and the whole frame of our civil institutions? The late Lord President Culloden for one; he played a man's part, and small thanks he got for it-even as I, whom you see before you straining every nerve in the same service, look for no reward beyond the conscience of my duties done. After the President-who else? You know the answer as well as I do; 'tis partly a scandal, and you glanced at it yourself, and I reproved you for it when you first came in. It was the Duke and the great clan of Campbell. Now here is a Campbell foully murdered, and that in the King's service. The Duke and I are Highlanders. But we are Highlanders civilized, and it is not so with the great mass of our clans and families. They have still savage virtues and defects. They are still barbarians like these Stewarts; only the Campbells were barbarians on the right side, and the Stewarts were barbarians on the wrong. Now be you the judge. The Campbells expect vengeance. If they do not get it—if this man James escapes there will be trouble with the Campbells. That means disturbance in the Highlands, which are uneasy and very far from being disarmed. The disarming is a farce—"

"I can bear you out in that," said I.

"Disturbance in the Highlands makes the home of an old watchful enemy," pursued his Lordship, holding out a finger as he paced, "and I give you my word we may have a '45 again with the Campbells on the other side. To protect the life of this man Stewart—which is forfeit already on half a dozen different counts if not on this—do you propose to plunge your country in war, to jeopardize the faith of your fathers, and to expose the lives and fortunes of how many thousand innocent persons? These are considerations that weigh with me, and that I hope will weigh no less with yourself, Mr. Balfour, as a lover of your country, good government, and religious truth."

"You deal with me very frankly, and I thank you for it," said I. "I will try on my side to be no less honest. I believe your policy to be sound. I believe these deep duties may lie upon your I believe you may have laid them on your conscience when you took the oaths of the high office which you hold. But for me, who am just a plain man-or scarce a man yetthe plain duties must suffice. I can think but of two things—of a poor soul in the immediate and unjust danger of a shameful death, and of the cries and tears of his wife that still tingle in my head. I cannot see beyond, my Lord. It's the way that I am made. If the country has to fall, it has to fall. And I pray God if this be wilful blindness that He may enlighten me before too late."

He had heard me motionless and stood so awhile longer.

"This is an unexpected obstacle," says he aloud, but to himself.

"And how is your Lordship to dispose of me?"

I asked.

"If I wished," said he, "you know that you might sleep in jail?"

"My Lord," says I, "I have slept in worse places."

"Well, my boy," said he, "there is one thing appears very plainly from our interview, that I may rely on your pledged word. Give me your honour that you will be wholly secret, not only on what has passed to-night, but in the matter of the Appin case, and I let you go free."

"I will give it till to-morrow or any other near day that you may please to set," said I. "I would not be thought too wily; but if I gave the promise without qualification, your Lordship would have attained his end."

"I had no thought to entrap you," said he.

"I am sure of that," said I.

"Let me see," he continued. "To-morrow is the Sabbath. Come to me on Monday, by eight in the morning, and give me your promise until then."

"Freely given, my Lord," said I. "And with regard to what has fallen from yourself, I will give it for as long as it shall please God to spare your days."

"You will observe," he said next, "that I have made no employment of menaces."

"It was like your Lordship's nobility," said I.

"Yet I am not altogether so dull but what I can
perceive the nature of those you have not uttered."

"Well," said he, "good-night to you. May you

sleep well, for I think it is more than I am like to do!"

With that he sighed, took up a candle, and gave

me his conveyance as far as the street door.

(To be continued.)

THE DEAD-TRYST.

As I went by the harbour when folk were abed
I saw my dead Lover in his boat pulling in:
My Love he came swiftly and kissed my whitening head,
And my cheeks so hollow and thin.

And face to face we nestled by the wash of the foam,
And after long sorrow the joy it was sweet.

I combed his locks of honey with my little silver comb,
And with my hands I warmed his feet.

The sea-fog crept round us as white as the wool,

And he lay on the sea-sand with his head on my knee.

No night wind broke the silence nor any shricking gull,

In that death-white fog from the sea.

And then I crooned him over our sweet songs of old;

Ochone, I could not warm him, and never a word he spoke.

I loosed my heavy hair then, the grey locks with the gold,

And wrapped him in a living cloak.

I never thought to ask him the wherefore he had come,
Or if his heaven were lonely, and this earth so dear;
I prayed with eager longing that the cocks would be dumb
And the night time last a year.

Ochone, the cocks came crowing, and he arose and went,

His darling black head hanging, out through the sea-fog's snow.

Oh, wherefore, darling, darling, did you break my dull content,

And why did you come but to go?

KATHARINE TYNAN.

A MIGHTY HUNTER.

KITTENS AND CATS OF

HENRIETTE RONNER.

Arnold Hamlan.

THERE are, we are sometimes asked to believe, a few uncomfortable persons of either sex who have nothing but dislike for the "harmless, necessary" cat. Perhaps one's neighbour's cat, taken at the moment when it utters the first of a series of nerve-destroying yells in the moonlit garden behind the sleeping-house, may temporarily forfeit its title to both these epithets, and may even become an object of some justifiable aversion. Be this as it may, cats, regarded from the point of view of character, may be said literally to bristle with interest, and perhaps no higher tribute has been paid to their entertaining qualities than their adoption as a favourite subject by so brilliant a depictor of animal life as Madame Henriette Ronner, some of whose delightful drawings we have the good fortune to include in our present number.

In these, with one or two exceptions devoted to scenes of peaceful family life, Madame Ronner has dealt with the juvenile members of the race, and a truly fascinating and lovable set of youngsters

they are. Note the solemn and absorbing concentration of mind upon the object of the moment which always makes the gambols of a kitten so good a thing to watch, and which the artist gives with such rare skill and fidelity. And then look at the sublime peace which has descended upon the kittens in repose, as the little furry balls curl up for a

brief sleep before opening a new campaign of outrage upon bell-pulls, knitting, blind-tassels, anything and everything that will only consent to roll, slide, swing, or quiver in response to the tap of the irrepressible paw. Surely the most envenomed hatred of cats must abate its bitterness in looking at the antics of a kitten!

But nothing that can be written has a chance of impressing either cat-haters or cat-lovers in the same degree as their presentment as offered by Madame Ronner; so let us leave them to make their own appeal and come to the artist herself, of whom we are privileged to give some few particulars furnished to us from a sympathetic and entirely trustworthy source.



MIDNIGHT CHIMES.

Those whose taste bids them look only for movement and adventure, will find in Madame Ronner's career but little to their liking. Her education and, to some extent, her personal temperament led her to choose a life of retirement, of work, and of self-denial. This last was shown especially in her attendance on her father, who lost his eyesight when she was a child, no less than in her subsequent devotion to a delicate husband, and to her five children (a sixth died in infaney). More than one of her friends has spoken of her as in her

forming motive of her life. It was in the spring of 1832, while living at La Haye, that her father, whose eyesight was at this time lost beyond recovery, announced to Henriette his determination to "make an artist of her," and by way of giving emphasis to the momentous decision, bade her go alone to the colourman to get the necessary paints and materials for beginning her work forthwith. Though sixty years have passed, Madame Ronner remembers still the pride and sense of importance with which she, a child of ten, received this distinguished



own unpretentious way a heroine, not for great deeds done or isolated acts of brilliant achievement, but for that inconspicuous though not less noble heroism which finds its outlet in the display of the steady courage needed to face the daily recurring sacrifices of a home-life darkened by the physical disabilities of near and dear ones.

Born at Amsterdam on the 31st May, 1821, and coming of a family which already numbered no less than four artists—her father, Joseph Auguste Knip, her grandfather, her uncle, and one of her aunts—it is not to be wondered at that the child Henriette should have evinced early signs of that talent which was so soon to become the in-

mark of confidence. From this date began her regular daily work in her father's studio; no doubt—so far as his sad infirmity would permit—with some personal guidance and direction from himself. These seem to have included a very severe course of discipline and routine, inasmuch as the little artist was compelled to rise at daybreak, and on no account to quit the studio building till sunset, with no respite from work except at meals, with the not altogether pleasing addition of a couple of hours a day passed in total darkness; this last being insisted on in the hope of strengthening her sight, and so avoiding in her ease the calamity which had overtaken her father.

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The paternal share in her education appears indeed to have been much more concerned with discipline than with artistic training, since the child was told at the outset that she could expect nothing in the way of professional assistance, but was to devote herself, once and for all, to the direct study of Nature, the only master in whom—according to M. Knip—the slightest faith could be reposed. It was truly a fortunate circumstance, both for

Madame Ronner herself and for the cause of good art, that by means of an inborn passion for work, joined to a constitution of singular strength, she was able to endure at this opening stage of her life, as well as in after years, the heavy toils imposed upon her by her father, and later

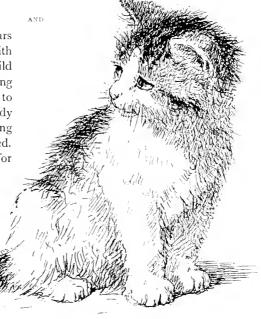
on by the cares and vicissitudes of her career.

Although advised to paint the figure, a long residence in the country eventually led the artist

to take up the special study of animals. It was at the Dusseldorf Exhibition of 1836 that Henriette Knip sold her first "cat-picture," a work of great eleverness and still greater promise, in which pussy was seen to be contemplating with infinite solemnity the clumsy evolutions of a bumble-bee on a window-pane, and no doubt considering how far a well-directed pat might be made to combine prudence with the interests of sport.

A year or two later the sale of her pictures began to be sufficiently regular and profitable to ensure at least a livelihood. Always a rapid and prolific painter, she was now exhibiting in Holland and Germany a constant succession of canvases all more or less in the taste of the day, representing incidents of country life, scenes in the market-place, interiors, with figures and animals, and a host of smaller pictures of horses, cows, dogs, sheep, goats, and poultry.

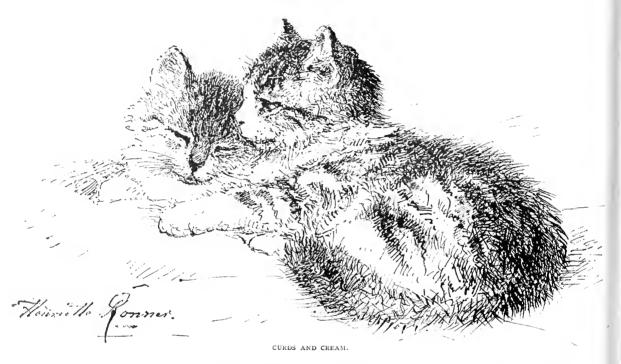
Up to the time of her father's death, in 1847, Madame Ronner lived with him, at first chiefly in Paris, and afterwards in various parts of the Netherlands. Her marriage took place in 1850, and it was very shortly after this event that, as the result



FROLIC. Bennett. Jonner.

of a serious illness arising from stress of work and anxieties of every kind, she decided, upon the express orders of her doctor, to leave Holland for a time and accompany her husband to Switzerland. In this country, however, as it turned out, Madame Ronner never set foot, since on arriving at Brussels the travellers, for reasons with which we are not acquainted, determined to permanently establish themselves in that city. Whether they were well-advised in their change of plans is doubtful, but at least the immediate results seem hardly to point

crowded her busy days, whilst, for all that she could do, it was no uncommon case for this devoted mother to find herself in the position of not knowing in the morning how her children were to be fed before nightfall. Battling with such difficulties and discouragements as these, the brave artist maintained always a certain rigid honesty which had been from the first, and still is, a salient feature in her character, and which, carried as it often was in those days to an extreme, forbade her to employ even the most usual and legitimate aids to success,



to such a conclusion. Unknown in Belgium, without influence or connections, without fortune, hampered in her work by the vexatious doings of a certain mauvais sujet in the shape of a near relation, whose debts she conceived herself obliged to pay, in constant attendance on an invalid husband, and struggling to do her duty to a young family of children, the first few years of Madame Ronner's sojourn in Brussels formed an experience which might well have broken the spirit of a less courageous woman. Notwithstanding her old habit of early rising (she was never in bed after five o'clock, summer or winter), it was only by dint of the most strenuous and heroic labours that she was able to keep on even terms with the pressing duties that

and ended by acquiring for her a reputation for reserve and even superciliousness which those who had opportunities for becoming acquainted with her knew to be wholly undeserved. "We have all fallen in love with Madame Ronner," wrote some English friends with whom she was staying only the other day for the first time.

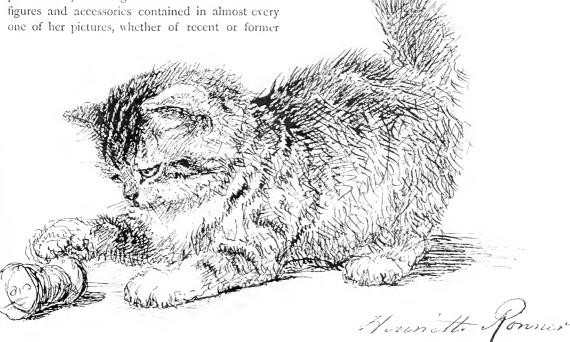
In the earlier portion of her residence in Brussels, Madame Ronner made a speciality of a subject of characteristic local interest—the yoked teams of dogs called *attelages*, which are employed in Belgium for the transport of vegetables, milk, sand, etc. For some fifteen years, though other subjects were by no means neglected, this came to be regarded as her principal work; so much so

that picture-lovers who had made up their minds to possess a "Henriette Ronner" would hardly look at anything of hers unless it represented an attelage in some shape or form, declaring that nothing else gave a satisfactory idea of the artist's individual "manner." Her finest work of this class was exhibited at Brussels in 1860. It was called 'La Mort d'un Ami,' and depicted the figure of a sand-seller overcome with sorrow for the death of one of his team of dogs, which had fallen at the post of duty while still harnessed to the little cart. The impression created in Belgian art circles, as well as amongst the public generally, by this remarkable picture, with its masterly treatment of an incident of simple but most real pathos, was no doubt the means of finally establishing Madame Ronner's title as an artist of the first repute.

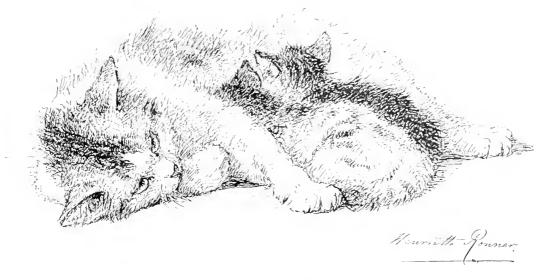
It was during the next twenty years that Madame Ronner gave herself up more especially to painting cats and their ways, and it was here that she achieved some of her most conspicuous successes. But the amount of work of every kind which she has produced is simply enormous, and indeed represents a total which may fairly be called phenomenal, when regard is had to the number of figures and accessories contained in almost every one of her pictures, whether of recent or former

years, to the variety of subject and treatment, and to the fact that even where the same idea has been more than once made use of, the composition, the colouring, and the grouping of figures are absolutely different in every instance.

Madame Ronner is entitled to say with truth that her position in the world of art is due to herself and to herself alone, and this is a distinction which, if not unique, is in her special walk of life at least sufficiently rare to be worth recording. The remark, however, does not apply with the same accuracy to the financial side of her profession, from which she has at all times succeeded in extracting the least possible amount of profit! This is due in some measure to excessive modesty in the matter of her own performances, but also in a much larger degree to the quality hinted at above, namely, an extreme and almost morbid repugnance



A COSY COUPLE.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

to anything, however unobjectionable in itself, that could by any possibility be construed into a desire for self-advancement. What good fortune came in her way she took with thankfulness; but never should it be said that any word or deed of hers had given the smallest impetus to the act by which she benefited! An amusing trait is mentioned in illustration of this noteworthy phase of Madame Ronner's character. It appears that she rarely, if ever, recognized any one of her acquaintance in the street, passing straight on to her destination, as our informant says, "comme une machine qui une fois remontée marche sans dévier ni à droite ni à gauche." That this attitude may have failed to commend itself to the wealthy patron of the Muses, in whose good graces an instinct of self-preservation would lead even the most self-respecting artist to desire a place, is readily conceivable. But none the less can we appreciate the true refinement of mind in which such an attitude, however carried to extremes, must needs have its origin, even allowing ourselves a passing sigh of regret for the rarity, in these self-advertising days, of a feeling so entirely to the credit of the artist, and therefore so necessarily to the advantage of all that is best in art. Indeed, the whole career of Madame Ronner up to and including the present day is a practical proof of the excellence of her mental and bodily equipment for the life-long task she has had to confront. Work is to her a refreshment and a

perpetual renewing of youth, until now, at the age of seventy-one, in spite of griefs and anxieties arising chiefly from the state of health of some of her children, she can be merry with the youngest, entering into the spirit of their fun with the keenest enjoyment, and even taking her place in their games of skill, at which she still displays a by no means despicable proficiency.

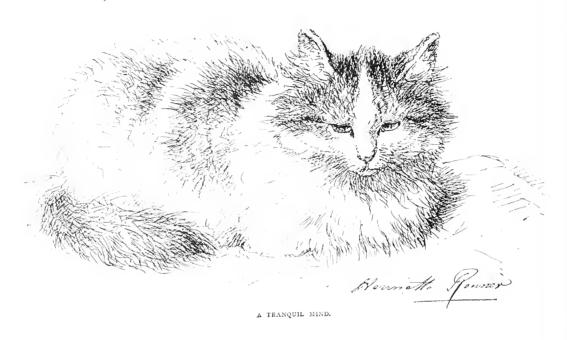
As for her work, on the other hand, far from showing, after sixty years, the slightest trace of failing powers, it seems to undergo a constantly-recurring process of freshening and improvement, and it is held by experts that nothing better has come from her brush than the productions of the last ten years, numerous and rapidly worked off though these have been. As an instance of this, it may be mentioned that she has at the present moment in her studio four superb life-size studies of dogs' heads, the whole of which were begun and completed in a single morning. And yet for all this lightning speed, and the restlessness of the models, the heads are thoroughly-finished studies, "chiselled," as a critic remarked of them the other day.

It is to be feared that, notwithstanding some recent efforts to bring their beauties to the notice of the public, the animal pictures of Madame Ronner are not as well known in this country as they ought to be, although examples of her work are now in the possession of some members of

the Royal Family, and doubtless of a few private persons as well.

It is with pleasure and true admiration for her genius that we contribute our share, however small, towards a better appreciation of this great artist, feeling certain as we do that all readers of *Atalanta* will experience an added delight in

looking upon the sketches before them, from the knowledge that they are from the hand of a woman the evening of whose life is rosy-red with the afterglow that shines back from sorrows nobly borne and good work done under stress of privation and adversity.



CAN THIS BE LOVE?

Mrs. Parr,

Author of 'Dumps,' 'Dorothy Fox.'

VIII.

"Let did not know me one bit, Marraine. It's true," said Stella, turning to Vivian; "Clements said, 'There he is!' just as I saw your eyes wander past me."

"That shows that you were in a similar condition, only you had Clements to point me out to you."

"I did not need Clements, I should have known you anywhere. You're very little altered;" and Stella looked at him fixedly.

"That is not what you can say of her, Vivian, is it?"

Mrs. Stapleton was in a heaven of delight. The two beings she loved best were close to her. Breakfast was over, and they had gone on to the terrace to sit. The day was perfect, not a cloud in the sky, the deep blue of which was mirrored in the waters of the lake below.

"I don't know," he said with a half smile. "I have not made a thoroughly critical examination yet."

"Oh, pray spare me that," said Stella. "I'm too

old to go back to school, and I don't want to be driven like Eve out of Paradise."

"This being Paradise?"

"Very like it—to me."

"I really don't wonder," put in Mrs. Stapleton; "already she's had quite enough to turn her head here. Everybody admires her, they do indeed."

"You see Marraine feels it is a fact that must be forcibly impressed on you, or else you will give it no credit."

"I don't know that—seeing is believing," said Vivian. "At breakfast I noticed that the greeneyed monster was hovering between several of the Adams and our table."

"Oh, yes," laughed Mrs. Stapleton. "I can assure you that you're already the object of any amount of jealousy. For the last week we haven't made an engagement; Stella wouldn't promise to go anywhere. She was so afraid that it might just happen that then you'd come."

He made an unnecessarily profound bow.

"I ought to be highly flattered," he said.

"H'm!" said Stella, making a little grimace as she gave a nod of her head; "but you're not."

"Not! how do you know?"

"Because no one could ever flatter you."

Vivian looked at her. Mrs. Stapleton, eager to arrange everything, explained, "Yes, dear; you'll find you are on exactly the same high pedestal that you ever were with her."

"Safely out of my reach," said Stella.

"Oh, but idols have been known to stoop down, Stella; have they not, Vivian, dear?"

"I don't know that I've been much in their company," he said rather curtly. He was vexed with his mother's interference in the conversation. He wanted to hear what Stella herself had to say. The admiration that he saw the girl excited had whetted his curiosity. It was his nature to value most that which others most valued, added to which he needed but two eyes to see that Stella had grown into a very charming creature.

Quick to note the little alteration in his tone which had caused a shadow to fall on the face of his mother, Stella said, "By the way, though, you've been lately in the company of a very clever man—I'm dying to know all about him. We've asked for his books at the library—Marraine means to buy them."

"Oh, Rodney, you mean. Ah, he is a clever fellow; I wish he was still with me."

"So do I. I should like to see him. I should be awfully nervous though."

"I don't see why you should, dear," Mrs. Staple ton said.

"Well, you see, then there would be two of them."

"And is it not said that there is safety in numbers?" asked Vivian,

"Yes, but in this case I'm not so sure that that holds good. Except that to sit by and listen while you two talked would be splendid—something I should delight in."

"Well, stranger things than that have happened."

"Really! do you mean that he's likely to come here?"

"It's possible."

A radiant smile lit up Mrs. Stapleton's face.

"Very possible I should say," and she turned an adoring look upon her son, who answered it with an expression of surprise. "Why, has he not been your companion in travel? that is enough for me, knowing as I do the power you have of attracting people to you. I call it magnetic!"

"Ah, well, in this case the power is all the other way. In New York people were just breaking their necks to get at Rodney; there were men who would have given the eyes out of their heads for my chance of going home in the same steamer with him. He is thought to be a difficult fellow to get on with. All I can say is, I did not find him so."

"I should form a very poor opinion of his cleverness if you had," said the adoring mother. "What do you say, Stella?"

"Well, of course I can't believe that there is anybody quite as clever as Vivian, and if there is, I'm certain he can't be more clever—no, on that point imagination fails me."

"That's right, darling," said Mrs. Stapleton, taking her hand and shaking it heartily. "Bravo! That's what I call having the courage of your opinions."

"Certainly! All the same I should like to see this wonderful genius. What is he like to look at, Vivian? Is he old, ugly, near-sighted, blind, lame?"

"Are you judging now from the standard on the pedestal?"

"Oh! isn't that vanity? as if your looking-glass didn't tell you."

CAN IHIS BE LUVE!

17.

"I don't know that I consult it."

"But I do," she said promptly. "External appearance," assuming an air of profound wisdom, "has a much greater influence on the physical force of men than of women. That was decided in the discussion of a thesis at 'Les Palmiers.' Not that the finding was needed by me, I had had a practical illustration before I left England."

Vivian shook his head.

"I see you're aiming at me, but I'm perfectly in the dark as to your meaning."

"What a misfortune that I cannot forget so easily." Stella's eyes were beaming with fun. "It has caused me much consideration as to whether my presence would continue to jar on your delicate sensibility."

"I see—yes—I had forgotten. Well, either my nervous structure is in a much stronger condition, or your personal appearance has undergone a very great improvement. Which can it be?"

"Ah, which! I wonder."

And the two looked at each other measuring swords with their eyes.

"Darlings," exclaimed Mrs. Stapleton, in ecstacy. "How delicious to hear you sparring together. It may be selfish, but oh, Vivian, I hope your friend won't come here. To be just as we are —we three, able to talk and laugh and say what we please without thought, without reserve or gêne —ah, it is indeed Paradise to me."

"Of the three in Paradise, mother, one was the serpent. Is that part to be taken by either of us three?"

"Droll boy," said Mrs. Stapleton uneasily. "How terribly cynical you are. It's good your mother knows you so thoroughly."

"My mother must be very clever. It is more than I know myself. One of the charms of being with Rodney was our many discussions on that subject. It is so refreshing to be in touch with a mind whose views and ideas are entirely opposed to your own."

"Really! Well there, you surprise me."

"I thought you knew me so thoroughly, mother."

"Not in that way, dear, I don't," said Mrs. Stapleton humbly; adding after a pause, "You're not vexed, Vivian, are you, at my saying I did not want your friend here?"

"My friend has no intention of coming here, dear mother. Had you given me an opportunity you would have heard that he has an invalid friend stopping at Bex—a place not far from here—and it is probable that he may pay him a visit there."

"And you would wish to ask him over," said Mrs. Stapleton eagerly.

"No, I should wish nothing of the kind, and there could be no necessity, as I shall go to Bex myself. It was my intention to ask you to accompany me, but—"

"Oh, Vivian, no buts, I pray. Why, Stella and I have been living on the thought of spending some little time with you."

"Never mind, Marraine, dear;" and while Stella put her arm round her coaxingly, she turned her eyes full of reproach on Vivian. "The churchyard is close by, and if he breaks both our hearts by not taking us to Bex, we'll be buried side by side there. Then perhaps he'll repent him of his cruelty."

IX.

Or course they all went together to Bex, but first they spent a week at Territet—a week which flew for Stella and, would he have confessed it, seemed to have wings for Vivian.

Lent being over, and the season drawing to a close, the gaiety at the Grand Hotel was fast and furious. Excursions, tennis matches, driving parties were made for every day. The evenings were taken up in dancing, acting, rowing on the lake with the moon's pale light shimmering on all around, and the far-off voices of the Neapolitan singers falling softly on the ear.

To those who have well-nigh drained the cup of pleasure, amusements such as these are wearisome and stale, but to Stella, fresh from school, feeling for the first time the potency of her youth and beauty, every hour was happiness, which she enjoyed to the full.

Mrs. Stapleton was in a kind of blissful dream, hardly able to realize that it was Vivian actually—her son—who was taking a share in these trivial gaieties. Condescending to find amusement in the attention paid to Stella. Bringing that great mind of his down to their level by his teasing quips and jokes of the homage shown to her. Begging to be told to which of the suitors he was expected to show favour. Princesse, Comtesse, Baronne,—

which title did she prefer? As if he was blind to what every one else saw—the preference she had for him. Stella appealed to him now as she had done when she was a little girl, and received his decision as something from which there was no appeal.

Vivian himself was more than surprised at the unexpected feeling Stella had created in him. Had he met her in other surroundings, it is probable this interest would not have been roused, but to wish to possess that which others coveted was natural to his disposition, to be envied was delightful to him. Two or three of the men who hovered round Stella bore names of European repute. To be credited with such rivals was an honour, and quite enough to stir up thoughts of love in Vivian's breast. His mother never missed an opportunity of dropping hints about Stella's adoration of his talents, and of her devotion to his memory, and though Vivian could not quite recognize love in this outspoken affection, he began to put faith in what he had no doubt would gradually grow in reality. Hitherto marriage for him had seemed improbable, or the possibility was in such a remote future that its contemplation possessed no interest. Sudden events had caused a revolution in these ideas. He found himself picturing a house of his own—contemplating with satisfaction a new rôle in which he might attract attention. With a wife-here Stella came in, and in thought he held out the sceptre to her—he would establish a salon which should be a veritable centre of the fine arts. There should be gathered the cream of literary and artistic London. Poems, pictures, plays, novels, should be there read and discussed, and the judgment passed should be the key to open the door to fame, or to lock out the intruder.

These Utopian fancies gave colour to much of Vivian's complaisant behaviour—a sprinkling of foreign titles would add *éclat* to an assembly—and he quickly contrived to make himself sufficiently popular for him to be included in the regret felt at bidding them farewell.

At their departure Stella was half-smothered by the bouquets given and sent to her. Quite a crowd assembled on the platform to take leave of them. "Au revoir" was shouted as the train moved out from the station, and "Au revoir" they sent back in return.

"Positively an ovation," said Mrs. Stapleton excitedly. "My dear child," addressing Stella, "I hope after this you will not find Bex frightfully dull." In her excitement she had actually for a moment forgotten Vivian.

"Dull, Marraine!" answered the girl, all aglow with pretty vanity. "How could I? I shall have you there, and, until his friend comes, there will be Vivian all to ourselves. Fancy!" and she turned her smiling face to him.

To her surprise Vivian, who sat opposite to her, took her gloved hand and raised it to his lips.

"That's a very pretty speech from you," he said smilingly.

"And a very pretty action from you," she said, her eyebrows raised in pleased surprise. "Oh, I do feel like a real right-down grown-up young lady now. Dear me! I wonder if I can be myself, ch!" and she tapped the hand he still held. "Are you Stella Clarkson? That atrociously ugly girl who upset the nerves of somebody?"

"Stella!" exclaimed Mrs. Stapleton, "that's unkind. I call it vindictive in you."

"Oh, mother, how I wish you would learn to hold your tongue;" and Vivian cast a look full of irritation at her. "We're quite able to fight our own battles, she and I, without interference from anybody; these vexatious little speeches come like dashes of cold water on one."

"I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Stapleton humbly; "but you see, dear, it was I who told her."

"What if you did? Don't you think she is perfectly aware of the different effect she produces now? I won't say," he said, turning his eyes on Stella fixedly, "that *somebody* may not still have a complaint to make of the vibration caused to sensitive nerves by the sight of Miss Stella Clarkson."

She freed her hand and deprecatingly held up the two.

"It frightens you?" he asked. "Oh, it need not do so. Have you never heard of courting pain because some pains mean pleasure?"

The colour slightly deepened in her cheeks, for a moment an anxious expression shadowed her face, then rallying quickly she said—

"Oh, I know—I believe it is, Vivian, that you are writing a play, or a poem."

"I am looking at a poem," he said meaningly.

She shook her head. "Marraine, now Vivian has caught the Territet complaint, and is dosing me

CAN THIS DE LO

with vague compliments and flatteries. Perhaps," laughing at him, "you think after such a surfeit I ought to be let down by small degrees, but you need not trouble yourself to do violence to your feelings. I am supported by my love of truth, and I'd much prefer the truth from you than this laughing in your sleeve at me; it is not becoming in persons who are mounted on pedestals."

"But persons on pedestals are human."

"Are they? You see, I never knew but one."

"And that one was-"

"Was you, and is still. Oh, I've never taken you down."

"Then I shall have to come down."

"Why? To where?"

He leaned his head towards her, and with a look full of meaning, said—

"If I told you—to kneel at your feet—what would you say?"

Stella drew back as if alarmed. "Vivian! what is the matter with you?"

"Ah! what! That is a question I keep putting to myself, but no answer is given to me. I thought you might help me to find a name for my condition, for I strangely suspect it is a complaint common to men and to women. No, you cannot assist me? cannot guess the disease—here," and he laid his hand on his heart, "that I may be suffering from?"

"No, I don't know," she said hurriedly, "I don't understand."

Still keeping his eyes fixed on her, he began first to smile and then to laugh. "Do you know that that startled look of bewildered surprise is very becoming to you?"

"I really wish you would not say such things, Vivian. You can't fancy that I expect flattery from you."

"Flattery! No—I am only telling you what I expect others have told you before me."

"Oh, well, if you mean to class yourself with others I have nothing to say."

"Ah, but I have," and taking her hand he pressed it in his own tightly, "only this is not the place to tell the tale in. We will wait until the afternoon, and try to discover a pretty walk together."

Stella felt her face grow red and white by turns. A troubled feeling set her heart beating quickly. Was the sensation pain or pleasure? She could not tell. She only knew that Vivian was opposite, and that his eyes were still fixed on her, watching her

attentively; that Mrs. Stapleton sat with her head turned away, gazing most ostentatiously out of the window, and that she herself, wishing to plunge into some general topic of conversation, could not think of a word to say.

This condition remained unaltered until they reached Bex station, where the bustle of arrival and the cares of luggage put to flight sentimentality, and took Vivian off to make certain that Clements had seen that all their boxes were taken out of the train.

Mrs. Stapleton seized the first moment that she and Stella were left together.

"Darling," she murmured, taking Stella by the arm, "I am so happy. Of course I saw what was coming, but I hardly dared to hope it would be so soon. All I trust is, that this Mr. Rodney won't interfere with anything. I'm so thankful that I've got one of his books. I shall read it at once, and have something to talk to him about, for we must contrive that he is told off to me. I wish he was not so clever, but these clever people are so self-contained that if you let them talk about what interests themselves you are sure to get on."

Those who know Bex in spring know the wealth of its idyllic charms seen at each turn, and from every point of view.

It was early in May when our party reached there, and looking at that vast stretch of meadow which fills the valley for as far as eye can reach, there hung over every tree a mantle of white blossom. Below, the grassy sward was carpeted with flowers, thick as the lush grass they overtopped and hid from view. All around the slopes and hills were clothed with trees, whose budding leaves showed every hue of varied green; and springing from out these verdant thickets, there rose the snow-capped peaks of the two great mountains, at whose feet this emerald in the crown of "smiling Switzerland" lies nestled.

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The rooms chosen, Vivian, as well as Stella and Mrs. Stapleton, felt an unconscious desire to be alone. A disturbing element seemed to hamper commonplace every-day conversation; each one avoided the eyes of the other, fearing the betrayal of a look in which some meaning might be read. Mrs. Stapleton was the only one who was secure in the certainty of satisfaction. Vivian, in conformity with his character, was pricked by the

thorns of doubt. Had he been wise? had he been premature? Was marriage a state in conformity with the views he held of life? And was Stella the woman he ought to choose?—reasonings which showed him to be no true lover, for love ever brings distrust of self. The one fear is that the object we aspire to is beyond our grasp—the heart we cover too precious to be exchanged for that which has gone from out our keeping.

Stella on her side was agitated by a tumult of mixed emotions, through each of which ran the desire that Vivian had not spoken of these things -at least not yet. She did not say it to herself in words, she did not consciously form it into thought, but the truth was that she had only just found her wings and she wanted to enjoy liberty. The bare idea of Vivian in love, and with her, was an honour too overwhelming to be borne with equanimity. Vivian's wife had always been to her an impossible ideal of perfection—"and that he can have chosen me—Never. He must have been practising some poetry he has in his head; making me serve, as he used to, for his model." Her heart grew lighter at the thought, a treachery to allegiance which she reproved by impressing on herself the various reasons why such a gifted being should not stoop to her; and she ended by saying, "Oh, he'll find this Mr. Rodney here, and talking with him will drive the other out of his head. Only I must warn Marraine not to drop a hint or give a look. That would annoy Vivian dreadfully." And this so far satisfactorily disposed of, Stella's thoughts wandered away, wondering as they went what love could really be. The silly flatteries that some of her late admirers had whispered into her ears had only made her smile—the present episode with Vivian so touched her pride that it almost frightened her-but nothing yet had reached her heart. Had she a heart to reach? The doubt brought a sigh, but the sigh found no echo from within: and plunging deeper down the young girl was caught in the mazes of fancy and held captive by dreams, the soft languor of which seemed still to pervade

her long after she had roused herself to the tangible interests of life.

Later on, going to the sitting-room, Stella found that Vivian had just joined Mrs. Stapleton. The book he had disturbed her reading she still held in her hand. It was a volume of short sketches by Maynard Rodney.

"Oh, Stella!" she exclaimed gleefully, "his friend has left, so he won't come here now—Mr. Rodney, dear, I mean—and really I must confess to feeling a wee bit thankful. It's because of these stories I'm reading," and she turned apologetically to her son. "Oh, Vivian, they are so cynical; of course, I dare say they are very clever, but all the wrong people get the right things, and the ones you want to be very happy are made miserable. Has he had any great disappointment himself that he should hold such pessimistic ideas?"

"Disappointment!" and Vivian gave a little laugh, which tossed such a supposition to the winds. "If success can satisfy a man, Maynard Rodney has nothing left to wish for. I know no one I should be so willing to change places with."

"Well, I dare say he would not object," said Stella. "I know heaps of people who used to envy you. But is he not coming, Vivian? Are we not going to have a sight of this paragon?"

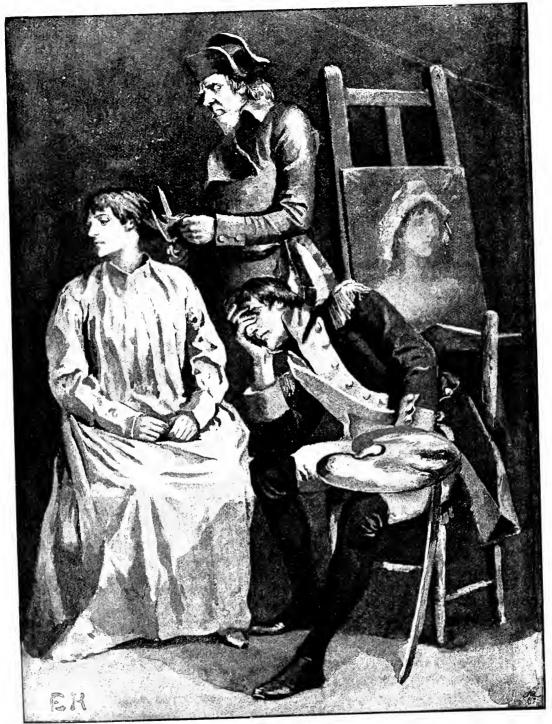
"I fear not; there is no letter for me, and by what I can gather from the porter, the friend he was coming to see has gone off to some other place."

"Oh, how tiresome! You will be sorry, won't you?"

"Well, shall I? I don't quite know;" and then moving over nearer to her, he added, "that will depend very much on how you treat me."

"I!" she said, striving to overcome a troubled feeling which had seized her.

"You," he answered, pleased with her confusion. "Now, will you get your hat? I have found the walk we are to take together."



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Everard Hopkins, del.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

EVERARD HOPKINS.

II.

HAT one would be naturally unprepared to find in a character of this exalted typein a girl emerging from a still world of dreams, to play such a strange heroic part in the drama of life—is the power to carry out in fact what she has conceived in the imagination. No one had helped her with advice as to her project; perhaps, too, it may be said none had hindered her with doubts. The tyro can sometimes accomplish what the experienced mind would despair of. He sees only the broad issues, the plain outlines of a plan, and unconfused by knowledge, will determine to carry out his project, leaving details to be dealt with as they may arise. She knew at any rate much of the world she was living in; she knew that it would be impossible to reach or stay in Paris without some specious ostensible reason for her journey—and with such a reason she has provided herself. She has to prosecute some suit, some matter of business for a friend of hers absent from Paris, and must see the Minister of the Interior. Barbaroux has given her an introduction to Lauze Duperret, a member of the Convention, and a sympathizer with the Gironde party, who it may be supposed will get her an interview with the Minister—enough at any rate for her real purpose. Once in Paris, unmolested, she will find a way to carry out what her heart is burning to accomplish.

She has got an address of a hotel to put up at from the conductor of the coach that brought her; something plain, even mean, one suspects, and suited to her slender resources. And here, at the very outset, she meets with a check to her plans. It had been her intention to sacrifice her victim in some high fashion of antique tragedy—to find him in the Convention and kill him there, before his colleagues, his friends, his dupes, in the sight of France, of the whole world. And now she hears

that he is ill, and keeps his home, never appearing in the Convention. So she must find a way of penetrating to his presence, and must kill him almost in secret. To do this she must invent an excuse, and it is one of the finest traits in her character that such a thing was repellent to her. The work, however, is laid upon her, and it must be done; if not in the way she would have wished—then in some way, in whatever way fate may ordain

The first thing to do, at any rate, is to see Lauze Duperret. Her friend's affairs will serve as an excuse, without suspicion, for her relations with him, should her visit to him become known—afterwards. Once in his company, too, she can give news by word of mouth of what is planning and doing by his friends at Caen. Duperret is from home when she gets to his house, and she must call again in the evening. But it is too late then for interviews with Ministers, and the deputy sees her home, promising to come for her in the morning. Next morning accordingly they make their attempt, but with no success, beyond securing an appointment for the evening.

The interview never took place, for Duperret finds that he is "suspect" to the party in power, and that his influence or advocacy will be worse than useless. Her friend's affairs, however, have served her purpose well enough, and now nothing remains but for her to do what she has come to do.

She sits down to write her "Address to the French," which must be found upon her; for she faces without faltering the hideous probability that, her end accomplished, she will be torn to pieces by the mob, and may never have another chance to explain herself or defend her deed. One may imagine that her sleep that night was short and troubled, and at six o'clock she is up and out. There is something that is needful to her purpose, which she has yet to get. More than an hour has



What is Needful.

still to pass before any shop will be open, and so she wanders to the garden of the Palais Royal, and sits down there. How incredible is the story of this girl's heart. No fear of the awful consequences of her act, so clearly foreseen, can turn that heart of hers from its stern purpose; in all these hours of thought no doubt unnerves her, nor has the unsullied freshness of the summer morn, that can move to happy tears, as it comes caressing, with the first far sounds of kindly human life awaking, power to soften her or melt her awful constancy. This time to-morrow and she will have done what "will go through all the centuries," beautiful as

now, as constant and unmoved, and yet red-robed

The sun mounts higher, passers-by grow more frequent, one after another the shops begin to open for the day; Charlotte wanders off in search of something and finds it—a cutler's shop. She finds what is needful to her, a long bone-handled knife with a sheath to it. She is equipped. She goes back to her lodgings and breakfasts, then takes a flacre, giving the driver as his destination the citizen Marat's lodgings. Before midday she is at the door; to gain admittance is now the difficulty. The citizen Marat is ill and cannot be seen. Her

business? She is from Caen, and can give the patriot deputy important news of the conspiracy there and the conspirators. Still she is refused admittance, she had better write what she has to say to Marat; there is no help for it, she must go back again. Once again at her lodgings, she writes a short letter, telling Marat how she has already called and failed to gain entrance to him, how she has news of the greatest moment to give him, fresh as she is from the seat of the insurrection, that she will come again—in a few moments she can give him the means of rendering a great service to France. It was half-past seven before her victim, all unconscious, was reading his deathwarrant, and even as he read his executioner was at the door. Fresh altercations take place with the people down-stairs, with Marat's housekeeper. Charlotte waits, insists. At last Marat hears her outside, consents to see her. She crosses the threshold, passes in.

With the dramatic and artistic instinct so native to the French—which seems to have been common to nearly all the actors in the Revolution, that self-consciousness that was part of them, in private, in public, even on the guillotine—she has dressed herself all in white, the only touch of colour the green ribbons in her high, grey felt hat. She had a woman's vanity, not a petty vanity, but a desire that she should be seen and remembered "in her radiant beauty."

She would wish to remain for ever as an Avenging Angel in the world's view.

She called her deed "The Preparation of Peace." She has come to bring peace to her country, and too impetuous, too ignorant, she has brought "not Peace but a Sword."

And this Marat, whom she has come to slay, is he really what he has seemed to her? To a certain extent, yes; of the mad dog there is much in him, but much more of which she knows nothing, something that needs a deeper sympathy, a wider knowledge to comprehend. A more savage, more bloodthirsty creature she could hardly have found, a meaner and more hateful victim she *might* have slain. For he seemed indeed the very type of all that is for ever outcast, trodden down, hidden out of sight, ignored. The outward sign of "the old woe of the world." The impotent revolt and hatred of centuries triumphing at last, avenging sin and misery like a plague.

Stories of human kindness are told of him, the poorest believed in him and loved him, he did not even try to lessen his poverty, his squalor. You will not find in any of the pictures of the man, nor even in his death-mask, any trace of that hideousness with which he is always credited. Through his most rabid writings there shoots at times a gleam of clear vision, a perception of the heart of things. Yet one must accept the fact that there was in the man, as he appeared, something repulsive, revolting. When Charlotte Corday entered his wretched room, he was already a dying She was not even necessary to end him. He was sitting in a covered bath, a dirty rag tied round his head, writing on a common stool or table at his side. History supplies no more vivid picture, no more pregnant situation. The evils of centuries have brought Marat, and Marat's crimes have brought Charlotte Corday, and the blood she sheds shall call for hers and for the blood of hundreds of others.

What control this girl must have had over herself! that in a time when distrust, suspicion, fear lurked everywhere, when every public man was in danger night and day, she could talk with the most hated man in France, and discover no more agitation than a patriot's eagerness might account Marat questions her about the insurrection; she answers. He asks for the names of the Girondists at Caen; she gives them. "I will have them guillotined in a few days," he says, and turns to write down the names; and as he turns, there is a sound of indrawn breath, a movement, a shadow, a flash, and the knife has pierced him through. He cries for help, and then falls silent for ever. The force, the dexterity of the blow are marvellous; it was a woman who struck, and she struck but once. What followed seems rather confused; people in the house rushed in and crowded round the dying man. One account says that a man threw Charlotte down and beat her with a chair, but she never mentions this herself, and nothing in her behaviour immediately afterwards leads one to suppose that she had been assaulted. Others say that she dragged some furniture in front of her which protected her until she was seized by gendarmes. By them she was taken down-stairs and questioned until Commissioners from the Committee of Public Safety arrived. The best known of these are Legendre, a sort of



Everard Hopkins, del.

On the Threshold.

shadow to whoever appears to be on the winning side, out-Heroding Herod when necessary, who manages to desert Robespierre and become a Thermidorien just in time; Chabot, an ex-Capuchin monk, doomed to end on the guillotine ignominiously for some swindling financial operation; and Drouet, the King-catcher, a man of a different stamp—ready, resourceful, reliable.

For hangers-on, for renegade priests, Charlotte has an unspeakable contempt. In the fencing match that follows she does not parry, she thrusts home; her frankness, her scorn, her satire, hitting her accusers at every pass.

One must bear in mind her constancy, her invincible belief in her cause, her woman's loathing for base creatures, the overwrought condition of her nerves too, or the satire, the assurance, the readiness of her answers would ring harshly, painfully.

At last she is taken off to the Abbaye prison. At the door, before the howling mob, the long strain on mind and body tells on her, and she Fortunately Drouct swoons. is a man to deal with mobs, and gets her safe to prison. In her generous way she praises her protectors in her letter to Barbaroux from the Abbaye. Of her prison, beyond the indignity of being guarded day and night by gendarmes, she does not complain. She is told to choose an advocate for her defence, and names Doulcet, an old friend. On the day of the trial he does not appear; and she, in her headstrong way, writes him down a coward -unfortunate gentleman, he never heard of her request till too late. And then her mischievous humour breaks out once more, she wishes she had named Chabot or Robespierre.

The day of the trial comes; she appears before the court all in white. At her appearance a murmur runs through the

crowd; her youth, her fearlessness, her splendid beauty, are dangerous appeals; the sooner she is tried and condemned the better. Chauveau-Lagarde, who was one of the King's Counsel, who is to defend the Queen and Madame Roland and the Girondists, is named as her advocate.

At her trial her bearing is quieter, more womanly, more dignified; she answers every question clearly and simply. At the sight of the knife she shudders. "Yes, I recognize it." She longs for the end. "There is no need for all these questions," she says; "it is I that killed Marat."

Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser, has finished. Chauveau-Lagarde rises. She looks at him appealingly; she dreads a defence of insanity. Something of a time-server, her advocate is a gentleman, and brave when put to the test. He catches her look, and knows what it means. As



The Cup is Full.

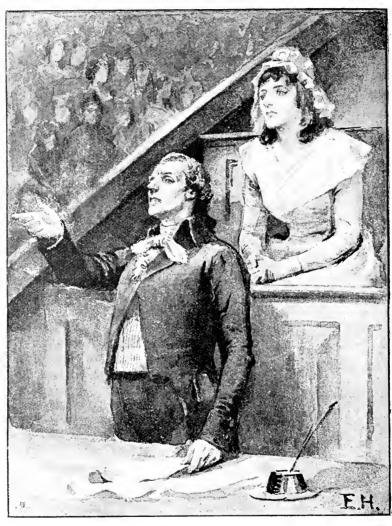
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MINLOTTE CORDIT.

he rises a confused noise of mingled emotion runs through the court.

"Citizen-jurors," he begins, "my client confesses her crime, avows its long premeditation. This unshaken calm, this complete self-surrender, experiencing no remorse in the very presence of spirit, than this defence of Charlotte Corday and Chauveau-Lagarde's fee, which was the payment of his client's prison debts.

Sentence of death is soon passed—and not on the girl-prisoner alone. For a young deputy, called Adam Lux, gazing on her, has seen in her beauty



" Not in Nature."

death, are not in nature; they can only be explained by the exaltation of political fanaticism. I leave you to judge what weight this consideration should have in your verdict."

As he sits down, her eyes are eloquent with gratitude. She thinks it a defence worthy of herself, and of him. Nothing more characteristic of the woman or of the time, with its high-heroical

his fate, has found his pearl of great price; he will give all he has, his life for his love, perhaps in death he will find her. Is not her love-story unique? is not that too redolent of her day?

A young artist serving in the National Guard had been sketching her at her trial; he comes to finish the portrait in prison. While he still paints, Sanson the executioner enters, puts on her the red smock of the murderess; so startling, so beautiful is the effect, the painter dashes it in. She is quite calm; the weakness she feared at the end is spared her. Sanson demands of her the last sacrifice; her brown locks are shorn away, and she mounts the death-

face as he held it up to the crowd; it was always said that the dead face flushed at the blow. But the crowd that could bear to see her killed could bear no more, and growled its anger back.

Adam Lux goes home and writes her eulogy and



"To Death, and Beyond."

cart for her last journey. On the way to the guillotine the rain fell heavily, so that the red smock clung to her form and gave to her beauty something of antique majesty. Adam Lux follows her with rapt gaze, will follow to death, and beyond. When her head fell, a brutal assistant struck the

his death-warrant. In a few days he joins her in death, as he desired.

He wrote that she was "greater than Brutus"; dearer to all hearts that feel she must ever be. It were idle to judge her crime. The utter failure of it to accomplish her purpose would have persuaded

even herself. "Not Peace but a Sword." For after her fell Vergniaud and the Girondists in Paris. Death consumes their hunted friends. The Rolands join them in the grave. Then follow Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and their party, and hundreds more, high and low, wise and simple, vile and noble, until death reaches Robespierre and St. Just.

"I was a Republican before the Revolution," said Charlotte Corday at her trial.

There is a dream, a desire, a promise eternal in the world. The Republic, The Golden Age, The Millennium, The Kingdom of God. In every age this spirit enters some hearts and claims them; and they who feel it stir most strongly within them, look most eagerly for the Dawn of that Day, the Coming of that Kingdom. Not ours to judge those whom the brightness of that Vision blinds, but to trust rather that one day it will enter and inhabit all human hearts.



" Beautiful to Dis.

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

(From the German of Gustav Hartwig.)

A NOTHER Spring with faint, sweet airs
Has touched the earth with heaven,
New joy, the hue that rapture wears
To every bud is given.
A veil of loveliness enfolds
The world in soft possession,
One tree alone, undone, beholds
The rest in May's procession.

Within his quiet branches ring

No songs of free-born gladness,

For him there comes no voice of spring—
But silent, solemn sadness.

And when the eyes of summer wake

The earth to bridal hours,

While other trees in blossom break,

He shivers, bare of flowers.

When low beneath their golden weight
The autumn boughs are bending,
His own lie dark and desolate,
In barren gloom extending.
Yet he alone in triumph stands
By winter unaffrighted,
Where doomed to her relentless hands
Fair trees hang dead and blighted.

Too soon the leaves began to fall
In wan and withered number,
The trees were dark, the branches all
Outstretched in frozen slumber;
But one alone, while sorrow reigned—
In death and ice prevailing—
An early dignity maintained,
No storm or snow availing.

When land and wood were wrapped in white
He bore his fruitful treasure,
'Twas at the time when hearts are light
And beat with fuller measure—
He bore his Christmas fruit and lent
The deepest joy to living,
For every branch new wonders bent,
New bliss of gift and giving.

Each slender taper seems a star

To shine in magic ever,

The notes of happiness unbar

All hearts to sweet endeavour.

Upraised is every little arm

In frank, unfeigned desire,

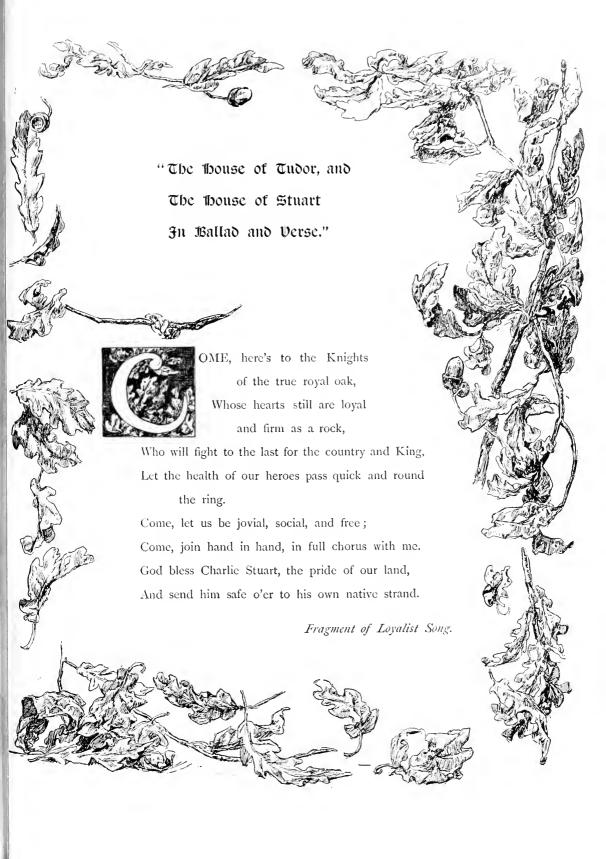
The little cheeks are flushed and warm,

Unconscious of their fire.

The light of love—within our soul
That altar brightly burning—
Reveals a fairer, purer goal
Beyond our vain discerning;
To bless the life no good endows,
Love's kingdom here to cherish,
This truth, O Fir-tree, from thy boughs
Shall never, never perish.

A. R. WILLIAMS.





JOURNALISTIC LONDON.

ALICE CORKRAN.

OES the reader ever ask himself how his morning newspaper is produced? Does he realize that it is in point of quantity a veritable book brought out every day, a book that has been written almost entirely within a few hours; quite a big book, if it were printed in the ordinary three-volume type; and one written not on a single theme, but on a hundred? Advertisements must be included in our estimate of this modern marvel. not only as part of the trouble that has been taken in its production, but as a detail of the many-sided picture of life that it presents. The announcements of the last new book, of the forthcoming play, of the launching of a city company with its freight of millions, of the births, the deaths, the marriages of a population, are all parts of a mighty whole, which is the life of our time. We see in the daily papers what the Queen is doing, how the felon met his doom, what legislators are discussing, and politicians bickering about, what war is going on, or what calamity, what is the last new fashion in clothes. In fact we sit on the magic carpet of fairy tale, which takes us, in the twinkling of an eye, from pole to pole. To change the figure, the newspaper is the "Diable Boiteux" who uncovers the roofs of houses and allows us to see the great human comedy or tragedy playing in every clime.

Let us peep behind the scene, and assist at the manufacture of this great compilation. Dozens of scribes are busy simultaneously in all parts of the world preparing copy. Something is doing during every hour of the twenty-four, and this is being recorded and sent off to the head-quarters at Fleet Street. Probably during the day and night there is not a single moment when the office there is quite empty; except during a portion of the sacred Saturday, the Sabbath of the journalist. Every paper might take for its motto the old one appropriated by *Bell's Life*, "*Nunquam dormio*" – "I never sleep."

The normal life of the morning newspaper begins between four and five o'clock of the afternoon, when the editor arrives. It is the opening of his day. He has not gone to bed till three o'clock that morning, so do not be hard upon him if he has not long left it. The manager has been at his post some hours, but as this official will be released earlier, we need not waste much pity upon him. He has been attending to all the business concerns of the paper, and, needless to say, their name is Everything relating to the "sinews of legion. war" is the manager's chief concern, and this commercial part of the enterprise is the foundation of its entire prosperity. When the editor comes down, he finds all prepared for his decisive touch. Ranged on his table are the letters that have come in, and the syllabus or first rough draft of particulars for to-morrow's issue. The letters addressed to him in his official capacity by outsiders are, on an average, about five times as many as are likely to find place in the paper. His first business is to glance at the diary, and to refresh his memory as to what subjects are already in hand. enables him to form an idea of what is coming. He finds that the news of a colliery accident was received three hours after the paper went to press, and that the Special Correspondent, who always keeps a valise ready packed, to enable him to start at a moment's notice, has been sent off to the scene of the disaster, and that a long telegram may be expected from him towards midnight. Another contributor has been despatched in the same way to a shipwreck, with instructions to board the boat, or so much of it as is left out of water, and to interview the survivors.

The editor's next care is to provide provender for his young lions—the leader-writers. They have dropped in at about five o'clock, or they do so when they are good, and the cry is for subjects. This early attendance on their part is very necessary, as it is important to get as much copy set up in type as possible during the early part of the journalistic day, in order to save the printers the rush that is sure to come at its close. One writer is good for social articles, another is a pundit of politics, and may be, at this moment, sitting idly busy at a club, getting hints as to the party purpose of the moment from a Cabinet Minister. A third is perhaps a learned humourist, a dainty dabbler in many literatures. This arranging for leader subjects is no easy matter. It is important to give variety to the paper, as it caters for persons of every taste. The leaders having been settled, there comes the daily slaughter of the Innocents -i. e. the tearing up of the rejected letters and their consignment to the waste-paper basket. The editor has now a general idea of what the next morning's issue will consist. If an illustrious man or woman has died, the memoir of the deceased celebrity is ready. It was written long ago. The memoirs lie alphabetically The opening line—"It is arranged in drawers. our painful duty to announce the death of -," may have been written ten years before the sad The biography is now turned event occurred. over to another contributor, to bring it up to date.

The editor, having accomplished the first part of his duties, goes home peacefully to dinner, and the industrious leader-writers retire to their rooms. Some of their subjects, having no special reference to the news of the day, need looking up. When the topic deals with an occurrence about which news is still coming in, the writer will probably wait till ten or eleven at night before setting to work. As he proceeds, one boy will be continually bringing in to him the telegrams that record the latest development of the case, for these new lights may tend to modify his point of view. Another lad, who also brings the proofs of all the other copy which has been set, will come in every ten or fifteen minutes for the sheets of manuscript as they are produced.

At a little after ten, the editor has returned, and the leader-writers are in their places. The work is in full swing. The political writer, if Parliament is sitting, is probably at the House watching the debate, and sending away slips of copy by special messenger to the office. The leaders being written, the next step is to provide for "Leader Notes." In some journals the "Notes" are undertaken by the leader-writers, in others, a

contributor is specially kept to deal editorially with the different minor topics of the day. This man must be an Admirable Crichton of current polities, social life, and literature. Nothing must come altogether amiss to him. At midnight, he learns that the Ameer of Afghanistan has received a check in his war with the frontier tribes; he is expected to know what the war is about—in this, he may probably have some advantage over the Ameer himself—and he must at least be able to carry on the narrative of its rise and progress since the last notice of the struggle, it may be some weeks previously, appeared in the paper. He should be able to deal in the same manner with the multitudinous questions of domestic interest. Minister makes a speech in the country on the Eight Hours Question, the writer must know exactly how the question stands, and be able to discriminate between the trades that have given it their adhesion, and those that have not. He must watch the police reports for striking cases, and generally keep an eye on earth and heaven; for if a new comet is announced, or Mars is in opposition, he is expected to make a few epigrammatic observations on the unwonted state of things.

Meanwhile all the other departments of the paper are equally busy. The foreign editors are in their rooms patiently performing a task of extraordinary difficulty, for which they get no credit from the unconscious public. Readers who scan the three or four columns of telegrams that appear in their journal every morning have no idea of the transformation these messages have undergone from the time when they reached the office as raw material, to their appearance as a finished product for the public eye. News that comes through agencies, through Reuter's especially, gives the sub-editor no trouble to decipher; it has all been carefully supervised before being sent out. This, however, forms a comparatively small part of the foreign intelligence. The special correspondents of the paper, in all parts of the world, telegraph long messages, that have to be transmitted by foreign clerks of every degree of ignorance of the English language. The news finally reaches the office in a state of polyglot confusion. When it is telegraphed, let us say, from St. Petersburg to Vienna, the Austrian official, scarce able to read the Russianized English message, makes confusion worse confounded by his rendering of its contents, and when

the despatch reaches Fleet Street, it would baffle all but a reader of hieroglyphics, or a foreign sub-editor. Almost always every other word is mis-spelt, and the English construction is faulty, exhibiting all the barbarisms of a foreign idiom. Often it happens also that the message has been sent by a foreign correspondent whose knowledge of English to begin with is imperfect. These yards, we had almost said these miles, of gibberish have to be read with practised insight for their essential meaning. Each slip is sent up to the printers as fast as it has been corrected by the subordinate foreign editor, and revised by the chief, for blunders of taste.

The Home sub-editor's department is one of the most important of the paper, and he requires several assistants. It is his duty to supervise all the columns of domestic news. To him the special correspondents who have been sent to the mine, to the wreck, etc., report first, and he determines, in view of the general pressure of matter, what length he shall give to their narratives. One of his aids reads all the country papers, and boils down their more important announcements into paragraphs, or into short reports with special neadings. Another deals with the "flimsy" that comes in from the pennya-liners, as they are called, although on good papers these contributors are paid at a somewhat more liberal rate. They are the free-lances of the press, who deal with the thousand and one minor events of the Metropolitan day. The cab accident in the city, the railway collision at Clapham, the fires, the inquests, the suicides are recorded by these roving members of the profession. A word as to the "flimsy" may not be out of place here. The "liners" send their copy to all the papers, taking their chance as to what gets in, and being paid, not for what is written, but for what is printed. They necessarily adopt a method of duplication. This consists of a well-known process: carbonized paper, interlined with oiled tissue, enables them to produce ten or twelve replicas with the same stroke of the pen, or rather of the stylus of polished agate with which they write. The greasy flimsy is most unpleasant stuff to deal with, and the sub-editors have to wash their hands several times in the course of the night. Other assistants of the sub-editor attend to the parliamentary news steadily sent down from the House by the reporters all through the sitting. Others again, as occasion serves, fulfil the same office towards the flimsy from the Press Association, and the other news agencies.

The Press Association is a wonderful organization of modern growth. It watches the whole country, and has correspondents in every town. These correspondents send up accounts of any event of importance which has happened in their circumscription during the day, thereby supplementing the local news appearing in the provincial papers, which, needless to say, refers only to the occurrences of the day before. Take, for example, the Birmingham paper of any given day, it covers all that happened yesterday in the town and its neighbourhood: the Press Association then takes up the wondrous tale, and continues it up to almost the hour when the London journals go to press.

Another of the sub-editor's assistants has, as part of his duty, to write paragraphs for the column devoted to the summary of news, to which also the foreign sub-editors contribute. Meanwhile the sub-editor-in-chief keeps his finger constantly on the pulse of the journal. He knows how it is faring as to the quantity and quality of the intelligence. He is always aware of the number of columns he has at his disposal. He never loses sight of the quantity of matter he needs, which varies according to the pressure of advertisements, and he knows the extent to which the copy must be cut down in order to give everything the proportionate attention it deserves. If he printed the news exactly as it reached him, he would have enough to fill half a dozen papers. He therefore controls the exuberant verbosity of the "liners," and, generally speaking, keeps everything at its proper length. His great object is to avoid over-setting, for when matter has been set up by compositors, and has afterwards to be cut down, the useless setting involves a heavy cost in wages of highly-skilled artisans. His calculations have to acknowledge the presence of many disturbing elements. There is always some one thing struggling for supremacy in the paper. Topics are jealous of one another, and are never so happy as when they reduce all competitors to a paragraph or to a line. The most outrageous topic of this kind, the monopolist of the whole profession, is the extra parliamentary speech of a political leader. Whenever and wherever he speaks he is under the impression that the whole world is waiting for his deliverance, and that the only fault

he can possibly commit is to say too little. He reviews the political situation in columns packed to their utmost capacity, and as some persons never tremble to turn the corner of a column, he has no scruple in turning the corner of a page. If a speech of this sort comes in, everything else is starved; yet, when it appears in print, the editor will probably receive a private note from the orator asking why they omitted his joke about the potato blight. The massacre of the innocents on these great nights is a grievous thing to see. There is a cutting down all round: promising murders, which at the beginning of the evening claimed their column, now scarcely get their paragraph, or even their line. The subeditor, as a rule, feels a personal animosity against the writers or speakers who produce more than a They spoil the harmony of his pieture of the world's doings of yesterday. For this reason he is not quite kindly disposed towards the distant gentleman in the depth of the coal-mine, or on board the shipwrecked vessel, for he knows from experience that the writer who is far from headquarters may easily lose his sense of proportion, and send three columns where one would amply suffice. Nor is he altogether at ease with the critic. The dramatic critic, who has just returned from the first performance of a new piece, with the plaudits ringing in his ears, is likely to overdo it, unless he happens to dwell in the suburbs, in which case he will probably be brief in order to catch the last train. Critics are notoriously an irritable generation, wholly unable to bear in their own persons the blame they so liberally bestow on others, and they are not to be cut down with impunity. They have taken great pains with their work, and they are at times tempted to forget that the same pains have been bestowed by others, and that a daily paper, like life itself, is but a compromise.

Those others form by no means a negligible quantity, for it is not only your special correspondent at home, but it is your correspondent abroad, who has to find his place in the paper every day. This gentleman is more particularly under the care of the foreign editor. The simultaneity—if one may use the awkward word—of so many things going on at home and abroad is the most striking circumstance perhaps in the production of a paper. While the foreign editor is coming down from Bayswater, the foreign correspondents in distant capitals

have just dined, and are beginning to collect their thoughts on the news of the day. They have been out and about all the afternoon, dropping in at a club or two, and if the place be Paris, attending perhaps a fancy fair, or taking some note of the prevalent craze. They have seen a Minister, an exhibition of pictures, and a sensational trial, and are now sitting down to consider how much they shall send by wire to head-quarters. They sit in very spacious, not to say luxurious, offices. The foreign correspondence of the great London dailies has been revolutionized, in the course of the last fifteen or twenty years. The correspondent used to write in a café near the Central Post Office, to get the benefit of the latest hour; and, save for the services of a tout or two, he did all the work himself. Now he is only less carefully shrouded from popular observation than the editor himself; and the clerk in the outer office, with the two or three subs in the one adjoining, stand between him and public curiosity. This is especially the case in Parisperhaps, to be accurate, exclusively the case. Paris has become the continental centre of private telegraphic lines for press purposes. The leading London papers have a private wire, reserved for their exclusive use, during certain hours of the evening, at a very high rental. Most of the foreign correspondents in other capitals report to the Paris office, and that office forwards their despatches to London. An incessant tie-tic goes on during all the hours for which the special wire is rented. The telegrams come straight into each office of the London papers, where, for the occasion, one room becomes a branch of the General Post Office. A post-office clerk comes down to receive the messages, and he is in direct communication with a clerk of the French department, telegraphing from the Paris office of the journal. During the intervals between the despatches, it is no uncommon thing to hear the two in charge of the wire using it to gossip together from one capital to the other. "Where are you going after you leave?" "Home to bed-and you?" "I mean to run into the Alcazar to see Mille. Tita on the tight-rope." The foreign editors also converse with the correspondents on business topics, with the same instantaneous celerity, and sometimes, to save the trouble of taking down a dictionary from the shelf, they inquire about an accent, or the spelling of a word, getting their reply from Paris or Berlin in less time

than it would take them to open book and hunt for the reference.

As may be imagined, the performance of these various duties requires a large staff in the foreign capitals, and a larger staff at home. One of the most surprising things in the newspaper is the number of persons who are daily engaged in its production. They are to be reckoned by hundreds if we count the printers as well as the writers, and perhaps by nothing short of a hundred if we count the writers alone. The parliamentary corps, for instance, forms a large part of the staff. The immense mass of reporting from one or both Houses of Parliament that daily appears in firstclass journals involves the work of many hands. The reports may be shorter in some papers than in others, but almost the same amount of trouble is expended upon their production, whatever their length. There is not the report alone to furnish, there is the parliamentary summary; and not the summary alone, but the descriptive account of the debate. The position of the parliamentary reporter is one of the prizes of the profession. The ablest reporters in the provinces take care to have their names put down on the lists of promotion to the London dailies, and every vacancy can be filled two or three times over. The parliamentary corps is no unwelcome refuge to the briefless barrister; many men training for the bar enter it while waiting for better things, and never leave it. They are like Doctor Watts, in his famous visit to the Abneys, which lasted till he died. The reporters take brief turns at shorthand writing in the House, and then retire to write out their "notes," in longhand, for transmission by special messenger to the office. Each man begins exactly where the other left off. Their manner of relieving guard is one of the sights of the House to those who know all the concentration of mind and vigilance it implies. They are not unlike the Scottish soldiers in Marmion-

"Each stepping where his comrade stood The moment that he—"

finished his "note."

The police-courts form another section of the work of a paper, one which, however, may be dismissed with a bare mention, as it speaks for itself. The police-court reporter has to exercise his judgment in the selection and condensation of cases, according to their importance. This work, however, is now almost entirely done by contract.

One reporter attached to each court sends his copy to all the papers. On special occasions, a member of the staff of each paper attends the court, and furnishes full and descriptive accounts of the proceedings.

The office of the city editor is one of the most important. Its chief must have a knowledge of all that is going on in the business world; he must. especially, be as incorruptible as "Sea-green Robespierre." His good word about a speculation may sometimes be worth hundreds or thousands of pounds to its promoters. There have been occasions on which promoters have shown themselves duly sensitive of its importance, and have managed to gain individuals of a class which has a high standard of integrity. This is a misfortune that may befall the best of papers, and when it does happen, it ought not to be held to imply blame to any other than to the party directly concerned. One of the most marked characteristics of the high-class daily press is the personal honour of its contributors. If they chose to sell their influence they would find no lack of bidders, for, as a general rule, one word in the "news" column, where it has all the appearance of a spontaneous tribute, is worth twenty words in the column of advertisement. The wary advertiser is always on the look-out for the unwary, rather than the corrupt contributor. He waylays him at exhibitions, and places of a similar kind, with circulars in favour of inventions which he ventures to suggest deserve mention, as matters of public interest. All the editorial chiefs of departments have constantly to be on the look-out against surprises of this kind. In some cases, the advertiser has been known to bribe the humble "penny-a-liner," and to induce him to send in an account of a street accident, bogus or otherwise, in which the sufferer is described as providentially relieved by an application of So-and-So's vital restorer, which a benevolent passer-by was able to procure from a neighbouring chemist's shop. Practice makes perfect, and whatever may be the pressure of business, the editorial eye seldom fails to detect these attempts at imposition on the public good faith, and to sacrifice the whole batch of copy where it occurs.

Over and above these things that catch the general eye, in the paper, there are innumerable subjects that appeal only to special classes and interests, which yet must find a place, and which involve organization and outlay. Of such are the quotations of shares and stocks, the markets in all parts of the kingdom, or rather in all parts of the world, the sailings of vessels. The curious thing is that, whi'e no ordinary man has ever met a single person who reads these items, they are still read by thousands, and the slightest error in a name or a quotation, the slightest change from the accustomed order of arrangement, instantly provokes the most lively protests from all parts.

Of the advertisements, nothing need be said here, except that, as everybody knows, they form the financial backbone of the paper. They are only mentioned because our object is to give a bird's-eye view of the entire organization of a London morning paper, to enable our readers to understand how many hundreds of busy hands and heads are employed daily in its production. The history of modern advertisements has yet to be written. It is a subject by itself, and cannot be attempted here.

In any account of the organization of a paper, the topics for the dull season should not be forgotten. There is one period of the year when the editor has three times as much matter as he can use, and another when he is short, not exactly of copy, but of copy that people will care to read. When everybody is out of town there is a vast deposit of oil on the waters of public life. Nothing happens, and some interest therefore has to be created in the topic of discussion for the season. Great judgment is required for this selection, and the bait has sometimes to be thrown very often before the fish begin to nibble. Usually the

domestic topics are the best, for they engage the attention of women as well as of men. It must be remembered that women form not only the larger half of mankind, but the most eager and curious of all readers. Discussions on marriage are of perennial interest, and most of the correspondences that have been historic in their success have turned on this stupendous subject. The debate is almost invariably started by a sham letter, of some member of the staff, who signs himself with equal readiness "A Mother," "A Disconsolate Parent," "A Disappointed Husband." "An Orphan," or "A Young Man in Love," as the case may be. When the public has fairly taken hold of the subject, the public is left to manage the whole business, and the amiable impostor of the first letter returns to his ordinary duties. The only difficulty now is to keep the discussion within bounds. The letters come in by cartloads, and it is almost one man's work to edit and arrange them for the press. They usually exhibit an extraordinary amount of faculty, and they go far to show that the public, taking it in its integrity, could write any portion of the paper better than it is written by the individual in charge. It is only in the competition of unit with unit that a professional hand would tell. The slightest mistake in any part of the journal-in a fact, an allusion, a quotation, a date, or even in an omitted dot from the i-is sure to be noted by a hundred curious observers, and to be corrected next morning on post-cards coming from all parts of the country.

(To be continued.)





 $\label{eq:energy} E. \ \textit{Burne-Yones}, \ A.R.A., \ \textit{pinx}.$ THE ANNUNCIATION.



ROSA TRIPLEX.

D. G. R. setti, finx.

SOME PAINTERS OF THE CENTURY.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

S the century draws near to its close, we are naturally inclined to look backwards and count up the sum of its achievements, and, where we can, define the chief features of its course. What, we ask ourselves, have been the leading characteristics of art in the nineteenth century, the most noteworthy qualities which will be recognized by future generations? During the last few years several opportunities of forming a just estimate of the progress of art have been afforded us, both in this country and abroad. In 1887 we saw a splendid collection of Victorian Art at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition, two years later an equally fine display of French painting at the Palais des Beaux-Arts in the Paris Exhibition, and only within the last few months, much of the best work of English painters during the last fifty or sixty years has been brought together in the Loan Exhibition held at the Guildhall.

One thing is certain. There has been a widespread revival of interest in all forms of art, both in England and France, during the latter half of the present century; and, although we still have to lament the national indifference, and must admit the sorrowful fact that art is not an essential in the lives of most English men and women, there can be no doubt that, on the whole, right ideas about art are far more prevalent than they were. For one thing, art is no longer looked upon as a mere pastime -an amusement with which to beguile the dull hours of an idle day. We have at last learnt to take it seriously, and to recognize its importance as a factor in human life. Pictures are no longer regarded as mere luxuries for the rich, possessions which are desirable as enhancing the wealth and position of their owner, but are sought after and valued for the delight they give and the high thoughts they stimulate. Art, in fact, is once more



THE DAME'S SCHOOL.

Thomas Webster, pinx.

owned to be what it was in the old days—a living power in the world.

At the same time, there has been a corresponding advance in technical excellence among our painters, a progress in actual drawing and brushwork which no one who is familiar with Academy Exhibitions during the last twenty years can fail to note. The standard we set before us is infinitely higher, the judgments we form are far more critical. And, although the public taste is still in sore need of cultivation, there can be no doubt that the noblest expressions of art are better understood and appreciated, and meet with a warmer and more generous welcome than ever before. The leading note of the art, as well as of the fiction of to-day, is sincerity. "Living in the truth!" That motto of the ancient Egyptian king, who thousands of years ago showed himself the forerunner of the modern realism, might well be inscribed over the gates of the palace of nineteenth-century art.

There is in art, as in all other departments of thought at the present time, a horror of conventional form, a resolute endeavour to represent things as they are, a determination on the part of the artist that a picture should be a faithful record of an impression received, and not a composition arranged according to certain academic rules. All through the century we trace the gradual development of this idea, in marked contrast to the accepted creeds and laws that had so long governed art and held the painter's hand and brain in bonds.

Turner was one of the first who dared take up an independent line, and go straight to nature for his lessons. Far removed as his art is from that of the modern impressionist, strangely unlike as are the visions of his fancy to anything that men paint to-day, his theory and his practice were, in point of fact, precisely the same as theirs. "What!" he exclaimed to a fellow-artist one day, "do you not yet know at your age that you ought to paint your impressions?" Or, to put it in Mr. Ruskin's words, "he realized that what the artist has to do is to 'receive' a strong impression from a scene, and then set himself as far as possible to reproduce that impression on the mind of the spectator." And so, first among artists, he tried to paint the sunshine, to catch the wonder of the sunrise and the sunset, to reproduce the beauty of earth in all its completeness. Whatever his subject may be, whether he takes us to the enchanted shores of the Bay of Baiæ, and shows us the crumbling ruins of Roman times surrounded by the dream-like loveliness of Italian summer; or whether, as in his famous picture, 'Crossing the Brook,' he paints the peaceful and smiling beauty of our own English vales, he always seizes on the essential character of the landscape, and gives us a typical representation of the scene. In his London walks along the banks of the Thames, and on his travels through France and Italy, he was always observing, always taking note of natural details and atmospheric effects. Often, during his last illness, he would get up at early dawn and climb on to the roof of his little Chelsea lodging-house, to feast his eyes once more on the spectacle of the rising sun. "The sun is God," were some of the last words he said as he lay



THE BAY OF BALE.

(From the ficture by Turner in the National Gallery.)

dying, and the window of his death-chamber being turned towards the west, Mr. Ruskin tells us, "the sun shone upon his face in its setting, and rested there as he expired."

The same impulse stirred the heart of that other great landscape painter, Constable, whose work, if less remarkable in itself, was destined to produce even more far-reaching results. The son of a Suffolk miller, he spent his boyhood in roaming through the green lanes and grassy meadows of his home, until he knew every stump and stile by heart. "It was," he often said, "the valley of the Stour which made him a painter." The common aspects of nature, the gleam of the sunlight on fresh green leaves and rippling waters, the changeful effects

cation of parting embraces. No wonder the sight of Constable's noble landscape, closely studied as it was from nature, and painted in a style directly opposed to the classical landscape then in vogue, appealed with strange power to the young men who, tired of the dreary old conventional style, felt the power of new life stirring within them. "Beware of the Englishman's pictures!" cried the French critics of the old school, "they are without tradition or style; they will ruin our art." And they were right. From that day academic landscape was doomed, and from this meeting with English art arose the new school which is the supreme glory of French painting in the nineteenth century.

Foremost among the young artists who caught

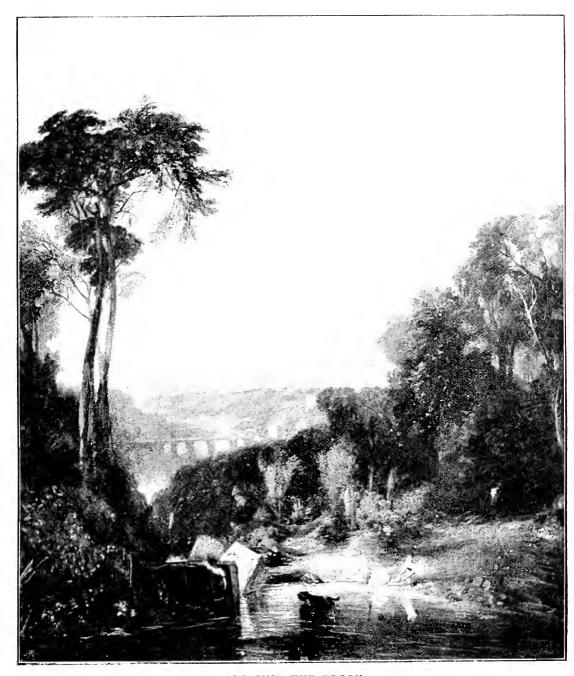


J. B. C. Corot, pinx.

LANDSCAPE

of showery weather, were what he loved to paint, in spite of the jeers and flouts of the critics. We give our readers a sketch of his 'Hay Wain,' lately presented to the National Gallery by Mr. Vaughan, which, besides being a characteristic example of his art, is doubly interesting on account of the profound impression which it produced at the famous exhibition of English pictures held in Paris in 1824. There the traditions of the schools reigned supreme, classical subjects were *de rigueur*, and landscape painting had sunk into a slavish imitation of Claude and Poussin. Thackeray, writing from Paris in 1838, describes the walls of the École des Beaux-Arts as crowded with wolf-sucking Romuluses, and Hectors and Andromaches in a compli-

the spirit of the English master, and went home to paint their own impressions of nature, was Theodore No one studied natural facts, the growth of trees, the form of leaves, the ripple of waters, more closely and lovingly. No one ever rendered these details with more exquisite The simplest subjects supplied him tenderness. with themes for his finest pictures. A clear pool of water, sleeping at the feet of a grassy bank, or else a clump of forest trees touched by autumn hues, reddening in the rich sunset light, became in his hands a painted poem. Yet for thirteen years the official world closed the doors of the Salon upon him, and the persistency with which his work was rejected won for him the name of



CROSSING THE BROOK.

(From the picture by Turner in the National Gallery.

"le Grand Refusé." Now French critics honour him as the apostle of truth in landscape, and the first colourist of the age. His pictures sell for thousands of pounds in France and England, and many of his finest works adorn the public and private galleries of New York and Boston.

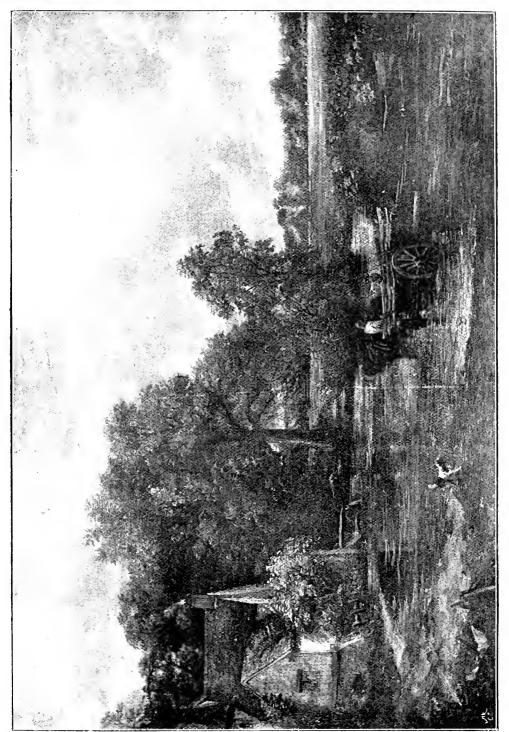
Closely connected with Rousseau and the men of 1830 in their long struggles and final triumph was a still greater master, Corot. His style was grounded partly on early studies in the Roman Campagna, partly on the methods of the old classical school, transformed and perfected by the might of his own genius. "Paint what you see," he often said; "put yourself face to face with nature, and then interpret the impression received." This Corot himself did exactly. He looked on the trees and skies through the medium of his poetic imagination, and idealized every landscape with the charm of his own individuality. Fortuntely for him, he belonged to a prosperous bourgeois family, and did not depend on art for his daily bread. He never married. "Painting," he said,

"was his first and only love, and with her for companion, he needed no other." And he lived to a great age in contented enjoyment of his art, and in happy possession of a sweet and screne temper which no troubles and disappointments could ever sour. He has himself described the joys of a landscape painter's day, the endless delights which each new aspect of nature filled each successive hour.

"After one of my excursions," he writes to a friend, "that is, after travelling and making sketches, I invite Nature to come and spend a few days with me, and then my foolishness begins. Pencil in hand, I hear the birds singing, the trees rustling in the wind; I see the running brooks and the streams charged with ten thousand reflections of earth and sky—nay, the very sun rises and sets in my studio." And another time, when a young artist asked him why he had introduced another tree into one of his pictures, he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "Tell no one, it is a secret; but I put it here to please the birds." In his old age, when the fame and riches which he had never sought after, both

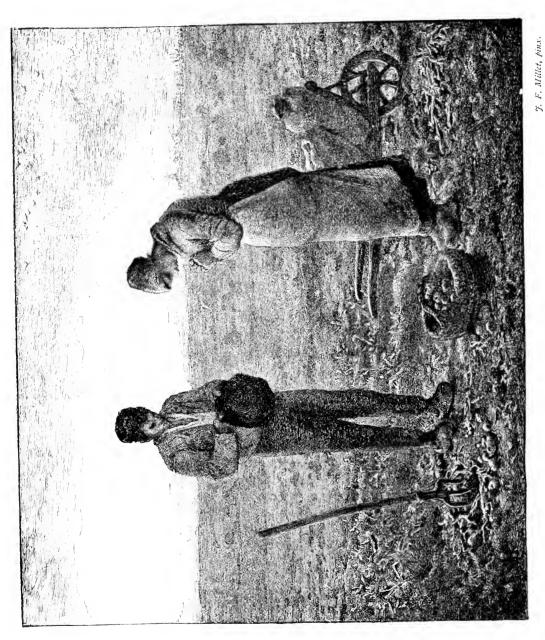


Mulready, pinx.



THE HAY WAIN,

From the fiction by Constable in the National Gallery



came to him in abundance, "le père Corot," as the Paris students affectionately called him, spent his fortune in helping neglected artists, and, shortly before he died, settled a considerable sum on the

widow of his friend Millet.

Foremost among the men of 1830 and the so-called school of Barbizon, it is the fashion to place the great painter of 'La Vie des Champs,' Jean François Millet. His art was in fact a development of the Landscape school, and he numbered the leaders of the movement among his life-long friends. To a thorough grasp of the principles of landscape art which they had discovered, he added the inspiration of his own genius, and brought the experience of a boyhood spent in the patriarchal simplicity of a peasant-home in Normandy. Familiar as he was with every form of peasantlife and labour, and knowing, as few can know, the whole secret of art, he painted the sower and the reaper, the gleaners and the shepherds, the haymakers and the woodcutters at their work, with a truthfulness and at the same time with a profound significance, which lifts these simple actions into the loftiest realm of ideal art. He, too, had a hard battle to fight with poverty and neglect, but the strength of his convictions never wavered. "There lies the truth!" he cried one day as he watched the sun drop behind the forest in a fiery blaze: "let us fight for it." And so he fought and suffered, and out of pain and failure the great results sprang. He died before his time, worn out by toil and hardships,

and hardly had he breathed his last than his triumph began. To-day Millet is universally acknowledged as one of the great idealist painters of the century, and his 'Angelus,' his 'Semeur,' his



D. G. Rossetti, pinx.

'Bergère,' are ranked among the masterpieces of the world.

Since Millet and Corot died French art has gone through many phases, and we have witnessed the latest development of the movement of 1830 in the rise of the Impressionist school in the works of Manet, of Degas, and of Whistler, an artist who belongs by birth to America and by training to

was dead, and although Turner was still alive, he had done his best work. The other masters who stood highest in popular estimation belonged to a by-gone generation, and were survivals from the Georgian age. Such, for instance, were Mulready, the designer of the famous Mulready envelope, and Thomas Webster, the aged artist whose venerable form and snow-white hair have not yet passed away



G. F. Watts, R.A , pinx.

PORTRAIT OF MR. WALTER CRANE.

Paris, but whose residence in this country, as well as the influence which he exerts on contemporary art in England, entitles us to claim a share in him.

While the men of 1830 were slowly making their way in France, the same battle was being fought here in England on other grounds and upon different lines. During the first years of Queen Victoria's reign, art had sunk to the lowest ebb. Constable

from our remembrance. Both of them, Mulready especially, were artists of considerable powers, who spent their lives in painting trivial subjects—village schools and little groups of boys and girls at play, a woman choosing her wedding-gown—but, for want of definite purpose and aim in their work, fell short of true greatness.

Just at that moment, in the year 1849, a little

band of ardent young painters joined together to form a brotherhood, pledging themselves to work in the humble and earnest spirit of the old masters, and express their ideas with the greatest possible sincerity and completeness; and since the great master of Urbino's name was freely employed to cover all the bad work and conventional art of modern times, these young men chose to call themselves Pre-Raphaelites, and signed their works with the letters P.R.B.

The ruling ideas which inspired this bold protest against the conventional art of the day, was a hatred of pretence and a passionate love of truth. "Truth," says Mr. Ruskin, who has been called the Apostle of the movement, "Truth is the vital power of the whole school, Truth its armour, Truth its warword." Naturally enough, this daring challenge aroused fierce indignation in certain circles. The work of the Pre-Raphaelites was denounced, and contempt was poured upon their aims and ideas, while they themselves were driven to the verge of ruin, and one of them, Mr. Holman Hunt, has told us that he was on the point of emigrating to Canada. Time has justified the sincer'ty of their aims, and the excellence of their work. Their pictures now command the highest prices, and the movement is generally recognized as the most important that has ever taken place in English art.

Here we can only give examples of the art of Dante Rossetti, the master-mind of the little band, and in spite of certain obvious deficiences, the most original creative genius of the age. marvellous powers found their highest expression in his smaller designs, which amaze us alike by the intensity of their emotion and the jewel-like radiance of their colour. One of his earliest works, the lovely little picture known as 'Ecce Ancilla Domini,' is now in the National Gallery. So, too, is the finest of all his larger oil-paintings, the touching representation of his dead wife, known as 'Beata Beatrix.' Here we see the adored lady of Dante's Vita Nuova, rapt in a trance, and beholding through her closed eyes the vision which is for all time. In the background are the poet and Love passing through the streets of Florence, sadly conscious of her coming doom; while a dove, messenger of death, drops a poppy into Beatrix's hands. Our readers will remember the picture of Veronica Veronese in the late Mr. Leyland's collection. The Italian maiden is

represented, according to Ridolfi's legend, intent on recording the melody that haunts her brain. She pauses, bow in hand, and lets her fingers stray over the strings of her violin, while she listens to the song of the canary-bird in the cage above, and in that moment, we feel, the music is born within her soul. The same lovely and expressive face meets us in 'Rosa Triplex,' a three-fold study of the same fair maiden who sat to Rossetti for many of his most characteristic pictures. In the 'Blessed Damozel' the poet-painter has embodied the ideal lady of his own youthful dreams. The old poem is familiar to us all—

"The Blessed Damozel leaned out From the gold bar of heaven, Her eyes were deeper than the depth Of waters stilled at even; She had three lilies in her hand And the stars in her hair were seven."

From the courts of heaven, and the company of the angels, the blessed maid looks down in pitying tenderness on her mortal lover, who, lying under the spreading oak by the riverside, dreams of his lost lady, with a passion of yearning which seems still to have the power to draw her down from her home in the realm of bliss.

The influence of the Pre-Raphaelite movement has made itself widely felt, and has proved an enduring power in English art. To its original leaders we owe the great religious pictures of Holman Hunt and the most poetical work of Sir John Millais, while we can never forget that Mr. Burne-Jones sat at the feet of Rossetti, and caught from his lips the fire which inspired his youthful genius. His work is already familiar to readers of Atalanta, but we offer them a sketch of his beautiful 'Annunciation,' as the best modern rendering of that favourite theme of the mediaval painter. His picture of 'The Star of Bethlehem,' which forms the subject of our frontispiece, is perhaps the loveliest version of the old Christmas story ever painted by an English master.

Again, we notice the same striving after truth and completeness in the persistent endeavour of such accomplished artists as the President of the Royal Academy, Mr. Poynter, and M. Tadema to reproduce in varying ways, with the utmost perfection possible, the life of a by-gone age—"The glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome." And we see it still more forcibly in the

remarkable development of portrait-painting, which has been one of the most striking features of recent art. Fifty years ago portrait-painting was looked upon as a merely decorative art, and as long as the artist succeeded in giving a tolerably good likeness of the sitter, people were content, and did not ask for more. Nowadays we aim at nothing short of a complete rendering of the whole man, with all his inner as well as his outer characteristics. Mr. Watts, whose portraits have been already described in these pages, is still supreme in this branch of art. At seventy-five he is painting still with a mastery of eye and hand that bids fair to rival Titian, and

his portrait of Mr. Walter Crane in the New Gallery has been hailed on all sides as the finest picture of the year. Next to him we may name Mr. W. B. Richmond, whose portraits are stamped with the distinction and refinement that mark all his other works. At the present moment we rejoice to think his undoubted talents have found a worthy sphere in the decoration of the interior of St. Paul's, a task in which he has the best wishes of all who are anxious to see the great cathedral which crowns London completed, in accordance with the original intention of the builders, and made all-glorious within.



BEATA BEATRIX.

From the ficture by D. G. Rossetti in the National Gallery.)

A YOUNG MUTINEER.

L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER IV.

A BOUT a week after Hilda Merton's engagement, just when her friends were full of the event, and congratulations began to pour in on all sides, there came a very unexpected blow to the inmates of the peaceful and pretty Rectory.

The parish of Little Staunton was large and scattered; it stretched away at one side down to the sea, at another it communicated with great open moors and tracts of the out-lying lands of the New Forest. It was but sparsely peopled, and those parishioners who lived in small cottages by the sea, and who earned their living as fishermen, were most of them very poor. Mr. Merton, however, was one of the ideal sort of rectors, who helped his flock temporarily as well as spiritually. The stipend which he received from the church was not a large one, and every penny of it was devoted to the necessities of his poor parishioners.

There came an awful morning, therefore, when a short announcement in the local paper, and a long letter from Mr. Merton's lawyer, acquainted him with the fact that the Wessex County Bank had stopped payment. In bare language, Mr. Merton, from being a wealthy man, became suddenly a very poor one.

Aunt Marjorie cried when she heard the news; Hilda's face turned very pale, and Judy and Babs, who were both in the room at the time, felt that sort of wonder and perplexity which children do experience when they know something is dreadfully wrong, but cannot in the least understand what it is.

In the course of the morning Hilda went to her father in his study.

Her face was very white as she opened the door, some of the young soft lines of her early youth seemed to have left it; her beautiful brown eyes looked in a heavy sort of fashion out at the world from their dark surroundings. She came up to her father, and put her hand on his shoulder. He was bending over his desk, busily writing.

"What is the matter, Hilda?" he asked, glancing up at her with a quick start, and an endeavour to make his voice sound just as usual.

"I—I have come, father, to say that if you like, I—I will give up my engagement to Jasper Quentyns."

Mr. Merton rose from his seat and put his arm round her neck.

"My dear child," he said, "it is my comfort today to know that you at least are provided for. Quentyns is fairly well off. If he will take you without any fortune, there is certainly no reason why you should not go to him."

"Money can't make any difference to Jasper," said Hilda, just a little proudly, although her lips trembled; "but I—it seems wrong that I should be so happy when the rest of you are so miserable."

"Tut, tut," said the Rector, "I shall get over this in time. I own that just now the blow is so severe that I can scarcely quite realize it. When I opened my eyes this morning, I was pleasantly conscious that I was the possessor of a private income of quite two thousand a year; I felt this fact in the comforts that surrounded me, and the ease which filled my life. Except that small stipend which is represented by my living, and which I have always hitherto devoted to the poor of the flock, I am now reduced to nothing a year. My poor must divide my money with me in future, that is all; I don't intend to be miserable when I get accustomed to the change, Hilda. I must dismiss most of the servants, and give up the carriage and horses, and live as a poor man instead of a rich one; but I owe no man anything, my dear, and I have not the least doubt there is a certain zest in poverty which will make the new order of things agreeable enough when once I get used to it."

The tears gathered slowly in Hilda's eyes.

"I don't feel as if I could quite bear it," she said, with a sob.

The Rector, who was always rather absentminded, and had a dreamy way of looking far ahead even when he was most roused, scarcely 11 1001,0 11 0111, 12 12.1.

noticed Hilda's tears. He talked on in a monotonous sort of voice—

"I have not the least doubt that poverty has its alleviations. I have heard it more than once remarked that the hand-to-mouth existence is the most stimulating in the world. I should not be in the least surprised, Hilda, if my sermons took a turn for the better after this visitation. I have preached to my flock year in year out that the mysterious ways of Providence are undoubtedly the best—I have got to act up to my preaching now, that is all."

The Rector sat down again and continued to write a very unbusiness-like letter to his lawyer; Hilda stood and looked at him with a frown between her brows, and then went slowly out of the room.

Aunt Marjorie, who had cried herself nearly sick, and whose eyes between their swollen lids were scarcely visible, came to meet her as she walked across the hall.

"Oh, my darling," she said with a fresh sob, "how can I bear to look at you when I think of all your young life blighted in a moment! Oh, those wicked bank directors. They deserve hanging; yes, I should hang them one and all. And so you have been with my poor brother? I would not venture near him. How is he taking it, Hilda? Is he quite off his head, poor man?"

"How do you think my father would take a blow of this kind?" said Hilda. "Come into the drawing-room, Auntie. Oh, Auntie dear, do try to stop crying. You don't know what father is. Of course I can't pretend to understand him, but he is quite noble—he is splendid; he makes me believe in religion. A man must be very, very good to talk as father has just done."

"Poor Samuel," said Aunt Marjorie. "I knew that he would take this blow either as a saint or as an idiot—I don't know which is the most trying. You see, Hilda, my love, your father has never had anything to do with the petty details of house-keeping. This parish brings in exactly three hundred and fifty pounds a year; how are we to pay the wages of six servants, and how are the gardeners to be paid, and the little girls' governess, and—and how is this beautiful house to be kept up on a pittance of that sort? Oh dear, oh dear! Your father will just say to me, 'I know, Marjorie, that you will do your best,' and then he'll forget that

there is such a thing as money; but I shall never be able to forget it, Hilda. Oh dear, oh dear, I do think saintly men are awful trials."

"But you said just now you thought he would be off his head. You ought to be very thankful, Aunt Maggie, that he is taking things as he is. Of course the servants must go away, and the establishment must be put on an altogether new footing. You'll have to walk instead of ride in future, but I don't suppose Judy and Babs will much care, and I—"

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Marjorie, "you will be in your new house in London, new-fangled with your position, and highly pleased and proud to put Mrs. before your name, and you'll forget all about us. Of course I am pleased for you, but you're just as bad as your father when you talk in that cool fashion about dismissing the servants, and when you expect an old lady like me to tramp all over the place on my feet."

"I told father that if he wished I would break off my engagement."

Aunt Marjorie dried her eyes when her niece made this speech, and looked at her fixedly.

"I do think," she said, "that you're a greater fool even than poor Samuel. Is not your engagement to a nice, gentlemanly, clever man like Jasper Quentyns the one ray of brightness in this desolate day? You, child, at least are provided for."

"I wonder if you think that I care about being provided for at this juncture?" answered Hilda, knitting her brows once again in angry perplexity.

She went away to her own room, and sitting before her desk, wrote a long letter to her lover.

Quentyns had been called to the Bar, and was already beginning to receive "briefs."

His income was by no means large, however, and although he undoubtedly loved Hilda for her own sake, he might not have proposed an immediate marriage had he not believed that his pretty bride would not come to him penniless.

Hilda sat with her pen in her hand looking down at the blank sheet of paper.

By the same post which had brought the lawyer's dreadful letter there had come two closely-written sheets from Jasper. He wanted Hilda to marry him in the autumn, and he had already begun house-hunting.

"We might find it best to take a small flat for a year," he had written, "but if you would rather

have a house, darling, say so. Some people don't approve of flats. They say they are not so wholesome. One misses the air of the staircase, and there is a certain monotony in living altogether on one floor which may not be quite conducive to health. On the other hand flats are compact, and one knows almost at a glance what one's expenses are likely to be. I have been consulting Rivers-you know how often I have talked to you of my friend and cousin, Archie Rivers, Hilda-and he thinks on the whole that a flat would be advisable; we avoid rates and taxes and all those sort of worries, and if we like to shut up house for a week, and run down to the Rectory, why there we are, you know; for the house-porter sees to our rooms, and we run no risk from burglars. But what do you say yourself, darling, for that is the main point?"

Hilda had read this letter with a beating heart and a certain pleasant sense of exhilaration at breakfast that morning, but then this was before the blow came—before Aunt Marjorie's shrick had sounded through the room, and before she had caught a glimpse of her father's face with the gray tint spreading all over it, before she had heard his tremulous words—

"Yes, Marjorie, God help us, we are ruined."

Hilda read the letter now with very different feelings; somehow or other all the rose light had gone out of it. She was a very inexperienced girl as far as money matters were concerned. Until to-day money seemed to have little part or lot in her life; it had never stirred her nature to its depths, it had kindly supplied her with necessities and luxuries; it had gilded everything, but she had never known where the gilt came from. When she engaged herself to Jasper, he told her that, for the present at least, he was a comparatively poor man; he had three hundred a year of his own. This he assured her was a mere bagatelle, but as he was almost certain to earn as much more in his profession, and as Hilda had money, he thought they might marry if she did not mind living very prudently. Of course Hilda did not mind-she knew nothing at all of the money part. The whole thing meant love and poetry to her, and she disliked the word money coming into it.

To-day, however, things looked different. For the first time she got a glimpse at Tragedy. How mean of it, how horrible of it to come in this guise! She pressed her hand to her forehead, and wondered what her lover could mean when he talked of rates and taxes, and asked her to decide between a flat and a house.

"I don't know what to say," she murmured to herself. "Perhaps we shall not be married at all at present. Perhaps Jasper will say we can't afford it. Perhaps I ought to answer his question about the flat—but I don't know what to say. I thought we might have had a cottage somewhere in one of the suburbs—with a little garden, and that I might have kept fowls, and have had heaps and heaps of flowers. Surely fowls would be economical, but I am sure I can't say. I really don't know anything whatever about the matter."

"Why are you talking in that funny way halfaloud to yourself, Hilda?" asked a little voice with a sad inflection in it.

Hilda slightly turned her head and saw that Judy had softly opened the door of her bed-room, and was standing in the entrance.

Judy had an uncertain manner about her which was rather new to her character, and her face had a somewhat haggard look, unnatural and not pleasant to see in so young a child.

"Oh, pet, is that you?" said Hilda. "Come and give me a kiss—I am just longing for you you're the person of all others to consult. Come along and sit down by me. Now, now—you don't want to strangle me, do you?"

For Judy had rushed upon her sister like a little whirlwind, her strong childish arms were flung with almost ferocious tightness round Hilda's neck, the skirt of her short frock had swept Jasper's letter to the floor, and even upset an ink-pot in its voluminous sweep.

"Oh, oh," said Hilda, "I must wipe up this mess. There, Judy, keep back for a moment; it will get upon the carpet, and spoil it if we are not as quick as possible. Hand me that sheet of blotting-paper, dear. There now, that is better—I have stopped the stream from descending too far. Why, Judith, my dear, you have tears in your eyes. You don't suppose I care about the ink being spilt when I get a hug like that from you."

"I wasn't crying about the ink," said Judy; "what's ink! The tears came because I am so joyful."

"You joyful? and to-day?" said Hilda. "You know what has happened, don't you, Judy?"

"We are poor instead of rich," said Judy;

"what's that? Oh, I am so happy—I am so awfully happy that I scarcely know what to do."

"What a queer little soul you are! Now, now, am I to be swept up in another embrace?"

"Oh, yes, let me, let me—I haven't kissed you like this since you, you – you got engaged."

"In what a spiteful way you say that last word, Judy; now I come to think of it, we have scarcely kissed each other since. But whose fault was that? Not mine, I am sure. I was quite hungry for one of your kisses, jewel, and now that I have got it I feel ever so much better. Sit down by me, and let us talk. Judy, you are a very wise little darling, aren't you?"

"I don't know. If you think so, you darling, I suppose I am."

"I do think so. I have had a letter from Jasper. I want to talk over something he says in it with you. Judy dear, he is such a noble fellow."

Judy shut up her firm lips until they looked like a straight line across her face.

"He's such a noble fellow," repeated Hilda. "I can't tell you how glad you ought to be to have the prospect of calling a man like Jasper your brother; he'll be a great help to you, Judy, by and by."

"No, he won't—I don't want him to be," said Iudy viciously.

"Why, I declare, I do believe the dear is jealous: but now to go on. Jasper has written to me on a most important subject. Now, if I consult you about it you won't ever, ever tell, will you?"

"No, of course I won't. Was it about that you were muttering to yourself when I came into the room?"

"You funny puss; yes, I was talking the matter over to myself. Jasper is looking out for a house for us."

"He isn't. It's awfully cheeky of him."

"My dear Judy, it would be much more cheeky to ask me to go and live in the street with him. We must have some residence after we are married - mustn't we? Well, darling, now you must listen very attentively; he has asked me whether it would be best for us to live in a little house of our own—"

"Why a little house? he ought to take you to a palace."

"Don't interrupt; we shall be poor people, quite a poor couple, Jasper and I. Now, Judy, just try and get as wise as a Solon. He wants to know whether I would rather live in a little house or a flat."

"What's a flat, Hilda?"

"I don't quite know myself; but I believe a flat consists of several rooms on one floor shut away from the rest of the house by a separate hall door. Jasper rather approves of a flat, because he says there won't be any rates and taxes. It's very silly, but though I am a grown-up girl, I don't exactly know what rates and taxes are—do you?"

"No, but I can ask Miss Mills."

"I don't expect she'd know anything about them; it seems so stupid to have to write back and tell Jasper that I don't understand what he means."

"Aunt Marjorie would know," said Judy.

"I shouldn't like to consult her, pet. I think I'd better leave it to Jasper to decide."

Judy looked very wise and interested now.

"Why don't you say you'd rather go into a little house?" she said; "it sounds much more interesting. A flat is an ugly name, and I am quite sure it must be an ugly place."

"That is true," said Hilda, pausing and looking straight before her with her pretty brows knit. "Oh dear, oh dear, I wonder what is right. And a little house might have a garden too, mightn't it, Judy?"

"Of course, and a fowl-house and a cote for your pigeons."

"To be sure; and when you come to see me, you should have a strip of garden to dig in all for yourself."

"Oh, should I really come to see you, Hilda? Miss Mills said that you wouldn't want me—that you wouldn't be bothered with me."

"That I wouldn't be bothered with you? Why, I shall wish to have you with me quite half the time. Now, now, am I to be strangled again? Please, Judy, abstain from embracing, and tell me whether we are to have a flat or a cottage."

"Of course you are to have a cottage, with the garden and the fowl-house."

"I declare I think I'll take your advice, you little dear. I'll write and tell Jasper that I'd much rather have a cottage. Now, who is that knocking at the door? Run, Judy, and see what's wanted."

Judy returned in a moment with a telegram for Hilda.

She tore it open with fingers that slightly trembled.

"Oh, how joyful, how joyful!" she exclaimed.

"What is it?" asked Judy.

"Jasper is coming—my dear, dear Jasper. See what he says—'Have heard the bad news—my deepest sympathy—expect me this evening.' Then I needn't write after all. Judy, Judy, I agree with you; I feel quite happy, even though it is the dreadful day when the blow has been struck."

"I must go for a walk, I am afraid," said Judy,

in a languid voice.

"Why so, darling?"

"Miss Mills said that even though we were poor I was to take the fresh air," replied the child in a prim little voice, out of which all the spirit had gone.

She kissed Hilda, but no longer in a rapturous, tempestuous fashion, and walked soberly out of the room.

CHAPTER V.

AUNT MARJORIE had cried until she could cry no longer. Hers was a slighter nature than either Mr. Merton's or Hilda's. In consequence, perhaps, she was able to realize the blow which had come upon them more vividly and more quickly than either her brother or niece.

Aunt Marjorie had taken a great pride in the pretty, well-ordered house. She was a capable, a kind, and a considerate mistress. Her servants worked well under her guidance. She was set in authority over them; they liked her rule, and acknowledged it with cheerful and willing service.

No one could give such perfect little dinner-parties as Aunt Marjorie. She had a knack of finding out each of her guests' particular weaknesses with regard to the dinner-table. She was no diplomatist, and her conversation was considered prosy; but with Mr. Merton to act the perfect host and to lead the conversation into the newest intellectual channels, with Hilda to look sweet and gracious and beautiful, and with Aunt Marjorie to provide the dinner, nothing could have been a greater success than the little party which took place on an average once a week at the sociable Rectory.

Now all these things were at an end. The servants must go; the large house—which had been added to from time to time by the Rector until it had lost all similitude to the ordinary small and cosy Rectory—the great house must remain either largely shut up or only half cleaned. There

must be no more dinner-parties, and no nice carriage for Aunt Marjorie to return calls in. The vineries and conservatories must remain unheated during the winter; the gardeners must depart. Weeds must grow instead of flowers.

Alack, and alas! Aunt Marjorie felt like a shipwrecked mariner, as she sat now in the lovely drawing-room and looked out over the summer scene.

With her mind's eye she was gazing at something totally different—she was seeing the beautiful place as it would look in six months' time; she looked with disgust at the rank and obnoxious weeds, at the empty grate, at the dust-covered ornaments.

"It is worse for us than it would be for ordinary people," she said half aloud. "If we were just ordinary people, we could leave here and go into a tiny cottage where our surroundings would be in keeping with our means; but of course the Rector must live in the Rectory—at least I suppose so. Dear, dear, how sudden this visitation has been—truly may it be said that 'all flesh is grass.'"

Aunt Marjorie had a way of quoting sentences which did not all apply to the occasion; these quotations always pleased her, however, and a slow smile now played round her lips.

The drawing-room door was opened noisily, and a fat little figure rushed across the room and sprang into her arms.

"Is that you, Babs?" she said. She cuddled the child in a close embrace, and kissed her smooth. cool cheek many times.

"Yes, of course it's me," said Babs, in her matter-of-fact voice. "Your eyes are quite red, Auntie. Have you been crying?"

"We have had dreadful trouble, my darling—poor auntie feels very miserable—it is about father. Your dear father has lost all his money, my child."

"Miss Mills told me that half an hour ago," said Babs; "that's why I wanted to see you, Auntie. I has got half a sovereign in the Savings Bank. I'll give it to father if he wants it."

"You're a little darling," said Aunt Marjorie, kissing her again.

"There's Judy going across the garden," said Babs. "Look at her, she has her shoulders hunched up to her ears. She's not a bit of good: she won't play with me nor nothing."

"That child doesn't look at all well," said Aunt Marjorie.

She started to her feet, putting Babs on the floor. A new anxiety and a new interest absorbed her mind.

"Judy, Judy," she called; "come here, child. I have noticed for the last week," she said, speaking her thoughts aloud, "that Judy has black lines under her eyes, and a dragged sort of look about her. What can it mean?"

"She cries such a lot," said Babs, in her untroubled voice. "I hear her when she's in bed at night. I thought she had she-cups, but it wasn't, it was sobs."

"She-cups—what do you mean, child? Judy, come here, darling."

"She-cups," repeated Babs. "Some people call them he-cups; but I don't when a girl has them."

Judy came slowly up to the window.

"Where were you going, my pet?" asked Aunt Marjorie.

"Only for a walk," she answered.

"A walk all by yourself? How pale you are, dearie. Have you a headache?"

"No, Auntie."

Aunt Marjorie pulled Judy forward. She felt her forehead and looked at her tongue, and put her in such a position that she could gaze down into her throat.

Not being able to detect anything the matter, she thought it best to scold her niece a little.

"Little girls oughtn't to walk slowly and to be dismal," she said. "It is very wrong and ungrateful of them. They ought to run about and skip and laugh. Work while you work, and play while you play. That was the motto when I was a little girl. Now, Judy, love, go out with Babs and have a good romp. You had better both of you go to the hay-field, for it might distract your poor father to hear your two merry voices. Run, my dears, run; make yourselves scarce."

"Come, Babs," said Judy. She held out her hand to her little sister, and the two went away together.

"Do you know, Judy," said Babs, the moment they were out of Aunt Marjorie's hearing, "that I saw a quarter of an hour ago a great big spider in the garden catching a wasp. He rolled the poor wasp round and round with his web until he made him into a ball."

"And did you leave that poor wasp to die?" asked Judy, keen interest and keen anger coming into her voice.

"No, I didn't," said Babs. "I took him away from the spider. I wouldn't be kite so cruel as to let the poor thing die; but I s'pect he'll die all the same, for he can't get out of the ball that he's in."

"Poor darling," said Judy. "Let's go and find him and try to get the web off him. Do you know where he is, Babs?"

"I put him on an ivy leaf on the ground," said Babs, "under the yew-tree down there. I can find him in a minute."

"Well, let's go and save him as quickly as possible."

The two children rushed with eagerness and vigour down the slope.

Aunt Marjorie could see them as they disappeared out of sight.

She turned to weep and bewail herself once more, and Judy and Babs began industriously to look for the wasp.

They were busily engaged on their hands and knees searching all over the ground for the identical ivy leaf where Babs had placed the rescued insect, when a voice sounded in their ears, and Judy raised her head to see pretty Mildred Anstruther standing by her side.

Mildred was one of the belles of the county: her hair was as bright as a sunbeam, her eyes as blue as a summer sky, her full lips were red, her cheeks had the bloom of the peach upon them. Mildred was a well-grown girl, with a largely and yet gracefully developed figure.

In addition to her personal charms she had a considerable fortune. It went without saying, therefore, that she was greatly admired.

Mildred had often been the talk of Little Staunton; her numerous flirtations had caused headshakings and dismal croaks from many of the old maids of the neighbourhood. The sterner sex had owned to heart-burnings in connection with her, for Mildred could flirt and receive any amount of attention without giving her heart in return. She was wont to laugh at love affairs, and had often told Hilda that the prince to whom alone she would give her affections was scarcely likely to appear.

"The time when gods used to walk upon the earth is over, my dear Hilda," she used to say. "When I find the perfect man, I will marry him, but not before."

Mildred, who was twenty-six years of age, had therefore the youngest and smoothest of faces; care had never touched her life, and wrinkles were unlikely to visit her.

For some reason, however, she looked careworn now, and Judy, with a child's quick perception, noticed it.

She was fond of Mildred, and she put up her lips for a kiss.

"What's the matter, Milly?" she asked; "have you a cold?"

"No, my love; on principle I never allow myself to have anything so silly; but I am shocked, Judy—shocked at what I have read in the morning papers."

"Oh, about our money," replied Judy in an unconcerned voice. "Have you found that wasp, Babs? Are you looking on *all* the ivy leaves?"

"I picked one ivy leaf, and put it down just here," replied Babs, "and I put the wasp in it most carefully; the wind must have caught it and blown it away."

"Oh dear, oh dear, the poor creature, what will become of it?" answered Judy. She was down on her hands and knees again, poking and examining, but poking and examining in vain.

"It's very rude of you, Judy, not to pay me the least attention," said Mildred. "I have come over on purpose to see you, and there you are squatting on the ground poking all that rubbish about. You have no manners, and I'll tell Hilda so; and, Babs, what are you about not to give me a hug?"

Babs raised a somewhat grimy little face.

"We can't find the poor wasp," she said. "He was rolled up in the spider's web, and I put him on an ivy leaf, and now he's gone."

"You had better go on looking for him, Babs," said Judy, "and I'll talk to Milly." She rose as she spoke and placed her dirty little hand on Miss Anstruther's arm. "So you heard about our money, Milly?" she said. "Aunt Marjorie is in an awful state, she has cried, and cried, and cried; but the rest of us don't care."

"You don't care? Oh, you queer, queer people. You don't mean to tell me, little Judy, that Hilda doesn't care?"

"Hilda cares the least of all," replied Judy; "she has got Jasper."

Judy's face clouded over as she spoke.

"I wonder what he'll say to this business,"

remarked Miss Anstruther, half to herself; "he's not at all well off—it ought to make a tremendous difference to him."

"He certainly isn't to be pitied," said Judy: "he is going to get Hilda."

"And what about Hilda's money?" laughed Miss Anstruther. Her face wore an expression which was almost disagreeable, her big blue eyes looked dark as they gazed at the child.

Judy's own little face turned pale. She didn't understand Miss Anstruther, but something impelled her to say with great fierceness—

"I hate Jasper."

Miss Anstruther stooped down and kissed her.

"You are a queer, passionate little thing, Judy, she said, "but it's a very good thing for Hilda to be engaged to a nice sensible fellow like Jasper Quentyns, and of course it is more important now than ever for her. He'll be disappointed, of course, but I dare say they can get along somehow. Ah, there's Aunt Marjorie coming out of the house. I must run and speak to her, poor dear; how troubled she looks! and no wonder."

Mildred ran off, and Judy stood where she had left her, in the centre of the lawn, quivering all over.

What did Milly mean by saying that Jasper would be disappointed—Jasper, who was going to get Hilda—Hilda herself? What could any one want more than the sun? what could any man desire more than the queen of all queens, the rose of all roses?

Thoughts like these flitted through little Judy's mind in confused fashion. Hilda was to be married to Jasper, and the Rectory of Little Staunton would know her no more. That indeed was a sorrow to make every one turn sick and pale, but the loss of the money was not worth a moment's consideration.

Judy wandered about too restless and unhappy to settle to her play. Babs shouted in the distance that the wasp was not to be seen. Even the fate of the poor wasp scarcely interested Judy at present. She was watching for Mildred to re-appear that she might join her in the avenue and ask why she dared to say those words about Jasper.

"Well, Judy," said Miss Anstruther by and by, "here I am, back at last. I saw Aunt Marjorie, but I didn't see the Rector, and I didn't see Hilda. Aunt Marjorie tells me that Jasper Quentyns is

coming down to-night, so I suppose he's going to take everything all right."

"What do you mean, Milly?" asked Judy.

"Why do you look at me in that fierce way, you small atom?" answered Mildred, stopping in her walk and looking at the child with an amused smile on her face.

"Because I don't understand you," said Judy.

"It is scarcely likely you should, my darling. Let me see, how old are you—nine? Well, you'll know something of what I mean when you're nineteen. Now I must go."

"No, stop a bit, Milly. I don't understand you, but I hate hints. Miss Mills hints things sometimes, and oh, how I detest her when she does! and you're hinting now, and it is something against Hilda."

"Against Hilda? Oh, good gracious, child, what an awful cram!"

"It isn't a cram, it is true. I can't explain it, but I know you're hinting something against darling Hilda. Why should you say that Jasper will be disappointed? Isn't she going away with him some day? and aren't they going to live in—in a horrid—a horrid flat together, and she won't even have a garden, nor fowls, nor flowers? And you say Jasper will be disappointed. Everything is going when Hilda goes, and you speak as if Jasper wasn't the very luckiest person in all the wide world. I know what it means; yes, I know. Oh, Milly, I'm so unhappy. Oh, Milly, what shall I do when Hilda goes away?"

Mildred was impulsive and kind-hearted, notwithstanding the very decided fit of jealousy which was now over her. She put her arm round Judy and tried to comfort her.

"You poor little thing," she said, "you poor little jealous, miserable mite. How could you think you were going to keep your Hilda always? There, Judy, there, darling, I really am sorry for you—I really am, but you know Hilda is pretty and sweet, and some one wants her to make another home beautiful. There, I'll say something to comfort you—I'll eat all the words I have already uttered, and tell you emphatically from my heart of hearts that Hilda is too good for Jasper Quentyns."

"Judy, Judy, Judy, I have found the wasp," shouted Babs.

Judy dried her eyes hastily, kissed Mildred, and ran across the lawn to her little sister.

"What a queer child Judy Merton is," said Mildred to herself. "What tempestuous little creatures some children are. How passionately she spoke about Hilda, and now her whole heart and soul are devoted to the rescuing of a miserable insect. Yes, of course Jasper is not good enough for Hilda. He has plenty of faults, he is not the prince I have been looking for, and yet—and yet—"

Her heart beat quickly, the colour rushed into her face, she felt her firm lips tremble, and knew that her eyes were shining with unusual brilliance. Some one was coming along the path to meet her. A man with the sunlight shining all over him—an athletic figure, who walked with the swift bounding step of youth, was coming up to Mildred. He was Jasper Quentyns.

"Hullo," he called, catching sight of her. "I was fortunate in getting an earlier train than I had hoped for, and here I am two hours before I was expected. How is Hilda? Have you been at the house? Are they all fearfully cut up?"

"How do you do, Mr. Quentyns?" replied Mildred. "Yes, I have been at the house, and I have seen Judy and Aunt Marjorie. Judy seems to me to be in a very excitable and feverish state of mind."

"She's rather spoilt, isn't she?" said Quentyns.

"Ch, well, she's Hilda's special darling, the first in her heart by many degrees—after—after somebody else."

"But how could a child like Judy know anything about a money loss?"

"It isn't the money that's troubling her at the present moment, it's a poor wasp. Now pray don't look so bewildered, and do try and forget about Judy. Aunt Marjorie is taking her trouble in a thoroughly practical and Aunt Marjorie style. I have not seen Hilda, nor have I seen the Rector."

"It will be an awful blow to them all," said Ouentyns.

"Yes," replied Miss Anstruther, looking him straight in the eyes, "an awful blow. And you feel it far more than Hilda," she soliloquized, as she walked back to her own home.



THE WINTER DRESSMAKER.

GOOD dressmaker Snow sits a-stitching,
For winter has come with a will,
And the trees are all growing impatient,
And say they dread catching a chill!

The oak says she feels quite décolletée,

And the elms look ashamed of their bones,
The firs are endeavouring, vainly,
To hinder the fall of their cones.

The cedar, superior, eyes them,

They send up a cry in despair:
"Be quick with our new winter garments,
We do feel so terribly bare."

The mountains, although they are covered, Still yearn for a pretty white train, The meadows and hedges are weeping, "We'll never employ 'Snow' again."

So then in a very great hurry,

Comes down from her place in the skies,
A thousand and one shining garments,

Exactly the suitable size.

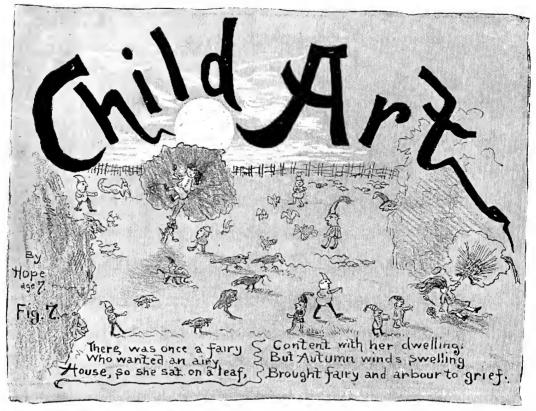
And then whilst the land is a-sleeping

The world is transformed into white;

And, waking, she cries the next morning,

"Bless me, how the snow fell last night!"

OLIVE MONTAGU WALFORD,



HUME NISBET.

Y task to-day is a very delightful one—to wander over a pile of drawings which some young friends have sent for my inspection. A few of these juvenile efforts I give in *fac-simile*, so that you may see what my contributors can do with their pencils; they are all original drawings, and have been sent to me without premeditation or knowledge that I was going to

give them to the world, and are therefore very complete in their simplicity and unaffected originality, and to my mind as filled with subtilty as the ornamental work of the primitive man.

Indeed the impulse is the same in both cases, the direct translation of Nature as it appeals to them, and the result is as near true Art as it is possible for imitators of humanity to achieve. The oldest of my contributors is thirteen years of

age; the youngest three years old. I could get younger artists than this limit, only that the work is so vague, although full of meaning, and babies are so fond of suggesting in their line work, as well as in their accents, that the meaning gets beyond so matter-of-fact a critic as I have become. It is only

Taking Fluffy for a drive

Fig 6. =

Fig.L

the fond mother, completely en rapport with her little one, who could explain all the fullness and depth of its intentions. Seven years old I have

fixed as the furthest limit of the spontane ous effort, for after that age they have begun to imitate their elders. so that we can no longer trust to the impressions as being quite their own.

Looking over these numerous drawings, I find that the child is relentless realist. particularly between the ages of two and four or five years; it uses its eyes and ears only, and gives its impressions of what it has seen and heard; it is a close observer, with often a keen sense of Fig.3 the humorous or ludicrous, but what it draws is actuality; that is how the object seen

impresses it, which, as I think, all critics must agree with me, is the true standpoint of realistic Art.

A dozen artists sit down before the same model or landscape and reproduce sketches, which, beyond a few general features, are totally different from each other. One impressionist will criticize his brother impressionist's work, and ask him with astonishment how he could see the subject in that way; while the other will be as amazed at his result. Each of course must consider his method of seeing Nature to be the true method, otherwise he would try some one else's. J. McNeill Whistler, for instance, could not, and would not, like to see Nature as Mr. Frith sees it, or Sir Frederick Leighton; while they, I have no doubt, must also wonder if it is possible for any one to see it as he paints it, and yet they are all conscientious, truth seeking

students, who are gifted with different brains and different organs of reflection; and as they are able

> impart pleasure and instruction and appeal to different sections of On-



lookers with equal success, so in the same sense the specimens which I now show you of Child-Art will, I trust, be able to hold their own and explain themselves without many words from me.

I shall begin with the youngest specimens-figs. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 by Ivy Christabel, Noel, Joy, and Daisy, four young artists ranging from three to five years of age, who

live hundreds of miles from each other, and who meet here for the first time in their young lives, their drawings being picked out at random and without premeditation by their parents when they heard of my present intentions, and all exe-





As the specimens I got were drawn on all kinds of material, wrapping paper, bits of old envelopes, slates, etc., which could not be reproduced by the printer as they were, my part of the performance

consisted in faithfully tracing them with tracing-paper, and doing my utmost with pen and Indian ink to imitate the lines as they were — no easy task, as any one may prove by trying for themselves, to copy line for line, and stroke by stroke, the drawings of their own children.

I do not exhibit these specimens as the

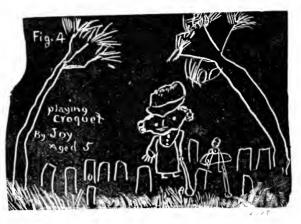
work of precocious genius, for I firmly believe that every father and mother throughout the world possess children who can do just as clever sketches, some, I dare say, a great deal cleverer; yet I am satisfied with these efforts of three to five years, and what

is more, I have learned a great deal from them, also I frankly confess that I have not been able to do them complete justice. As artists will understand me, I have lost a great deal of delicacy and feeling of the more expressive penoutlines through being forced to use the unsympathetic pen and

ink, and for this I have to apologize to the young artists themselves. If I could have given them as they were, I should have been much more satisfied with the results.

What I have learnt from my copying of these

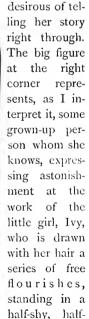
drawings is this, that children mean a great deal more by their curves, quivers, and broken lines than they are able to explain themselves, or than we are able to comprehend in our cursory examin-



ation of them. They may appear to be bald and meaningless at the first glance, yet, if we examine them carefully enough, we will find that every line is filled with an intention, each stroke a kind of short-hand which is amazing in its profundity and wish to convey an expression or tell a story, and as I began to compre-

hend this it rendered my task the more difficult, particularly in the work of the youngest.

If you will look carefully at figs. 1 and 2, you will notice the diversity of Ivy Christabel's designs; no two lines are repetitions, while she seems to be





conscious manner a little distance away, a position wonderful in its natural pose and simplicity; indeed, this portrait of the artist is, in its way, the most artistic figure in the whole group.

There is a man holding his hat behind him in

the upper corner, which is inimitable in its expression of deferential respect; he might be either the doctor, family lawyer, or pastor paying his visit and making his bow at the front door. It has the aspect that man must have worn as the door was opened to him, and which this keen observer

of humanity have must seen, remembered, and reproduced with fidelity.

The two little figures may also represent the same visitor after he has laid aside his hat and coat. At the top he agreeing with what his has hostess There said. are two objects, one ahave his head and the other near his left hand, together with curved the line under his feet, which are almost hieroglyphic to be readily The read. line may represent the doctor's prescription, with

the other signs standing for his bolus and fee, or merely the donation with the praise and promise of public acknowledgment which the polite pastor is bending about. The figure at the bottom clearly expresses unbounded admiration over something; while the one in the centre, beside the running hen, is that of a bad

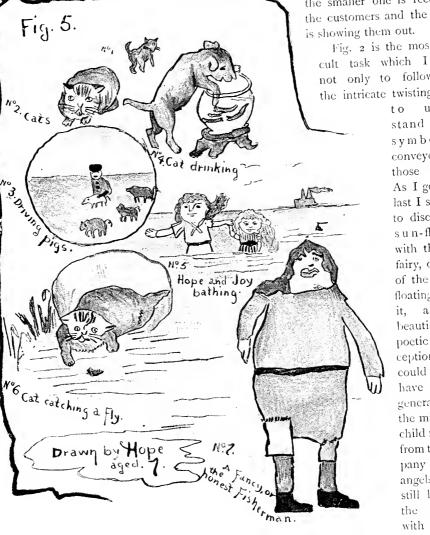
boy in a straw-hat who has been frightening the fowl.

The two figures by Daisy are evidently an impression of what she has seen when out shopping with her mother. Two provision-dealers, in squarecut caps, are smirking in the usual way as they

acknowledge the departure of a profitable customer, or rather the smaller one is receiving the customers and the other is showing them out.

Fig. 2 is the most difficult task which I had, not only to follow out the intricate twistings, but

undert o stand the symbolism conveyed by those lines. As I got it at last I seemed to discover a sun-flower with the life, fairy, or spirit of the flower floating beside a most beautiful and poetic conception, which only could been have generated in the mind of a child not long from the company of the angels, and still blending the ethereal with material



This design to me is a very precious and objects. subtile one.

Noel's page comes next (fig. 3). This is almost too intricate for me to explain in detail; but as I gather the significance of it, I am inclined to fear that Noel betrays premature socialistic tendencies which ought to be curbed, otherwise she may HLLD = AKT.

develop into a member of the Fabian Society, and consider, as the disciples of Ibsen do, that *her own* development is the principal thing she has to compass, which of course will be fatal to her domestic future, and make the man-god a most miserable nonentity. Therefore I trust that she will

Fig.9.

take a thought in good time before she becomes confirmed as an *Individualist*, the most unhappy of all earthly destinies for either girl or boy.

She has depicted Demos as a smallheaded giant trampling ruthlessly on humanity, while his satellites, with pipes or

knives in their hands, hold forth lustily as the crowned heads flyin all directions, and order in the form

of a policeman can only stand and rage; something like a fool

is represented in their midst, also a sparrow-headed individual, who looks on sternly at the bom-

bastic procession. This sparrow-head, I suppose, represents Law, while the foreign element of orators is also en évidence; one of them on the wing of the hospitable shores of England. Altogether it is a start-

ling cartoon, and may be after all only a grim satire; therefore we must give the young artist the benefit of the doubt, so that there may be hopes for her yet that she may grow up to be a witty but true-hearted and tender woman instead of that nondescript article which takes the best seats in the railway carriages and omnibuses without thanking the weak mananimal who yields them up his place; who scowl on

all politeness and gentlemanly attentions, smoke cigarettes in mixed clubs and raise objections in smoking carriages when they are not themselves disposed to smoke, and do the hundred and one objectionable things in which the "strong-minded" nineteenth-century female pioneers of the higher development principally distinguish themselves.

'Playing Croquet,' by Joy (fig. 4). This is the only drawing

where inanimate nature is depicted by the youngest of my illustrators, which proves that

Joy likes to complete her pictures with a back-

ground, a decided advance in observation from the others. I had also a house done by Joy, drawn from nature with a free license, which gave it somewhat the appearance of a Papuan hut rather than the country house it was supposed to represent — a Papuan hut after a native raid, I would have called

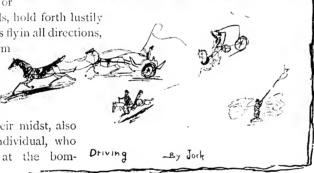
it; but as it entailed too much work, while it was

impossibleto
give the
spirit of the
design, I forbore attempting
it, and contented
myself with this

conception.

The title was written upon the drawing, so that I do not doubt it to be a faithful representation of the game and players, otherwise I might have been tempted to call it, "Hamlet meditating amongst the tombstones, with the first grave-digger behing an ". In drawing and details it is fully

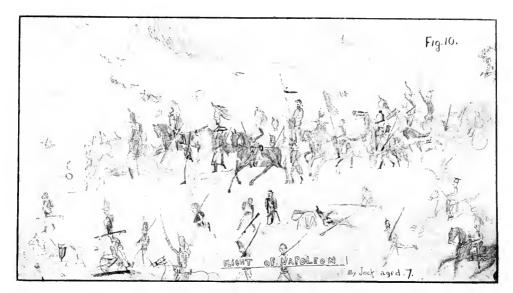
amongst the tombstones, with the first grave-digger looking on." In drawing and details it is fully two years' growth of observation from the others; the trees are natural in their lean-over and



The Hunt.



By Jock. aged7.



branches, the principal figure is better dressed, while her features are more defined, and she has fingers to her hand and buttons to her body, and, what is more, there is the pose and likeness to some one Joy knows and which her parents recog-

Fig.11.

nize. Altogether this is a well-balanced drawing, and proves that the young artist has a decided sense of unity and composition much older than her years and power of expressing herself, good even as that is.

We next come to the draw-

ings of two wonderful children called "Hope" and "Jock," about which there can be no question as to the versatility and powers of imagination—figs. 5, 6,

7, 8, 9, and 10. Hope has done most of her work in shading and colour, which necessitates the use of toned paper so as to

Contemplation

Leonard aged 9

reproduce them as nearly as possible; while Jock's I leave as they are, without copying any of them, with the exception of the one on the black ground. Therefore I can only trust that the engraver may be able to do justice to them.

Fig. 5 is a group of seven different sketches, which I have brought together—cats in different positions, girls bathing, pigs being driven to market, and a strange amphibious animal, which has a familiar look to me, coming as I have lately from the sea-side, and who doubtless may be recognized as a common type by visitors to watering-places. This is evidently a portrait drawn from life, as the cats are; the pose is exact, indeed the blubber lips seem to be saying, "Nice day for a sail, sir."

The picture underneath the initial letter M explains itself. As a piece of colouring, I was charmed with the original; it was painted with water-colours on a piece of absorbing pulp-paper board, and gives a very true idea of a snowy day, with a gray sky and softened indications of the blue coming through the clouds. It should not have another touch put upon it, but ought to be framed as it is.

I suggested the subject of the head-piece in the words which are on the sketch (fig. 7), and I leave the readers to judge whether Miss "Hope" has been successful or otherwise.

Fig. 8, 'Fox-hunting,' by Jock, aged seven years. This is an incident of the field that is common enough, and which any one who has been to a

"meet" may find out without comment from me, as it tells its own story plain enough. The drawing and action of the riderless horse are simply masterly, as are the more distant ones, with the man in the water.



Jock is the most daring and ambitious of seven-year-old artists, and while dashing off hunting scenes, horse-racing, and tandem-chasing as a relaxation, as in the three subjects in fig. 9, he devotes his most serious moments of inspiration to historical work, such as fig. 10, 'The Flight of Napoleon.' His industry is tremendous, for I had a huge bundle to select my subjects from. Battle-pieces,

with thousands of steel-clad warriors engaged in deadly fray, while the air is thick with flying arrows; warriors scaling battlements, while the besieged defend themselves to the bitter death; ghastly fields, where the steeds and riders lie hors de combat, while the vanquished fly with tattered banners and the victors ride proudly onward armed cap à pie.

There are rich suggestions in some of these crowded designs, as if the ideas could be wrought out effectively in tapestry work; they are all spirited in their action and generally well drawn. Although one of course can see that they are



Fig. 16. By Joselyn 10

worked out at express speed, yet the diversity is marvellous, and if Jock can only learn correct drawing without losing his enthusiasm, fire, and action, and get as soon as possible under a good master, he may yet become one of the future few good battle

draughtsmen and war correspondents; while, if he has the same faculty for colour that he has for form at present, there may be no limit to his artistic ambition as a depictor of sport and war.

We will take another leap of two years, and look at the works of Leonard and Katie at the age of nine. It is interesting to see the difference of Leonard's early work at four years of age, and compare it with his work at nine. In the first case (fig. 11), it is a bird pecking up corn with a tiny

figure watch-Thumb likestern next, as Leodeveloped five ensuing the lower II and I2. caricaturist and makes stories and which he ilpuzzle-Ally Sloper's Mrs. Sloper



_By Joselyn. aged 12

ing it, a Tom ly, done in line; and nard has during the years, as in part of figs. He is a born is Leonard, up comic rhymes, lustrates; alpictures, like kick; where is I must not

say, but perhaps some of the readers will find out for themselves.

Like Lock in his warlike mood Looperd is a

Like Jock in his warlike mood, Leonard is a most energetic, industrious, and painstaking boy, who appears to have the rare gift of being able to



know just when to leave off. I expect Leonard spends most of his pennies in *Comic Cuts* and *Sloper's Half Holiday*, etc., and his money is not

altogether wasted since these are the results. He also sent me a large assortment



to pick from, all clean, lively, and executed with great care and neatness, full of promise, and proving that he has a vast fund of humour to work off, so that I have some hopes that our comic papers may be kept alive yet for years after some of the present contributors have gone to repent them of their enormities.

'Father Christmas' (fig. 13) I have traced and drawn from a little oil-painting by Katie; the ground-work is bronze, after the style of the pre-Raphaelite painters, and the colours are laid on with a breadth and directness which would delight the most advanced Impressionist. The legend of the picture is Father Christmas coming to a chimney-pot with his attendant spirit, who carries his presents for him; as the spirit has to go down the chimneys while Father Christmas waits outside, he is rather black in consequence.

On this particular Christmas the great present was a baby which came to Katie's mother and delighted the household, of course, and it is this important event that Katie with her paints and brushes

commemorated.

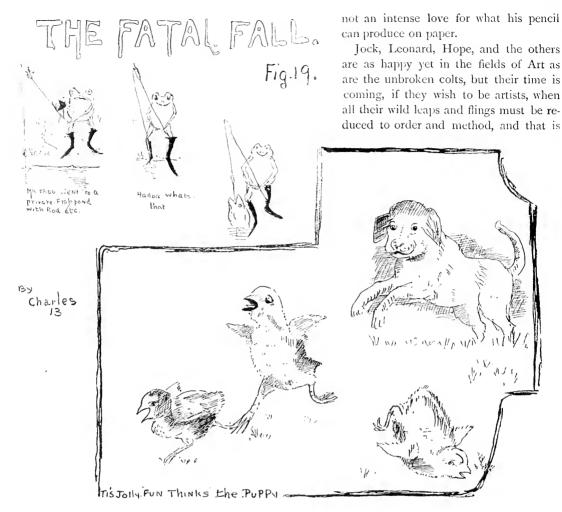
The next contributors are one year older, Jocelyn and Maggie. Jocelyn drew his own with pen and ink, so that I leave them to stand as he sent them, fantastic subjects as they are, and turn to the more airy fig. 17, by Maggie,

which, by reason of their being painted in water-colours on ruled paper, I had to trace and re-draw.

As a suggestion for a design, after Maggie has learned to draw properly, the fairy subject is very good and promising, although, as I have already said, since leaving fig. 4 we have been gradually dropping the independency, originality, and simplicity of childhood, and getting into the stage when the young artists mix up their own impressions of Nature with what they have seen in picture-books, and in consequence they cannot be quite so refreshing as the unbiased efforts are. Still these fairies are as original as it is possible for a girl to draw after she has read Hans Andersen's, Grimm's, and other fairy stories, and I dare say ten is the age when the clves do come to girls and dance round the moon and amongst the waterlilies at night. The angel-child is certainly flying, although she has no wings, and what is more, she has evidently been drawn from an earthly child, which is the proper way to draw angels.

I asked Alfred to draw me a sea-fight, and fig. 18 is the result. The ships in both the calm and





the battle are drawn entirely from memory, and as he drew them with pen and ink, I left them as they were, which is what I should like to have done with the others if I could have done so. As recollections they are very good specimens, and prove for themselves that they are entirely original.

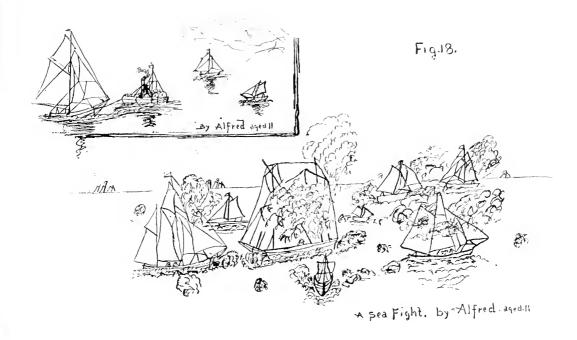
Charles (fig. 19) shows by his two specimens that he has been at a drawing-school, and although these drawings are *bonâ fide* and original, yet he is almost past being included amongst the children. I only give these two subjects as a comparison with the others to show what training does. He will go on improving now until he becomes a professional, for this I understand is his ambition, and he is beginning to know that he has years of hard work before him, which he could not undertake if he had

the trying time for all. Let us hope that the spirit which now moves them along may not be broken in the training, but that they may be made only better and swifter racers. Until then I trust that they will never forget how they can jump over fences, and that they may never get afraid of the fences. Meantime, let them gambol and gallop over the fields as much as they like, and restrain them not too quickly, lest they become machines instead of free and joyous spirits.

Winter days are coming on now, and soon another year will be added to those already chronicled of my bevy of young artists, and as they get older the Christmases will fly toward and away from them more swiftly than they do now. Some may turn to other pursuits, and wonder how it was that they ever were so fond of drawing men and horses and

ships; some may grow to be as fond of adding up figures as they are now of drawing ships, horses, and men; or instead of fairies and flying angels, they may have a lot of noisy little boys and girls of their own to watch as they make funny things on the cast-off envelopes and bits of package papers.

Yet whether they learn in the years which are coming to be rich men, or loving mothers, or whether they learn to be great artists or famous authors, I trust that they will never forget this Christmas, or the pleasures which they experienced while they were producing these illustrations for Child-Art.



"GOOD GENIUS."

A NEW ANECDOTE OF SIR WALTER.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

NE is a little tired of the ordinary commonplaces about "genius." It is so often treated as a mere covering for naughtiness! It seems to be generally thought that enough is said if it—or any semblance of it—can be pleaded in excuse when somebody does not pay his bills or falls from the paths of virtue! The great writer or actor, politician or artiste, who makes no secret of a sinful and selfish life, is received with open arms by people who would banish a scullion from their kitchen for the same line of conduct. They justify themselves by whispering that "we must make allowance for genius."

And if genius is thus permitted to be bad, it is also vulgarly believed to be rather mad! "You must not wonder at anything in such an one," say these thoughtless folk, "he is a genius: do you expect genius to be like other people?"

And to that question we will frankly answer, "No, certainly not; we expect the genius to be far better than other people. We do not expect him to act like other people, but that his actions should show other people what theirs ought to be."

And then we go on to the bolder assertion, that we believe this to be far more generally true of genius than many would be ready to admit, and we hold this faith despite the sad stories with which the records of genius are darkened.

We hear a great deal about the vices and follies of Burns and Byron, but those who seem ready to think that these are necessary items in a poetic outfit, wholly ignore the different impression left behind by Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Crabbe, Wordsworth, and Tennyson.

Again, a great many claims to "genius" are permitted mainly by the mere participation in the lower qualities of a few great men. Burns was a genius and drank, it does not follow that every rhymester who drinks is a genius! If there was a streak of wicked madness in Byron, so far from this being a concomitant of his genius, it was probably his genius alone which saved him from being wholly the victim of his evil and insane heredity. If, in the lower ranks of genius, there have been found some improvident, dependent, and eccentric, they form but a very small percentage in the great army of shiftless, sponging, or cranky humanity, which cannot even call itself talented! But they are apt to attract more attention than the far larger number of the selfsacrificing, high-minded, and sensible brethren. Evil of all sorts is always readily in evidence, even as the one man who beats his wife finds his way to the police-court, while the thousands who loyally maintain their spouses are never heard of!

But if it be comparatively easy to pose as a "genius" by right of a few moral and mental aberrations, and to draw the public eye by donning the cap and bells of a fool, so, on the other hand, it takes something of genius itself to be able to recognize it in one who does not go out of his way to be peculiar, however ready he may be to be "odd" when that is necessary for progress in his appointed path. So common is this idea of the unreliability and eccentricity of genius, that it is to be feared some people are inclined to doubt genius where these aberrations are not seen!

Now there have been many definitions of genius,

but it seems to us that none are more satisfactory than those which recognize it as fulness of life, raising its possessor towards completest sanity and purest physical health. As mere fulness of life, it may sometimes find itself the restless resident in morbid brains or feeble constitutions. But its tendency is to clear the former and strengthen the latter. How few, with the faintest pretensions to genius, are to be found in lunatic asylums! How many gifted spirits have borne up feeble bodies far beyond the allotted span of human life, or maintained in happiness and activity frames which might well have succumbed to hopeless invalidism!

And the man or woman with the sound mind in the sound body must of necessity be the ideal man or woman. This is not a low standard, because it is a practical one. At its best, it means the perfection of every organ, and the harmony of every function, the sound digestion and the just views of life, the far-seeing eye and the strongwinged imagination; the active foot and the resolute will, the ear attuned to harmony and the heart at peace. In this world, this perfection can scarcely even be attained, still less maintained. But we desire to show that it is genius which gets nearest to this ideal.

Therefore we wish to direct the attention of our readers to the traits and characteristics of GOOD GENIUS, as made manifest in men or women whose names are familiar to us all, and who have lived not far from our own days or much removed from our own surroundings.

We claim that we shall be able to prove that their lives were full of cordial kindliness, of courageous public spirit, of sweet endurance, noble sacrifice, brave endeavour, and unwearied industry.

In this first paper we shall only tell a little incident, never before told, in the life of Sir Walter Scott. We are not going to say one word about the works of his marvellous imagination, and surely none of us need to be informed what sort of a man he was—how cordial, how loyal. We can recall how, in a poor poacher arraigned before him in his capacity of sheriff, his keen and kindly insight recognized the good humanity which, in the sunshine of his sympathy and favour, soon developed into the faithful servant, "Tom Purdie," on whom the heart of his great master came to rest as it could not rest on the shifting crowds in Edinburgh salons. We know that the architect who reared

the beautiful Scott monument in Edinburgh liked to tell how he had once been in personal contact with the great author-to wit, when he was a poor working lad, trudging along with his tools on his back, and Sir Walter had stopped his carriage to give him a lift. We have heard how a humble labourer on his estate, when questioned as to his famous master's personal demeanour, answered in the simple words, "Sir Walter speaks to every man as if he were a blood relation." We know how shrewd and sensible he was-for instance, how, when a clever painter's apprentice, whose spirited drawings of horses and dogs Sir Walter had always admired, sought his advice as to a regular artistic training, he took the lad aside, and told him (in words which might be repeated to every young aspirant both in art and literature), "If you feel within you such a glow of ambition that you would rather run a hundred chances of obscurity and penury than miss one of being a Wilkie, make up your mind and take the bold plunge; but if your object is merely to raise yourself to a station of worldly comfort and independence, if you would fain look forward with tolerable assurance to the prospect of being a respectable citizen, with your own snug roof over your head, and the happy faces of a wife and children about you, pause and reflect well." And then he added certain suggestions as to the really good work a clever fellow might do "if, in place of enrolling himself among future Raphaels and Vandykes, he resolutely set himself to introducing something of a more elegant style of house-painting"-a hint on which the young man acted, and which led him to affluence and honour.

We know how thorough Scott was in his own work—riding himself from Loch Vennachar to Stirling, to make sure that it could be done as he meant to represent "Fitz-James" doing it. We are all familiar with his love for dumb animals, and with that sensitive tenderness of nature which kept his mother's little treasures—the hair of babies dead before himself was born—stored in the desk where he must daily see them, and which refused to abolish even his father's old wash-hand stand. We have heard how kindly and faithfully he reasoned with Byron, winning from him the pathetic wail, "I would to God that I could have your peace of mind; I would give all I have—fame, everything, to be able to speak of home-happiness

as you do," and so convincing him of his utter sincerity, that when Byron afterwards heard him lightly spoken of by a careless company, he said with emphasis, "Scott is a good man, I know it."

Perhaps much modern philanthropy has something to learn from Sir Walter Scott's declaration: "I dislike all your domiciliary, kind, impertinent visits—they are all prettymuch felt like insults. How would you like to have a nobleman coming to you to dish up your beefsteak into a French kickshaw? Let the poor alone in their domestic habits, I pray you: protect them and treat them kindly, of course, and trust them, but let them enjoy in quiet their dish of porridge and potatoes and herrings, or whatever it may be—but for any sake don't torment them with your fashionable soups—and consider it a sin to do anything to make them lose the precious feelings of independence."

We know how a too sanguine hopefulness proved the weak point in Scott's character and career, involving him in financial difficulties which surrounded him until he died, though his superhuman exertions prevented anybody but himself from being finally the loser. In this connection, it has been scarcely sufficiently noticed that Scott came of a consumptive family. The first six children of Sir Walter's parents died before he was born, and he himself was but a sickly child. Sanguine expectations, great hopes founded on small foundations, characterize the consumptive tendency. Scott's genius was apparently not able to correct this, but it certainly enabled him to accept his position with such courage, and to retrieve it so nobly, that a not too sympathetic biographer has truly remarked that "What there was in Scott of true grandeur could never have been seen, had the fifth act of his life been less tragic than it was." And how well did his genius serve him when it gave him "the power to defy physical pain, and to live in his imaginative world when his body was writhing in torture," and so to lift himself "outside of himself," that, very near his end, when he was asked why he had consented to do some favour which was very disagreeable to him, he could playfully reply, "Why, as I am now good for nothing else, I think it as well to be good-natured."

There is nothing to be added to our estimate of such a character and life; our little anecdote can only serve to show that what came to the surface was but a revelation of all that lay below.

In 1814 Sir Walter Scott visited Shetland and Orkney. He went, as he tells us, as the guest of a party of Commissioners for the Northern Lighthouse Service on a surveying expedition.

Those who know what Shetland is still, can best imagine what it was eighty years ago, though doubtless the greater isolation of that period had compensations, in a more vivid, cheery, and compact insular life. Sir Walter heartily enjoyed his trip, which resulted, about seven years after, in that novel of The Pirate, from which one can perhaps gather more of the scenery and customs of Shetland, of the characteristics of its inhabitants, and, as it were, of its very atmosphere (even as these still remain), than one can glean from any other source, however particular and scientific. When we reflect that the tour lasted only about six weeks, and that probably not much more than a fortnight was spent among the scenery which appears in the novel, we realize Scott's wonderful receptivity of nature and the carefully cultivated faculties of observation and memory by which he utilized it.

And now we come to our own little story.

Two or three years ago, a young Scotch doctor practising in Yell, one of the more remote islands of the Shetland group, heard some casual mention of a piano described as "Sir Walter Scott's piano" being in existence in a certain house in the eastern district of the island. The description instantly piqued his curiosity, but his inquiries at the time could get no very definite explanation thereof.

Soon afterwards, however, the doctor's professional duties called him to the very dwelling where this piano had been said to be, and the circumstance recurring to his mind, he looked about and espied in a corner of the apartment an ancient and battered article of furniture, which, but for his foreknowledge, he would scarcely have suspected to be a musical instrument. Thereupon he asked the good man of the house whether there was not some interesting history connected with this piano. The host instantly replied that he could not have asked at a better time, since its original owner was then on the premises, and would be delighted to tell all about it.

Leaving the room, he presently returned with an aged dame, clad in the Shetland peasant garb, and bowed with the weight of nearly ninety years. Her hair was frosty, and her cheek withered, but she had all her faculties in excellent preservation.

This was her simple tale.

She had been the daughter of a well-to-do man (I think he had been a small proprietor) of the name of Hoseason. About the year 1820, when in her early teens, she had been sent to Lerwick to be educated in a boarding-school kept there by two ladies of the name of Campbell. One of them had been a clever lady, who "wrote verses."

Among other "elegant branches" the little Hoseason girl learned music. Indeed, one of the great attractions of Miss Campbell's school was its piano, then a very rare—if not an unknown—possession in Shetland. It had been sent "in a present" to Miss Campbell by "ane Walter Scott," who had visited the Isles a short time before.

The little Hoseason girl attained some proficiency in playing reels, and so forth. When her education was finished, and her father came to take her away, he was so astonished and delighted with her performances, that he bought the instrument for her, and they took it home with them. One naturally wondered why the Misses Campbell had parted from such a treasure. But the answer given to an inquiry as to these old-world school-mistresses probably offers a sufficient explanation. They did not make a fortune, nor even a competency, for when they "retired," it was only to some charitable institute, where they both died.

The old dame's own history had been a sad one. Owing to her sex, her father's little property had been alienated from her. She had married a man of the labouring class, had been early widowed, had known dire straits of poverty, and had laboured for her bread in the rough and simple ways in which bread was to be earned. The "elegant branches" had availed her little! She had clung to her piano, probably as a relic and a witness of her brighter youth,—but in the dark and narrow hovel where she had spent most of her days, the instrument which Sir Walter had selected and presented had been put to homeliest uses, treated as a shelf, perhaps even as a cupboard!

The doctor asked her if she would try to give him one of her old tunes. She smiled wistfully, saying her fingers were hard and stiff, and the chords must be rusty and broken, and she had not touched them for years and years. But her talk had stirred the spirit of old days in her, and she was willing to do her best.

To the listener the failing notes and the falter-

ing touch were part of the pathos of that music, as the old dame sat in the sweet northern twilight and called back the merry or plaintive airs which had once charmed her father's heart, and had doubtless won flattering plaudits from wondering neighbours.

In telling the story, the doctor said that old Mrs. Bartleson did not seem to have ever understood or realized the greatness of the name connected with her piano. To her, the "Magician of the North" remained but "a kind gentleman—ane Walter Scott, they called him!"

It is easy enough to read between the lines of this little annal—to conjure up the simple hospitalities of the Lerwick of 1814—all set wide open for the "Lighthouse gentlemen"—and genteel, clever Miss Campbell introduced, bridling, as "a writer of verses," to the "Minstrel of the Border"—the author of Marmion. It is quite possible that even she herself did not realize the wide gulf between his "genius" and hers! She may have been but a vague, rhapsodical blue-stocking, or she may have been the possessor of some true though tiny spark of divine fire. But what we can feel sure about is, that Sir Walter's large and warm humanity was

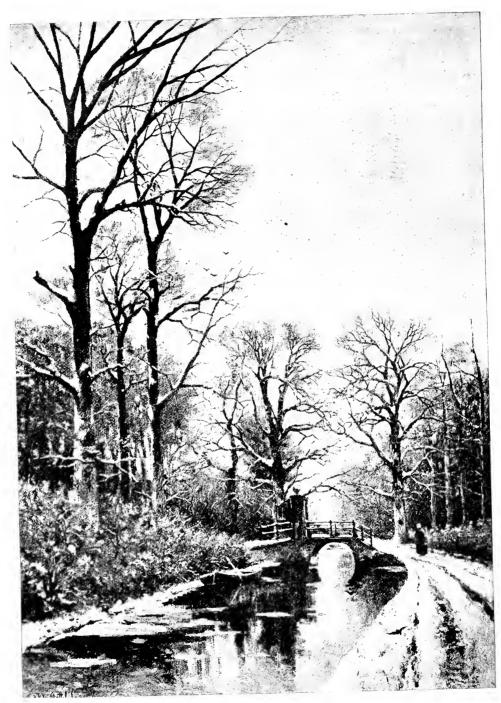
instantly and actively interested in the brave spinsters, struggling for independence on their remote and rocky shore, and that his practical mind sought for and seized the most graceful way of doing them a true service. One can almost guess what was in the letter which accompanied the gift. And one wonders what became of it?

We may fitly remember that we are told in Lockhart's *Life*, that during Walter Scott's visit to the Mediterranean, just before his death, when his failing mind believed that his good fortunes were once more fully restored, so that, as he himself expressed it, "he might again keep dogs as big and as many as he chose, without fear of reproach," he began to plan all sorts of favours and hospitalities for his frien ls. Among these, it is significant that he bade his daughter buy a grand piano for the daughter of his kindly bookseller, Mr. Cadell. Was some memory stirring in the clouded brain?

It is not a small thing to disinter an unrecorded goodness: an unexpected relic from

"That best portion of a good man's life, His little, nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love."





"A garden white lay all the land."

THE FLYING YEARS.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

As a shadow flees the sun;
As a ship whose white sails skim
Over the horizon dim;
As a life complete of days
Vanisheth from mortal ways,
As a hope that pales to fear—
Is the dying of the year.

As the first gold shaft of light
Shivers through the wrack of night;
As the thrill and stir that bring
Promise of the budding Spring;
As new thoughts of life that rise
Mirrored in a sick man's eyes,
As strange joy to hearts forlorn —
So another year is born.

Glad or sad, a dwindling span
Is the little life of man,
Love and hope and work and tears
Fly before the flying years:
Yet shall tremulous hearts grow bold,
All the story is not told—
For around us as a sea
Spreads God's great Eternity.

A MERCY BY THE WAY.

1685.

E. NESBIT AND OSWALD BARRON.

NI IDSUMMER sun was shining in Taunton High Street—shining on "King Monmouth's" new banner; and in the parlours of the Rose and of the White Hart grave men were sending up fervent prayers in the soft west-country drawl, and disputing over those texts in the Apocalypse which most plainly pointed to the fall of Popery and King James. Outside on the benches the canakin was clinking to a pure religion and the downfall of Midian. Through fern and foxglove husbandmen skulked by night, carrying bill and musketoon; and yeomen were scouring blades and girthing Dumple with the piqued saddle that held father in the late cruel wars.

Thirty miles as the crow flies, over the Devon

border, lies Hill Penstock. For all that hot day a knot of half a dozen men had lain among the fern in the little quarry by the roadside, where the way, having dipped down from Hill Penstock, rises up, a white path over the hills to Bishop's Lavington. They were armed men, but were seeking neither King Monmouth's Town nor the loyal militia gathering to his destruction.

Three hay-harvesters, out of collar, and no man's men—the dry leaves in their hair showing where they lay o' nights;—a deer-stealer, who was a black Cornishman from Bodmin; a broken soldier; and an idle apprentice, whose master, the cordwainer, was even then testifying for the saints in Taunton town.

Those were times when men, who in duller days

would but have stolen a shirt from the line or a rabbit from the hedge, took to the highway, to cry, "Stand, and deliver." These men had lain very still on the soft bracken, so still that the rabbits played undisturbed in the cleeve above.

The harvesters, stretched on their broad backs, happy in their idleness, gazed at the sinking sun with dreamy, brown eyes, now and again dragging out a black-jack from the berry bush to moisten their throats with flat cider. The broken soldier played hazards with the twenty-six playing cards which remained to him of an old Dutch-printed pack, right hand against left, until the darkness gathered completely. The apprentice, to whose master's cottage these queer things had never penetrated, watched the fascinating mystery with open mouth, half hoping that, as a result of its sorcery, the soldier would take a black dog's shape, or tell the company where the pixies had buried the crock of gold. The cards out of sight, the apprentice crawled to the entrance of the quarry, where the deer-stealer was keeping the unwearied watch of a terrier by a burrow, and lay beside him, playing with the wheel-lock of a pistol, until the sentinel, hearing the click-click, turned and cuffed him into subordinate silence.

The long evening wore away, the lad bringing back the cows along the road to feed in the upper piece alone breaking the happy silence. And the night closed in, calm and sweet-scented of the earth and hedges and the wood-smoke from the mill-house below.

In the quarry-pit a supper of rye-bread and hard cheese was being discussed with a low murmuring of long-restrained talk.

"You're sure," said a harvester, discontentedly, "as we're not all here on a fool's errand. Seems to me we might have done better to choose the high-road and take our luck. What with them as goes down to Taunton town, and them as come from it in haste, there must be a mort o' money travels across this country."

"You'll find nothing that crosses this country better worth waiting for than Master Fitz Payne— Squire's sister's son. He's all for King Monmouth, I du tell 'ee; and it's to-night he'll ride to Taunton, with all he can wheedle out of the old man—gold and silver, and maybe jewels of price."

"It's long waiting," the idle apprentice murmured under his breath.

"But it's worth it, if us waited seven days and seven nights," retorted the soldier. "He'll pass by with his wealth to-night right enough. When I went up to the Hall last night I did not see th' old Squire—ailing, they du tell me, and he'll ail, I'll tell 'ee, 'till the troubles be aaver and gone—then who should a see but young Master Fitz Payne, and a knawed un as well as a knawed un in the Low Countries, or when he was a boy up to Swinnicot—and er saith, 'Jan Ridmer,' a saith, th' moment er see me."

"Du 'ee tell," said a harvester.

"Eh, and when a see un, a thought, here's th' man with's finger in pie—and as I tell'ee, a said, 'A man be bound to saave un's precious zoul from the powers of evil'—an'er laffed and zaid, saith he, 'Thy soul's safe enough on'ts way,' er saith, and a could get no more converse with un."

"Hist-st-st"—a warning from between the deerstealer's teeth, and the talk ceased, and all listened awhile, to hear nothing but the cry of an owl in the distance, above the tinkle and babble of the stream in the valley.

"He'll come this night," said the soldier. see the move in un's eye-for he's in the dog's mouth if he tarrieth longer there. The King's officers are after him already, and well he knows it. If he bides there he'll be hanged as high as Haman, and we'll get nothing. If he thinks to bring ould Squire along he thinks awry: he'll come alone, for th' old Squire may be for the Bible and the cause, but he be as hard to move as Randal's sow; but I know Master Fitz Payne's soft tongue of old, and he'll not go to King Monmouth emptyhanded. His uncle'll give him most anything to get rid of him. It's worth our while, I tell 'ee, lads. He must go. It's throwing for sixes with him now, the goold gone, and 's father's house gone."

"Well, we'm waitin' here for nort as yit," grumbled a harvester; "we'm takin' our bit of berd and our roopy sider while they'm takin' thir wine and cates up tu the House. Will er leave the company that's come there to-day (William Trefry zaith there be) for ride tu-night?—Naay."

"Hist-st-st-sst"—a sharper note from William Trefry, the deer-stealer.

"Theer go'th—theer go'th," whispered the idle app.entice, choking with excitement, and pointing to the white moonlit bridge below at the turn of the road. They saw the shadows pass, and heard the hoofs pad over the bridge and spring into a trot as the riders faced the hill.

"Squire with un!" murmured a harvester.

"And two more with un," quoth the soldier, "but you've but to blaw your match and peer aaver the hedge."

The poacher had spanned his wheel-lock, and, crouching down, was blowing a lighted peat, from which, one by one, the matches were lighted.

Resting their pieces upon the forks of the hazelboughs of the hedge, standing or stooping, the ambushed highwaymen waited the minutes of deadly silence before the trampling hoofs and clanking spurs came sweeping along the road.

"I hold my fire—the rest at the word," whispered the ragged generalissimo. "Handle your matches—blow your matches."

On came the hoofs, thundering suddenly louder, for on the hill-side the gray bones of earth show nakedly, and the foremost shadow fell in the white moonlight.

"Give fire!" shouted the soldier, lustily.

Three pieces banged suddenly together. Another and another spoke. The foremost horse shricked loudly and rolled in the road. Its rider sprang clear of the lashing legs, and drawing weapon as he went, rushed into the cloud of gray smoke eddying from the hazel-hedge—the evil moment for the idle apprentice, who, white with excitement and weaponless, came scrambling through the gap to die on the outstretched point.

The old soldier pushed his barrel amongst the leaves and shot the assailant dead, singeing his beard for the short space between them.

Two horses had swerved round, and borne away their riders at a wild gallop down the path they came, and in mid-road a wounded white horse was standing, shivering and whinnying. In the saddle sat a cavalier, laughing wildly. He made no effort to draw or to fire, but sat with arms close to his side and laughed aloud.

Five men poured out through the gap, one tripping as he went over the two corpses.

But before the strange still figure of the mounted cavalier, sitting motionless on the wounded white horse, the highwaymen paused uncertain.

"Why do ye stop and stay, brothers?" cried the mounted man, still laughing, but more feebly. "Are ye not as the angels of the Lord, sent to deliver me?" And with that he swayed in the saddle suddenly, and falling, lay stretched at their feet in the white dust.

The deer-stealer clutched at the fallen man, and knelt beside him as he lay.

"It's Master Christopher," cried his old comrade in arms; "money or your life, Master Fitz Payne."

"Ye've earned it, Jan," choked the fallen man. "Ye've earned it—ye've saved me a dog's death. But for you and your pistol I should ha' swung in Taunton town for all the folk to see." He raised himself on his elbow, and spoke with visible effort. "I was late in setting forth—King Monmouth is taken—and all's over, Jan—and they'd a hanged a Fitz Payne in Taunton town—Jan—but for you. I'd sooner die a man's death on the free highway. Hurry, Jan, hurry;" and he laughed for the last time.

"Why, a-God, Jan," shricked the poacher, "what be this? He's a chained man, the irons on's wrist!"

The soldier heard the words and heard the clank of the fetters. He leaped with a strange oath to the nearest corpse, a dead gentleman, whose laced collar fell over a bright cuirass.

"He's right. 'Tis a king's officer," he yelled; and more's a-coming," he yelled, and over the bridge came the tearing gallop of a dozen horsemen. The soldier hesitated a moment. His old captain lay moaning in the dust at his feet. He drew his knife and plunged it in the breast of the dying man, who saw the knife come, and thanked the slayer with his fast-clouding eyes. The deerstealer stood stupidly staring at the corpse, while the soldier swung himself into the gap, and had gained the brow of the quarry before the deerstealer's death-cry sounded in his ears in the midst of the scattering charge.



MARY MACLEOD.



R. Peregrine Popples Plushington Pea Was a plump little party of fifty-three, And he lived by himself in a sycamore-tree.

But he said to himself one day, said he,
As he read the paper and sipped his tea:

"This place you might say
It is far, far from gay,—
Not suited at all for one like me.

"What have we here?—ah, a house to let!

That is just the thing. Now, Miss Popkins Pet,

I think you will be Mrs. Peregrine yet."

Then off he went the mansion to view,
And found the advertisement strictly true,
For the house was good, though perhaps not new;
So he soon decided that it would do;
And away in haste to the lawyer he flew.

"Now settle the matter as fast as you please, Tell me the rent, and hand over the lease. What, haunted? Who cares for such trifles as these?"



"This is just the thing."

And meanwhile under the moonlight fair A lover-like pair With disconsolate air Bemoaned their fate with acute despair.

"Oh, dear!" said she; "How sad for me! They want me to marry Peregrine Pea."



'Hand over the lease."

Master Dick was a cunning young bird;

He nodded his head, but he spoke no word.

> Oh, gay was the scene That night I ween; And Mr. Peregrine Pea, As an honoured guest, Was treated the best And as pleased as pleased could be.

"My dear!" said he; "just trust to me; You shall not marry Peregrine Pea!"

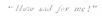


to talk," she cried, "But to-morrow at eight "A lover-like pair." He is coming in state

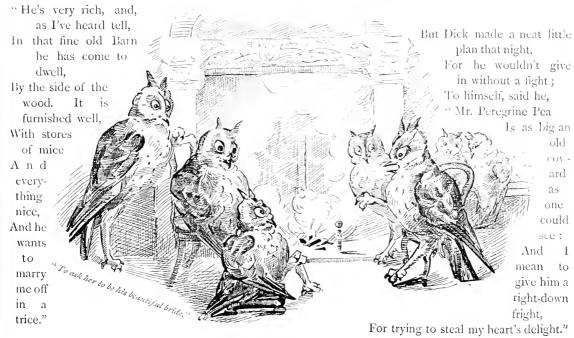
To ask me to be his beautiful bride.

For the father and mother of Popkins Pet, Who were not very kind, Had made up their mind

That their daughter should marry the rich old bird.



Though poor Mr. Dick she much preferred.





"The skeleton form of a grisly wight."

Swift through the window Peregrine fled, Leaving the field to his rival dread; Master Dick laughed loud as he raised his head.

"They sought him that night, and they sought him next day,

They sought him in vain till a week passed away," Not a trace of the valiant bird could be found, Till at last in the wood they espied on the ground

Then aloud he cried, "Now is just the time
To tell a tale or a ghostly rhyme;"
And away he went
On mischief bent
And wonderful things began to invent;
But chiefly horrible tales he told
About Mr. Peregrine's mansion old.

When at last our friend could stand no more, He fluttered his feathers and made for the door.



"Here is a token of Percgrine Pea!"

A tiny white feather!

Then cried they together:
"Look, lo, and behold! Come hither and see,
This is surely a token of Peregrine Pea!"

" Away he fled."

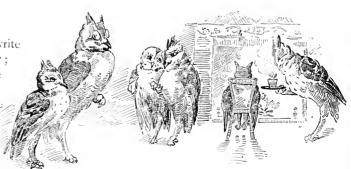
So they found the track,
And they brought him back,
And they cheered him up as well as they could;
But never yet
Has he asked Miss Pet
To share his old Home in the Barn by the wood.

Arrived at home, he thought he would write
A letter of love to his lady dear;
But what—oh what—was that terrible
sight

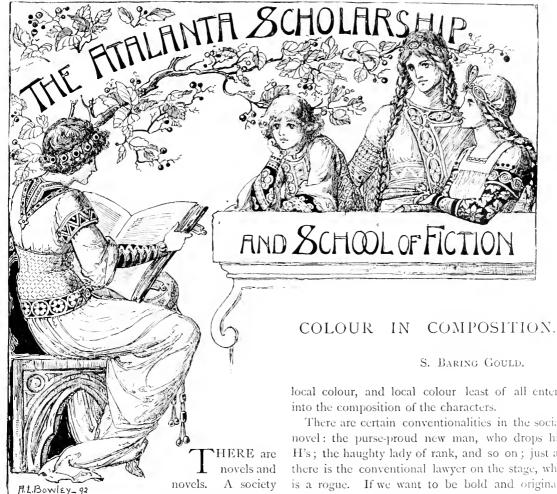
That made him shake like a jelly with fear?

The skeleton form of a grisly wight,—

And grim were the words that met his ear.



"They cheered him up as well as they could."



novel has its special

type: there are the con-

ventionalities of social life, the routine, the courtesies, the absence of startling events, a general smoothness. It requires no local colour. Society is the same throughout England. One town house is much like another, one country house may differ from another, in that one is Elizabethan and another Georgian, but social life is the same, eminently nineteenth century in all, and in all alike. It really matters nothing where the scene is laid, whether in Cumberland or in Cornwall, in Yorkshire or in Kent. The dramatis persona talk the same, dress alike, behave in a similar manner everywhere. Social life rubs down eccentricities, almost abolishes individuality. In an American social novel there is a certain American flavour, and in an English social novel a certain English flavour, that is all. A social novel does not need

local colour, and local colour least of all enters

There are certain conventionalities in the social novel: the purse-proud new man, who drops his H's; the haughty lady of rank, and so on; just as there is the conventional lawyer on the stage, who is a rogue. If we want to be bold and original, we vary or change our pieces, and make the nouveau riche all that is desirable, and the lady of rank all that is humble; but the range of alteration in this respect is not great, and the range of varieties in character is not great, and of local colours influencing the characters there can be none at all.

It is quite another matter when we come to a lower phase of life, when we step down out of the social sphere into genuine country life. Then colour becomes an essential element in the composition. The ladies and gentlemen in the hall at one end of England are like the ladies and gentlemen in the hall at the other end of England; and it is the same with the sweet girls and the honest, frank boys of the rectory and vicarage—they are as fresh and delightful everywhere, in all parts of England, and all very much the same. But it not so with the peasantry. They have their type in Northumberland, which is not

AIALANIA SCHOLAKSHIP AND KEADING-UNION.

the type in Devon, and the type in Yorkshire is not the type of Sussex. The peasantry represent racial differences much more than those in a class above them. No racial differences are observable in the Then, again, surroundings most cultured class. have much to do with the formation of type; and so naturally has the occupation. Look, for instance, in Yorkshire at the mill-hand and at the agricultural labourer. They are different as different can be, and yet of the same stock. The manner of life, the variety of occupation, have differentiated them. And in appearance it is also true. The coal-miner, shuffling along with an habitual stoop, is a different man, not in gait only but in face, and different in habits as well, from the wool-picker or the foreman at the mill. It is the same with the girls. factory-girl is distinct, as a specimen, from the farmgirl. They think differently, they comport themselves differently, they look different. Their complexions are not the same, their eyes have a different light in them, they move in a different manner.

An observant eye is necessary to note all this, and to draw distinctions.

Then, again, in writing a story dealing with life in the working-class, dialect has to be taken into consideration. In some parts of England there is hardly any dialect at all, the voices have a certain intonation in one county which is different from the intonation elsewhere, but there are not many linguistic peculiarities. In the Midlands, in Essex, in Middlesex, the dialect is vulgar; but it can hardly be said that it is so in Northumberland, in Yorkshire, in Cornwall, in Dorset. In Somerset it is unpleasant, but that is another thing from the vulgarity of the Cockney twang. It does not do to accentuate the brogue too much in a book that is for general readers. It puzzles, irritates them. What is needed is to hint the dialect rather than render it in full flavour. Such a hint is a necessary element in giving local colour.

In addition to dialect, it is well to get at the folk wisdom as revealed by common sayings, proverbs, and the like. This helps to measure the character of the people, their sense of humour, their appreciation of what is beautiful, their powers of observation, and their imaginative faculties. We generally find that there is more poetry among the peasantry—by this I mean a picturesqueness and grace—a quality lending itself to fiction, where there is Celtic

blood. This wonderfully effervescent, unpractical element is very lovable, very entertaining, where it is found. In my own county of Devon we have on one side of Dartmoor a people in which this volatile sparkling ichor exists to a good extent—in fact, the people are more than half Celts; on the other side of the moor the population is heavy, unimaginative, and prosaic—the dreadfully dull Saxon prevails there. A story of the people in the one district would be out of place if told of those in the other district. Then there are peculiarities of custom, all of which should be observed and noted; they help wonderfully to give reality to a tale. The houses the people inhabit are different in one county from another, differ in one district from those in another ten miles away. Here, where I write, the cottages are of stone; often in them may be found a granite carved doorway, sometimes with a date. Five miles off, all is different. The farms and cottages are of clay, kneaded with straw, and the windows and doors of oak.

It is not often now that we have a chance of coming on anything like costume, but we do sometimes. In Yorkshire, what else is the scarlet or pink kerchief round the mill-girl's head, and the clean white pinafore in which she goes to the factory? The bright tin she swings in her hand that contains her dinner is not to be omitted. Every item helps to give realism, and every one is picturesque. When I was in the Essex marshes I saw women and boys in searlet military coats. In fact, old soldier-uniforms were sold cheap when soiled at Colchester; and these were readily bought and worn. It was a characteristic feature. I seized on it at once in my Mehalah, and put an old woman into a soldier's jacket. She gave me what I wanted—a bit of bright colour in the midst of a sombre picture.

In story-writing it is always well, I may almost say essential, to see your scenes in your mind's eye, and to make of them pictures, so that your figures group and pose, artistically but naturally, and that there shall be colour introduced. The reader has thus a pleasant picture presented to his imagination. In one of my stories I sketched a girl in a white frock leaning against a sunny garden wall, tossing guelder-roses. I had some burnished gold-green flies on the old wall, preening in the sun; so, to complete the scene, I put her on gold-green leather shoes, and made the girl's eyes of much the same

hue. Thus we had a picture where the colour was carried through, and, if painted, would have been artistic and satisfying. A red sash would have spoiled all, so I gave her one that was green. So we had the white dress, the guelder-rose balls greeny white, and through the ranges of greengold were led up to her hair, which was redgold.

I lay some stress on this formation of picture in tones of colour, because it pleases myself when writing, it satisfies my artistic sense. A thousand readers may not observe it; but those who have any art in them will at once receive therefrom a pleasant impression.

With regard to the general tone of a story, my own feeling is that the character of the scenery and character of the people determine the character of the tale. A certain type is almost always found among the people that harmonizes with the scenery. Nature never makes harsh contrasts. Where, in a stone and slate district, a London architect builds a brick house and covers it with tiles, it looks incongruous. I was at one time in Yorkshire, near Thirsk. In the village all the farms and cottages were of brick and tiles; a London architect built a church of white stone, and covered it with blue slate. That church never would look as if it belonged to the people, it will never harmonize with the surroundings. So some architects transport Norman buildings into old English townsthe effect is hateful. In Nature everything tones together. In the Fens of Ely the people are in character very suitable to the fenland-silent, somewhat morose; on the moorland, wherever it is, they are independent, wayward, fresh, and hearty. In my judgment, then, the aspect of the country has much to do with determining the character of the story told concerning it. In writing a novel you are drawing a picture, and your background must harmonize with your figures in the forefront, the colours must not be incongruous. You would not paint a pirate under a maypole, nor put village dancers among rocks and caverns.

I do not like to appear egotistical, but in writing for young beginners, I think that nothing could more illustrate my meaning than to tell them how I have worked myself.

One day in Essex, a friend, a captain in the Coastguard, invited me to accompany him on a cruise among the creeks in the estuary of the Maldon river—the Blackwater. I went out, and we spent the day running among mud-flats and low holms, covered with coarse grass and wild lavender, and startling wild-fowl. We stopped at a ruined farm built on arches above this marsh to cat some lunch; no glass was in the windows, and the raw wind howled in and swept round us. That night I was laid up with a heavy cold. I tossed in bed, and was in the marshes in imagination, listening to the wind and the lap of the tide; and Mehalah naturally rose out of it all, a tragic, gloomy tale. But what else could it be in such desolation with nothing bright therein?

Some little while ago I went to Cheshire, and visited the salt region. It vividly impressed my imagination—the subsidences of land, the dull monotony of brine-"wallers" cottages, the barges on the Weaver, the blasted trees. Well, then, in contrast, hard by was Delamere forest, with its sea of pines, its sandy soil and heathery openings, the Watling Street crossing it, the noble mansions and parks about it. The whole aspect of the salt district on one hand, and the wild forest on the other, seemed as if it could produce in my mind only one kind of story; and the story, the characters came; but they came out of the salt factories on one side, out of the merry greenwood on the other, artificiality and some squalor on one side, freshness and simplicity on the other. It may not be with others as with myself, but with me it is always the scenery and surroundings that develop the plot and characters. Others may work from the opposite point, but then, it seems to me, they must find it hard to fit their landscape to their dramatis persona and to their dénouement.

Another point I may mention. Erckmann and Chatrien could never write a novel of Alsace and the Jura on the spot. After a visit to the scenes they were going to people with fictitious characters, they wrote, but wrote in Paris. They found that imagination failed when on the spot. I find very much the same, myself. I do not believe I could write a novel of the valley in which I live, the house I occupy. I must lay my scene somewhere that I have been, but have left. When in Rome one winter, impatient at being confined within walls, weary of the basaltic pavement, my heart went out to the wilds of Dartmoor, and I wrote Urith. breathed moor air, smelt the gorse, heard the rush of the torrents, scrambled the granite rocks in

imagination, and forgot the surroundings of an Italian pension.

I repeat, my experiences may not, and probably are not, those of others. When engaged on a novel, I live in that world about which I am writing. Whilst writing a Cheshire novel, I have tasted the salt crystallizing on my lips, smelt the smoke from the chimneys, walked warily among the subsidences, and have had the factory before my eyes, for a while, and then dashed away to smell the pines, and lie in the heather and hear the bees hum. It has been

so real to me, that if I wake for a moment at night I have found myself in Cheshire, my mind there. When I am at my meals, I am eating in Cheshire, though at the other end of England; when in conversation with friends, directly there is a pause, my mind reverts to Cheshire; and, alas, I am sorry to own it, too often, in church, at my prayers—I find my mind drifting to Cheshire. This I believe to be a secret of doing a thing well—that is to say, as well as one's poor abilities go-to lose oneself in one's subject, or at all events in the surroundings.

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

- I. Describe a bit of *Pension* life abroad, or a London Boarding-House, with the characters there met with, and work some light incident out of the assemblage.
- II. A Village Girl, transported from her cottage with its homely surroundings, has come to be a servant in a large London fashionable mansion. Describe the scene of her arrival.

Only one question must be answered. Papers must contain not more than 500 words. State name, address, and number of words used. Papers must be sent in by December 26th, addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R. U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. In every case the Reply-Papers may be regarded as fragments taken from an imaginary longer story, with no regular beginning or end. "Privileged" and "Special" Subscribers should enclose a stamped and directed wrapper for return of Papers.

All particulars of the Atalanta Scholarship, Reading-Union, and School of Fiction will be forwarded on application to the Superintendent, R. U. Only members of the Reading-Union may send in Reply-Papers to the above questions. Prizes of One Guinea and Half a Guinea are awarded monthly, in addition to the Final Scholarship of £20 for two years, and £10 prize.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (NOVEMBER.)

1. To the Duke of Wellington. (Tennyson's Ode.)

2. John Greenleaf Whittier. (Lowell's Fable for Critics.)

3. Robert Burns. (Poem by Longfellow.)

4. Letitia Elizabeth Landon. (Mrs. Barrett-Browning's L. E. L.'s Last Question.)

5. Pitt. (Introduction to Canto I., Marmion.)

"Rivers, arise: whether thou be the son Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun, Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads His thirty arms along the indented meads, Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,

Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,

Or rocky Aven, or of sedgy Lee, Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee,

Or Humber loud, that keeps the Seythian's name, Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame." Milton's At a Vacation Exercise.

The abdication of Edward II. See Play by Marlowe. Many features in Shakespeare's Richard II. bear a strong resemblance to this Play.

IV.

1. Edward King, a young scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge, and a great friend of Milton's; drowned by shipwreck crossing from Chester to Ireland.

2. John Keats. (Poem by Shelley.)

3. Arthur Hugh Cloub... (Poem by Matthew Arnold.)

4. Arthur Henry Hallam.

5. Sir Philip Sidney. (Poem by Spenser.)

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

Explain the expression, "A rest day, a drest day, and a prest day."

11

Quote any lines from Mrs. Barrett-Browning that show what she thought with regard to poets reading aloud their own verses.

HI

State if you know anything concerning the following— 1. "The Siege Perilous" 2. "The reef of Norman's Woe."

W

What were the special qualifications of the "three honourable sages" who "counselled faire Alma how to govern well"?

V.

1. Give author and work, and (2) state if there is anything calling for comment in the following quotation—

"You have both said well; And on the cause and question now in hand Have glozed—but superficially; not much Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought Unfit to hear moral philosophy."

VI.

Explain this passage-

"We drank the Libyan sun to sleep, and lit Lamps which out-burn'd Canopus."

VII.

"Behind Were realms of upland, proligal in oil And hoary to the wind."

Explain "hoary," and state where passage occurs.

VIII.

Give author and work where following quotations may be found-

I. "Who can extract its secret from the rose, Or tell us why the violet grows; Or tulips, why in mystic stripes they flame; Why crimson poppies burn in shame?

Who shall expound why man with open fate Chooses for partner ash-faced Hate; When shy, so't, willing Love, deliciously, In warmth and smiles stands blushing by?

Who can say why bold rulers love to lie, And mean ones love to mystify? By what perversity of logic led, When truth would stand in better stead?"

- 2. "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships And burnt the topless towers of Hium? Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss."
 - "As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow and plants did spring:
 Everything did banish moan
 Save the nightingale alone.
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity:
 'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry,
 'Teru, teru,' by and by."
- 4.

 'Go' (shrill'd the cotton-spinning chorus); 'him!'
 I choked. Again they shrieked the burthen—'Him!'
 Again with hands of wild rejection, 'Go!—
 Girl, get you in!' She went, and in one month
 They wedded her to sixty thousand pounds,
 To lands in Kent, and messuages in York,
 And slight Sir Robert with his watery smile
 And educated whisker."
 - 5. "I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
 Half run before;
 The youngest to the oldest singer
 That England bore,

I found him whom I shall not find Till all grief end; In holiest age our mightiest mind, Father and friend."

6. "Thanks for this fancy, insect king, Of purple crest and meshy wing, Who with indifference givest up The water-lily's golden cup, To come again and overlook What 1 am writing in my book. Believe me, most who read the line Will read with hornier eyes than thine: And yet their souls shall live for ever, And thine drop dead into the river. God pardon them, O insect king, Who fancy so unjust a thing."

All readers of Atalanta may send in answers to the above. Reply-Papers must be forwarded on or before 15th December. They should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should have the words *Search Questions* written on the cover. Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded Half-Yearly.



CHRISTMAS BOOKS.



From "Indian Fairy-

S surely as day follows night, so does the World's great Book Fair throw open all its booths at Christmas-time. From every newspaper and from every bookseller's shop the vendors call "Come and

buy, come and buy." To the average reader there is perhaps no more tempting sight than the gaily-

decorated shops, rich with their volumes of crimson and gold, and green and silver, and other fanciful decorations.

There is nothing pleasanter than to wander through these book mansions and open the books, hot and fresh from the binder's hand, peep at the illustrations, and pick up some crumbs of the letter-press. The price of the book is so much. What will that be with the discount off?—etc., etc. The place is busy, gay, and alive with the hum of eager purchasers, and the respectful, attentive tones of the vendors.

As Editor of Atalanta, and writer of

some few tales and novels of my own, my lot in life surrounds me with more books than I can possibly read; but I remember the time, and a very good time it was, when a new book was a possession. Something to think of as I sailed away at night into the Land of Dreams, something to remember with a smile of pleasure when I awoke the next morning. No matter the cold of the winter's day, no matter the drizzling rain, or the



FROM "THE GREEN FAIRY-BOOK."
(By permission of Messrs. Longmans.)

blinding fog, there was the new book to read by the fireside, to talk over, and to criticize.

These days are over for me—I do not like to admit it, but truth compels me to say that there are moments when I hate even the sight of a book; but the golden days still remain for many people,

and Christmas is the time when their appetites can be best satisfied, and the daintiest dishes for every sort of palate supplied.

To begin with the Fairy Books. These are supposed to be the special provender for the young. I do not know that that is quite the case. I must again speak from personal experience. There are moments when I hate the ordinary girl's story—although I write it myself—when I fly from a boy's book of adventure, and beseech Mudie to

send me no more three-volume novels; but there is never a moment when I cannot take both rest and pleasure with the shepherdesses, and princes, and gnomes, and elves which people Fairy Land. I am not speaking now of the modern fairy tale, which really is not fairy at all—it wants the lightness, the trip, the gay measure of its prototype. No, I speak now of the old romances and the folk-lore stories which belong to all nations and are as old as time. Although I know what perhaps the wisest of



FAIRY GIFTS. From "The Green Fairy-Book."
(By fermission of Messrs. Longmans.)

the children do not, that there is no Jack the Giant-killer, and no Sleeping Beauty, and no Cinderella, still there is an eternal truth about the old tales which appeal to me more and more as time goes on.

Perhaps, after all, the children are right, and there



THE CRUEL CRANE. From "Indian Fairy-Tales."
(By permission of Mr. David Nutt.)

are Giant-killers, heaps of them on the earth, and many Sleeping Beauties waiting for the touch which shall awaken all things to them, a touch which may never come to them on this side of eternity, and many, many hard-worked little Cinderellas who look out for the Fairy God-mother, and for the Prince who shall recognize her by her glass slipper.

For the grown-up children and for the others who love to revel in fairy romance, two delightful volumes have just appeared. One of them is

Indian Fairy-Tales, by Mr. Jacobs (David Nutt); the other goes by the name of The Green Fairy-Book (Longmans), and the magician who has grouped the fairies under this title is Andrew Lang. In the latter collection we meet again many friends; some are very familiar, from the dear old days of Grimm and Madame d'Aulnov; with others perhaps we have but a bowing acquaintance. All are welcome. They come now decked in the prettiest garb, with accoutrements polished up to the highest pitch of brilliancy. Those who remember the rough woodcuts that adorned their own cherished fairy-books will look with admiration at the delicately-finished pictures destined to charm the lucky youngster of to-day. The art of writing good

fairy-tales has gone. All the more reason, therefore, to carefully preserve the ones still in existence. The modern child's story, with its misunderstood, morbidly egotistical little hero or heroine, who

invariably knows much better than all its guardians, governesses, and parents put together, is a tedious and saddening production. It is a relief to turn from such to the breezy freshness of the old fairy-tale.

Mr. Jacobs has already earned our gratitude by providing two such volumes as his "English" and "Celtic" Fairy-

wanderer.



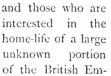
OM "INDIAN FAIRY-TALES." (By permission of Mr. David Nutt.)

Tales. His Christmas book this year is in some respects likely to prove even more popular than his former ones. Indian Fairy-Tales takes us straight away into a new world of romance. It is a veritable realm of enchantment—a land of gold and ivory, and precious stones-a kingdom of tigers and snakes, wicked rajahs, wise men, and wonderful talking animals. The whole air is saturated with mystery; nothing is impossible, nothing incredible. Many of these stories are so steeped in Orientalism that it is difficult to imagine their finding a home in the colder-minded West. For this reason they have all the charm of novelty. One is transported to Fairy-Land, but it is a country

Turning from fancy to fact, Mr. Lockwood

untrodden yet by even the most daring dream-

Kipling's Man and Beast in India (Macmillan) will prove a fascinating study to all lovers of animals



pire. In his preface Mr. Kipling modestly disclaims any deep scientific or literary knowledge, but it is impossible to read his pages without gaining a clearer insight into the inner life of the people of India than may be gleaned from many more ambitious treatises. "All sorts and conditions" of beasts and birds are here dealt with, and many quaint sayings attest the shrewd wit or

THE TIGER'S WIFE.
"Indian Fairy-Tales."

wisdom of the wily Hindoo. The book is full of valuable and attractive illustrations.

The modern writer who caters for the omnivorous boy-appetite has a harder task before him than his

predecessor of a few years back. The days when mere Desert Islands, Cannibals, Mexican Chiefs, and Ojibbaway Indians satisfied the youthful palate are past; shipwrecks are played out; Scalp-hunters a drug in the market. Mr. G. A.

Henty keeps pace with the times; he knows his public, and would scorn to serve them such antiquated fare as au-

dacious "Middies" and archaic "Guerilla Chiefs." The titles alone of his stories show his marvellous versatility. The three published by Messrs. Blackie this year are *Beric the Briton*, a tale of the Roman Invasion; *In Greek Waters*, a story of the Greek War of Independence, 1821-27; and *Condemned as a Nihilist*, which touches on the stormy topic of Russian politics and Siberia.

Next to the delight of reading for the first time a work by a great master, is the pleasure of meeting an old favourite in a new and fitting guise. The Wizard of the North has not yet lost his wand of enchantment. Those who fall under his spell are in no hurry to escape. Other books are for a day, Scott's are for a lifetime. With the Waverley Novels it is no question of a hasty "read and return"; they form a part of even the most elementary library. The difficulty lies in choosing an edition that will satisfy the artistic taste without making too heavy an inroad into the scholarly purse. Messrs. A. and C. Black's handsome "Dryburgh" edition may be heartily commended to all who have any doubt on the subject. The type, paper, and binding are models of good taste; the price moderate in the extreme. There are many illustrations, and, what are especially valuable, copious notes, indexes, and glossaries which amply explain all obscure words, phrases, and allusions. Waverley is the first of this series, and one volume will be published each month till the set is complete.

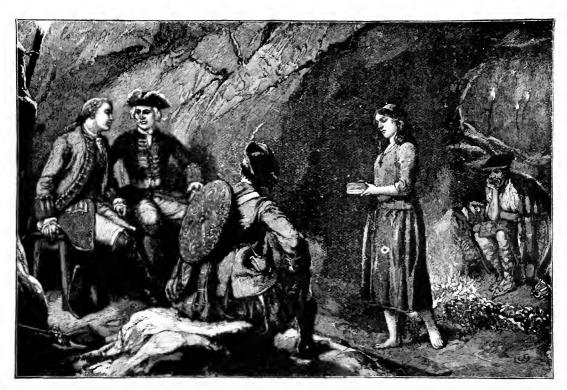
Another new edition that calls for special mention is Messrs. George Bell and Sons' publication of

Adelaide Anne Proctor's Legends and Lyries. Poetry, like dress, gets out of date; but even an age brought up on Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti must find room in its heart for such tender and gracious verse as Adelaide Anne Proctor's. No more acceptable gift need be looked for than these two dainty little volumes in their pretty binding.

Selections of Poetry lend themselves readily to criticism. There is always the first hasty feeling of disappointment when the eagerly-opened volume discloses the fact that the greater bulk consists of poems that one has seen "dozens of times before." This is succeeded by the equally unreasonable disgust when diligent search results in showing that some special and individual favourite has been wantonly omitted. Speaking from experience, I should say that no lover of Poetry will be satisfied until he has made a selection for himself. In this he will doubtless include everything that appeals to himself as distinctly "precious," and omit hundreds of poems that the general voice has stamped with the hall-mark of admiration.

Until that golden day arrives, however, let us take the goods provided for us, and be thankful. Lyric Love (Macmillan) explains its own title. It is only necessary to mention the name of its compiler, Mr. William Watson, to be assured that nothing but the very best of its kind will here find a resting-place. Those fanatics who exalt the Elizabethan age at the expense of the Victorian will do well to read Mr. Watson's trenchant criticism with regard to much of the verse-writing of the earlier period. The book is arranged in clearly-defined groups; this is undoubtedly a help to the better appreciation of some of the lyrics. Thus we have 'Love's Tragedies,' 'Love and Nature,' 'The Wings of Eros,' and other happily suggestive and characteristic titles.

Mrs. Molesworth's studies of children are always delightful, and probably as much enjoyed by older readers as the little ones for whom they are intended. The Girls and I (Macmillan) make up a pretty family group, but perhaps one's enjoyment is somewhat spoilt by the fact that Master Jack is —consciously or unconsciously—one of the most



WAVERLEY IN DONALD BEAN LEAN'S CAVE. From the Dryburgh Edition of Waverley.

(By fermission of Messrs. A. and C. Black.)

naïvely egotistical little urchins that it is possible to conceive. He takes every one under his protection in the most fatherly way: he is apparently responsible—or feels himself so—for the good behaviour of the entire household, and when anything goes wrong he makes himself acutely miserable. I am afraid Anne and Hebe neglected their elder-sisterly duty in not "sitting upon" their young brother with sufficient vigour before he was old enough to turn and lecture them. It must be said, however, that all his anxiety is on behalf of others, not himself, and his affection for his mother is touchingly portrayed.

Robin Redbreast (W. and R. Chambers) is for an older public. It is a story of girl-life in a charming old house, which gives its title to the book. Imagen (same publishers) is already familiar to the readers of Atalanta. Both these books show Mrs. Molesworth's skill in delineation of character, and possess the interest that attaches to a careful study of real life.

Girls will enjoy A Woman's Word by Dora M. Jones (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), and Anne Beale's Heiress of Courtleroy (Blackie); while those who prefer more stirring fare will find much to their taste in Robert Leighton's The Thirsty Sword, and Mrs. Henry Clarke's The Bushranger's Secret (same publishers).

The five country children whom Miss Amy Walton describes under the name of *Penelope and the Others* are amusing little people; they are thoroughly childlike and natural, and refreshingly free from undue cleverness and goodness. Mrs. Herbert Martin's *The Two Dorothys* is also a very bright and pleasant story.



THE CLEVER TAILOR. From "The Green Fairy-Book."
(By permission of Messrs, Longmans.)





Genfil. s.

AN ESCAPADE.
(From the Picture by Elizabeth Gardner.)



MEMOIRS OF HIS ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PART I.—THE LORD ADVOCATE.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE ADVOCATE'S HOUSE.

THE next day, Sabbath, August 27th, I had the occasion I had long looked forward to, to hear some of the famous Edinburgh preachers, all well known to me already by the report of Mr. Campbell. Alas! and I might just as well have been at Essendean, and sitting under Mr. Campbell's worthy self! the turmoil of my thoughts, which dwelt continually on the interview with Prestongrange, inhibiting me from all attention. I was indeed much less impressed by the reasoning of the divines than by the spectacle of the thronged

congregations in the churches, like what I imagined of a theatre, or (in my then disposition) of an assize of trial; above all, at the West Kirk, with its three tiers of galleries, where I went in the vain hope that I might see Miss Drummond.

On the Monday I betook me, for the first time, to a barber's, and was very well pleased with the result. Thence to the Advocate's, where the red coats of the soldiers showed again about his door, making a bright place in the close. I looked about for the young lady and her gillies; there was never a sign of them. But I was no sooner shown into the cabinet or ante-chamber, where I had spent so weariful time upon the Saturday, than I was aware of the tall figure of James More in a corner. He

seemed a prey to a painful uneasiness, reaching forth his feet and hands, and his eyes speeding here and there without rest about the walls of the small chamber, which recalled to me with a sense of pity the man's wretched situation. I suppose it was partly this, and partly my strong continuing interest in his daughter, that moved me to accost him.

"Give you a good morning, sir," said I.

"And a good morning to you, sir," said he.

"You bide tryst with Prestongrange?" I asked.

"I do, sir, and I pray your business with that gentleman be more agreeable than mine," was his reply.

"I hope at least that yours will be brief, for I suppose you pass before me," said I.

"All pass before me," he said, with a shrug and a gesture upwards of the open hands. "It was not always so, sir; but times change. It was not so when the sword was in the scale, young gentleman, and the virtues of the soldier might sustain themselves."

Then came a kind of Highland snuffle out of the man that raised my dander strangely.

"Well, Mr. Macgregor," said I, "I understood the main thing for a soldier is to be silent, and the first of his virtues never to complain."

"You have my name, I perceive,"—he bowed to me with his arms crossed—"though it's one I must not use myself. Well, there is a publicity, I have shown my face and told my name too often in the hearts of my enemies; I must not wonder if both should be known to many that I know not."

"That you know not in the least, sir," said I, "nor yet anybody else; but the name I am called, if you care to hear it, is Balfour."

"It is a good name," he replied, civilly; "there are many decent folk that use it. And now that I call to mind, there was a young gentleman, your namesake, that marched surgeon in the year '45 with my battalion."

"I believe that would be a brother to Balfour of Raith," said I, for I was ready for the surgeon now.

"The same, sir," said James More, "and since I have been fellow-soldier with your kinsman, you must suffer me to grasp your hand."

He shook hands with me long and tenderly, beaming on me the while as if he had found a brother. "Ah!" says he, "these are changed days since your cousin and I heard the balls whistle in our lugs."

"I think he was a very far-away cousin," said I, drily; "and I ought to tell you that I never clapped eyes upon the man."

"Well, well," said he, "it makes no change. And you—I do not think you were out yourself, sir—I have no clear mind of your face, which is one not probable to be forgotten."

"In the year you refer to, Mr. Macgregor, I was getting skelped in the parish school," said I.

"So young?" cries he. "Ah, then you will never be able to think what this meeting is to me. In the hour of my adversity, and in the house of my enemy, to meet in with the blood of an old brother-in-arms—it heartens me, Mr. Balfour, like the skirling of the Highland pipes! Sir, this is a look back that many of us have to make, some with falling tears. I have lived in my own country like a king; my sword, my mountains, and the faith of my friends and kinsmen sufficed for me. Now I lie in a stinking dungeon; and do you know, Mr. Balfour," he went on, taking my arm and beginning to lead me about, "do you know, sir, that I lack mere *necessaries?* The malice of my foes has quite sequestered my resources. I lie, as you know, sir, on a trumped-up charge, of which I am as innocent as yourself. They dare not bring me to my trial; and in the meanwhile I am held naked in my prison. I could have wished it was your cousin I had met, or his brother, Raith himself. Either would, I know, have been rejoiced to help me; while a comparative stranger like yourself—!"

I would be ashamed to set down all he poured out to me in this beggarly vein, or the very short and grudging answers that I made to him. There were times when I was tempted to stop his mouth with some small change; but whether it was from shame or pride—whether it was for my own sake or Catriona's—whether it was because I thought him no fit father for his daughter, or because I resented that immediate falsity that clung about the man himself—the thing was clean beyond me. And I was still being wheedled and preached to, and still being marched to and fro, three steps and a turn, in that small chamber,—and had already by some very short replies highly incensed, although not finally discouraged my beggar,—when Preston-

grange appeared in the doorway and led me eagerly into his big chamber.

"I have a moment's engagement," said he; "and that you may not sit empty-handed, I am going to present you to Lady Prestongrange and my three braw daughters, of whom perhaps you may have heard, for I think they are more famous than papa. This way."

He led me into another long room above, where his wife sat at a frame of embroidery, and the three handsomest young women, I suppose, in Scotland stood together by a window.

"This is my new friend, Mr. Balfour," said he, presenting me by the arm. "David, here is Mrs. Grant, who will be very pleased if she can help you. And here," says he, turning to the three younger ladies, "here are my three braw daughters. A fair question to ye, Mr. Davie, which of the three is the best favoured? And I wager he will never have the impudence to propound honest Alan Ramsay's answer!"

Thereupon all three, and my Lady Prestongrange as well, cried out against this sally, which (as I was acquainted with the verses he referred to) brought shame into my own cheek. It seemed to me a citation unpardonable in a father, and I was amazed that these ladies could laugh even while they reproved, or made believe to.

Under cover of this mirth Prestongrange got forth of the chamber, and I was left, like a fish upon dry land, in that very unsuitable society. I could never deny, in looking back upon what followed, that I was eminently stockish; and I must say that the ladies were well drilled to have so long a patience with me. The mother, indeed, sat close at her embroidery, only looking now and again and smiling, but the misses—and especially the eldest, who was besides the most handsome—paid me a score of attentions which I was very ill able to repay. It was all in vain to tell myself that I was a young fellow of some worth as well as of good estate, and had no call to feel abashed before these lasses, the eldest not so much older than myself, and no one of them by any probability half so learned. Reasoning would not change the fact; and there were times when the colour came into my face to think I was shaved that day for the first time.

The talk going, with all their endeavours, very heavily, the eldest took pity on my awkwardness, sat down to her instrument, of which she was past mistress, and entertained me for a while with playing and singing both in the Scotch and the Italian manners. This put me more at my ease; and being reminded of Alan's air that he had taught me in the hole near Carriden, I made so bold as to whistle a bar or two and ask if she knew that.

She shook her head. "I never heard a note of it," said she; "whistle it all through. And now once again," she added, after I had done so.

Then she picked it out upon the keyboard, and (to my surprise) instantly enriched the same with well-sounding chords, and sang as she played with a very droll expression and broad accent—

"Haenae I got just the lilt of it?
Is this the tune that ye whistled?"

"You see," she says, "I can do the poetry too, only it won't rhyme." And then again—

"I am Miss Grant, sib to the Advocate: You, I believe, are Dauvit Balfour."

I told her how much astonished I was by her genius.

"And what do you call the name of it," she asked.

"I do not know the real name," said I. "I just call it *Alan's Air*."

She looked at me directly in the face. "I shall call it *David's Air*," said she; "though if it's the least like what your namesake of Israel played to Saul, I would never wonder that the King got little good by it, for it's but melancholy music. Your other name I do not like; so, if you was ever wishing to hear your tune again, you are to ask for it by mine."

This was said with a significance that gave my heart a jog.

"Why that, Miss Grant?" I asked.

"Why," says she, "if ever you should come to get hanged, I will set your last dying speech and confession to that tune, and sing it."

This put it beyond doubt that she was partly informed of my story and peril; how, and just how much, it was more difficult to guess. It was plain she knew there was danger in the name of Alan, and thus warned me to leave it out of reference; and plain she knew that I stood under some criminal suspicion. I judged besides that the harshness of her last speech (which besides she had followed

up immediately by a very noisy piece of music) was to put an end to the present conversation. I stood beside her affecting to listen and admire, but truly whirled away by my own thoughts. I have always found this young lady to be a lover of the mysterious, and certainly this first interview made a mystery that was beyond my plummet. One thing I learned long after: the hours of the Sunday had been well employed, the bank porter had been found and examined, my visit to Charles Stewart was discovered, and the deduction made that I was pretty deep with James and Alan, and most likely in a continued correspondence with the last. Hence this broad hint that was given me across the harpsichord.

In the midst of the piece of music, one of the younger misses, who was at a window over the close, cried on her sisters to come quick, for there was "Grey eyes again." The whole family trooped there at once, and crowded one another for a look. The window where they ran was in an odd corner of that room, gave above the entrance door, and flanked up the close.

"Come, Mr. Balfour," they cried, "come and see. She is the most beautiful creature. She hangs round the close head these last days always with some wretched-like gillies, and yet seems quite a lady."

I had no need to look; neither did I look twice, or long. I was afraid she might have seen me there, looking down upon her from that chamber of music; and she without, and her father in the same house perhaps begging for his life with tears, and myself come but newly from rejecting his petitions. But even that glance set me in a better conceit of myself, and much less awe of the young ladies. They were beautiful, that was beyond question, but Catriona was beautiful too, and had a kind of brightness like a coal of fire. As much as the others cast me down, she lifted me up. remembered I had talked easily with her. If I could make no hand of it with these fine maids, it was perhaps something their own fault. embarrassment began to be a little mingled and lightened with a sense of fun; and when the mother smiled at me from her embroidery, and the three daughters unbent to me like a baby, all with "Papa's orders" written in their faces, there were times when I could have found it in my heart to smile myself.

Presently Papa returned—the same kind, happylike, pleasant-spoken man. "Now, girls," said he, "I must take Mr. Balfour away again, but I hope you have been able to persuade him to return where I shall be always gratified to find him."

So they each made me a little farthing compliment, and I was led away.

If this visit to the family had been meant to soften my resistance, it was the worst of failures. I was no such ass but that I understood how poor a figure I had made, and that the girls would be yawning their jaws off as soon as my stiff back was turned. I felt I had shown how little I had in me of what was soft and grateful, and I longed for a chance to prove that I had something of the other stuff, the stern and dangerous.

Well, I was to be served to my desire, for the scene to which he was conducting me was of a different character.

CHAPTER VI.

UMQUHILE THE MASTER OF LOVAT.

There was a man waiting us in Prestongrange's study whom I distasted at the first look, as we distaste a ferret or an earwig. He was bitter ugly, but seemed very much of a gentleman; had still manners, but capable of sudden leaps and violences; and a small voice, which could ring out shrill and dangerous when he so desired.

The Advocate presented us in a familiar, friendly way.

"Here, Fraser," said he; "here is Mr. Balfour whom we talked about. Mr. David, this is Mr. Symon Fraser, whom we used to call by another title, but that is an old song. Mr. Fraser has an errand to you."

With that he stepped aside to his book-shelves, and made believe to consult a quarto volume in the far end.

I was thus left (in a sense) alone with perhaps the last person in the world I had expected. There was no doubt upon the terms of introduction; this could be no other than the forfeited Master of Lovat and chief of the great clan Fraser. I knew he had led his men in the Rebellion; I knew his father's head—my old lord's, that gray fox of the mountains—to have fallen on the block for that

offence, the lands of the family to have been seized, and their nobility attainted. I could not conceive what he should be doing in Grant's house; I could not conceive that he had been called to the bar, had eaten all his principles, and was now currying favour with the Government even to the extent of acting Advocate-Depute in the Appin murder.

"Well, Mr. Balfour," said he, "what is all this I hear of ye?"

"It would not become me to prejudge," said I, "but if the Advocate was your authority he is fully possessed of my opinions."

"I may tell you I am engaged in the Appin case," he went on; "I am to appear under Prestongrange; and from my study of the precognitions, I can assure you your opinions are erroneous. The guilt of Breek is manifest; and your testimony, in which you admit you saw him on the hill at the very moment, will certify his hanging."

"It will be rather ill to hang him till you catch him," I observed. "And for other matters I very willingly leave you to your own impressions."

"The Duke had been informed," he went on. "I have just come from his Grace, and he expressed himself before me with an honest freedom like the great nobleman he is. He spoke of you by name, Mr. Balfour, and declared his gratitude beforehand in case you would be led by those who understand your own interests and those of the country so much better than yourself. Gratitude is no empty expression in that mouth: experto crede. I dare say you know something of my name and clan, and the execrable example and lamented end of my late father, to say nothing of my own errata. Well, I have made my peace with that good Duke; he has intervened for me with our friend Prestongrange; and here I am with my foot in the stirrup again and some of the responsibility shared into my hand of prosecuting King George's enemies and avenging the late daring and barefaced insult to his Majesty."

"Doubtless a proud position for your father's son," says I.

He wagged his bald eyebrows at me. "You are pleased to make experiments in the inimical, I think," said he. "But I am here upon duty, I am here to discharge my errand in good faith, it is in vain you think to divert me. And let me tell you, for a young fellow of spirit and ambition like yourself, a good shove in the beginning will

do more than ten years' drudgery. The shove is now at your command; choose what you will to be advanced in, the Duke will watch upon you with the affectionate disposition of a father."

"I am thinking that I lack the docility of the son," says I.

"And do you really suppose, sir, that the whole policy of this country is to be suffered to trip up and tumble down for an ill-mannered colt of a boy?" he cried. "This has been made a test case, all who would prosper in the future must put a shoulder to the wheel. Look at me! Do you suppose it is for my pleasure that I put myself in the highly invidious position of prosecuting a man that I have drawn the sword alongside of? The choice is not left me."

"But I think, sir, that you forfeited your choice when you mixed in with that unnatural rebellion," I remarked. "My case is happily otherwise; I am a true man, and can look either the Duke or King George in the face without concern."

"Is it so the wind sits?" says he. "I protest you are fallen in the worst sort of error. Prestongrange has been hitherto so civil, he tells me, as not to combat your allegations; but you must not think they are not looked upon with strong suspicion. You say you are innocent. My dear sir, the facts declare you guilty."

"I was waiting for you there," said I.

"The evidence of Mungo Campbell; your flight after the completion of the murder; your long course of secresy—my good young man!" said Mr. Symon, "here is enough evidence to hang a bullock, let be a David Balfour! I shall be upon that trial; my voice shall be raised; I shall then speak much otherwise from what I do to-day, and far less to your gratification, little as you like it now! Ah, you look white!" cries he. "I have found the key of your impudent heart. You look pale, your eyes waver, Mr. David! You see the grave and the gallows nearer by than you had fancied."

"I own to a natural weakness," said I. "I think no shame for that. Shame—" I was going on.

"Shame waits for you on the gibbet," he broke in.

"Where I shall but be even'd with my lord your father," said I.

"Aha, but not so," he cried; "and you do not

vet see to the bottom of this business! My father suffered in a great cause, and for dealing in the affairs of kings. You are to hang for a dirty murder about boddle-pieces. Your personal part in it, the treacherous one of holding the poor wretch in talk, your accomplices a pack of ragged Highland gillies. And it can be shown, my great Mr. Balfour-it can be shown, and it will be shown, trust me that has a finger in the pie-it can be shown, and shall be shown, that you were paid to do it. I think I can see the looks go round the court when I adduce my evidence, and it shall appear that you, a young man of education, let yourself be corrupted to this shocking act for a suit of cast clothes, a bottle of Highland spirits, and three and fivepence halfpenny in copper money."

There was a touch of the truth in these words that knocked me like a blow: clothes, a bottle of usquebaugh, and three and fivepence halfpenny in change made up, indeed, the most of what Alan and I had carried from Aucharn; and I saw that some of James's people had been blabbing in their dungeons.

"You see I know more than you fancied," he resumed in triumph. "And as for giving it this turn, great Mr. David, you must not suppose the Government of Great Britain and Ireland will ever be stuck for want of evidence. We have men here in prison who will swear out their lives as we direct them; as I direct, if you prefer the phrase. now you are to guess your part of glory if you choose to die. On the one hand, life and pleasure and a duke to be your hand-gun; on the other, a rope to your craig, and a gibbet to clatter your bones on, and the lousiest, lowest story to hand down to your namesakes in the future that was ever told about a hired assassin. And see here!" he cried, with a formidable shrill voice, "see this paper that I pull out of my pocket. Look at the name there: it is the name of the great David, I believe, the ink scarce dry yet. Can you guess its nature? It is the warrant for your arrest, which I have but to touch this bell beside me to have executed on the spot. Once in the Tolbooth upon this paper, may God help you, for the die is cast!"

I must never deny that I was greatly horrified by so much baseness, and much unmanned by this immediacy and ugliness of my danger. Mr. Symon had already gloried in the changes of my hue; I make no doubt I was now no ruddier than my shirt; my speech besides trembled.

"There is a gentleman in this room," cried I. "I appeal to him. I put my life and credit in his hands."

Prestongrange shut his book with a snap. told you so, Symon," said he; "you have played your hand for all it was worth, and you have lost. Mr. David," he went on, "I wish you to believe it was by no choice of mine you were subjected to this proof. I wish you could understand how glad I am you should come forth from it with so much credit. You may not quite see how, but it is a little of a service to myself. For had our friend here been more successful than I was last night, it might have appeared that he was a better judge of men than I; it might have appeared we were altogether in the wrong situations, Mr. Symon and myself. And I know our friend Symon to be ambitious," says he, striking lightly on Fraser's shoulder. "As for this stage play, it is over; my sentiments are very much engaged in your behalf; and whatever issue we can find to this unfortunate affair, I shall make it my business to see it is adopted with tenderness to you."

These were very good words, and I could see besides that there was little love, and perhaps a spice of genuine ill-will, between those two who were opposed to me. For all that, it was unmistakable this interview had been designed, perhaps rehearsed, with the consent of both; it was plain my adversaries were in earnest to try me by all methods; and now (persuasion, flattery, and menaces having been tried in vain) I could not but wonder what would be their next expedient. My eyes besides were still troubled, and my knees loose under me, with the distress of the late ordeal; and I could do no more than stammer the same form of words: "I put my life and credit in your hands."

"Well, well," says he, "we must try to save them. And in the meanwhile let us return to gentler methods. You must not bear any grudge upon my friend, Mr. Symon, who did but speak by his brief. And even if you did conceive some malice against myself, who stood by and seemed rather to hold a candle, I must not let that extend to innocent members of my family. These are greatly engaged to see more of you, and I cannot

consent to have my young women-folk disappointed. To morrow they will be going to Hope Park, when I think it very proper you should make your bow. Call for me first, when I may possibly have something for your private hearing; then you shall be turned abroad again under the conduct of my misses; and until that time repeat to me your promise of secrecy."

I had done better to have instantly refused, but in truth I was beside the power of reasoning; did as I was bid; took my leave I know not how; and when I was forth again in the close, and the door had shut behind me, was glad to lean on a house wall and wipe my face. That horrid apparition (as I may call it) of Mr. Symon rang in my memory, as a sudden noise rings after it is over on the ear. Tales of the man's father, of his falseness, of his manifold perpetual treacheries, rose before me from all that I had heard and read, and joined on with what I had just experienced of himself. time it occurred to me, the ingenious foulness of that calumny he had proposed to nail upon my character startled me afresh. The case of the man upon the gibbet by Leith Walk appeared scarce distinguishable from that I was now to consider as my own. To rob a child of so little more than nothing was certainly a paltry enterprise for two grown men; but my own tale, as it was to be represented in a court by Symon Fraser, appeared a fair second in every possible point of view of sordidness and cowardice.

The voices of two of Prestongrange's liveried men upon his doorstep recalled me to myself.

"Ha'e," said the one, "this billet as fast as ye can link to the captain."

"Is that for the cateran back again?" asked the other.

"It would seem sae," returned the first. "Him and Symon are seeking him."

"I think Prestongrange is gane gyte," says the second. "He'll have James More in bed with him next."

"Weel, it's neither your affair nor mine's," says the first.

And they parted, the one upon his errand, and the other back into the house.

This looked as ill as possible. I was scarce gone and they were sending already for James More, to whom I thought Mr. Symon must have pointed when he spoke of men in prison and ready to redeem their lives by all extremities. My scalp curdled among my hair, and the next moment the blood leaped in me to remember Catriona. Poor lass! her father stood to be hanged for pretty indefensible misconduct. What was yet more unpalatable, it now seemed he was prepared to save his four quarters by the worst of shame and the most foul of cowardly murders—murder by the false oath; and to complete our misfortunes, it seemed myself was picked out to be the victim.

I began to walk swiftly and at random, conscious only of a desire for movement, air, and the open country.

CHAPTER VII.

I MAKE A FAULT IN HONOUR.

I came forth, I vow I know not how, on the Lang Dykes. This is a rural road which runs on the north side over against the city. Thence I could see the whole black length of it tail down, from where the castle stands upon its crags above the loch, in a long line of spires and gable ends, and smoking chimneys, and at the sight my heart swelled in my bosom. My youth, as I have told, was already inured to dangers; but such danger as I had seen the face of but that morning, in the midst of what they call the safety of a town, shook me beyond experience. Peril of shipwreck, peril of sword and shot, of discredit; but the peril there was in the sharp voice and the fat face of Symon, properly Lord Lovat, daunted me wholly.

I sat by the lake side in a place where the rushes went down into the water, and there steeped my wrists and laved my temples. If I could have done so with any remains of self-esteem I would now have fled from my foolhardy enterprise. But (call it courage or cowardice, and I believe it was both the one and the other) I decided I was ventured out beyond the possibility of a retreat. I had outfaced these men, I would continue to out-face them; come what might, I would stand by the word spoken.

The sense of my own constancy somewhat uplifted my spirits, but not much. At the best of

1 Now Princes' Street.

it there was an icy place about my heart, and life seemed a black business to be at all engaged in. For two souls in particular my pity flowed. The one was myself, to be so friendless and lost among dangers. The other was the girl, the daughter of James More. I had seen but little of her; yet my view was taken and my judgment made. I thought her a lass of a clean honour, like a man's; I thought her one to die of a disgrace; and now I believed her father to be at that moment bargaining his vile life for mine. It made a bond in my thoughts betwixt the girl and me. I had seen her before only as a wayside appearance, though one that pleased me strangely; I saw her now in a sudden nearness of relation, as the daughter of my blood foe, and I might say, my murderer. reflected it was hard I should be so plagued and persecuted all my days for other folk's affairs, and have no manner of pleasure myself. I got meals and a bed to sleep in when my concerns would suffer it; beyond that my wealth was of no help to me. If I was to hang, my days were like to be short; if I was not to hang, but to escape out of this trouble, they might yet seem long to me ere I was done with them. Of a sudden her face appeared in my memory, the way I had first seen it, with the parted lips; at that weakness came in my bosom, and strength into my legs; and I set resolutely forward on the way to Dean. If I was to hang to-morrow, and it was sure enough I might very likely sleep that night in a dungeon, I determined I should hear and speak once more with Catriona.

The exercise of walking and the thought of my destination braced me yet more, so that I began to pluck up a kind of spirit. In the village of Dean, where it sits in the bottom of a glen beside the river, I inquired my way of a miller's man, who sent me up the hill upon the farther side by a plain path, and so to a decent-like small house in a garden of lawns and apple-trees. My heart beat high as I stepped inside the garden hedge, but it fell low indeed when I came face to face with a grim and fierce old lady, walking there in a white mutch with a man's hat strapped upon the top of it.

"What do ye come seeking here?" she asked. I told her I was after Miss Drummond.

"And what may be your business with Miss Drummond?" says she.

I told her I had met her on Saturday last, had

been so fortunate as to render her a trifling service, and was come now on the young lady's invitation.

"Oh, so you're Saxpence!" she cried, with a very sneering manner. "A braw gift, a bonny gentleman; and hae ye ony ither name and designation, or were ye bapteesed Saxpence?" she asked.

I told my name.

"Preserve me!" she cried. "Has Ebenezer gotten a son?"

"No, ma'am," said I. "I am a son of Alexander's. It's I that am the Laird of Shaws."

"Ye'll find your work cut out for ye to establish that," quoth she.

"I perceive you know my uncle," said I; "and I dare say you may be the better pleased to hear that business is arranged."

"And what brings ye here after Miss Drummond?" she pursued.

"I'm come after my saxpence, mem," said I. "It's to be thought, being my uncle's nephew, I would be found a careful lad."

"So ye have a spark of sleeness in ye," observed the old lady, with some approval. "I thought ye had just been a cuif—you and your saxpence, and your lucky day, and your sake of Barwhidder"—from which I was gratified to learn that Catriona had not forgotten some of our talk. "But all this is by the purpose," she resumed. "Am I to understand that ye come here keeping company?"

"This is surely rather an early question," said I. "The maid is young, so am I—worse fortune, I have but seen her the once. I'll not deny," I added, making up my mind to try her with some frankness, "I'll not deny but she has run in my head a good deal since I met in with her. That is one thing; but it would be quite another, and I think I would look very like a fool, to commit myself."

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"You can speak out of your mouth, I see," said the old lady. "Praise God, and so can I! I was fool enough to take charge of this rogue's daughter: a fine charge I have gotten; but it's mine, and I'll carry it the way I want to. Do ye mean to tell me, Mr. Balfour of Shaws, that you would marry James More's daughter, and him hanged? Well, then, where there's no possible marriage there shall be no manner of carryings on, and take that for said. Lasses are bruckle things," she added, with a nod; "and though ye would

never think it by my wrunkled chafts, I was a lassie mysel', and a bonny one."

"Lady Allardyce," said I, "for that I suppose to be your name, you seem to do the two sides of the talking, which is a very poor manner to come to an agreement. You give me rather a homethrust when you ask if I would marry, at the gallows' foot, a young lady whom I have seen but the once. I have told you already I would never be so untenty as to commit myself. And yet I'll go some way with you. If I continue and like the lass as well as I have reason to expect, it will be something more than her father, or the gallows either, that keeps the two of us apart. As for my family, I found it by the wayside like a lost bawbee. I owe less than nothing to my uncle; and if ever I marry, it will be to please one person that's myself."

"I have heard this kind of talk before ye were born," said Mrs. Ogilvy, "which is perhaps the reason that I think of it so little. There's much to be considered. This James More is a kinsman of mine, to my shame be it spoken. But the better the family, the mair men hanged or heided, that's always been poor Scotland's story. And if it was just the hanging! For my part, I think I would be best pleased with James upon the gallows, which would be at least an end to him. Catrine's a good lass enough, and a good-hearted, and lets herself be deared all day with a runt of an auld wife like me. But, ye see, there's the weak bit. She's daft about that long, false, fleeching beggar of a father of hers, and red-mad about the Gregara, and proscribed names, and King James, and a wheen blethers. And you might think ye could guide her, ye would find yourself sore mista'en. Ye say ye've seen her but the once-"

"Spoke with her but the once, I should have said," I interrupted. "I saw her again this morning from a window at Prestongrange's."

This I dare say I put in because it sounded well; but I was properly paid for my ostentation on the return.

"What's this of it?" cries the old lady, with a sudden pucker of her face. "I think it was at the Advocate's door-cheek that ye met her first."

I told her that was so.

"H'm," she said; and then suddenly, upon ather a scolding tone, "I have your bare word or it," she cries, "as to who and what you are. By your way of it, you're Balfour of the Shaws; but for what I ken you may be Balfour of the Deevil's oxter. It's possible ye may come here for what ye say, and it's equally possible ye may come here for deil care what! I'm good enough Whig to sit quiet, and to have keepit all my men-folk's heads upon their shoulders. But I'm not just a good enough Whig to be made a fool of neither. And I tell you fairly, there's too much Advocate's door and Advocate's window here for a man that comes taigling after a Macgregor's daughter. Ye can tell that to the Advocate that sent ye, with my fond love. And I kiss my loof to ye, Mr. Balfour," says she, suiting the action to the word, "and a braw journey to ye back to where ye come frae."

"If you think me a spy," I broke out, and speech stuck in my throat. I stood and looked murder at the old lady for a space, then bowed and turned away.

"Here! Hoots!. The callant's in a creel!" she cried. "Think ye a spy! what else would I think ye—me that kens naething by ye? But I see that I was wrong; and as I cannot fight, I'll have to apologize. A bonny figure I would be with a broadsword. Ay! ay!" she went on, "you're none such a bad lad in your way; I think ye'll have some redeeming vices. But, oh, Davit Balfour, ye're unco countryfeed. Ye'll have to win over that, lad; ye'll have to soople your backbone, and think a wee pickle less of your dainty self; and ye'll have to try to find out that women-folk are nae grenadiers. But that can never be. To your last day you'll ken no more of women-folk than what I do of fighting."

I had never been used with such expressions from a lady's tongue, the only two ladies I had known, Mrs. Campbell and my mother, being most devout and most particular women; and I suppose my amazement must have been depicted in my countenance, for Mrs. Ogilvy burst forth suddenly in a fit of laughter.

"Keep me!" she cried, struggling with her mirth, "you have the finest timber face—and you to marry the daughter of a Hieland cateran! Davie, my dear, I think we'll have to make a match of it. And now," she went on, "there's no manner of service in your daidling here, for the young woman is from home, and it's my fear that the old woman is no suitable companion for your

father's son. And come back another day for your saxpence!" she cried after me as I left.

My skirmish with this disconcerting lady gave my thoughts a boldness they had otherwise wanted. For two days the image of Catriona had mixed in all my meditations; she made their background, so that I scarce enjoyed my own company without a glint of her in a corner of my mind. But now she came immediately near; I seemed to touch her, whom I had never touched but the once; I let myself flow out to her in a happy weakness, and looking all about, and before and behind, saw the world like an undesirable desert, where men go as soldiers on a march, following their duty with what constancy they have, and Catriona alone there to offer me some pleasure of my days; I wondered at myself that I could dwell on such considerations in that time of my peril and disgrace; and when I remembered my youth I was ashamed. I had my studies to complete; I had to be called into some useful business; I had yet to take my part of service in a place where all must serve; I had yet to learn, and know, and prove myself a man; and I had so much sense as blush that I should be already tempted with these further-on and holier delights and duties. My education spoke home to me sharply; I was never brought up on sugar biscuits, but on the hard food of the truth.

When I was in the midst of these thoughts and about half-way back to town I saw a figure coming to meet me, and the tremble of my heart was heightened. It seemed I had everything in the world to say to her, but nothing to say first; and remembering how tongue-tied I had been that morning at the Advocate's, I made sure that I would find myself struck dumb. But when she came up my fears fled away; not even the consciousness of what I had been privately thinking disconcerted me the least; and I found I could talk with her as easily and rationally as I might with Alan.

"Oh!" she cried, "you have been seeking your sixpence: did you get it?"

I told her no; but now I had met with her my walk was not in vain. "Though I have seen you to-day already," said I, and told her where and when.

"I did not see you," she said. "My eyes are big, but there are better than mine at seeing far. Only I heard singing in the house."

"That was Miss Grant," said I, "the eldest and the bonniest."

"They said they are all beautiful," said she.

"They think the same of you, Miss Drummond," I replied, "and were all crowding to the window to observe you."

"It is a pity about my being so blind," said she, "or I might have seen them too. And you were in the house? You must have been having the fine time with the fine music and the pretty ladies."

"There is just where you are wrong," said I; "for I was as uncouth as a sea-fish upon the brae of a mountain. The truth is that I am better fitted to go about with rudas men than pretty ladies."

"Well, I would think so too, at all events!" said she, at which we both of us laughed.

"It is a strange thing, now," said I; "I am not the least afraid with you, yet I would have run from the Miss Grants. And I was afraid of your cousin too."

"Oh, I think any man will be afraid of her," she cried. "My father is afraid of her himself."

The name of her father brought me to a stop. I looked at her as she walked by my side; I recalled the man, and the little I knew and the much I guessed of him; and comparing the one with the other, felt like a traitor to be silent.

"Speaking of which," said I, "I met your father no later than this morning."

"Did you?" she cried, with a voice of joy that seemed to mock at me. "You saw James More? You will have spoken with him, then!"

"I did even that," said I.

Then I think things went the worst way for me that was humanly possible. She gave me a look of mere gratitude. "Ah, thank you for that!" says she.

"You thank me for very little," said I, and then stopped. But it seemed when I was holding back so much, something at least had to come out. "I spoke rather ill to him," said I. "I did not like him very much; I spoke him rather ill, and he was angry."

"I think you had little to do then, and less to tell it to his daughter!" she cried out. "But those that do not love and cherish him I will not know."

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"I will take the freedom of a word yet," said I, beginning to tremble. "Perhaps neither your father nor I are in the best of good spirits at Prestongrange's. I dare say we both have anxious business there, for it's a dangerous house. I was sorry for him too, and spoke to him the first, if I could not have spoken the wiser. And for one thing, in my opinion, you will soon find that his affairs are mending."

"It will not be through your friendship, I am thinking," said she; "and he is much made up to you for your sorrow."

"Miss Drummond," cried I, "I am alone in this world—"

"And I am not wondering at that," said she.

"Oh, let me speak!" said I. "I will speak but the once, and then leave you, if you will, for ever. I came this day in the hopes of a kind word that I am sore in want of. I know that what I said must hurt you, and I knew it then. It would have been easy to have spoken smooth, easy to lie to you: can you not think how I was tempted to the same? Cannot you see the truth of my heart shine out?"

"I think here is a great deal of work, Mr. Balfour," said she. "I think we will have met but the once, and will can part like gentle-folk."

"Oh, let me have one to believe in me!" I pleaded, "I cannae bear it else. The whole world is clanned against me. How am I to go through with my dreadful fate? If there's to be none to believe in me I cannot do it. The man must just die, for I cannot do it."

She had still looked straight in front of her, head in air; but at my words or the tone of my voice she came to a stop. "What is this you say?" she asked. "What are you talking of?"

"It is my testimony which may save an innocent life," said I, "and they will not suffer me to bear it. What would you do yourself? You know what this is, whose father lies in danger. Would you desert the poor soul? They have tried all ways with me. They have sought to bribe me; they offered me hills and valleys. And to-day that sleuth-hound told me how I stood, and to what a length he would go to butcher and disgrace me. I am to be brought in a party to the murder; I am to have held Glenure in talk for money and old clothes; I am to be killed and shamed. If this is the way I am to fall, and me scarce a man-if this is the story to be told of me in all Scotland-if you are to believe it too, and my name is to be nothing but a by-word-Catriona, now can I go through with it? The thing's not possible; it's more than a man has in his heart."

I poured my words out in a whirl, one upon the other; and when I stopped I found her gazing on me with a startled face.

"Glenure! It is the Appin murder," she said softly, but with a very deep surprise.

I had turned back to bear her company, and we were now come near the head of the brae above Dean village. At this point I stepped in front of her like one suddenly distracted.

"For God's sake!" I cried, "for God's sake, what is this that I have done?" and carried my fists to my temples. "What made me do it? Sure, I am bewitched to say these things!"

"In the name of heaven, what ails you now?" she cried.

"I gave my honour," I groaned, "I gave my honour, and now I have broke it. Oh, Catriona!"

"I am asking you what it is," she said; "was it these things you should not have spoken? And do you think I have no honour, then? or that I am one that would betray a friend? I hold up my right hand to you and swear."

"Oh, I knew you would be true!" said I. "It's me—it's here. I that stood but this morning and outfaced them, that risked rather to die disgraced upon the gallows than do wrong—and a few hours after I throw my honour away by the roadside in common talk! 'There is one thing clear upon our interview,' says he, 'that I can rely on your pledged word.' Where is my word now? Who could believe me now? You could not believe me. I am clean fallen down; I had best die!" All this I said with a weeping voice, but I had no tears in my body.

"My heart is sore for you," said she, "but be sure you are too nice. I would not believe you, do you say? I would trust you with anything. And these men? I would not be thinking of them! Men who go about to entrap and to destroy you! Fy! this is no time to croueh. Look up! Do you not think I will be admiring you like a great hero of the good—and you a boy not much older than myself? And because you said a word too much in a friend's ear, that would die ere she betrayed you—to make such a matter! It is one thing that we must both forget."

"Catriona," said I, looking at her hang-dog, "is this true of it? Would ye trust me yet?"

"Will you not believe the tears upon my face?" she cried. "It is the world I am thinking of you, Mr. David Balfour. Let them hang you. I will never forget, I will grow old and still remember you. I think it is great to die so; I will envy you that gallows."

"And maybe all this while I am but a child frighted in the bogles," said I. "Maybe they but make a mock of me."

"It is what I must know," she said. "I must hear the whole. The harm is done at all events, and I must hear the whole."

I had sat down on the wayside, where she took a place beside me, and I told her all that matter much as I have written it, my thoughts about her father's dealing being alone omitted.

"Well," she said, when I had finished, "you are a hero, surely, and I never would have thought

that same! And I think you are in peril, too. Oh, Symon Fraser! to think upon that man! For his life and the dirty money, to be dealing in such traffic!" And just then she called out aloud with a queer word that was common with her, and belongs, I believe, to her own language. "My torture!" says she, "look at the sun!"

Indeed, it was already dipping towards the mountains.

She bid me come again soon, gave me her hand, and left me in a turmoil of glad spirits. I delayed to go home to my lodging, for I had a terror of immediate arrest; but got some supper at a change-house, and the better part of that night walked by myself in the barley-fields, and had such a sense of Catriona's presence that I seemed to bear her in my arms.

(To be continued.)

WINTER WOODLAND.

THE trees dream in the stillness,
Above their shed leaves' gold,
In winter's misty chillness;
Their thoughts are never told.

Do they pine for a vanished glory,

For summer's sunny days,

When their branches bare and hoary

Were veiled in verdant haze?

Do they dream in the wintry chillness Of gallant knights of old, Of bugles breaking stillness, And the flash of steel and gold?

Do they muse of fairy revels

In the round moon's golden glance,
Of shadowed mossy levels,

Where fauns and wood-nymphs dance?

The trees dream in the stillness, While storms their pinions fold; They muse in the growing chillness, Their thoughts are never told.

MAXWELL GRAY.





LORD TENNYSON.

WITH A FEW PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

HON. RODEN NOEL.

In modern English poetry Wordsworth and Tennyson represent order, while Byron and Shelley represent revolt; and Tennyson, like these his peers, is now recognized as a great national poet. Now the rays of the best intellects of five continents are concentrated admiringly on his work. Yet I am old enough to remember the time when the master, whose loss we all deplore, was regarded as only a pretty but rather trifling and insignificant drawing-room poet. Bulwer attacked him as "School-miss Alfred," and I can remember similar reproaches even so late as the publication of the 'Princess.' In the early work there was no doubt a certain over-refinement of diction, and excess of

ornament, together with poverty of substance. But the volume of 1842 stopped the mouths of such detractors, so rich and glowing in colour was it, so firm in handling and outline, so restrained and classical in form, as well as luxuriant with a modern luxuriance. That assured for the young poet a high position in English literature. And then he had no serious rivals—except the Brownings; and Browning was hardly known. Otherwise, of the lesser men, probably Monckton Milnes was the best. Yet, when I, as a boy, visited old Lord Broughton, Hobhouse, Byron's friend and executor, I recollect his adverting indignantly to the recent acceptance of Woolner's bust of Tennyson for Trinity College,

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Cambridge. He said, "Lord Byron is there, and Lord Eyron was a poet; but Mr. Tennyson—well, he has written pretty verses." Lord Broughton, however, was old, and *laudator temporis acti*.

The critics had been severe upon the volume of 1832, and yet had recognized its promise. The strictures gave so sensitive a man pain, and he was silent in consequence for ten years. That was a triumph for the critic indeed—such a triumph as a stone might boast if it had fallen and crushed the poet's head. He remained very sensitive to criticism to the last; but the conscientious artist, who set so high a standard before him, profited by censure, and perfected his work. It was a distinct advantage for his poetical growth that on the whole he was received with popular and critical favour

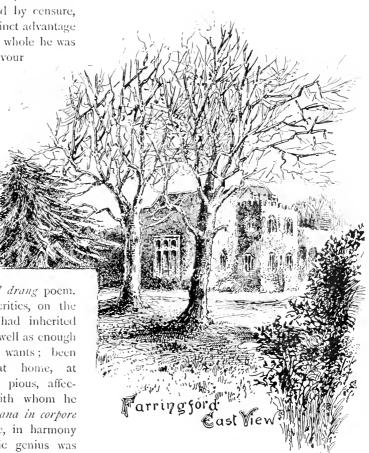
almost from the first, because this gave him opportunity to polish and revise with maturing judgment in successive editions. And an artist without encouragement is like one trying to breathe in an exhausted receiver, or like a bird trying to fly without air.

'Maud' followed the 'Princess,' which was enriched with some of the most exquisite lyrics in the language, but was still a little too daintily pretty, or too gorgeous in parts.

'Maud' was Tennyson's sturm und drang poem. He had, in spite of sneed and critics, on the whole been favoured by fortune, had inherited a sane and sound constitution, as well as enough of this world's goods for his modest wants; been well and judiciously educated at home, at school, at college, by wise, good, pious, affectionate parents, and by masters with whom he was not out of sympathy. Mens sana in corpore sano, he grew up, like a noble tree, in harmony with his surroundings. His poetic genius was appreciated, encouraged, fostered; if he has been found fault with, he was never boycotted, ignored, severely let alone. Richly endowed with intellectual gifts, he nourished his mind on the best literature, and on the graver dominant ideas of his time; and while his senses were unusually delicate and discriminating in their sensibility, his affections were warm and constant, and over all conscience ever ruled. His nature was well balanced, at one with

itself, organically sound and healthy. He wished us to know little of his life; indeed, he lived almost like a recluse, shy and reserved, even morbidly averse to notoriety; but apparently there were few incidents, few adventurous passages in his career, nothing of the tragic, wild, chaotic. He lived in that enchanted kingdom of his wonder-working imagination, with a few beloved or clever intimates, with choice books, and in close communion with the scenery of our lovely land.

There, matured by the inner sun of serene con-



tentment, as by the outer sun of ease and prosperity, were ripened those mellow and exquisitely-flavoured fruits of his shaping imagination, 'Œnone,' the 'Lotos-Eaters,' 'Mariana,' 'Ulysses,' that delightful self-revelation of the adventurous wanderer, the 'Palace of Art,' the 'Dream of Fair Women,' the 'Lady of Shalott,' the 'Sleeping Beauty,' 'Locksley Hall,' 'Lady Godiva,' and the

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magnificent 'Morte d'Arthur,' perhaps, together with 'Guinevere' and the 'Holy Grail,' the finest of the 'Idylls.' These are the very consummate flower of English idealistic poetry, classical in their inevitableness of epithet and fine form, modern in their glow of colour and close observation of nature, all set to a rich strain of slow and stately music. There were simple English idylls full of charming grace too, like 'Dora,' the 'Miller's Daughter,' the 'Gardener's Daughter,' and the 'May Queen,' together with that loveliest of recent songs, "Break, break, break!" A few patriotic verses, admirable for chaste expression, "Love thou thy land," "Of old sat freedom," showed the poet's political bent, his imperial, patriotic, and not unprogressive conservatism, that hated the "falsehood of extremes" and "wild hysterics of the Celt"; prudent, virtuous, enamoured of the picturesque past, with all the keen relish a poet, endowed as he was, must needs feel for those fair amenities of luxurious life, which are the portion of a favoured few in our actual English order.

Shelley says that poets "learn in suffering what they teach in song." That "message" was hardly manifest in Tennyson's earlier poetry, for sufferings had entered little, so far as the public know, into his own life; though the 'Palace of Art' and 'A Vision of Sin' are indeed noble moral allegories.

But in 'Maud' there came a change. That is more perturbed and rugged in form than the earlier Tennyson, and depicts suffering due to the conflict of love with social inequalities, just as 'Locksley Hall' had done in some measure before. But both poems were accused of "hysterics" by the smug and comfortable critics of culture. Assuredly one felt that Tennyson was not at home in a subject of this kind, as Shelley or Byron might have been at home in it. What was invaluable and beyond price in 'Maud' was the ardent deep of passionate young love, glowing and flowing in lyrical verse of surpassing melody. At the same time, the degree of our poet's acquiescence in existing social and political conditions may have been somewhat exaggerated. In 'Locksley Hall' and 'Maud' it seems to me clear that his sympathy goes strongly with the troubled and "morbid" heroes in their rebellion against social disabilities and anomalies; aye, in their preference for defensive warfare to a cruel and corrupt peace; and so it does in the later 'Aylmer's Field.' Of course I know we are assured that all this is only "dramatic," founded on nothing in the man's own private experience. That may or may not be so, the public cannot tell, the man was so reticent; probably it is so, for, at least to my ear, the note sounded is



Glazed Way to Ball-Room, Farringford.

hardly "dramatic" and intense enough to suggest sympathy born of personal experience. Still it is absurd to pretend that you cannot feel which way a poet's personal predilections tend in the tone of his treatment of a given subject. Passionate love, however, though within the bounds prescribed by a conscience, moulded in the matrix of a Christian English family of our own day, is predominant in 'Love and Duty'; an ideal also pervading those gloriously beautiful and more mystical 'Idylls of the King,' in which the variously developed powers of the poet's first and middle periods found ample scope. Here his contemplative imagination por-

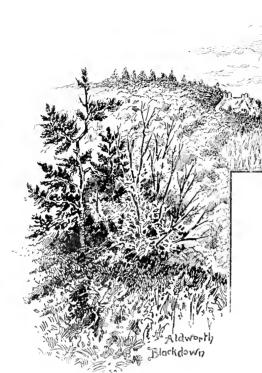
ethical intuition has created a very striking symbolical picture of the ruin of a noble, spiritual commonwealth through the corruption and disintegration of an evil leaven, proceeding from the flesh and the devil—the devil, in this instance, being represented by religious superstition and pharisaism. The poet's idea of these had already been made clear by his 'St. Simeon Stylites.' His characteristic faculty for making nature interpret man by accessory circumstance, in correspondence with his mood or action, is also very marked here. But no wonder that he could portray loyal and passionate affection so well, for he loved a true



FARRINGFORD: VIEW IN THE GROUNDS.

trayed ideal human types (rather than individuals) in Arthur, Lancelot, Guinevere, Galahad, Tristram. In my Essays on Poetry I have explained why I cannot account the main motive of the 'Idylls' (which is the illicit love of Lancelot and Guinevere) as a perfectly satisfactory one—at least as Tennyson has chosen to represent it in his epic. But there can be no doubt that the poet's religious and

and deep-hearted woman, that gracious lady who was his life companion and friend. No wonder that he could represent nature with so much loving and imaginative fidelity, for he communed with her often. But before the 'Idylls' came 'In Memoriam,' and there the poet did indeed teach in song what he had learned in sorrow. His best friend, Arthur Hallam, had died, and the spirit of



the survivor was touched to finer spiritual issues, overshadowed, deepened. 'In Memoriam' contains some of our very finest philosophical poetry, and moreover it came home to all mourning hearts. Much of its philosophy had been anticipated in 'The Two Voices.'

This poem became a voice for the religious doubts and speculations of that period in England. Christian theology was therein recast in harmony with the new criticism, and the recent discoveries of science. But Faith dominates throughout, and triumphs in the end; the essentials of Christian religion are not abandoned. The ideas were those of Coleridge, Erskine, Maurice, and the Broad Church school. But Tennyson was also much influenced by Carlyle; perhaps not always to his advantage; and in his metaphysics, I think, also by James Hinton. I recollect that when I was at Cambridge, though 'In Memoriam' was our favourite reading, it was by the general public pronounced very obscure. There are, indeed, difficult allusions in it to details likely to be familiar only to learned and cultured people, while no footnotes are provided. But the main difficulty lay in the fact that the thoughts were then comparatively unfamiliar, and were expressed in the poet's own original style. Both thought and style had to become familiar to the reader; and this is what the "obscurity" of a new poet generally amounts to. But the ideas are in the air, as well as in his poetry and in prose books; he has given them the best expression, and he teaches, enlarges, strengthens, helps the young who love his work to live.

Now we hear no more of Tennyson's obscurity—only of Browning's, and other people's. Thought trends otherwhere, and we seek for other teachers. But our master has built his massive stone into the grand spiritual temple of human inheritance, and we should not be what and where we are without him. For the rest, his beautiful ideals will not fade, his moral counsels will not wither, enshrined as they are in the amber of immortal verse.

Then followed the third and final period of his Now came the dramas, the ballads, tragic, patriotic, humorous, and the later philosophical poetry 'Wages,' "Flower in the Crannied Wall," most admirably, tersely profound. Some of the 'Idylls,' however, belong to the middle period; they came out piecemeal, one by one. And to this middle period belongs also 'Lucretius,' one of Tennyson's most tragic, as well as most philosophical poems, consummate, too, in music and in verbal workmanship; the 'Grandmother,' "Tithonus," and "Riflemen, form!" that spirited call to arms. With maturing years his outlook upon life became wider, his grip upon the actual experience of living men and women firmer, his interest in political and national questions more pronounced. I believe that the loss of his admirable mother was a great blow to him. Such a man as he was would feel a single loss like that more severely than many another man with less heart

and less imagination would feel many deaths even of intimates. It would sombre all experience for Later in life he lost also his promising, handsome son, Lionel, another pregnant sorrow. But his remaining son was a great help and com-It does not appear that Tennyson ever became less of a recluse. Of his alleged bearishness, however, I for my part saw nothing. had no doubt an abrupt, growling, fragmentary way of talking, and was often silent. From what one hears, I suppose he could be disagreeable when he chose, or was much bored, and in the mood for it. But on the too rare occasions of my visiting him, at Aldworth, and in London years ago, I found him (although I did not know him enough to become intimate with him) more than courteous, kind and helpful in the most gracious manner, giving me, as a young man, warm encouragement and wise counsel concerning my own poetry.

On one occasion, as we walked in the terraced garden of beautiful Aldworth, enjoying the wonderful view, he recited, or rather chaunted, to me in his magnificent sonorous voice, those noble lines of Wordsworth describing the Pass of Gondo.

One incident of my visit to Aldworth I remember as if it had happened yesterday. He went to the oriel window of his study, and looked out upon the distant view, so immense, so beautiful, so English. We had been talking about free will, and other metaphysical puzzles; then he said, dreamily, "I believe that everything which happens to us we remember; it is all stored up somewhere to come forth again upon occasion, though it may seem to be forgotten-even this movement to the window we shall remember." But he added, "perhaps not this, so trivial a circumstance!" And now how that very utterance has impressed this circumstance upon me!

Tennyson, as has been well observed by one who knew him, was simple as a child, transparent, said out what he felt, and would not conceal his But, indeed, that childlikeness is a feelings. characteristic of true greatness. He did not, for instance, pretend that he did not mind the neglect, or abuse even, of "a thousand peering littlenesses" -why should he? Of neglect he certainly got little. But he did not like an unfavourable criticism to be left about for his servants to see, and his son carefully shielded him from the sight of these depreciations in later life. Well, probably he should have been above all that; but then artists have the defects of their qualities, like other people —they are sensitive. And if it hampered him in his work to see these things paralysed him-was not his son right? For his work was worth doing, and doing well.

Lord Tennyson believed in "Free Will." When I urged the argument of Jonathan Edwards, and other more modern arguments against the popular conception of it, he replied that Free Will, not being

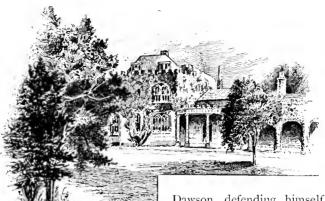


subject to the law of causation, was a miracle, no doubt: but that consciousness testifies to the fact. He had founded the Metaphysical Society, of which he had asked me to become a member, and I had consented. This was a sort of adult "Apostles' Club," the gatherings being often very interest-

The meetings of the "Apostles" at Cambridge, of which

young Hallam had been a member, are of course described in 'In Memoriam.' The "feast of reason and flow of soul" were preceded at the Metaphysical Society by a social evening meal. These meetings took place at the Grosvenor Hotel in London. We were "a happy family," and the discussions were quite peaceable, though we were as opposite and divergent in our opinions as the tamed animals in a caged "happy family" exhibition are opposite and divergent in their natures and dispositions. Each member read an essay in turn, which was discussed. We did not convince each other at the moment, assuredly, but the views of opponents led in time to a healthy modification of our own, and we learned mutual respect. There were men like Huxley, Froude, Ruskin, Manning, Gladstone, but perhaps the only metaphysicians proper were Martineau, Hutton, and James Hinton. Mr. James Knowles made a very efficient honorary secretary.

Even in his younger days the finely-developed, stalwart youth, solitary enough as a rule, although he didn't care for games, was putting the hammer with neighbouring rustics and fellow squires, meeting friends for convivial, at any rate for sociable, meals, and high converse, tempered by unlimited pipes, and very indifferent port-wine, at the old Cock Tavern, or elsewhere in London. He was walking in the Pyrenees with Hallam to deliver



Marringford North View

letters in invisible ink to revolution ists; or rambling with Palgrave about the Logan and Land's End. These are pleasant glimpses of the man himself, and as yet, I think, we have too few of them. Quite invaluable is the letter he wrote to a Mr.

Dawson, defending himself from the charge of plagiarism, and recounting a personal experience with an old woman of the people, a letter given in Mr. Jennings' brief biography; but this only whets one's appetite for more of the same kind. I hope Lord Tennyson's son may be able to supply more. Moreover, though shy and retiring, the people he did meet he could generally give a pretty good account of. But Tennyson had not lived, reflected, read history and novels otherwise than to good purpose. His characterizations in the historical dramas are extremely skilful, and there are spirited dramatic movements in them, 'The Cup' being a really fine play. But his brief ballads are his most truly dramatic pieces; 'Rizpah' appears to me his greatest poem; it is a tragic and terrible thing; elementally human, poignant with



FARRINGFORD: COTTAGE AND GARDEN-DOOR.

bereaved and grief-demented motherhood. The patriotic ballads are as fine as anything of the kind; and the humorous ones—the 'Northern Farmers' and 'Cobblers'—homely, realistic, full of rugged force. It was a completely new departure this; and considering Tennyson's advanced age when he wrote these things, such a literary event may seem almost miraculous and unprecedented. 'The Spinster's Sweet'arts' in the 'Tiresias' volume is admirable for humorous characterization, and so is the 'Churchwarden and Curate' in the latest volume of all. These pieces appealed to a still

wider audience than he had reached before. Tennyson, though assuredly he did not look like it at all, was in fact a typical Englishman, as Wordsworth had been before him, but an Englishman raised to a higher power; his very moderation, and temperance of opinion, his patriotism, and domestic morality as a writer, admitting him to all homes, together with his generally unsullied private life, combined with his poetic gifts, more especially with that fairy gift of daintiest lyrical song, to make him the national poet of his daya favourite with the manywhile his fastidious refinement of technique pleased the critic of culture, who cares for that and little beside. On the whole, Tennyson is probably our poet

of fullest achievement since Milton. Within the last few years his soul seemed to become somewhat clouded by the consciousness of new aims and aspirations seething within that younger generation, with which he could not be in complete sympathy; and while he felt increasingly the presence of social cankers that threaten to devour us, he failed to see a remedy. Moreover, the progress of materialism and disbelief in religion saddened his spirit. The later 'Locksley Hall' seemed to contradict the hopeful anticipations of the earlier one, and of 'The Golden Year.' Yet his own faith in a Divine order remained, for he

knew that "God fulfils Himself in many ways." One of his last utterances, 'Crossing the Bar,' is a serene hymn of confidence in the Pilot of man's mortal hour.

'The Making of Man,' 'The Dreamer,' and 'Mechanophilus' in the posthumous volume are indeed as full of hope for man as the glorious triumphant Christmas Carol of 'In Memoriam,' "Ring out, wild bells," even if the voice be a little lower and weaker than of old; and even if the poet could not foresee a millennium upon earth, he never ceased to witness for a higher and happier

destiny in store for the race, somewhere and somewhen, and not for the race only.

but for each of its individual members That noble, philosophical poem, also. 'The Ancient Sage,' in the invaluable 'Tiresias' volume (1885), testifies to the ancient faith in God and the immortal soul as clearly as the youthful 'Two Voices,' while facing fearlessly and assimilating the results of modern Science; though of her crude and sensuous negations of spiritual truth, when she obtrudes herself beyond her province, he will have none. The fine lines to 'Freedom,' moreover, in that volume are not unhopeful for the political future, though salutary in their warning against "raw Haste, half-sister to Delay." The spirited and sonorous "Hands all round" rings with enthusiasm, kindled by the growth of imperial England in her Colonial and

Indian developments. The 'Charge of the Heavy Brigade' was perhaps finer, though it is less popular than the 'Charge of the Light Brigade.' 'Tiresias' was in a solemn, stately strain; and the 'Death of (Enone,' though less mellow and luscious in colour, is in its sad, severe beauty not unworthy of the young man's poem. 'Akbar's Dream' expresses the exceeding breadth of Tennyson's Christian He was for Faith, rather than for any sectarian form of Faith. In the later books we find repeated the mystical utterances of Arthur in the 'Idylls' concerning the quest of the Sangraal, which his Knights undertook, and his own mystical conception of faith in the Infinite. There we have also fine tragic pieces akin to 'Rizpah,' though not equal to it, such as 'Charity,' 'The Flight,' or 'Despair'-very fine poems of heroism, like 'Telemachus' and 'Kapiolani.' 'Despair' is a powerful, sombre story, implying vigorous protest against a godless materialism on the one hand, and a God-degrading sectarian creed on the other. 'Kapiolani' is a splendid example of irregular rhythm, wrought into an exceedingly noble verbal harmony; but here, as ever with Tennyson, his diction is obedient handmaid to idea, story, and picture—not their mistress. Our last great bard is never to be classed or confounded with any merely literary poet, of necessity, and indefinitely his inferior, who, instead of allowing himself to be inspired by human life and nature, treats them disrespectfully as inferior to his own art, his own literature, and goes about on the hunt for "subjects," apparently regarding the universe as created for the special purpose of providing clever people like himself with happy opportunities for word-jingle and word-juggle. Indeed, a main reason for the perfection of Tennyson's form and technique is that he does not make them an end, only a means. He treats and uses them as vehicle and auxiliar of a high and noble meaning.

I can see but little falling off-no evidence of senility—in the final volume of 1892. There is not the wealth of colour that irradiated the earlier poetry. But there is the same grace of sculptured outline, even more of restrained severity, while much of the younger purpureum lumen remains. It is not with Tennyson as it was with Milton. I yield to none in admiration for that Master's grand achievement, 'Samson Agonistes,' the only living classic drama of our literature; but that poem is, as it were, a sublime gray crag, a bare rock crowned with snow; all the flowers of 'Comus' have departed. While in these last poems of our octogenarian Laureate, if we have lost the dainty tenderness of spring, and the full flush of summer, we find in their place, not winter, but the golden opulence and pomp of autumn; and, moreover, to adapt a similitude of the poet's own, we find that life-wisdom which he had coveted for himself, and compared to the plant that "in our winter woodlands grows a flower." And yet perhaps the age wants now a more democratic and advanced poet to represent it.

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

Mrs. Parr,

Author of 'Dumps,' 'Dorothy Fox.'

Χ.

"I—I E is waiting for you in the hall, dear," said Mrs. Stapleton, as Stella, dressed for the walk, came back to the sitting-room. "He was too impatient, I believe, to stay here with me." The girl stooped down to give her a kiss in good-bye. Mrs. Stapleton folded her in her arms. "Oh, Stella! oh, my dear child," she cried in a voice broken with emotion, "this happiness that I

see in store for us both is almost too much for me. Now I can love you as much as I want to; hitherto I have felt half afraid. I feared something might take you away from me, might prevent your being my real daughter."

"Whatever happens I shall always be that, Marraine. So long as I live you will share my heart with my mother."

"You think, then, that you will have enough left for us still to have a little bit of it?"

"I am sure I shall."

"And yet I want you to give Vivian all the affection and devotion you possess. It is that you are going to do, are you not, dear child?"

"I think you must let *him* ask me that question."

"Of course—I know—forgive me, Stella. Happiness is running away with my tongue, but you will make allowances for me. You know what a silly old goose I am with the two who are all the world to me."

Stella let a kiss give her reply. Her eyes were full of tears. Hers was a nature which quickly responded to any emotional sympathy.

"Go now, darling," whispered Mrs. Stapleton.
"My heart and my hopes will be with you."

Stella gave a farewell nod and went out of the room, heaving a sigh as soon as she had closed the door after her. What was it that made her feel so troubled and dull, as if some calamity was going to happen to her? Mechanically she went down the stairs, but so soberly that the heaviness seemed to have even got into her heels.

At another time Vivian would have been very quick to take notice of her lagging steps, but just at present he too was occupied by thoughts that rather weighed on him. He was a strange mixture, this young man-at once a creature of impulse and a slave to doubt. Very eager to obtain anything he much desired, he was ardent in pursuit until the object was within his grasp, then-with more knowledge of himself than most others had of him —he suddenly paused to ask himself, would possession bring satisfaction? he had flown after so many fancies which had proved to be burst bubbles. To-day two natures possessed him-each striving for mastery—and both pulled so violently that he determined to tempt fate by letting himself slide, and trust to nothing but chance, luck, and opportunity.

"The walk, I tell you," the porter was repeating—he had spent three months in London, and scorned to speak to the "Eengleesh" in any but their native language—"is a splendid walk; for all around you could not find a morer splendid one."

Ah! if the pen could be dipped in some magic ink which should show to those who read the wondrous beauty of the way along which Vivian and Stella were going.

Out in the open, on the road with its border of

rich meadows, they each made an effort to talk in admiration of the scenery. Suddenly a turn brought them to where the glare of day was softened by the sky being hidden under the entwined boughs of the trees above. They had crossed the river, heard hitherto, now seen running by their side, singing sometimes in a soft murmur, then lifting up its voice to shout as its waters eddied round and dashed over huge stones and boulders planted with daisies or fringed with many a fern. Covering the bank down to their very feet was a tangle of wood-sorrel, periwinkle, hepatica, while great clumps of white and mauve toothwort bent their flowery heads as if to salute the intruders.

"It is not easy to keep up conversation here," Stella said at length, speaking with an effort.

"Eh," said Vivian, drawing closer to her. "What do you say—not easy to talk? No, it isn't; but we do not want to talk, do we?"

While speaking he had taken her hand and drawn it through his arm, and she knew that he had bent his head and was looking at her.

"I do not," she answered without raising her eyes, which looked straight in front.

"Neither do I; and yet there is something I would say to you. Questions I want to ask; an o'd story to tell; pleadings to make to you. I had there on my lips when I came out. Now, to put all that is stirred within me into words seems desceration. Surely the power is given to us beings of finer sensibilities and higher emotions to exchange hearts and vows and swear eternal fealty without being reduced to those commonplace phrases, those set speeches which more vulgar minds count as the current coin of love. You follow me, Stella, do you? It would rivet the bond that draws me to you tighter, if I could feel certain that we were one in sharing this idea."

A deep-drawn sigh escaped Stella's lips as she battled with a troubled sense of nervousness and bewilderment. She thought that she understood to what Vivian was alluding, but it would have been easier far to answer a straightforward question.

"I am so young," she murmured, "and to me it seems so more than impossible that you should—"
"Should what?" he said; "tell me, dear one."

"Should love me," she said shyly; "for that is what I think you mean me to believe."

Even the gods, when they stepped down from Olympus, had to follow in love the fashion set by poor human beings, so that Vivian must be forgiven for sealing the assurance of this belief, which Stella gave him, like any common ploughman.

After an instant they started apart with a frightened dread that some one might be looking on; but none but the flowers and the birds were there, and no sound was heard save the swift stream's singing.

"I know how happy we shall be together," Vivian was saying. "You will again be my pupil, and I your teacher."

"I have never forgotten," said Stella, "the poetry—that is, your own poetry—that you taught me. I repeated that one beginning—

'Lady, on whom the moon now looks,'

the very morning that I went to the station to meet you. Each movement of the hands and inflection of the voice came back to me. You must hear me say it. I love that poem dearly."

"You pretty flatterer," he said delightedly. "Oh, Stella, I know I shall worship you, and I shall be so proud to see you admired. For my sake you will have to make the very most of every charm you possess, so that you are spoken of as the beautiful Mrs. Vivian Stapleton, whom all London is dying to know. Ah! between us, to quote our Yankee cousins, we'll make society hum."

A shadow seemed to pass over Stella, which made the smile she tried to give look rather wan and wintry.

"You're feeling tired," Vivian said. "When we get to the bridge there, I will leave you while I go on and see how near we are to the valley's head."

Finding a good-sized stone, big enough for Stella to sit on, Vivian went off at a quick pace, and was soon out of sight. It was so unusual for him to have quite so much consideration for those around him, that Stella felt gratified at this tribute paid to their new condition.

Left alone, she began to put to herself those questions which Vivian had called commonplace, and almost unconsciously she left her seat, walked over to the bridge, and stood there, leaning her arms on the parapet of stone.

Everything around her was in harmony with this new-born emotion, which, if truth be told, Nature, more than Vivian, had quickened into being. In the spring-time of life the beauties that our eyes see our hearts leap up to, and Stella, intoxicated

by the fresh loveliness of all she had been looking at, set down the happiness she felt to love for Vivian.

In love with love, the girl soon fell to dreaming; and lost to all about her, she did not move until a rustle somewhere close by made her turn her head and see a young man who had come down through the thicket of trees from above.

Seeing that he had disturbed her, he raised his hat; she made a little inclination in return, and resumed her position.

"What a nice face he has," she was thinking; while he, man-like, was saying to himself, "Hang it all, I must try and get another look."

And he turned round, prepared to direct his eyes to admiration of the scenery should she be watching him. No, she was standing as he had left her—in expectation, so he thought, of some one joining her; and having a vivid imagination, joined to an impressionable nature, the stranger—Maynard Rodney by name—set his fertile brain working to weave, as he went his way, a story which he would call "Waiting."

He was taking what he hoped would prove a short cut to Bex station from Les Plans, where he had been spending a few days with his friend. It happened that while in London he had heard who Vivian Stapleton was, and also that with his mother lived the girl who had taken from him Uncle Briggs' fortune.

"That puts an end to my increasing my intimacy with Stapleton," he had said; "so if they are going to Bex I shall stay in London." And he had written to this effect to his friend—the man who had taken him round the world with him—who had sent for answer, "I am moving up to a place called Les Plans, where you may join me in safety, secure from elegant Stapletons or young ladies with money."

On this Rodney had gone to Les Plans, and, his visit over, he was now on his way to arrange some business at Geneva, and then back to work and to London.

Fame sat very becomingly on this young man, who at heart was as modest and unassuming as he had ever been. In addition to the loss of the money he had been brought up to suppose himself heir to, Fortune had aimed at him many a venomtipped "sling and arrow." There are few royal roads to success, and Rodney had gone through all the disappointment and bitterness of having some

of his best work returned to him rejected and unopened. Of his family there was not one in sufficient sympathy of mind with him to even understand what it was that cast him down. He was very miserable. Suddenly a happy chance, a lucky turn of the wheel, and he awoke one morning to find he had caught the public ear, and found his way to its favour. Since then he had been rapidly mounting the ladder, and was now one of the most popular writers of the day.

XI.

THE whole of that evening, after Stella and Vivian returned, and best part of the following day, Mrs. Stapleton was kept on the tenter-hooks of anxiety. At length she could bear the suspense no longer, and finding Stella alone, she said, with pathetic entreaty in her tone—

"Is there nothing, dear, that you have to tell me?"

Stella's face overspread with crimson as with a feeling of self-reproach she answered confusedly—

"I believe—I think—that is, I am sure that everything is as you wish it to be."

"Then Vivian did speak to you last evening?"
Stella laid her soft, glowing cheek against Mrs.
Stapleton's, and turning so as to look in her face, she said with a little smile—

"You know, Marraine, dear, that Vivian has a horror of being conventional. He never does anything as ordinary persons do, so that you must not expect him to be different to himself in love-making; but—yes, I am sure we understand each other."

"Oh, Stella, you have taken a ton-weight from off me. It is quite enough, dear child. I know—thank you a thousand times for the confidence you have given me. I need not tell you it was not curiosity. I only wanted a word, but that word I dare not ask from Vivian."

"But you will speak to him now?"

"Would you like me to?"

"I should. I know by his talking of what we are to do when we are married that he considers we are engaged; but I should not like to seem to look on that as perfectly settled until either he, or you, or I had written to my father and mother. It is not that I fear they will make any obstacle—indeed, I am sure they will rejoice at the prospect

of seeing me happy—but, apart from my affection, I owe them that much respect, particularly as we are separated so strangely."

"Yes-certainly."

The words came out half-heartedly. Already Mrs. Stapleton scented trouble with her son. Years of separation, and the fact that he had never seen them, had, she felt sure, all but blotted out Stella's parents from Vivian's memory. Since the conversation they had had when Stella was to be sent to school, their very existence had never been so much as alluded to by him.

"You know, dear," continued the mother, after a moment's pause, "or perhaps you don't—for of late years, of course, you have not had any opportunities of hearing Vivian's opinions—that he has the very greatest horror of hearing engagements talked of, and of being congratulated, and seeing paragraphs made about it for newspapers. I remember he used to say that that one thing alone would keep him for ever single, or that if he married he would propose to the girl one day and marry her on the morrow; but all that was before he became captive to my Stella. I dare say he has changed now. Love is a mighty magician."

"But I don't know that I want him to change. I am quite one with him in my dislike of the publicity now given to persons' private affairs; but there is a great difference between that and not asking your parents' consent."

"Oh, of course—every difference, certainly; only the worst is that if a thing of that kind is once told, it seems certain to somehow or other ooze out. What I was thinking is, if we left it until our return, we can often so much better speak of a thing than we can write of it."

"Of some things, yes; but I don't think of this one."

"Well, there, I am not so sure. However, I think I had better mention the matter to Vivian, and I fancy—particularly as it is my son—that it will be more my especial duty to write and inform your mother how happy you have made us all."

"Thank you; only Vivian will have to write too. Men have always to ask the consent of girls' fathers."

"But, my dearest child, have you not already said that we must not expect Vivian to be other than himself? and that is not like anybody else, as we both well know. Come, come, let us be as reasonable as we can. The thing for rejoicing is

that the dearest wish of our hearts is happily settled, and knowing this, whether your good parents are told this week, or next, or the week after, little matters. Trust me, Stella. Have you ever known me forget what is due to your family?"

"Never. It is because you have been so good, and so mindful of me and of them, that I love you as I do. In the prospect of being Vivian's wife, half the happiness is thinking of the pleasure it will give to you, Marraine."

She said this with a naïve smile of content which made Mrs. Stapleton look at her with surprise. For a moment a dash of doubt came across her. Could it be anything but love that Stella felt for Vivian? Was she betraying any trust by not asking the girl to search her heart more fully? Where were those signs that, though more than a quarter of a century had passed, she remembered she herself had shown when first that wondrous mystery was born within her? She recalled her silence, her fitful moods, her desire to be alone that she might spread out her happiness and taste afresh its full delight; and she stole a glance at the fair young creature by her side, now laughing at the delight of some children over the tricks of a pretty pet dog.

"Oh, I must go over and pat him," she said. "Chum, Chum, will you dance for me? See, I've got a sweetie for you." Then half-way, turning back, she added—"Do you mind being left, Marraine, if I go with the children for a game? There was a promise that if nobody was looking on I'd have a see-saw with them."

Mrs. Stapleton nodded smilingly, and again she fell to thinking. "It is not that she hasn't a heart," she was saying; "the question is, has he touched it?" For the first time she felt some uneasiness; she was conscious that as regarded one matter her moulding of Stella had been one-sided, the paramount desire to secure her for her son had made her in all questions of marriage or love turn the channel of conversation into his direction. This savour of reproach led to further self-examination, which soon became so tangled that Mrs. Stapleton, unused to this salutary discipline, made speedy search for some excuse, which she found by telling herself to remember how different from those of her day were the young people of the present time. Compare, for instance, Vivian with his father. How they had laughed at the way he had gone about telling every one of his engagement to her, asking them to congratulate him, saying that he couldn't

believe there was another being in the world as happy as he was. Ah!—

"A penny for your thoughts, mother," said a voice behind her. "What dream is making you smile and sigh at the same moment?" and Vivian seated himself by her side.

"I was thinking of your father," she said softly, "and the days when we were young."

He took her hand and pressed it in his own.

"Of the time when we were first engaged," she continued, "and what perfect happiness we felt in the love we had for each other. Ah, it must seem strange to you. Never having seen us young, you can hardly realize that a time was when our hearts beat with a passion equal to your own. Your father," and she brushed a tear away, "was a very ardent lover, and I suppose I had a very romantic nature. I don't know"—and she looked at her son with a little smile—"but that I keep a bit of that still, for I have a very lively sympathy with all lovers."

"I am sure you have," he said warmly; "and you have shown it best to me by not speaking of what I dare say you have guessed or perhaps Stella has told you."

"My boy has said nothing to me."

The broken voice of a love that was wounded touched him.

"My silence was not from want of love or from want of confidence," he began; and then, altering his tone, he burst out with, "Oh, mother, how can I expect you to understand me when I am an enigma to myself? I would give the world to be as others are. If, like Tom, Dick, and Harry, I could have fallen on my knees before Stella, and have said to her, 'I love you, I adore you, will you be my wife?' and then in a tumult of exultation have brought her to you and asked you to rejoice with the two happiest beings in the world, and to write to all your friends, and tell them to proclaim it on the housetops, and send it to all the papers, I should have acted as the contented, prosaic, commonplace herd of mortals do, and every one—I fear yourself included—would have been satisfied and delighted with me. Only such a situation would drive me mad; the vulgar platitudes, the allusions, the being talked over, pointed at, discussed, would send me stark staring out of my senses. Before a week was over, I should be on my way to the heart of Africa or the North Pole."

Mrs. Stapleton drew a long sigh.

"But, Vivian, will you let me put this question to you? Do you look on yourself as engaged to Stella?"

"I look on us as affiliated in the fetters of affinity—I hate that word engaged. Ultimately we shall further strengthen the bond by being united in that spiritual sacrament called by the masses marriage."

Mrs. Stapleton paused for a moment, and then she asked—

"Does Stella thoroughly understand this? In speaking to me the words she used were, 'By the way Vivian talks of what we will do when we are married, I see that he considers we are engaged."

"Just so; to you she is at liberty to call it what she pleases."

"That is the real fact of the case, though?"

"Certainly it is."

"Then, although at present you may not wish to announce it to the outside world, there are some from whom the secret cannot be kept long. For instance, have you forgotten that Stella has a father and mother?"

His face betrayed that that unpleasant fact had certainly escaped his memory.

"What, the people you mean who lived in some Grove?"

"The same people, my dear; and still living in the same Grove—Matilda Grove,"

Mrs. Stapleton had braced herself up to do what she considered her duty.

"Where is Matilda Grove-in London?"

"It leads out of the King's Road at Chelsea. Naturally, and very rightly, Stella would wish to tell her parents. Then there are your uncles, her trustees, and her lawyer. Remember, the child is heiress to a considerable sum of money."

"That in no way influences me."

"I am sure of that. Still her family-"

"Welcome to whatever she chooses to do for them. I should not interfere if she gave them every penny she possesses; indeed it would please me far better to feel that everything my wife had, or wanted, or wore she would owe to me."

"That is like your generous nature, dear; and I am quite assured that when the proper time comes Stella will do all that is proper for her family."

"Just so, 'when the proper time comes,' and that is the time of our marriage. I hope that matters will so arrange themselves that there will be no

need for any long delay; but until the date draws near I earnestly trust, for the happiness of us all, that this arrangement between us is kept secret by the three whom alone it can possibly concern."

"People are certain to guess," said Mrs. Stapleton, disappointed and far from convinced.

"Oh, to that I offer no opposition. Society is free to surmise, imagine, fabricate whatever romance it chooses; all I forbid is that it shall be told the truth. Nothing swells popular interest like mystery, and those I mix among are not prepared to see me act like other men."

Mrs. Stapleton smothered a sigh. Never before had she felt so at variance and so dissatisfied with her son. It was almost as if she felt the horrible suspicion that her idol might have feet of clay.

XII.

It happened that the day they left Territet Stella had posted a letter to her mother, so that, as Mrs. Stapleton said, if Mrs. Clarkson did not hear again for another fortnight she would not be uneasy.

Mrs. Stapleton had given herself twenty-four hours to think over the conversation which had passed between herself and her son; but to her great satisfaction several days went by before Stella renewed the subject, and by this time her guardian was in a much more satisfactory position.

The weather was perfect, some enjoyable excursion was planned for each day, the arrangement of which suited the lovers admirably. The three drove together to some point where the horses were taken out to rest, Mrs. Stapleton was left to wander about, while Vivian and Stella went off for a good walk or a climb up the mountain.

With no one to pose before, and the certainty that the girl by his side looked on him as perfect, Vivian could permit himself to be natural, with the result that he proved a most agreeable companion.

In spite of his many faults and his pitiable weakness, this discovery of his love for Stella was in reality a source of newly-found happiness. The dissection of love would often reveal much that would surprise us. There are those who cherish the emotion because of the pleasure they themselves derive from it, and the object who calls this state into being is dear to them for that fact only. Stella, too, was unconsciously the victim of self-

deception. It was with her the spring-time of life, when every emotion, quality, affection is ready to burst from bud into flower. Sensitive in temperament, impressionable, ardent, Nature, as she saw it around her, spoke to her heart through her eyes; and unused to these new sensations, which stirred and thrilled her, it was not strange that she connected them with Vivian and miscalled them by the name of love.

When Mrs. Stapleton again spoke on the subject of writing to Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson, she saw that her task was an easier one.

"You see, darling," she said, "if we look the facts plainly in the face, we see that the situation is not an every-day one, any more than that Vivian is an every-day person—if he was, what matter? who would care? But there comes in the point that everything he does and each word he says is chronicled, and that, in this matter, he could not endure."

"Of course not, it would be dreadful."

"I felt sure, dear, you would see it so."

"Yes, but my father and mother are not like people in society. If I tell them not to, they wouldn't breathe a word."

"I know, I said as much to Vivian; and yet when he pointed out what would be our duty—he sees that always so very plainly—I could not shut my eyes to it again. You see our little bride does not come with empty hands to us; there is that big fortune which the dear, romantic boy would like you to give every farthing of to your family, so that all you wished for might come as a gift from him."

"How generous!" said Stella, her own big heart responding to such a munificent idea.

"It is only like him. I never knew any one with such an absolute disregard of money, and yet so alive to its responsibilities, for he at once pointed out, what had escaped me, that if he mentioned this engagement to your parents, he must also inform your trustees and your lawyer."

"But why, Marraine? it makes no difference to them."

"It isn't that, dear; but about money men are very particular, and seeing that with a fortune I am your guardian, and Vivian is my son, it is quite the right thing to do. It's what his father would have done; indeed, I may say it's what he did do. When he proposed to me I was staying at my Uncle Hubert's, but nothing would do but he

must go at once to my father, and he insisted that I should go too, and we went together."

"But that is what Vivian and I might do," exclaimed Stella, a light seeming to burst upon her, "go and see them together. Vivian has never seen either father or mother. It would be much better than writing. Thank you for the suggestion, Marraine. It will be much nicer to go, and then, unless we want to, a word more need not be said to any one."

Mrs. Stapleton cooked up a report of this conversation to give to her son, and the matter being for the time settled, they enjoyed another ten days at Bex, and then at Vivian's suggestion returned by way of Geneva to Paris, where a week of dissipation was indulged in. Each day they passed together seemed to increase Vivian's attachment. shown by more open acts of devotion in proportion to the admiration she called forth in Some of the people they met-people whom they had known before--spoke loudly in Stella's praise, and predicted she would be one of the attractions of the forthcoming season. It was more than her beauty which charmed these admirers—it was her freshness, the genial spontaneity of her words and actions, which made her seem to older and more jaded eyes the perfect embodiment of youth. Never had Vivian so completely thrown aside self as during this stay in Paris. He was a real lover in the efforts he made to please Stella and to give her pleasure, and each day seemed to draw them nearer together. When she and Mrs. Stapleton set off to purchase the presents they were taking home, Vivian threw over an engagement to accompany them. Stella had merely said, "I wish you were going to help us with your taste;" and the wish proved all-powerful to decide him. At the different shops he was full of admiration and

"You must first tell me," he said, "for whom these gifts are—man, woman, child? Degree—high or low?"

"Well, to begin," said Stella, "I want something for my mother, she always comes first with me; then there is father; after that, two sisters; and last, but not least, a young sailor brother."

"All belonging to you?" asked Vivian, in evident amazement. "Sisters! a brother! No, but really, is that so?"

"Certainly. Oh, you thought I was the only

one. Now, that shows how little interest you have taken in me."

"On the contrary, it shows that all my interest was centred in you. I hope, however, that the sisters are not like you. I could not bear to think there existed another being who resembled you in the very smallest degree."

Mrs. Stapleton thought it was time for her to put in a word.

"My dear Vivian," she said, "it will tax all your credulity to believe that they and Stella are connected in the remotest way."

"Oh, that's all right," he said carelessly, and, without making another remark on the subject, he turned to the question of the presents, by asking Stella what form she wished them to take.

"Well, I thought—as I had been away from them so long—to mark my return, and perhaps something connected with it," and there was a coy glance and a rosy blush, "I should like for each to have some little article of jewellery which they could wear as a gift from me."

"I should choose, then, something rather plain and useful," put in Mrs. Stapleton practically.

"Oh, no, mother," and Vivian leaped up in Stella's regard at least twenty degrees, "people can buy for themselves what is plain and useful. A gift should be something which it might be extravagant to purchase for ourselves, but which we long to have. I vote that we search for the very prettiest trifles in the shop."

A little gloved hand stole over and clasped his fingers tightly. That was just her idea, exactly what she wanted, and Vivian was gratified by seeing the sweet face beam with pleasure. As she said afterwards, "Had it been for the Queen he could not have taken more trouble than he did about the locket for mother, and those pretty bangles for Lottie and Carry; and then, although father was so plain in his dress, she felt sure he would wear the pin, and Edgar would be delighted with his compass—so exactly suited to a sailor—set with diamonds, very small, but oh, so bright, all round."

"You have been good to me to-day," she said, as, after looking the presents over again, she put away each in its case. "Vivian, I often wonder what has made you choose me. You are so clever

and perfect in every way, and I I am just a simple little girl, and nothing more."

"And a simple little girl you shall remain to me, but I shall make you 'The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes' to every one else."

She shook her head. "No, no; do not be too ambitious. I only want to please you. I have no wish for the admiration of others."

"Yes, but by gaining admiration you will best please me. I want people's heads to be turned about you—to see you a real society craze, with every one talking about how you looked, and copying what you wear. Come, come, don't look so frightened; by that time you will belong to me, I shall always be with you. I dare say they will not leave me out in the cold, some distinction and notoriety is pretty safe to fall to my share."

"I know it will, and that is what makes me say that it will be sufficient for me to be your wife."

He smiled, and, putting his hand under her chin, bent down and looked into her face. What he saw evidently satisfied him, for after a pause he said—

"Do you know that I begin to believe that I am a very fortunate fellow?"

Stella did not need to ask him in what way. After a time she, giving a happy sigh, said—

"For many things I am glad we are going home, but I am very sorry to leave here, Vivian; we shall always look back with pleasure on this time in Paris."

"We shall indeed," he said; "to me it has been the happiest week in my life. Nothing has gone wrong, there has been nothing to jar upon me. Stella, we will give the gay city its reward—it is here we will spend the first week of our honeymoon."

"Very well; but that will not be yet awhile, you know."

"I mean it to be before very long. I see nothing to be gained by waiting."

For want of a reply Stella said-

"I see advertised in the new magazine a story by your friend Mr. Rodney, which is called 'Waiting.'"

"Ah! Rodney. Yes, I had forgotten. I must look him up as soon as we get back to town."



ST. PAUL'S, FROM BANKSIDE.



BARGES AT HAMMERSMITH

AMONGST THE THAMES BARGES.

Hume Nisbet.

FIRST impressions are apt to bias the judgment of even the most astute, and my introduction to old Father Thames left a very favourable impression on my mind.

It was a warm August afternoon when the vessel in which I was a passenger was towed up the grand old river with its silent gray shores and glittering reaches, its bursts of masts and quaint russet-sailed barges, its hazy masses of bricks, stones, and mortar in the form of walls, roofs, and chimneys, its mysteries of smoke below and delicious shapes of warm-tinted clouds above, an ardent sky bending over an ever-changing, ever-dissolving and ever-recreating city of matchless tones and countless suggestions.

That afternoon's sail fascinated me so much, that I went next day and took a steam-boat from Westminster Bridge to wherever the boat would take me, and back again. I did not know anything about London at this time, and in my rustic innocence committed as neat a bit of unconscious

swindling as any old artful dodger could have carried out, old Father Thames of course being my accomplice, for which I have ever since felt kindly towards him.

I asked at the wharf office, quite naturally, for a return ticket, making up my mind to go as far down the river as the boat went, and back again to where I had started. I took as my landmark Big Ben, so that I should be in no danger of getting stranded in a strange place and lost. Strangers will quite comprehend my timidity and fear of being left in a strange place, although Cockneys may find it difficult.

The man at the ticket-box gave me a return ticket without asking where I was bound for and charged me twopence for it, with which ticket I boarded the first downward-bound steamer, took my seat in a convenient place for seeing both sides of the river—at the bow—opened my sketch-book, and set to work with a cheerful spirit, heeding no one.

We drew up for passengers or to dislodge them at many a wharf on the way down; but no one came to disturb me at my labour of love, and as the day was perfect, in the matter of sunshine and effect, I enjoyed it to the full. We went the length of Greenwich, and there, after a pause, during which



FROM LONDON BRIDGE.

I had time to make a pretty careful outline drawing, the steamer turned about and allowed me to re-touch my old drawings until once more Westminster Abbey with Big Ben hove in sight; then I closed up my sketch-book, and taking my whole return ticket from my pocket, while thinking that the half already utilized would not be required, I

tore it off and tossed it over the side, then with the return half in my hand I stepped ashore, and giving it up to the collector I passed on unchallenged, and, as I have said, all unconscious of the fraud I had been guilty of, with an amiable sense of gratitude to the Steam Company for their long, remarkably pleasant, and astonishingly reasonable sail.

Next day I resolved to see London in the same way by omnibus, and after asking the conductor if his "bus" returned to where it had started from, and being answered in the affirmative, I got up beside the driver and settled myself comfortably for a good long ride.

But on this occasion that conductor did not let me off so easily; he came up every now and again demanding my fare, until at last I asked him how much it was right round from where we were then, at which he answered "Sixpence."

"There's a difference between your fare and the steamer's."

"I bet you we's as cheap," answered the conductor.

"Not by a long way," I replied. "Yesterday I went from Westminster to Greenwich and back for twopence."

"That ain't true," cried both driver and conductor in incredulous astonishment.

"But it is," I replied.

"How did you do it?"

When I related in full how I had "done it," these two hardened veterans looked at me with great admiration for a long minute, and then the driver spoke.

"I should say, sir, that you're a stranger to Lunnon."

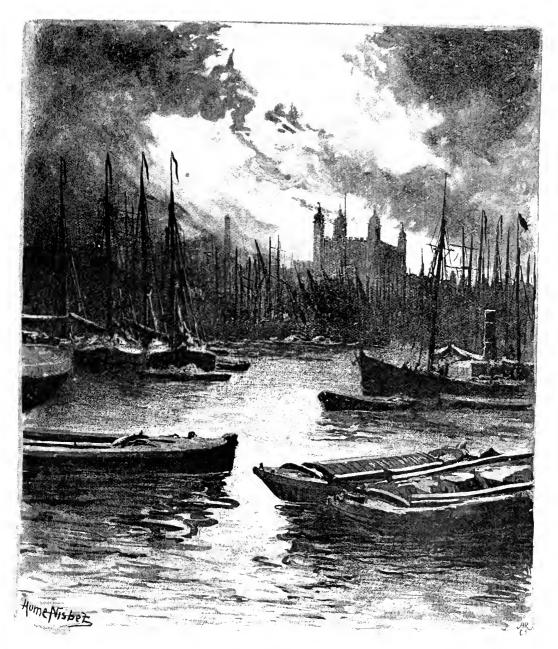
"Yes," I replied.

"Most likely you're from the country?"

"Well, in a sense I suppose you would say I was."

"Then, sir, you've done it about as neat as any young feller from the country could be expected to do it—and live. You'll do—even for this willage."

I know the Thames and London generally a little better now than in those distant days of innocence, and have often wondered since if the merry spirits which in summer-time haunt its waters had combined to make me fall in love with it by showing it to me in its most seductive and generous aspect. I have lingered beside it since, and watched



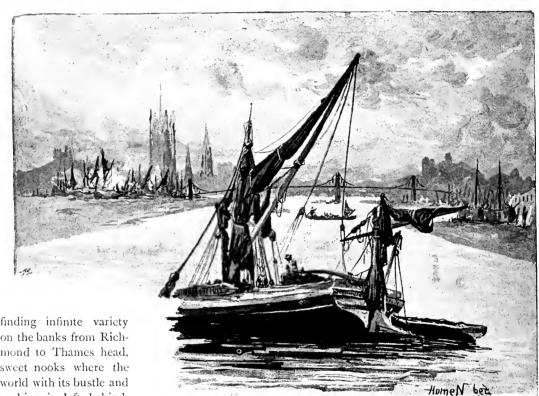
THE TOWER

it from its bridges and banks swirling gloomily on under the winter darkness and the spring chills; watched the dusky twilight steal down upon it, and the lights trail along its breast, with the same interest and friendly fascination which possessed me when I first looked at it, gleaming before me a mass of quicksilver.

To the lovers of artistic surroundings there is no river in the world which can surpass the Thames; no river so completely soul-satisfying to the painter, whatever his mood may be in the sense of water The quietly-disposed may wander with his easel, umbrella, and paint-box, year after year,

where the glittering river gurgles along by oldfashioned hamlets and historical towns; locks and bridges, rare feasts of colour and details too numerous to mention, all crammed with folklore and legend, each presenting samples of exquisite lines to the draughtsman, with a multitude of old inns wherein he may relax and refresh his body, when his soul has been satisfied with the perpetual feast which Nature in her gentlest and most bountiful mood presents to him on every side.

To the painter who has been brought up amongst the mountains and waterfalls of Scotland or Wales, the upper portion of the Thames demands a

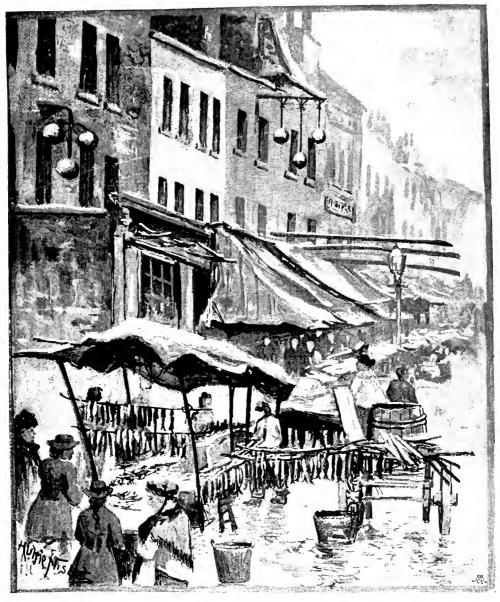


on the banks from Richmond to Thames head. sweet nooks where the world with its bustle and pushing is left behind, where the artist may sit

and transcribe delicious pictures on to his canvas, and moralize as he paints, like Crusoe on his lonely island, or talk tender and sentimental platitudes with some disciple of old Isaac Walton, while he tickles the trout with his barbed fly; reeds springing out of lush pools, silent stretches of light, brown-pink shadows with sap-green splashes, shifting and slanting under the deep shadows of overhanging trees; open meads

WESTMINSTER.

period of probation before it reveals its inner fascinations; he must tone down his rugged tastes for startling and garish effects, and learn to appreciate the delicate aroma of beauty before grip or flavour; gradually, as the strong and vivid flavour of the mountains fades from his memory, a new and more subtle sense awakens within him, with a deep and wide contentment which enables him to



A SOUTHWARK SIDE STREET.

enter into the feeling of his gentle surroundings, instead of the vigorous clutch by which he formerly tried to hold Nature; then he begins to see, and may be able to reproduce with tender humility; and as he lives up to what is around him, so he will be able to see more and more every hour, and find here sufficient to fill out his lifetime.

Down by Chelsea and Putney, Whistler's happy hunting-grounds, we came upon the Thames barges, and it is at this portion of the river that the wanderer who has been spending his time at Antwerp and such artistic places may feel once more at home; quaint corners and angles meet his eye every few steps, and the broken-down, disused, and breaking-up wooden bridge with dilapidations all about it—old boats, old casks, old boxes, decayed planks, broken hawsers, wide-breeched loafers, all enjoying a Dutch leisure, while the dingy barge with its russet-brown sails slants high and dry amongst the slaty-coloured mud.

AMONGSI THE THAMES BAKGES.

200 AMONGST 1772

There is a decided fascination about these old wharfs and landing-places which fringe the Thames between Westminster and Putney, with the dirt and confusion and general Dutch-like dilapidations and old-world look about them; the barges which are never in a hurry. You will always find some of them canting over where the tide has left them, high and dry on their soft bed of violet slime; two or three with burnt-sienna tinted sails, carelessly coiled up as a slattern sometimes coils up her tresses, and a shoal of lighters lying about them in all directions, the empty ones waiting to be filled, and the loaded ones waiting on this or some future tide as the easy-going bargees may determine.

What also strikes one about this great city is the vast number of small villages with which it is made up. There is the village of Fleet Street, and the villages of Strand, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, Oxford Street, &c. From Ludgate Hill to Temple Bar is a village devoted to printers, editors, and journalists. A stranger from Cheapside, or the Strand, may wander here unnoticed and untrusted, because he is unknown, but with the people who make this their daily haunt they are soon known and trusted with a simplicity which the country might do well to imitate. In the Strand, which for some time I haunted, every cabman and 'bus-driver and conductor, as well as shopkeepers, got to know me so well, that rather than shorten their store of small change, they would give me back the largest coin, and tell me to pay them some other time. Several times, also, have I been asked to look after the newspaper-stall while the owner went to lunch, and thus trusted me with the whole concern; where, as I waited and watched, the customers came, dropping their coppers on the open barrow, and taking their own papers up without remark-a state of infinite trust which I never saw equalled in the country; so that after all that has been said or written about London sharp practices and roguery, the true inhabitants of this great combination village are an honest, scrupulous, simple-minded race, and very easily satisfied with results, as so many of their great shows and fashion-fads go to prove.

When the stranger looks over the city from the box-seat of the omnibus, he cannot penetrate to this leisure and simplicity. To his eye, he seems to be surrounded by a vast concourse of fighting and bustling sharpers, and therefore he buttons up

his coat, and keeps his hand steadfastly upon his purse, while he views every human being he meets with narrow suspicion. He takes his stand on the top of one of the many bridges, and looks into the Thames, with its great variety of boat-life—he may well wonder if even those swirling waters are allowed to settle down; on rushing river steamboats, as they puff and pant from wharf to wharf with their decks laden with passengers; hay-laden craft, bearing onward with their full-bellied sails swelling out, and giving them the appearance of stately ancient galleys, as they face full before the wind; lightermen standing up at the stern of dumb-barges, gondolier fashion, with their long oars slowly urging them down the tide; the clank of iron from the labour side of the river, and the figures of dockers showing up amongst the haze and smoke as they carry their burdens between ship and shore, with the everlasting crowd of unemployed lounging about and looking on whilst they wait for their odd chances.

If this same stranger took his stand in one of the recesses of London Bridge, he would be able to witness the same crowding in and bustle which he saw from the top of his 'bus at Bank Corner; while the never-ceasing stream of humanity who jostle past him, with the rumble of carriages in the centre of the road, might well make him sigh for a green bank and a moment of quiet. And yet these people are all going about their business methodically and unconcerned, troubling themselves not at all, nor concerning their minds about anything outside themselves. Indeed, I doubt if any of these passers can see or hear what is blinding and deafening the stranger as he stands there in pained and helpless amazement.

To the Londoner, to see the mercantile machinery in full swing is the ordinary aspect of the river and the streets; but if this activity were to stop, then he also would gaze round him in hopeless bewilderment. During the great dockers' strike a sight met the pedestrian over this bridge which he is not likely to witness again or forget in his lifetime—the Thames chock-a-block with laden ships, its wharfs deserted, and the air as clear from smoke as it was when the Norman war-galley brought to anchor on the same spot. It was the most terrifying and awe-inspiring picture I ever looked upon; this mighty river wrapt in silence for the first time in the memory of living man, with

THE PRIMES BY MIGHT FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.



AT WAPPING.

those vessels lying clustered together like death ships, and the landing-stages devoid of human interest, while the summer sun shone down upon it all, and the grim old gray Tower stood out clear and hard-lined above the masts. It was as if Death had suddenly taken possession of all London and pushed it centuries back.

By the riverside at Hammersmith we find rich artistic treats in the clustering of barges, and, what is a great advantage, we have only a very short walk to reach them from where the "buses" put up. Close by here is the house of the Poet-Republican, William Morris, a picturesque site with the tide washing his garden wall, although I should say, like Sir Walter Scott's Abbotsford, it is rather to be admired from its romantic than its sanitary aspect. Here, as at Chelsea, the waterman may be studied with advantage.

From the Lambeth side we get a fine view of Westminster, looming up above and behind the group of river craft, which the receding tide has left stranded. A rare glow of bright and rich colour these barges, with their sails, give to the otherwise

gray picture, Vauxhall Bridge spanning with its light tracery the salmon-tinted river.

Along the banks within the district of Southwark we come upon the lighterman and docker in great force. We can tell that we are approaching the working portion of the river, as we dive down the side-streets, with their open stalls, coffee-houses, and pawnbrokers.

The sailing-barge, of course, is not to be compared with the kennel of a wharf-labourer. The skipper is a gentleman even when compared with the lighterman, for he has his sleeping quarters aboard, and plenty of ventilation all round when the weather permits him and his mates, with their wives and children, to sleep on deck. If he has a cargo of hay, there can be nothing more romantic or comfortable, with the summer breezes wafting along the river, and the warm, fresh bundles of hay to roll about amongst, while their gaily-painted hulls reflect down the waves, and the setting sun changes to intense vermilion their russet sails.

In the winter it has its disadvantages, like the seat of a London omnibus driver, or the dweller of

a caravan; still it is a place of comfort compared to most of the dwellings of the shoremen.

Talk about house-boats and private yachts! I can conceive nothing more delightful than to get on the right side of one of these free and independent skippers and go without ceremony on board one of these superior sailing barges, where time is no object, and so drift down the mighty river Thames with wind and tide, listening to their yarns, making yourself at home with all hands; gliding along in the starlight or misty darkness,

with the lamplights gleaming like golden stars in the water; crawling past Westminster and St. Paul's, watching the moon rise over the Tower, when in its sombreness of moonlight and shadow it can best tell its tale of horrors; past the crowded vessels in the Pool, over the Tunnel, past historical Greenwich, and so on until we get to the open, to the Isle of Sheppey, or down by oyster-yielding Whitstable, where we can lie-to and enjoy a night with the jolly dredgermen or fearless divers who hail from there.

A YOUNG MUTINEER.

L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER VI.

NoTWITHSTANDING Mildred Anstruther's inward prognostications, there came no hitch to Hilda Merton's engagement. Quentyns behaved as the best and most honourable of men. He was all that was tender and loving to Hilda, and he immediately took that position towards Mr. Merton which a son might have held. Quentyns was a good business man, and in the catastrophe which overwhelmed the Rectory, he proved himself invaluable.

On one point, however, he was very firm. His marriage with Hilda must not be delayed. No persuasive speeches on her part, no longing looks out of Judy's hungry eyes, no murmurs on the part of Aunt Marjorie, would induce him to put off the time of the wedding by a single day.

He used great tact in this matter, for Quentyns was the soul of tact, and it quite seemed to the family, and even to Hilda herself, that she had suggested the eighth of January as the most suitable day in the whole year for a wedding—it seemed to the whole family, and even to Hilda herself, that she was the one who desired to go, whereas in her heart of hearts, in that innermost heart which she scarcely ventured to probe at all just now, she would have gladly shared Aunt Marjorie's discomforts and sat by her father's side while he composed those sermons which were to teach his flock, with a sure note of truth running

through them, that the blessed man is the man whom the Lord God chasteneth.

The wedding-day was fixed, and notwithstanding poverty and its attendant shadows, preparations for the great event went on merrily enough.

A cheque for Hilda's trousseau was sent to her by a rich aunt in India, and the pleasant excitement which even the quietest wedding always causes, began to pervade the Rectory.

When the day was finally arranged, Aunt Marjorie ceased to murmur and cry. She talked a great deal now of Hilda's coming responsibilities, and spent all her leisure moments copying out receipts which she thought might be useful to her niece in her new position as wife and housekeeper.

"You have never yet told me where you are going to live, Hilda," she said, on the New Year's Day which preceded the wedding.

"I am not quite sure myself," replied Hilda. "Jasper has seen a great many suburban houses which he does not quite like, and a great many flats which he considers absolutely perfect. He says there is no special hurry about choosing a house, for after we have returned from our wedding tour we are to stay with his aunt, Mrs. Rivers, for a week, and during that time we can make up our minds as to what kind of home we will have."

"Very prudent of Jasper," said Aunt Marjorie. "He really is an excellent fellow—so wonderfully thoughtful for such a young man. Of course he has far too much sense to think of selecting a

house for you himself. As to a flat, you will of course not dream of going into one—a house is better in all respects, more airy and more interesting."

"I should like a house best," said Hilda, "but Jasper, of course, is the one really to decide."

"Now there you are wrong, my love. You are undoubtedly the right person to make the final choice. I am old-fashioned in my ideas, Hilda, and I think the wife ought to be in subjection to her husband, for we have Scripture for it, but I don't believe St. Paul meant that rule to extend to domestic matters. In domestic matters the wife ought to have the casting vote. Be sure, my dear Hilda, you don't yield to Jasper in domestic affairs—you will rue it if you do—and be quite sure that in selecting a house you have a wide entrance-hall, a spacious staircase, and a large drawing-room."

"But, Auntie, such a house will be beyond our means."

"Tut, tut, my love—the rent *may* be a few pounds more, but what of that? A large entrance-hall is really essential; and as it is easier to keep large rooms and wide staircases clean than small ones, your servants will have less to do and you will save the extra rent in that way. Now here is your great-grandmother's receipt for plum-pudding—two dozen eggs, three pounds raisins, one pound citron. Hilda, I particularly want to give you a hint about the spice for this pudding; ah, and I must speak about this white soup—it is simply made, and at the same time delicious—the stock from two fowls—one pint single cream—your father is particularly fond of it. Yes, Susan, what is the matter?"

"A parcel for Miss Hilda, ma'am," said the neat parlour-maid. "It has come by Carter Patterson; and will you put your name here, please, Miss Hilda."

Hilda signed her name obediently, and a square wooden box was brought in. It was opened by Aunt Marjorie herself with great solemnity. Judy and Babs came and looked on, and there were great expressions of rapture when an exquisite afternoon tea-service of Crown Derby was exhibited to view.

Wedding presents were pouring in from all quarters. Hilda put this one away with the others, and calmly continued her occupation of adding up some parochial accounts for her father.

She was a very careful accountant, and had the makings in her of a good business woman when she had gained a little experience.

Aunt Marjorie sat and mumbled on little disjointed remarks with regard to her niece's future state and subjection. She gave her many hints as to when she was to yield to her husband and when she was to firmly uphold her own will.

Had Hilda followed out Aunt Marjorie's precepts, or even been greatly influenced by them, she and Jasper would have had a very unhappy future, but she had a gentle and respectful way of listening to the old lady without taking in a great deal that she said. Her thoughts were divided now between Jasper and Judy. Her heart felt torn at the thought of leaving her little sister, and she had an instinctive feeling which she had never yet put into words, that Judy and Jasper were antagonistic to each other, and, what is more, would always remain so.

Judy had seen the Crown Derby service unpacked, and then in the sober fashion which more or less characterized all her actions of late, she left the room.

She went up to the bed-room which she and Babs shared together, and sitting down by the window, rested her chubby cheek against her hand.

Babs was kneeling down in a distant corner, pulling a doll's bedstead to pieces for the express purpose of putting it together again.

"My doll Lily has been very naughty to-day," she said, "and I am going to put her to bed. She wouldn't half say her lessons this morning, and she deserves to be well punished. What are you thinking of, Judy, and why do you pucker up your forehead? it makes you look so cross."

"Never mind about my forehead. I have a lot of things to think of just now. I can't be always laughing and talking like you."

Babs paused in the act of putting a sheet on her doll's bed to gaze at Judy with great intentness.

"You might tell me what's the matter with you," she said, after a moment of silence; "you are not a bit interesting lately; you're always thinking and always frowning, unless at night when you are sobbing."

"Oh, don't," said Judy. "Don't you see what it is, Babs—can't you guess?—it is only a week off now."

"What's only a week off?"

"Hilda's wedding. Oh dear, oh dear! I wish I were dead; I do wish I were dead."

Babs did not think this remark of poor Judy's worth replying to. She gravely finished making her doll's bed, tucked Lily up comfortably, and coming over to the window, knelt down, placed her elbows on the ledge, and looked out at the snowy landscape.

"Hasn't Hilda got lots and lots of presents?" she said, after a pause.

"Yes. I don't want to see them, though; they are horrid."

"Every one is giving her a present," continued Babs, in her calm voice, "even Miss Mills and the servants; Susan told me that the school-children were collecting money to buy her something, and—may I tell you a 'mendous big secret, Judy?"

Judy ceased to frown, and looked at Babs with a faint dawning of interest in her eyes.

"I has got a present for her too," said Babs, beginning to dance about; "I am not going to give it till the day of the wedding. I buyed it my own self, and it's *quite* beautiful. What are you going to give her, Judy?"

"Nothing. I haven't any money."

"I have half a sovereign in the Savings Bank, but I can't take it out until after I am seven. I wish I could, for I could lend it to you to give Hilda a wedding present."

"I wish you could," said Judy. "I'd like awfully to give her something. You might tell me what you have got, Babs."

"It's some darning-cotton," said Babs in a whisper. "I buyed it last week with twopence-halfpenny; you remember the day I went with Mrs. Sutton to town. She said it was a very useful thing, for Hilda will want to mend Jasper's socks, and if she hasn't darning-cotton handy maybe he'll scold her."

"He wouldn't dare to," said Judy, with a frown; "she *sha'n't* mend his horrid socks. Why did you get such a nasty wedding present, Babs?"

A flush of delicate colour spread all over Babs's little fair face. She winked her blue eyes hard to keep back the tears which Judy's scathing remarks were bringing to the surface, and said, after a pause—

"It's not a horrid present, it's lovely; and anyhow," her voice becoming energetic as this happy mode of revenge occurred to her, "it is better than yours, for you has got nothing at all." "Oh, I'll have something when the day comes," replied Judy, in a would-be careless tone.

"But you hasn't any money."

"Money isn't everything. I'll manage, you'll see." From this moment Judy's whole heart and soul were absorbed in one fierce desire to give Hilda a present which should be better and sweeter and more full of love than anybody else's.

After two or three days of anxious thought and nights of troubled dreams, she made up her mind what her present should be. It should consist of holly berries and ivy, and these holly berries and that ivy should be picked by Judy's own fingers, and should be made into a bouquet by Judy herself; and the very centre of this bouquet should contain a love-note—a little twisted note into which Judy would pour some of her soul. It should be given to Hilda at the very last moment when she was starting for church; and though she was all in white from top to toe-all in pure white, with a bouquet of white flowers in her hand-yet she should carry Judy's bouquet, with its thorns and its crimson berries, as a token of her little sister's faithful love.

"She shall carry it to church with her," said Judy, with inward passion. "I'll make her promise beforehand, and I know she won't break her word to me. It will be a little bit of me she'll have with her, even when she is giving herself to that horrid Jasper."

The little girl quite cheered up when this idea came to her. She became helpful and pleasant once more, and allowed Babs to chatter to her about the insect world, which had now practically gone to sleep, and about the delights of the time when their chrysalides which they had put away so carefully in the butterfly-case should burst out into living and beautiful things.

The day before the wedding came, and the whole house was in pleasant bustle and confusion. Nearly all the presents had arrived by this time. The school-children had come up to the Rectory in a body to present Hilda with a very large and gaudily-decorated photographic album; the Rectory servants had given the bride-elect a cuckoo-clock; Miss Mills had blushed as she presented her with a birthday-book bound in white vellum; Carter Patterson's people were tired of coming up the avenue with box after box; and Aunt Marjorie was tired of counting on her fingers the names of the different friends who were sure to remember

such an important event as Hilda Merton's wedding.

But for Aunt Marjorie, Hilda would have given herself to Jasper in a very quiet and unobtrusive fashion. But this idea of a wedding was such intense grief to the old lady that Hilda and Jasper, rather against their wills, abandoned it, and Hilda was content to screen her lovely face behind a white veil, and to go to church decked as a bride should.

"It is positively economical to get a proper wedding dress," said Aunt Marjorie; "you'll want it for the parties you'll go to during your first season in town, Hilda. Of course Lady Rivers, Jasper's aunt, will present you, and the dress with a little alteration will do very well to go to the Drawing Room in. I shall desire the dressmaker to make the train quite half a yard extra on purpose."

Aunt Marjorie had her way, and was sufficiently happy in her present life to forget the dull days which must follow, and to cease to think of the deserted house when Hilda, and wealth and luxury with Hilda, went away.

It was the evening before the wedding-day, when Babs came solemnly into the room where her sister was sitting, and presented her with her wedding gift.

"It's darning-cotton," said Babs, in her gentle, full, satisfied fashion. "Sutton said it would be useful, and that Jasper wouldn't scold you if you had it handy."

"What treason are you talking, Babs?" asked Quentyns, who was standing by Hilda's side.

He stooped down, and mounted her on his shoulder.

"Sutton says that husbands always scold their wives," said Babs.

"Nonsense. Sutton doesn't speak the truth. I would far rather scold myself than Hilda."

"Well, at any rate here's the cotton. I spent all my money on it except the ten shillings in the Savings Bank; and, Hilda, you will use it when Jasper's socks get into holes."

"Of course I will, you dear little darling," said Hilda. "I think it is a perfectly sweet present. Give it to me; I was just packing my work-basket, and in it shall go this minute. I'll think of you every time I use a thread of this cotton, Babs."

"Babs, Miss Mills says it is quite time for you to go to bed," said Judy, who was standing at the back of Hilda's chair, softly touching her bright

head from time to time with the tips of her little fingers.

Quentyns laughed when Judy spoke in her solemn voice.

"And what about Judy's time for going to bed?" he asked.

"Oh, I am much older than Babs, and Hilda said—"

"Yes, Jasper; I said Judy should have a little talk with me all by myself to-night," said Hilda, putting back her hand and drawing her little sister forward. "Here's a tiny bit of my chair for you to sit upon, Judy dearest."

"Then I'll take Babs up-stairs," said Jasper.

"Put your arms tightly round my neck, you quaint monkey, and I'll race up to your room with you."

"Hilda," said Judy, the moment the door had closed behind the two, "I haven't given you my present yet."

"My darling," said Hilda, "when we love as you and I love each other, presents mean nothing—nothing at all. I know you have no money, dearest little Judy, and I think it was so sweet of you not to ask for any. Your present to me is your thoughtfulness; no gift could be sweeter."

"Hilda, may I rest my head against your shoulder?"

"Of course, darling. Now aren't we cosy?"

"We are; I feel warm now, and—and happy. I won't be able to sit like this for a long time again."

"Yes you will, for you're coming to stay with us; as soon as ever we get into our house, or our flat, or wherever we shall live, you are to come. One of the very first rooms I shall furnish will be your little bed-room, my Judy."

"And then I can sit close to you every night. But oh, Hilda, he'll be there, he won't like it."

"Yes, he will; he'll like anything that I like. There is an old proverb that I must repeat for your benefit—'Love me, love my dog.' That means that those whom I love you ought to love."

"Ought I? Very well, I'll try to love—Jasper. Anything that you say I'll try to do. Hilda, why does loving a person give pain? I have an ache in my heart—a big ache. There now, what a horrid girl I am! I am making your eyes fill with tears. You sha'n't be unhappy just when you're going to be made into a beautiful white bride. Sutton says it is unlucky for a bride to cry. You sha'n't cry, Hilda, you sha'n't—you mustn't."

"But I can't help crying, Judy, when I think

on

that you are unhappy, and when you speak of your love to me as a pain."

"I'll never speak of it again. I'll be happy—I won't fret—no, I won't fret at all, and I won't cry even once," said the poor little creature, making a valiant effort to bring a smile to her face. "Hilda, will you promise me something very, very solemnly?"

"If it is in my power I certainly will, my pet."

"You have not got my wedding present yet, Hilda; but it is coming. Promise me—"

"What, darling?"

"Promise to take it to church with you to-morrow—I'll give it to you just before church—it will be full of me—my very heart will be in it—take it to church with you, Hilda, and hold it in your hand when you're giving yourself to Jasper—promise—promise."

"How excited you are, my dearest! If it makes you really happy to know that I shall hold something of yours in my hand when I am being married, I will certainly do so."

"Oh, it does make me happy, it does!"

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was a holly tree not far from the church with berries so red and leaves so green and shining that it was usually denuded of its beauties to decorate the most important parts of the church.

Judy knew this holly tree well. It had been much crippled in shape and colour for the Christmas decorations, but one perfect branch had been left where the berries still grew in full rich clusters—this special branch had not been noticed by the gardener when he was cutting the holly for Christmas, and Judy determined that from it she would pick the crimson berries which were to constitute Hilda's wedding present.

"Barnes," she said to the old gardener the day before, "you mustn't allow any one to touch my bough of holly."

"Well, Miss Judy, you're a queer child; what bough of holly do you mean?"

"The bough on the round tree near the church. I want it most particular badly; you won't let any one pick it—will you, Barnes."

"No, that I won't," said Barnes, good-naturedly;

and Judy, quite satisfied and happy in her mind, ran away.

On the wedding morning just when the day broke she got softly, very softly out of bed. Babs was having happy dreams at the moment, for smiles were flitting across her face and her lips were moving. Judy, heavy-eyed and pale, rose from her broken slumbers and proceeded to dress She must go out now to fetch her holly bough. She could dress herself nicely; and putting on a warm jacket she ran down-stairs and let herself out into the foggy, frosty air. She was warmly clad as to her head and throat, but she had not considered it necessary to put on her out-door boots. The boots took a long time to lace, and as she did not expect to be absent from the house more than ten or twelve minutes, she did not think it worth while to go to this trouble.

She ran swiftly now, her heart beating with a certain pleasurable excitement. It was so nice to be able to make a beautiful, quaint wedding present out of the red berries and the glistening leaves and the little note full of love hiding away in their depths. How delighted Hilda would be by and by to open that note and to read some of Judy's innermost thoughts.

"Even though she has Jasper, she loves me," thought the child. "She will know *something* of what I think of her, the darling, when she has read my note."

The little letter written on a tiny pink sheet of paper was put away all ready in Judy's drawer; she had but to cut the bough of holly and her unique wedding present would be almost ready. She reached the tree, having to go to it through long grass heavy with hoar frost. Her stockings and feet were already very wet, but she thought nothing of this fact in her excitement. She had a small knife in her pocket which she proceeded to take out in order to cut the bough away—it grew low down and she had to pull the grass aside to look for it.

Alack, and alas! where was it, who had taken it? Had wicked, wicked Barnes been faithless? There was a torn gash on the trunk of the tree, and no long bough red with berries was anywhere to be seen.

Poor little Judy could not help uttering a cry of anguish. Hot anger against Barnes swelled up in her heart. Miss Mills was in reality the culprit. Knowing nothing of Judy's desire, she had cut the

bough late the night before for some window decoration.

"I won't go back to the house until I get some holly," thought the child. She wiped away her fast-falling tears and set her sharp little wits This was the most scarce time in the whole winter for holly berries, the greater number of them having been used for church and Christmas decorations; but Judy, whose keen eyes noticed Nature in all her aspects, suddenly remembered that on the borders of a lake nearly a mile away grew another holly tree-a small and unremarkable bush which might yet contain sufficient bright berries for her purpose. Without an instant's hesitation she determined to walk that mile and reach that tree. She must go quickly if she would be back before any one noticed her. She was particularly anxious that her gift should not be seen in advance. Running, racing, and scrambling she effected her purpose, reached the tree, secured some berries and leaves, and returned to the house wet through and very tired.

Babs was opening her eyes and stretching her limbs in her snug bed in the nursery when her sister came back.

"Oh, Judy, what have you been doing?" she exclaimed, sitting up and staring in round-eyed astonishment.

"Hush, Babs," said Judy, "don't speak for a moment—don't say a single word until I have locked the door."

"But you oughtn't to lock the door. Miss Mills doesn't wish it."

"I am going to disobey her."

"But you'll be punished."

"I don't care."

The key was turned in the lock, and Judy, going over to Babs's bed, exhibited her spoils.

"See," she said, "here's my wedding present."

"Did you go to fetch those holly berries this morning?" asked Babs.

"Yes, I did, and I had to go a long way for them too; that horrid, wicked old Barnes had cut away my bough, and I had to go all the way to the lake."

"Your feet do look so sloppy and wet."

"So they are, they are soaking; I forgot to put on my boots."

"Oh, won't you catch an awful cold! won't Miss Mills be angry!"

"Never mind; I'll change my stockings and shoes after I have arranged my present."

"It's such a funny wedding present," said Babs.
"Do you think Hilda will like it?"

"She'll do more than like it, she'll love it. Don't talk to me any more—I'm too busy to answer you."

Babs fidgeted and mumbled to herself. Judy stood with her back to her. She used her little fingers deftly—her taste as to arrangement and colour was perfect. The sharp thorns pricked her poor little fingers, but she was rather glad than otherwise to suffer in Hilda's cause. The wedding present was complete, no sign of the note could be seen in the midst of the green leaves and crimson berries. Judy unlocked the door and tumbled back into bed. Miss Mills knew nothing of her escapade, for Babs was far too staunch to betray her.

Just as Hilda in a cloud of white was stepping into the carriage to go to church that morning, a little figure, also in cloudy white with wide-open greeny gray eyes, under which heavy dark marks were already visible, rushed up to her and thrust something into her hand.

"Your—your wedding present, Hilda," gasped Judy. The strong colours of the red and green made almost a blot upon Hilda's fairness. Her father, who was accompanying her to church, interposed.

"Stand back, my dear, stand back, Judy," he said. "Hilda, you had better leave those berries in the hall; you're surely not going to take them to church."

"Your promise, Hilda, your faithful promise," said Judy in an imploring voice.

Hilda looked at the child; she remembered her words of the night before, and holding the prickly little bunch firmly, said in a gentle voice—

"I particularly want to take Judy's present to church with me, father."

"As you like, my love, of course; but it is not at all in keeping with that lovely bouquet of hot-house white flowers sent to you by Lady Dellacœur."

"Then if so, Lady Dellacœur's flowers shall stay at home," said Hilda. She tossed the splendid bouquet on the hall table, and with Judy's holly berries in her hand, sprang into the carriage.

"Isn't she a darling?" said Judy, turning with eyes that glowed in their happiness to Miss Mills.

"A goose, I call her," muttered Miss Mills; but Judy neither heard nor heeded her words.

The little church was nearly full of spectators,

and one and all did not fail to remark Judy's wedding present. A bride in white from top to toe—a lovely bride in the tenderest bloom of youth, to carry a bouquet of strong dark green and crimson—had anything so incongruous ever been seen before? But Hilda held the flowers tightly, and Judy's hungry heart was satisfied.

"Good-bye, my darling," said Hilda to her little sister a couple of hours later; "good-bye, Judy; my first letter shall be to you, and I will carefully keep your dear wedding present."

"Hilda, Hilda, there's a little note inside of it, in the heart of it; you'll read it, won't you, and you won't show it to Jasper?"

"If you wish me not, I won't, dearest. How hot your lips are, Judy, and how flushed your face."

"I am just a wee bit shivery," said Judy, "but it's nothing, nothing at all. I'll promise you not to fret, Hilda. Good-bye, dear, dear, darling Hilda."

"Good-bye, my sweetest little treasure, good-bye."

Hilda got into the carriage, her husband took his place by her side. Mildred Anstruther tossed a great shower of rice after them, Miss Mills and Babs hurled slippers down the avenue, Judy was nowhere to be seen.

"Hilda," said Quentyns, as they were driving to the station, "why did you have such a very funny bouquet in church? You showed me Lady Dellacceur's flowers last night. Why didn't you wear them, darling? Those harsh holly berries and leaves weren't in your usual taste."

"But you're not angry with me for carrying that little bouquet, Jasper, are you?"

"My darling, could I be angry with you for anything?"

"The little bunch of holly was Judy's wedding present," said Hilda, tears dimming her eyes; "I promised her that I would wear them. Sweet little darling, my heart aches at leaving her."

Quentyns took Hilda's hand and held it firmly within his own. He said some sympathetic words, for Hilda's slightest grief was grief to him, but in his heart he could not help murmuring—

"That tiresome, morbid child. Poor darling Hilda, I must show her very gently and gradually how terribly she is spoiling Judy."

CHAPTER VIII.

A MONTH later Mrs. Quentyns was sitting in one of the largest hotels at Rome waiting for her husband to come in. The day was so balmy and genial that it was almost impossible for Hilda to believe that the time of year was early February. Dressed in dark-green velvet, with a creamy feather boa lying by her side, Hilda sat amidst all her unaccustomed surroundings, her eyes looking straight down the lofty room and her thoughts far away. The bride was thinking of her English home—she was an intensely happy bride—she loved her husband devotedly-she looked forward to a good and blessed life by his side, but still (and to her credit be it spoken) she could not forget old times. In the Rectory gardens now the crocuses and snowdrops were putting out their first dark-green leaves, and showing their tender petals to the faint winter sunshine. Judy and Babs, wrapped in furs from top to toe, were taking their afternoon walk-- Babs was looking in vain for insect life in the hedges, and Judy was opening her big eyes wide to see the first green bud that ventured to put out its little tip to be greeted by the winter cold. Aunt Marjorie was learning to make use of her legs, and was glowing with warmth of body and vexation of spirit. The Rector was tranquilly writing a sermon which, notwithstanding its polished diction, should yet show the workings of a new spirit which would move his congregation on Sunday.

Hilda seemed to see the whole picture—but her mind's eye rested longest on the figure of the tall, rather overgrown child, whose eyes always wore too hungry an expression for perfect happiness.

"Little darling," murmured Hilda, "how I wish I had her with me here—she'd appreciate things so wonderfully. It is the greatest treat in the world to take Judy to see a really good picture—how her eyes shine in her dear face when she looks at it. My sweet little Judy, Jasper does not care for me to talk much to you, but I love you with all my heart and soul; it is the one drawback to my perfect happiness that I must be parted from you."

Hilda rose as she spoke, and going over to a table on which her travelling-bag stood, opened it, pressed the spring on a certain lock, and taking out a little crumpled, stained letter, read the words written on it.

"My darling Hilda," wrote the poor little scribe, "this is to say that I love you better than any one else in the world. I'll always go on loving you best of all. Please take a thousand million kisses, and never forget Judy.

"P.S.—I'll pray for you every day and every night. I hope you will be very happy. I won't fret if you don't. This letter is packed with love.
"IUDY."

A step was heard along the passage; Hilda folded up the letter, slipped it back into its hiding-place, and ran down the long room to meet her husband.

"Well, my darling," he exclaimed; "the English mail has just come in, and here's a budget for you."

"And a budget for you too, Jasper. What a heap of letters!"

"Yes, and one of them is from Rivers. He rather wants me in London: there's a good case coming on at the Law Courts; he says I shall be counsel for it if I'm in town. What do you say to coming back to London on Saturday, Hilda?"

"You know I shall be only too delighted, I am just pining to be home again. Do you think we could go down to the Rectory? I should so like to spend Sunday with them."

"My darling, what are you thinking of? I want to be in London, not in Hampshire. Now that I have got you, sweetheart, I must neglect no chance of work."

Hilda's face turned slightly pale.

"Of course, darling," she said, looking up sweetly at her tall husband; "but where are we to go on Saturday night?—you spoke of going home."

"And so we are going home, my love—or rather we are going towards home; but as we have not taken a house yet, we must spend a week with the Riverses when first we get to England. I will send a line to my aunt, and tell her to expect us on Saturday."

Hilda said nothing more. She smothered the ghost of a sigh, and sitting down by the wood fire, which, notwithstanding the genial weather, was acceptable enough in their lofty room, began to open her letters. The Rectory budget was of

course first attended to. It contained several enclosures—one from her father, which was short and principally occupied over a review of the last new theological book he had been reading, one from Aunt Marjorie, and one from Miss Mills.

"None from Judy," said Hilda, in a voice of surprise; "she has only written to me once since we were married."

She spoke aloud, and looked up at her husband for sympathy. He was reading a letter of his own, and its contents seemed to amuse him, for he broke into a hearty laugh.

"What is it, Jasper?" asked Hilda. "What is amusing you?"

"Something Rivers has said, my love. I'll tell you presently. Capital fellow he is; if I get this brief I shall be in tremendous luck."

Hilda opened Aunt Marjorie's letter and began to read. The old lady was a somewhat rambling correspondent. Her letters were always closely written and voluminous. Hilda had to strain her young eyes to decipher all the sentences.

"I must say I dislike poverty," wrote Aunt Marjorie; "you are well out of it, Hilda. my private conviction that your father has absolutely forgotten that his income has jumped down in a single day from three thousand three hundred and fifty pounds a year to the three hundred and fifty without the odd thousands; he goes on just as he has always done, and is perfectly happy. Dean Sharp sent him his last book a week ago, and he has done nothing but read it and talk of it ever since—his conversation in consequence is most tiresome. I miss you awfully, my love. I never could stand theology even when I was surrounded by comforts, and now when I have to stint the fires and suffer from cold feet, you may imagine how unpleasant it is to me. My dear Hilda, I am afraid I shall not be able to keep Miss Mills, she seems to get sillier every day; it is my private conviction that she has a love affair on, but she's as mum as possible about it. Poor Sutton cried in a most heartrending way when she left; she said when leaving, 'I'll never get another mistress like you, ma'am, for you never interfere, even to the clearing of the jellies.' I am glad she appreciates me, I didn't think she did while she was living with us. The new cook can't attempt anything in the way of soup, so I have given it up for dinner;

but your father never appears to miss it. The garden is looking horrible, so many weeds about. The Anstruthers have all gone up to London—taken a house for the season at an enormous price. How those people do squander money; may they never know what it is for it to take to itself wings!

"By the way, Judy has not been well; she caught cold or something the day of your wedding, and was laid up with a nasty little feverish attack and cough. We had to send for Dr. Harvey, who said she had a chill, and was a good deal run down. She's up again now, but looks like a ghost with her big eyes. She certainly is a most peculiar child—I don't pretend to understand her. She crept into the room a minute ago, and I told her I was writing to you, and asked her if she had any message. She got pink all over just as if she were going to cry, and then said—

"Tell Hilda that I am not fretting a bit, that I am as happy as possible. Give her my dear love and heaps of kisses (my dear Hilda, you must take them for granted, for I am not going to put crosses all over the letter).

"Then she ran out of the room as if she had nothing further to say—really a most queer child. Babs is a little treasure and the comfort of my life.

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" Your affectionate old Aunt,

"Marjorie."

"Jasper!" said Hilda, in a choked sort of voice. "Jasper!"

"What is it, my darling? Why, how queer you look, your face is quite white!"

"It is Judy, she's not well," said Hilda. "I ought to go to her, I ought not to delay. Couldn't we catch the night mail?"

"Good gracious!" said Quentyns, alarmed by Hilda's manner. "What is wrong with the child? If it is anything infectious—"

"No, no, it is nothing of that sort; but in any case, whatever it is, I ought to go to her—I ought not to delay. May I telegraph to say we are starting at once?"

"My darling, how excitable you are! What can be wrong with the child?"

"Oh, Jasper, you don't understand -Aunt Marjorie says— Here, read this bit."

"I can't read that crabbed, crossed writing, Hilda."

"Well, I'll read it aloud to you; see where it begins--'Judy has not been well---'"

Hilda read the whole passage, a lump in her throat almost choking her voice. When she had finished, Quentyns put his arms round her and drew her to his heart.

"Why, you poor little, foolish, nervous creature," he said, "there's nothing wrong with Judy now: she was ill, but she's much better. My darling Hilda -my love, you must really not disturb yourself about a trifle of this sort."

"It isn't a trifle, Jasper. Oh, I know Judy--I know how she looks and what she feels. Oh do, do let me go back to her, darling."

"You read that letter in such a perturbed sort of voice that I can scarcely follow its meanings," said Quentyns. "Here, give it to me, and let me see for myself what it is all about. Why will old ladies write such villainous hands? Where does the passage begin, Hilda? Sit down, darling, quiet yourself. Now let me see, here it is---'Judy has not been well--'"

Hilda's hands had shaken with nervousness while she read her aunt's letter aloud, but Quentyns held the sheet of thin paper steadily. As the sentences fell from his lips, his full tones seemed to put new meaning into them—the ghostly terrors died out of Hilda's heart. When her husband laid down the sheet of paper, and turned to her with a triumphant smile, she could not help smiling back at him in return.

"There," he said, "did not I tell you there was nothing wrong with Judy now? What a little goose you are!"

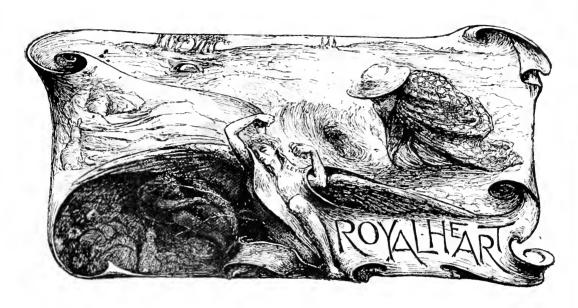
"I suppose I am; and if you really, really think—if you are quite sure that she's all right—"

"Cf course, I am absolutely certain; doesn't Aunt Marjorie say so? The fact is, Hilda, you make too great a fuss about that little sister of yours—I feel almost jealous of her."

(To be continued.)



"Luke Claus Stanislaus, the King's son, had a sorrow."



UKE CLAUS STANISLAUS, the King's son, had a sorrow—
(Rain, rain, go to Spain, and come again to-morrow!)

Luke Claus Stanislaus, the whole day long,
Sat and sorrowed at his grief, and sang no song.

"Luke Claus Stanislaus," laughed a withered crone,
"Why, so like a beggar, sit and sorrow on thy throne?

Take heart, and bury sorrow! Not for Royal Hearts

Is the sorrow of the world, though the whole world smarts."

Luke Claus Stanislaus, flattered at the saying,
Went, with windy weather through the loud woods swaying,
Over stile, and out a mile, and by the blowing alleys,
To the warren on the wolds that lay green around the palace;
And there whispered out the burden of his sighings and his sorrows
Deep down into the heart of the biggest of the burrows.
"Now am I free of my sorrow," said he, "buried and dead, I trust!"
He hid it away from the light of day, and blocked the door with dust.

Back, back, along the track, along the windy way,
"Leap, Heart, leap!" he said, "and Royal Heart be gay
Of Luke Claus Stanislaus; since not for Royal Heart
Is the sorrow of this world, though the whole world smarts."



By soldiers, mute in stiff salute, and by the palace portal He passed, and sprang o'er the floors, and sang like a glorious young Immortal; Till day went, and night sent its shadows through the windows; And he sat fanned, on either hand, by Arab slaves and Hindoos.

"Luke Claus Stanislaus," his Lords-in-Waiting said,
By your Highness' high permission it is time to go to bed."
Luke Claus Stanislaus, with page, and pomp, and plume,
Passed across the corridors to his bed-room.



Luke Claus Stanislaus, the King's son, slept;

Not asleep, in his sleep, "little sorrows sat and wept."

For he dreamed that, so it seemed, through the night and windy weather. Soft creatures of soft furs lay huddled close together,

And kept waking, and kept shaking, and kept crying, through the warren, Of a grief, that was not *their* grief, and a sorrow that was foreign.

"What is ailing?" they kept wailing. "Here is woe too heavy for us:
"Tis as though a host of weasels hemmed us in, and overbore us."
But the whitest, and the wisest, and the oldest, and the purest
Said to each, "It is the sorrow of a King's son, thou endurest."
Sore amazed, they pressed him, praying, "Wherefore should a King's son grieve us?
Ah! go for us to the palace, and beseech him to relieve us!"

Then there went a stealthy scrabbling, through the earth, a soft, low throbbing; But the sorrow of the King's son all the while kept sobbing, sobbing, Filling all the rabbit-warren with a dread of coming danger; And the terror-smitten rabbits mounted and murmured at the stranger.

Luke Claus Stanislaus, lying dreaming in his bed,

Felt the bed-clothes ruffling softly, from his feet up to his head;

And the whitest, and the wisest, and the oldest of the wise

Rabbits crept amid the linen, and stood up before his eyes,

Saying, "Oh, Luke Claus Stanislaus, dweller in the golden dome,

Take from us the King's son's sorrow, which lies heavy on our home.

It is a too heavy burden for the timid ones to bear;

For it makes a rooted horror, and a rising in the hair;—

'Tis as though a host of weasels fastened all the doors with death!"

"Nay! 'tis but a little sorrow," said the King's son through his breath.

"Ah! for Kings, and Kings' sons, surely, sorrow may be lightly borne; They have grace of fame and glory, they have wine, and oil, and corn! Surely none can bear with sorrow as a King's son, as may he!" Said Luke Claus Stanislaus, starting, "God be pitiful to me! Bring me back my buried sorrow! Not for any princely Hearts Should there be release from sorrow, while, in all the world, one smarts. God be good, be Guide, be Giver of such knowledge, that may I, Luke Claus Stanislaus, bear men's sorrows till I die.

Go back, gentle fellow-creature, messenger from God to me! Plenteousness is in my palace; peace within thy dwelling be!"

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.



A MASTER OF ROMANCE:

R. L. STEVENSON.

N the principle laid down by Addison in the Spectator, that he could never fully enjoy a book till he knew whether the author of it was fair or dark, of a mild or choleric disposition, and so on, one might easily find a justification for consenting to tell the readers of Atalanta a little about the author on whom they are for some time to depend most for interest, amusement, and in-Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is an struction. author who, despite his aim at impersonality in his fictions, excites a very keen curiosity; and if the readers are tempted to pass from his stories to his essays—delightful alike for their easy yet finished style, their wealth of observation, their suggestiveness, and quaint, reserved self-revelations—they will soon confess that their curiosity about the author has been whetted rather than satisfied by the indulgence.

Mr. Stevenson is, before all else, a humourist of an original and refined type—his humour gives body to his fancy, and reality to the half-whimsical forms in which he sometimes embodies the results of deep and earnest speculations on human nature and motive, as seen especially in such works as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Even when he is professedly concerned with incident and adventure merely, he manages to communicate to his pages some touch of universality, as of unconscious allegory, so that the reader feels now and then as though some thought, or motive, or aspiration, or weakness of his own were being cunningly unveiled or presented.

Hence the interest which young and old alike have felt in *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and *The Wrecker*—a something which suffices decisively to mark off these books from the mass with which,

superficially, they might be classed. And the careful reader will soon realize, too, that the wistful, if sometimes a wee eerie, play of fancy at once reveals and hides a wide and, in some respects, peculiar experience very early attained, which dictated his course as he realized his possibilities. When a mere youth at school, as he tells us himself, he had little or no desire to carry off prizes, and do just as other boys did; he was always wishing to observe, and to see, and try things for himselfwas, in fact, in the eyes of schoolmasters and tutors something of an idler, with splendid gifts

which he would not rightly apply. He was applying them rightly, though not in their way. It is not only in his Apology for Idlers that this confession is made, but elsewhere, as in his essay on A College Magazine, where he says, "I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read and one to write in!"

When the question of profession arose, it was desired that he should follow that of his father and grandfather, that is, civil engineering (they both made names which are cherished by Scotchmen, and by many

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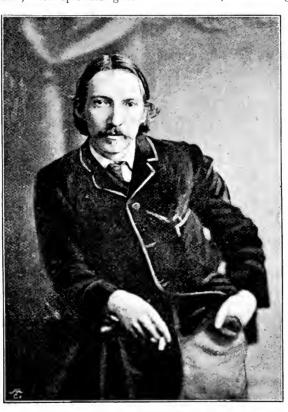
Englishmen and foreigners too, as pioneers in scientific lighthouse construction, with a noble philanthropic bent),1 and with this end in view he studied under Professor Fleeming Jenkin, for whom to the end he entertained the deepest

¹ In his portrait-sketch of his father, Mr. Stevenson speaks of him as a "man of somewhat antique strain, and with a blended sternness and softness that was wholly Scottish, and at first sight somewhat bewildering," as melancholy, and with a keen sense of his unworthiness, yet humorous in company; shrewd and childish; a capital adviser.

affection and reverence, learning from him, perhaps unconsciously, more of the humaniores, however, than consciously he did of engineering. A friend of mine, who knew both the Stevenson family and the Balfours, to which R. L. S.'s mother belonged, recalls his acting in the private theatricals that were got up by the Professor, and adds, "He was then a very handsome fellow, and looked splendidly as Sir Charles Pomander," which one can well believe, no less than that he acted such a part splendidly as well as looked it.

His father, discovering in good time that his

bent did not lie in the engineering way, thought of the law, and Stevenson at an early age was called to the Scottish bar. His name will be found in the list of Scottish advocates admitted in 1875. But literature was too potent to allow the hunt for briefs or weary waiting for them, though doubtless his father's influence would soon have brought him some. Very soon after his call, however, the Cornhill and other magazines began to bear witness of his decision in the matter. He had set himself to fight his battle in his own way; and, if he has met with success, it is certain that he has



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

worked hard and with no wavering.

Even by this time some trouble and cause for anxiety had arisen about the lungs, and trials of various places had been made. Ordered South suggests the Mediterranean, sunny Italy, the Ri-Then a sea-trip to America was recommended and undertaken. Unfortunately, he got worse there, his original cause of trouble was complicated with others, and the medical treatment given was stupid, and exaggerated some of the

symptoms instead of removing them. Since then —up, at all events, to the time of his settlement in Samoa—Stevenson has been more or less of an invalid.

Indeed, were I ever to write an essay on the art of wisely "laying-to," as the sailors say, I would point it by a reference to R. L. Stevenson. For there is a wise way of "laying-to" that does not imply inaction, but discreet, well-directed effort, against contrary winds and rough seas, that is, amid obstacles and drawbacks, and even ill-health, where passive and active, may balance and give effect to each other. Stevenson is by native instinct and temperament a rover—a lover of adventure, of strange bye-ways, errant tracts (as seen in his Travels with a Donkey through the Cevennes—seen yet more perhaps in a certain account of a voyage to America as a steerage passenger), lofty mountain tops, with stronger air, and strange and novel surroundings. He would fain, like Ulysses, be at home in foreign lands, making acquaintance with outlying races, with

"Cities of men, And manners, climates, councils, governments: Myself not least, but honoured of them all, Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy."

If he cannot move about as he would, he will invent, make fancy serve him instead of experience. We thus owe something to the staying and restraining forces in him, and a wise "laying-to"for his works, which are, in large part, finelyhealthy, objective, and in almost everything unlike the work of an invalid, have yet, in some degree, been devices to beguile the burdens of an invalid's days. He is not inclined to listen to the advice of his friends, or of physicians even, if that implies inactivity. If he may not do quite as he wishes, he will nurse his chances and do as he can. Instead of remaining in our climate, it may be, to lie listless and helpless half the day, with no companion but his own thoughts and fancies (not always so pleasant if, like Frankenstein's monster, or, better still, like the imp in the bottle in the Arabian Nights, you cannot, once for all, liberate them, and set them adrift on their own charges to visit other people), he makes a home in the sweeter air and more steady climate of the South Pacific, where, under the Southern Cross, he can safely and beneficially be as active as he would be

involuntarily idle at home, or work only under pressure of hampering conditions. That is surely an illustration of the true "laying-to" with an unaffectedly brave, bright resolution in it.

What brought me into personal association with Mr. Stevenson was a discussion about some facts relating to Thoreau-the American naturalist-in whom he had long taken an interest, and on whom he had published an article in the Cornhill, which is republished in Familiar Studies in Men and Books, and has its due share in that most characteristic Preface by way of [Self] Criticism, and revision of the point of view. The reader, too, will there find some references to myself, not without a touch of genial humour either. either of us been men, I please myself with thinking, of less temper and justice, the difference might have made us enemies instead of making us friends." I confess I like that sentence for more than the style.

This led to my being invited, when in Scotland in 1881, to visit him at Braemar, where he and his wife and her son were staying with his father and mother, which I accordingly did. Stevenson had written:—

"I regret I shall not be able to see you in Edinburgh: one visit to Edinburgh has already cost me too dear in that invaluable particular, health; but if it should be at all possible for you to pass by Braemar, I believe you would find an attentive listener, and I can offer you a bed, a drive, and necessary food. As for scenery, you no doubt know what that is—hardly to be beaten, save by bits on Tummelside."

These were red-letter days in my calendar, alike on account of pleasant intercourse with his honoured father and himself. Here is my penand-ink portrait of R. L. S., thrown down at the time:—

Mr. Stevenson's is, indeed, a very picturesque and striking figure. Not so tall probably as he seems at first sight from his thinness, but the pose and air could not be otherwise described than as distinguished. Head of fine type, carried well on the shoulders and in walking with the impression of being a little thrown back; long brown hair, falling from under a broadish-brimmed Spanish form of soft felt hat, Rembrandtesque; loose kind of Inverness cape when walking, and invariable velvet jacket inside the house. You would say at

first sight, wherever you saw him, that he was a man of intellect, artistic and individual, wholly out of His face is sensitive, full of exthe common. pression, though it could not be called strictly beautiful. It is longish, especially seen in profile, and features a little irregular; the brow at once high and broad. A hint of vagary, and just a hint in the expression, is qualified by the eyes, which are frank and clear, but piercing, and at the same time steady, and fall on you with a gentle radiance and animation as he speaks. Romance, if with an indescribable soupçon of whimsicality, is marked upon him; sometimes he has the look as of the Ancient Mariner, and could fix you with his glittering e'e, an he would, as he points his sentences with a movement of his thin white forefinger, when this is not monopolized with the almost incessant cigarette. There is a faint suggestion of a hare-brained sentimental trace on his countenance, but controlled, after all, by good Scotch sense and shrewdness. In conversation he is very animated, and likes to ask questions. A favourite and characteristic attitude with him was to put his foot on a chair or stool and rest his elbow on his knee, with his chin on his hand; or to sit, or rather to half sit, half lean, on the corner of a table or desk, one of his legs swinging freely, and when anything that tickled him was said he would laugh in the heartiest manner. Though he loved Edinburgh, which was full of associations for him, he had no good word for its east winds, which to him were as death. He had passed one winter as a "Silverado squatter," the story of which he has inimitably told in the volume titled The Silverado Squatters; and he spent several winters at Davos Platz, where, as he said to me, he not only breathed good air, but learned to know with closest intimacy John Addington Symonds, who, "though his books were good, was far finer and more interesting than any of his books." He needed a good deal of nursely attentions, but his invalidism was never obtrusively brought before one in any sympathy-seeking way by himself; on the contrary, a very manly, selfsustaining spirit was evident; and the amount of work which he managed to turn out even when at his worst was truly surprising.

His wife, who is an American lady, is highly cultured, and is herself an author. In her speech there is just the slightest suggestion of the American accent, which only made it the more pleasing to

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my car. She is heart and soul devoted to her husband, proud of his achievements, and her delight is the consciousness of substantially aiding him in his enterprises.

They then had with them a boy of eleven or twelve, Samuel Lloyd Oshourne, already referred to (a son of Mrs. Stevenson by a former marriage), whose delight was to draw the oddest, but perhaps half intentional or unintentional caricatures, funny, in some cases, beyond expression. His room was designated the picture-gallery, and on entering I could scarce refrain from bursting into laughter, even at the general effect, and, noticing this, and that I was putting some restraint on myself out of respect for the host's feelings, Stevenson said to me with a sly wink, "It's laugh and be thankful here." On Lloyd's account simple engraving materials, types, and a small printing-press had been procured; and it was Stevenson's delight to make funny poems, stories, and morals for the engravings executed, and all would be duly printed together. Stevenson's thorough enjoyment of the picture-gallery, and his goodness to Lloyd, becoming himself a very boy for the nonce, was delightful to witness and in degree to share. Wherever they were—at Braemar, in Edinburgh, at Davos Platz, or even at Silverado—the engraving and printing went on.

I have some copies of these productions, inexpressibly quaint, grotesque, a kind of literary horse-play, yet with a certain squint-eyed, sprawling genius in it, and innocent childish Rabelaisian mirth of a sort. At all events I cannot look at the slight memorials of that time, which I still possess, without laughing afresh till my eyes are dewy. Stevenson began his boy stories—Treasure Island among them—as I understood, simply to entertain Lloyd Osbourne, to whom the chapters were regularly read as they were written, and with scarcely a purpose beyond. The lad has now become the man-Mr. Stevenson's trusted companion and collaborator--clearly with a touch of genius, else it would not be so hard as it is to trace his hand on the joint-work of the two recently given to the world; he has rewarded his mentor by successfully emulating him and sharing his labours; and in the world's hearty approval of these stories Mr. Stevenson has his reward.

I have before me as I write some of these funny memontoes of that time, carefully kept, often

looked at. One of them is "The Black Canyon; or Wild Adventures in the Far West: a Tale of Instruction and Amusement for the Young, by Samuel L. Osbourne, printed by the author; Davos Platz," with the most remarkable cuts. It would not do some of the sensitionalists anything but good to read it even at this day, since many points in their art are absurdly caricatured. Another is "Moral Emblems: a Collection of Cuts and Ierses, by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of the Blue Scalper, &c., &c. Printers, S. L. Osbourne and Company, Davos Platz." Here are the lines to a rare piece of grotesque, titled A Peak in Darien—

"Broad-gazing on untrodden lands, See where adventurous Cortez stands, While in the heavens above his head, The eagle seeks its daily bread. How aptly fact to fact replies, Heroes and eagles, hills and skies. Ye, who contemn the fatted slave, Look on this emblem and be brave."

Another, The Elephant, has these lines-

"See in the print how, moved by whim, Trumpeting Jumbo, great and grim, Adjusts his trunk, like a cravat, To noose that individual's hat; The Sacred Ibis in the distance, Joys to observe his bold resistance."

R. L. S. wrote from Davos Platz, in sending me The Black Canyon: "Sam sends as a present a work of his own. I hope you feel flattered, for this is simply the first time he has ever given one away. I have to buy my own works, I can tell you." Later he said, in sending a second, "I own I have delayed this letter till I could forward the enclosed. Remembering the night at Braemar, when we visited the picture-gallery, I hope it may

amuse you. You see we do some publishing hereaway."

When I left Braemar, I carried with me a portion of the MS. of Treasure Island, which originally bore the odd title of "The Son of a Sea-Cook," and I showed it to Mr. Henderson, the proprietor of the Young Folks' Paper, who came to an arrangement with Mr. Stevenson, and the story duly appeared in its pages. Another thing I carried from Braemar with me which I greatly prize. This was a copy of Christianity confirmed by Jewish and Heathen Testimony, by Mr. Stevenson's father, with his autograph signature and many of his own marginal notes. He had thought deeply on many subjects—theological, scientific, and social—and had recorded, I am afraid, but the smaller half of his thoughts and speculations. Several days in the mornings, before R. L. S. was able to face the somewhat "snell" air of the hills, I had long walks with the old gentleman, when we also had long talks on many subjects—the liberalising of the Scottish Church, educational reform, etc.; and that he had in some small measure enjoyed my society, as I certainly had much enjoyed his, was borne out by a letter which I received from the son in reply to one I had written, saving that surely his father had never meant to present me at the last moment on my leaving by coach with that volume, but had merely given it me to read and return. In the circumstances I may perhaps be excused quoting from a letter dated Castleton of Braemar, Sept. 1881, in illustration of what I have said—

"My father has gone, but I think I may take it upon me to ask you to keep the book. Of all things you could do to endear yourself to me you have done the best, for my father and you have taken a fancy to each other."

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.



ARK fell the night on which our Lord was born In that rude manger of far Bethlehem;
When shepherds came to worship at His shrine,
Stayed by the star, which staying, guided them;
And with them, bearing many precious things,
Came from afar the three great Magi kings.

The shepherds by their flocks had seen the star,

Had heard the angel chorus in the night;

The heavenly message, "Peace on earth; goodwill

To men," had echoed from the spangled height.

And following them in wondering humbleness,

Came little Madelon, the shepherdess.

APP.

Came to adore the Infant Christ, but now

They went into that stall so rude and dim,
While still she stood outside with breaking heart
And falling tears—she had no gift for Him.
"I am so poor; so cold the north wind blows;
If I could gather but a single rose!

"The spring is yet so very far away;
The roses are all dead long, long ago;
The frost is keen; I dare not enter in.
Dear God, I am so poor—I love Him so."
When round about there flashed a radiance bright,
And lo! an Angel stood within the light.

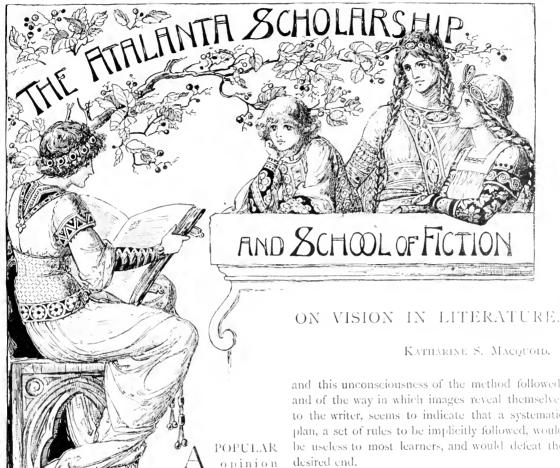
It was the Angel Gabriel from heaven,
Who hears the children crying on the earth;
When God's great hosts were singing he had come
To learn who wept at the dear Saviour's birth.
"Why do you weep? oh, little shepherdess!
Why do you pray?" he asked with tenderness.

"Alas!" sobbed Madelon, with quavering voice,
"They have gone in with gifts. I have no rose,
Not even a flower to offer to the Babe.
It freezes hard, and cold the north wind blows.
Therefore I weep alone; I have no store,
I must stay here without for evermore.

"Summer is gone, and spring is far away,
Autumn's dead leaves lie covering the land,
Good Angel, woe is me!" But Gabriel smiled
Down on poor Madelon; then took her hand,
And answering her, "Thy prayer is heard of God,"
He struck the frozen earth beneath his rod.

A miracle! It blossomed into flowers,
And Madelon the roses plucked amazed,
Thanking the Angel; but the light grew dim,
While Gabriel vanished slowly as she gazed.
Oh joy! she entered at the stable door
And laid the angel's gift the Babe before.

This is the "Legend of the Christmas Rose,"
And we, like Madelon the shepherdess,
Can ever pray to Him who came this night
On earth to help us in our bitterness.
What though our hearts be sad, our eyes be dim!
Some love-flowers we may always give to Him.



seems to exist that the

art of writing Fiction can

be acquired without any natural gift for the profession of Literature; the wish to become a writer is thought a sufficient proof of vocation, although such a wish, accompanied with fluency in pen and ink, is very apt to mislead those who can express their thoughts easily in writing. Diligent study and persevering labour will of course do much to further progress in any art, but it is unlikely that the art of writing fiction can be acquired in the same way that the mere mechanical knowledge of Music, or of Painting, or of Sculpture can be learned by a beginner.

Some experienced writers own that they find it difficult to give a definite account of the processes by which they themselves have arrived at the production of their ideas; at the outset, I fancy, many of them worked without settled method, or distinct consciousness of their own processes,

and this unconsciousness of the method followed. and of the way in which images reveal themselves to the writer, seems to indicate that a systematic plan, a set of rules to be implicitly followed, would be uscless to most learners, and would defeat the desired end.

It seems to me that the principles of Literature. or, to speak simply, the ways in which writing should be done, reveal themselves during its practice, and probably much of the originality which, whatever may be their shortcomings as novelists, distinguishes many English writers, is due in a measure to this personal, unaided way of groping after truth. Writers who possess a natural faculty often work for years with an intuitive rather than a conscious adherence to distinct principles; without these principles, whether possessed consciously or intuitively, it is, I think, impossible to write that which can be called Literature. It appears to me therefore that would-be writers, without a certain innate faculty, may read and study and acquaint themselves with all the literary canons laid down by critics, and yet fail in producing literature, while others who have the true gift will be able to produce good and spontaneous bits of writing. I do not, however,

think that mere natural faculty will enable persons to continue to write well without constant, selfdenying study, and they must work up to their abilities, if they would attain success.

It would therefore seem wiser if beginners, instead of trying at the outset to learn how to write, were to apply some test to their own powers of writing; let them, in fact, make sure that they have a real literary gift.

The power of Vision, the subject of my paper, is necessary for all Literature, but it is completely indispensable to a novelist. Many novels are undoubtedly written without it, but it may be asked for what purpose are they written? except it be to waste time; they pass into the limbo of useless and forgotten things; there is even a tradition that the Head of a great circulating library said he used these ineffectual novels for garden manure!

There are, however, many young writers very much in earnest, with too much reverence for Literature to attempt novel-writing for mere pastime, and they are often tormented by doubts of their capacity for success; it is better to tell them frankly, that although such doubts may not be justly founded, they are very hard to lay, and they may possibly abide with the writers till long after the public has begun to listen to their utterances, may indeed remain till writers and their hopes and fears have come to the last chapter of life.

But earnest literary students may greatly help themselves at the outset by using certain tests in trying to make sure whether they have or have not any portion of the gift, without which perseverance will only lead to disappointment. It may not be possible to teach the art of writing fiction, but one may try, as well as one can, to help beginners to find out for themselves whether they have or have not "natural faculty" for writing Fiction.

It is said that exactness of proportion can only be proved by measurement, and it is perhaps only by the application of certain principles that beginners in the art of Fiction can learn whether they should persevere or whether they will not save themselves bitter disappointment by wisely giving up a profession for which they have proved themselves unfitted. The effort required by any attempt at real Literature argues an absence of idle-mindedness in those who make it, and encourages a hope that beginners may be willing to apply test-principles to their methods and power of work. Of these

principles, the power of Vision seems to be the most useful as a test of true vocation for the art of writing Fiction.

It was said many years ago of a distinguished writer, who has since passed away, that she lacked imaginative power, that she only described that which she had seen and known. The accusation was refuted as an ignorant one, it was proved that the writer had not seen with her outward eyes all that she so vividly described; it is, however, evident that in making such a statement, the critic forgot the existence of the power of Vision, the power which enables a writer not only to see vividly and distinctly characters, actions, and scenes, but which also has power to see such especial features in these several images as shall enable him to reproduce them with the greatest vigour and with perfect truth. The absence of this power in its truest form makes some so-called realistic work wearisome, and even nauseous, because it contains such a superabundance of detail that breadth of treatment and truth of effect are lost, while tone is lowered by too much familiarity with the objects presented.

True Vision sees vividly that which it describes, sees it in perfect proportion and perspective, and with this clear eyesight has a power of selecting from surrounding details the chief and most impressive points of its picture; it thereby enables its possessor—according to his power of utterance—to impress the picture he has called up with vigour and distinctness on his reader.

The power of Vision may and does exist with lack of ability to sing or to say, even faintly, that which it so plainly sees, but for all that it is a real gift, not a mere effort of memory, when it calls up a character or a scene. Memory of course helps it, for perhaps all we write or try to write, even that which seems to us newly evolved from our original consciousness, may only be a re-creation of forgotten experiences.

The practical working of the power of Vision is apt to vary; the object or scene is sometimes not at once clearly discerned, a fragment is perhaps first seen, but patient waiting is often rewarded by a distinct and vivid sight of all the other parts which have been simmering in the brain, at first but dimly apprehended, shapeless, lacking alike form and colour.

It may be said that the power of Selection in a writer is a distinct principle, and should of itself

form the subject of a paper on creative work, instead of being classed with Vision; but the power of Selection appears to me to be inseparable from any one literary principle—it is an essential part of true Vision.

There are some parts of the whole which constitute the power of novel-writing that seem as though they might be acquired by dint of hard study, without the possession of a natural gift for them. Style is one of these, another is the careful construction of a story; but unless the power of Vision be intuitive in a beginner, it is, as I have said, almost useless to attempt Fiction. For instance, it is useless to try to describe, unless the person or thing in question is as clearly seen by the mental eyes as the would-be writer's face is seen by his physical eyes when he looks in the glass; even when the image is distinct, power to present it may not exist in sufficient vigour to enable readers to see the picture as the writer does. This is, however, almost a matter of course. I am inclined to think that probably few writers, if any, have ever satisfied themselves in painting the pictures they have mentally created. To take the highest example, we cannot know how far keener the power of Vision was in the pictures seen by Shakespeare than in those which he has revealed to the world. It is this want of proportion between the power to see and the power to execute that has made the despair of artists of all time, whether painters or poets, sculptors or prose-writers, so dissatisfied must they ever be with their own productions compared with the creations they see so vividly.

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It may be said that all this art study is unnecessary, that it is sufficient carefully to observe life and scenery, and then to write down all that the eye has noted, woven into the form of a story. This is not easy work, our very faculty of observation is qualified by our power of true mental vision; without mental vision, and the selecting power that belongs to it, the objects noted down, instead of forming a coherent and lifelike picture in the mind of a reader or listener, will produce a dry catalogue of persons and things, there will be a want of proportion and perspective, of efficient light and shade. "No one knows what he can do till he tries" is a very true saying which fits our case. Let persons without the literary faculty try to write off a description of the office or countinghouse in which they work, of the room, whether it

be study or drawing-room, in which they dwell, of the persons among whom they live, and they will see what the results of such attempts are from a literary standpoint.

Many passages might be quoted to illustrate the vigour and distinctness with which this power of Vision manifests itself, and in a few words creates a picture which remains impressed on the mind of the reader, but I have not space for them. Here is one, however, which stands out by itself in intensity of distinctness and direct presentation.

Silas Marner, standing at his cottage door, has had a fit of unconsciousness, during which the child, little Eppie, has found her way into his hut.

"Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red, uncertain glimmer, he seated himself in his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold!—his own gold brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft, warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees, and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head."

Let the reader try to picture this scene to himself, and then consider the marvellous power with which it is here brought before him, the intense power of Vision, and of Selection evinced not only by the points chosen for representation, but in the omitted details which an ungifted writer would have dragged into the foreground. The strange agitation of the lonely man is seen as vividly as the head of the little golden-haired intruder lying before the red, uncertain glimmer of the burning logs; this picture is more than an incident in the story, it is the key which lets us in and acquaints us with the unhappy weaver who till then had seemed outside our sympathies.

As we read her work, we know that unless this writer's power of Vision had been of a high order, she could not have placed so many living pictures in our memories, pictures not of mere scenes, but bits of actual life, in which the rude passions, and also the gentler qualities of men and women, are set before us.

I will mention yet another illustration of truth of Vision, rendered, because seen in a sudden flash, with so much vigour that it is difficult to believe it is not a record of human experience. incident is too long to transcribe, but it occurs in the fourth chapter of the third volume of Sylvia's Lovers, the scene in which Charlie Kinraid, Sylvia's old lover, returns, and tells her that her husband has deceived her. There is a desperate simplicity in the pathos of the poor girl's words, "I thought yo' were dead"; and the vivid image of the shuddering, conscience-stricken husband is more moving than any elaborate description could have made it. It is truth; one seems to know that it was all seen and heard distinctly by the writer before a word of it was set down.

In Kidnapped, the defence of the cabin on board the privateer strongly evidences the power of Vision; still earlier in the book is a more sudden effect in the ghastly discovery the hero makes at the top of the steps up which his treacherous uncle had sent him. In The Black Arrow, by the same master-hand, the scene of the apparition of the supposed leper is a marvellous instance of this faculty.

I might quote many remarkable examples, from Oliver Twist, from Lorna Doone, from The Cloister and the Hearth, and other masterpieces, in illustration of my meaning. There is more than one wonderful instance in John Inglesant, notably the passage in which the reader is made to see Strafford almost without a description of his apparition.

These illustrations are more or less evidences of direct Vision, the pictures presented seem to have been at once photographed on the mental sight; but many remarkable instances could be cited in which the effects are produced by a series of touches so exquisitely blended together, that the impression produced is that of a solid whole. In The Woodlanders there are examples of almost unrivalled truth of Vision, presented by a series of richly-coloured touches. In the first chapter of Pride and Prejudice we have another feature of

the power of Vision, the incisive presentation of character in the dialogue between Mr. and Mrs. Bennet; this so completely impresses both characters on the reader's mind, that the concluding words of the chapter seem superfluous.

In A Foregone Conclusion, by Mr. Howells, we recognize an extremely subtle power of Vision; we can searcely say how the persons have become familiar to us, yet we seem to know that they are alive, and that they were distinctly seen by the writer; there is the same power in Silas Lapham. It may be said that I have only given examples from the Masters of Fiction. I could have given many others from the books of far less popular writers, but I believe in a high ideal, for one can never reach one's aim, and it is well always to be striving upwards.

The outcome of the question, then, seems to be that beginners in the art of novel-writing are able to test themselves as to their power of Vision with regard to Fiction; they will soon discover whether they can master the difficulty of creating a forcible and distinct picture in their minds of the subject they propose to treat; they must see it distinctly, and it must be lasting; they must see not only the outer forms of characters, but their inner feelings; they must think their thoughts, they must try to hear their words.

It is possible that the picture may not all be seen at once; the earnest student may have to wait days before he sees anything, weeks before he vividly and truthfully sees the whole. I can only say, let him wait with patience and hope, and above all firmly believe that novel-writing is not easy: possibly, in spite of earnestness and diligence, the beginner has made a mistake, and has not the necessary gifts for success in Fiction. Well then, if after many trials he cannot call up a picture which is at the same time distinct and true to nature, he had better bring himself to believe that his attempt is not a creation of the imagination, it is at best but a passing fancy, not worth the trouble of writing down. There are three qualities as essential to success in novel-writing as the power of Vision: they are Patience, Perseverance, and an untiring habit of taking pains.

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

I. Paint an imaginary scene. A critical moment has come in the life of the hero or heroine. Two courses of action lie before him or her. Describe the situation.

II. A scene of danger. Introduce as few or as many characters as you prefer.

Only one question must be answered. Papers must contain not more than 500 words. State name, address, and number of words used. Papers must be sent in by January 25th, addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R. U., ATALANTA, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. In every case the Reply-Papers may be regarded as fragments taken from an imaginary longer story, with no regular beginning or end. "Privileged" and "Special" Subscribers should enclose a stamped and directed wrapper for return of Papers.

SEARCH OUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Name author and work where following quotations may be found:-

1. "Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them

The world was all before them, where to choose Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

- 2. "If to her share some female errors fall, Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."
- 3. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard Are sweeter."
- 4. "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye, I see the lords of human kind pass by."
- 5. "Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly, Most musical, most melancholy!"

Of whom are we told that she wore a brooch of gold, on which was written "a crowned A, And after, Amor vincit omnia"?

The following names of novels or pictures are borrowed from lines of poetry. Give the original source of each.

1. "Far from the Madding Crowd."

2. "Red as a Rose is She."

- 3. "All in the wild March morning."
- 4. "Under the Greenwood Tree. 5. "It was a Lover and his Lass."
- 6. "The Undiscovered Country."
- 7. "A Counterfeit Presentment."
- S. "In Silk Attire." 9. "The Golden Stair."
- 10. "Gates Ajar.

All readers of Atalanta may send in answers to the above. Reply-Papers must be forwarded on or before 15th January. They should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should have the words Search Questions written on the cover. Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded Half-Yearly.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (DECEMBER.)

Ι.

"In good old times Scotland had its regular standard measure for visiting, as it had for its oatmeal and porridge. A rest day, a drest day, and a prest day, were the appointed measure of a visitor's days. The first was consecrated to repose, after the fatigues of the journey, whether there had been a journey or not; the second was allotted to showing off the full-dress suit, prepared perhaps for the occasion; and the third was delicately appropriated to the pressing solicitations of the host, and always conferred as an act of bounty over and above." (Miss Ferrier's Destiny.)

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"Or at times I read there, hoarsely, some new poem of my

Poets ever fail in reading their own verses to their worth, For the echo in you breaks upon the words which you are speaking,

And the chariot wheels jar in the gate through which you drive them forth."

(Mrs. Barrett-Browning's Lady Geraldine's Courtship.)

I. In the hall of King Arthur there stood a vacant chair. "In the Siege Perilous," said Merlin, "there shall no man sit therein but one, and if there be any so hardy to do it, he shall be destroyed, and he that shall sit there shall have no fellow." (Malory's Morte D'Arthur. See also Tennyson's The Holy Grail.)

2. The schooner Hesperus was wrecked on the "Reef of Norman's Woe."

"The first of them could things to come foresee; The next could of things present best advise; The third things past could keep in memory; So that no time, nor reason could arise, But that the same could one of these comprise," Spenser's Faery Queene, Book II.

I. Troilus and Cressida. 2. Anachronism quoting Aristotle, at the siege of Troy.

From Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women. Cleopatta speaks. "Canopus" refers either to a lighthouse or a star, probably the latter.

VII.

Passage occurs in Tennyson's Palace of Art. The leaves of the olive are white underneath. Hence when the wind blows them up, a white sheen passes over the hill-side.

V111.

- Prelude to Pyzmalien. J. Woolner.
 Marlowe's Faustus.
- 3. Shakespeare's Passionate Pilgrim.
- 4. Tennyson's Edwin Morris.
- 5. Swinburne's To Walter Savage Landor.
- 6. W. S. Landor's The Dra: on-Fly.



WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this!"

I N the House of Commons, on 27th April last, a most important debate took place on a subject of the utmost moment both to society in general and to the fair sex in particular. question debated was whether those women who are at present entitled to take part in the election of town and county councillors should or should not also be entitled to take part in the election of members of parliament. As the literature of the subject embraces quite a little library of its own, we can hope to touch upon a few of the most important points only; but it is worth while to try to state the case on each side as strongly and as fairly as possible, in order that the arguments may be thoroughly weighed and sifted by those who are primarily and most deeply interested. shall accordingly present three alternative proposals:-(1) That women at present entitled to vote in municipal and county elections be admitted to vote in parliamentary elections also; (2) That women be wholly excluded from the parliamentary franchise; (3) That those women be admitted to the parliamentary franchise who apply for such admission.

I. PARTIAL ENFRANCHISEMENT.

The debate above referred to turned on the question of admitting to the parliamentary franchise those women, viz., widows and spinsters who are householders, who already possess the municipal franchise. Is it not difficult to see why they should be excluded? The affairs of the empire are but the collective affairs of parish, town, and county, and they include many other matters in which women are specially interested, such as the conditions of labour, sanitation, vaccination, the liquor-laws, the poor-law, the marriage-laws, oldage pensions, and the like. And are not women directly interested in many great political as well as social questions—questions relating to the liberty of the subject, foreign policy, peace and war? On these and a great many other questions they are never consulted at all. The result is that men have a monopoly of all political and social legislation, and that they use their monopoly to their own advantage and to the disadvantage of women. Nor should it be forgotten that one of our chief constitutional maxims declares that no taxation

should be exacted from persons who are not represented. Women possessed of property pay the same taxes as men; yet women are the only class of the community which is permanently excluded from the parliamentary franchise. grow up and become enfranchised, lunatics may vote when they recover their mental health, many ignorant and illiterate boors are on the parliamentary register; yet the most accomplished lady in the land, she who has won University honours, she who employs the boor, the sober and industrious woman who supports herself and her family, are all for ever excluded from the full rights of citizenship. Nor is the admission of women to such rights altogether a novel experiment. In the American State of Wyoming, in Guernsey, and in the Isle of Man (where, perhaps, you would least expect it!) women may vote for members of parliament; while in our country nearly a million women have long been in the habit of voting for their parochial, municipal, and educational representatives. What prevents this million from being added to our parliamentary electorate? As this number does not include married women, the measure would not give rise to domestic strife; as it does not include mere lodgers or servants, the women enfranchised would all be respectable and independent householders. Nor need it be feared that the enfranchisement of these women would lead to their eligibility as members of parliament or great officers of state, as a distinct line is easily drawn between electors and elected. Civil servants and elergymen, for example, may vote for a member of parliament, but cannot be members themselves, both being, in theory at least, fully otherwise occupied; and, similarly, women might easily be declared ineligible. But while such a prohibition in the case of women might perhaps be expedient, we do not admit their incapacity for public office, for is not our gracious Sovereign Lady the Queen a noble example of the contrary? And, lastly, is it not certain that women, or at least many women, are as intellectual as men, and, as a rule, more moral, and therefore better fitted to discharge the important public duty of choosing legislators for the nation? And surely, too, women are the best judges of their own interests—interests which ought to be represented in parliament, and which are too often neglected or ignored by men. Let the voices of these

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eminently worthy million women make themselves heard in the great council of the nation, and, depend upon it, you will redress many social grievances, you will diminish the unjust and tyrannical precedence of men, you will sweeten and civilize political life, you will benefit and educate the women themselves by imposing on them a new and important responsibility, and you will elevate the whole intellectual and moral tone of society.

II. TOTAL DISFRANCHISEMENT.

My dear Madam, I have read your interesting political essay with the utmost attention, but you have entirely failed to convert me to your scheme. I admire the conspicuous ability with which you have pleaded your cause, I fully admit your honesty and earnestness of purpose, and I concede the truth of many of your statements; but your glorious vision of woman triumphant over selfish and tyrannical man is a baseless fabric. You have, I venture to think, founded your argument upon a series of fallacies, the exposure of which will leave not a rack behind. But, pray, do not suppose I am an enemy of your sex (for who but the veriest misanthrope does not love your sex better than his own?); for my sole desire is to protect you against yourselves, and to safeguard society in general from disintegration and ruin. Do not be angry therefore if I try to demolish your goodly stronghold. In the first place I heartily concede all you have said in favour of your sex, and I admit that men are too often neglectful and selfish, but I deny that women form a separate class. are men of many different classes, with different interests which require to be represented, and so too there are women of different classes; but of women, as a whole, it is as inaccurate to say that they form a distinct "class" as to say that all men belong to one class. Each woman belongs to the same class as her father, or brothers, or husband; and her interests are, as a rule, identical with theirs, not antagonistic to them as you would have us believe. When a man takes part in legislation his dearest interest is to legislate, not merely for himself as an individual, but for the benefit of his wife and his daughters and his whole family; and not merely for their benefit during his life, but after his death also. So that, if his widow and daughters

remain in single blessedness after his death, their interests still continue to be safeguarded. There are doubtless a good many women whose interests have been neglected by their fathers or husbands, but such negligence proceeds not from the fact that the men belong to a different class with different interests, but from the inherent imperfections of human nature. Were the duty reversed, so that women had to legislate for their husbands and sons, would they too not sometimes be forgetful or negligent? Your argument that women form a separate class and a neglected class thus falls to the ground. Women as a whole are of the same flesh and blood as men as a whole, and the interests of both sexes are in the main identical.

There should be no taxation without representation, you urge. Quite true, as a general rule; but the phrase is often distorted out of its natural meaning. It does not and cannot mean that every individual who pays taxes should have a voice, either direct or indirect, in the imposition of taxes. It does mean, and has always meant since the American Revolution of 1775, that no distinct community, or section of the nation, should be taxed without being represented as a whole. Women do not form a distinct community or section or class, and they are rightly held by our constitution to be sufficiently represented by the male members of their families. And they are in very respectable company; for it is not only minors, lunatics, and criminals, but peers and an immense number of poor but respectable workingmen who are deprived of a voice in the imposition Clergymen and government officials of taxes. form another class which has only an indirect voice in taxation, inasmuch as they can vote for a representative, but no direct voice, because they cannot sit in parliament. Perhaps, in a generous burst of reforming enthusiasm, you would sweep away all these disabilities; you would place peer and peasant, parson and pauper, on the same level; you would proclaim one man as good as another, and one woman better than either. You point to universal suffrage. Let it come, and let it attain its fullest possible realization, and yet it will never be quite universal. As there always will be hosts of persons whose occupations disable them from sitting in parliament, so there always will be many whom circumstances prevent from being registered as voters, and many whom the Creator Himself

has doomed to permanent disabilities. When I declare my strong conviction that women belong to this last category, I no more disparage their sex than I should disparage a clergyman in England, or a government official in India, by saying that he could not sit in the British parliament.

Why do I say that women are permanently dis-Because Nature has disabled them. Not mentally, not morally, not even physically; but because, just as their professions disable the clergyman and the civil servant from sitting in parliament, Nature has assigned to women a profession which debars them from taking any permanent or prominent position in public life. That profession is marriage, as was truly said on a recent occasion by Miss Lydia Becker, a distinguished advocate of women's rights. A most honourable and holy estate for both sexes; for men an estate only, but for the vast majority of women who enter it the most important and absorbing of professions. husband represents the family and fights the battle of life in the outer world, whether the battle be military, political, professional, or commercial; while the wife, God bless her, has quite as important a battle to fight at home (and often displays greater virtue and heroism), in the ordering of her household and the upbringing of her children. Oh, but we do not propose to enfranchise married women, you will reply; we would enfranchise widows and spinsters only, provided they be householders. But do not wives often pay taxes (remember: no taxation without representation!) on their own private property? And have they not generally a far greater stake in the country than widows and spinsters? How unjust therefore to exclude them! If we are on the highway to universal manhood suffrage you would inevitably land us in universal womanhood suffrage. You will either deny this, or you will admit it and ask -Why not? Are not women quite as fit to vote as men? Why could not even a married woman go quietly to the polling-booth and vote once every three or four years? She would be quite fit, I reply, and she could easily do it, but for one almost insuperable obstacle. Her profession is so engrossing and removes her so entirely from public and political life that she has neither time nor opportunity for studying any great political question. It never has been her business to do so, and it never will be her business. But even if this obstacle

could be surmounted, as it certainly may in exceptional cases, there looms behind it another even more formidable. If you try to sweep away the fundamental and Providential distinctions between man and woman, and the barriers between their respective spheres, you add a new terror to woman's life,—aye, and to man's also. For not only would the domestic sanctuary be liable to the invasion of the brawls and turmoils of the forum, but to the even more objectionable intrusion of the canvasser, the reporter, and the interviewer. Man is already a coarse enough animal; you would exasperate him and coarsen him more by rudely tearing aside the veil which screens his household gods from the vulgar gaze; and, alas! you would inevitably coarsen women by assigning to them a share in the hoarse and strident clamours of the public hustings. History, logic, nature, and, I am convinced, the vast majority of women themselves are against you, dear Madam; and I therefore earnestly trust, for the sake of the gentle and adorable sex which you unwittingly misrepresent, and for the sake of society in general, that you will never carry your point.

III. OPTIONAL ENFRANCHISEMENT.

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The two previous speakers have had so long an innings that I have barely time to state my views, but I confidently appeal to Atalanta and her fair readers for justice. The fact is, that I agree with both of my opponents in some respects, and with neither of them in others. The debate, as it seems to me, has clearly shown, on the one hand, that there must be thousands of women both willing and eminently fit to vote; and, on the other, that there are probably many hundreds of thousands who, even if willing, are and always will be unfit. Like the second speaker, I am strongly in favour of maintaining the Providential and fundamental distinctions between the spheres of man and woman; I believe that a humorous cartoon I saw somewhere lately, representing various characteristic female employments (sewing, embroidering, tending the sick, kissing a baby, etc.), was justly and properly described as a picture of "women's rites." Like the first speaker, I believe that, in a good many cases, it would be beneficial to society and to women themselves if a certain number of those who have time and inclination for politics were admitted to the franchise; but I shrink from the extreme conclusions reached by both speakers. Why include hundreds of thousands of persons against their will in a scheme which would impose new duties, new burdens, new terrors upon them? Why embark on a scheme which would inevitably and disastrously lead to universal womanhood suffrage, for which the sex as a whole will be unfitted till the end of time? Why, on the other hand, for ever exclude the able and worthy advocates of "women's rights"? Does it follow, because A, B, and C desire a certain privilege for which they are specially fitted, for which they are ready to pay, and the burdens of which they are willing to bear, that the same privilege must be thrust down the unwilling and perhaps incompetent throats of every other letter of the alphabet? Let Atalanta be our arbiter. We humbly submit to her that a compromise between the opposing parties should be effected. What we venture to suggest for her consideration is that every woman who is a householder or who possesses independent property of her own, whether she is married or single, should be entitled to be placed on the parliamentary register if she desires it, but that she should not be placed on the register without her express consent. Her case is a totally different one from that of men. It is and always will be an exceptional case, and both justice and ordinary courtesy would seem to suggest optional enfranchisement as the true solution.

Dear Atalanta, kindly decide which of these three views is the sound one—which is the most consonant with whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, and lovely? There are no better judges in the kingdom than you and your readers. If you will but deliver a clear and emphatic judgment in the case, you will confer an immense boon both on the fair sex and on society at large.

J. Kirkpatrick.

O period of time seems, I think, to pass by so quickly as the eight or nine weeks of a University Term; we have scarcely begun when we have reached the middle, and when mid-Term has come, we are already looking forward to the end. And so it has been with the Term which is just over—Michaelmas Term, 1892. It came, and it was, and it went before we had realized that we

were living it, working in it, enjoying it. One drawback only there has been both to work and to enjoyment—the fogs. October and November, 1892, none of us can soon forget. We groped our way to town lectures in fogs, we took our country walks in fogs, we played our games in fogs, while we got tired of repeating to all new-comers that really this weather was what the French call tout-â-fait exceptionnel, and that the oldest inhabitant of Girton or of Newnham could not remember in the past such persistently gloomy skies.

Our lectures in all subjects—in Greek, in Latin, in Mathematics, in French, in German, in History, in Natural Science, in Moral Science—have run their usual and regular course; as the weeks passed by, third-year students keenly realizing how much must be crowded into the months which lie between October and June; second-year students rejoicing in the thought that two years of life and work at Cambridge still lay before them; new students regarding the future three years as an infinite and limitless time. It is indeed one of the trite sayings of college life that three years seem interminable to look forward to, and to look back upon seem a span's length.

Besides our usual, normal coaching and lecturing, there has been a course of English Literature lectures given at Newnham, open to the outside world as well as to the students of the two girls' colleges. Mr. Arthur Sidgwick has lectured on Tennyson, Mr. Saintsbury on William Morris, Mr. Gosse on Christina Rossetti, Canon Ainger on Euphuism. This last lecture was a delightful one: to avoid all and every kind of affectation, to fling away imitation, to be oneself, was what Canon Ainger tried to hammer into his hearers' brains and consciences: "'Tis better to have been yourself and died, than never to have been yourself at all!" By the bye, Canon Ainger is said to be coming to live in Cambridge, and to have accepted the charge of St. Edward's Church with its noble income of six shillings and eightpence a year and its traditions of the days of old, when Frederick Denison Maurice used to preach there to crowded congregations of dons and undergraduates.

And Mr. Tom Mann has been among us, and has made a speech in King's College Hall on "The economic and social aims of the working-classes." We all went to hear him, we admired his eloquence, and sympathized with his enthusiasm;

but we none of us, I think, were convinced by his arguments, although what a girl said to me afterwards was perhaps true: "You know, if we were working-men, not Cambridge students, we should all believe in Tom Mann, and all be Socialists!"

At the beginning of Term, both at Girton and Newnham, business meetings of the respective Debating Societies were held to elect a president, a vice-president, and a committee for the coming year. Since then several debates have taken place. At Girton, at the first meeting of the society, the question discussed was: "That travelling is a necessary part of the education of children "-the proposer of the motion gravely excepting babies in arms! At Newnham, at the first meeting, the question before the house was: "That civilization tends to lessen the keen enjoyment of life." On a division, I am glad to say the motion was lost by a considerable majority! Debate nights were as usual very festive occasions: every one came in her prettiest dress, the Hall was decorated with cut flowers and plants, and after the "division," and after refreshments, followed dancing, which was kept up to a late hour of the evening. A girls' dance is certainly a very pretty sight-brighter in colouring and more graceful in movement than when the other sex takes part!

The tennis match between the two colleges was played at Newnham on October 25th, and ended in victory for Girton. There were three matches (singles), and of these Girton won two, Newnham one—defeat being as usual accepted with perfect good-humour. There were refreshments between times, consisting of what is known in college as a "tray tea"—that is, tea and coffee in the great Hall handed round on trays by the students themselves to their guests.

In hockey there was an important Newnham match played in November between the "Past" and the "Present," when neither team succeeded in making a single goal, a result which with equal reason may be regarded as highly satisfactory or as highly unsatisfactory.

At Newnham, also, there have been the usual Term matches between the three Halls for the Tennis Cup, the Hockey Cup, and the Fives Cup,—the result being that the Tennis and Hockey Cups are now at Sidgwick Hall, while Old Hall has captured the Fives Cup.

It was decided at a large general meeting of

subscribers, held on November 5th, that the Newnham Students' memorial to Miss Clough should not be a prize or a scholarship, but a work of art—not something to ben'est or be of use to other people, but something to express personal affection and devotion to their first Principal. It is thought that this work of art will take the form of iron gates, to stand at the entrance to the college, with an inscription or legend in Miss Clough's honour.

Cambridge is famous for the excellence of its music, and this Term our concerts have been not less good than usual. Four concerts were given by the Cambridge University Musical Society (among Cambridge people commonly known as Cums) on the four Wednesdays of November: the first and last were Orchestral, at the second and third we had Chamber music. Beethoven's Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra in E flat, No. 5, Op. 75; Mendelssohn's String Quartet in D Major, Op. 44; "The Pastoral Symphony"; and selections from Wagner were given. The Wagner concert was the most crowded of all; there was, I believe, no vacant place—an interesting piece of evidence as to our musical taste! Every one hears with regret that after Christmas Professor Stanford is going to leave Cambridge, and to reside in London; he will however continue to lecture, and, we hope, to conduct the chorus of the Musical Society.

In the last week of Term, I am told, there was a hockey supper given in one Newnham Hall, and a private concert in another—both very successful entertainments. The Term ended on December 10th, and the colleges broke up with mingled feelings, in which no doubt joyfulness prevailed over regret—joy at the prospect of going home, joy at the thought of Christmas and holidays, joy in remembering that we all hoped to meet again in January, 1893.

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A SEQUEL to that delightful novel, Kidnapped (Cassell and Co.), is at present running through our pages, and although it is late in the day to praise a book which almost every one has read, yet the moment is so opportune that I cannot help alluding to it. Among the gift-books of this season it might be an appropriate one to many of our readers as a preparation for the romance which is running through the present volume.

NE of the most interesting exercises in literature is to trace the progress of works as they grow in the authors' minds. Sometimes this is comparatively easy, and in other cases very difficult, even with reference to modern works; but all true criticism is more or less an effort after it. There will be entertaining and improving exercise for some months to come for many of our readers in trying to realize this in reference to Mr. Stevenson's David Balfour and his former story. Evidently his idea at first was to give a vivid picture of the condition of life in the Highlands of Scotland after the rebellion of 1745; and for best dramatic effect he needed to show it through the fresh eyes of one who had never before come into contact with Highland life, sentiment, and prejudice.

David Balfour, a youth of seventeen, who had been quietly brought up in the country, was kidnapped and sent off to sea by an uncle to whom he had applied for aid. Because of his possession of property—the estate of Shaws—which by legal right belonged to David, this uncle desired to get rid of him by committing him to the rough and unscrupulous captain of a brig named *The Covenant*, trading with the Southern States of America, where, as agreed, David was to be sold as a slave.

Accident brought on board the brig a very strange fellow-passenger, who not only had money about him, but weapons which he could use to effect. The sight of the money aroused the cupidity of the captain and his mate, who arranged to kill the stranger and seize his gold; but their plans were overheard by David, who could not help warning the stranger, who had favourably impressed him as a gentleman. This led very soon to a fight, in which the stranger and David, well directed by the former, held the round house on the deck against the sailors.

Many and terrible were the adventures which followed, but from that moment Alan Breck and David were fast friends. Near the end of a perilous journey, David met some people in a wood. While he was speaking to them, a shot was fired, and one of the men—Colin Ray Campbell of Glenure—fell dead.

This was the Appin murder. David actually caught a glimpse of the man who had fired the shot, and he had scarcely turned from the spot when he met Alan Breck, rod in hand, advancing from a stream close by, where he had been fishing.

They fled together, got shelter, and through a series of the most romantic adventures succeeded in walking, o'er hill and dale, often close by outposts of King George's troops, to the Forth, thence to Edinburgh.

David, with the help of a lawyer, Mr. Rankeillor, was able to prove his identity, compelled his miserly uncle to surrender part of the estate to him, saw Alan Breck off to France again, and then found himself free to seek out the Lord Advocate and tell what he knew of the Appin murder. It is at this point that *David Balfour* begins; and to carry in memory some general notion of his former adventures is necessary to the full understanding of the later story.

DELIGHTFUL gift-book for those children who do not already possess it is the new edition of Stories told to a Child, by Jean Ingelow (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.). Shades of the past come back once more as I read this quaint little volume. It tells of people, of places, of scenes, even of sentiments, which in the rush and turmoil of modern life have more or less passed away. The pictures are minute to the last detail, finished and perfect to the smallest accessory. Peace breathes all over them. It is like taking a holiday from the rush and stress of life to sit down and read these stories. That Quaker garden, the solemn majesty of the storm, the grandmother who was so awful, and yet after all so human, the intense repentance of the child, the perfect forgiveness which was vouchsafed to her, resembling, in the complete washing-out of the offence, the forgiveness of the great Father Himself—these things told as Jean Ingelow knows how to tell them make the book a classic.

MONG other publications especially intended for the young, one of the prettiest books of the season is Soap Bubble Stories, by Fanny Barry (Skeffington and Son). Not children only, but many older readers will enjoy this delightful little It is difficult to find anything new to write about, but Miss Barry has succeeded in investing her stories with a distinct flavour of originality. The plan adopted gives scope for variety and picturesqueness, and the author has a very delicate and graphic touch. Olga's Dream, by Norley Chester (same publishers), with its humorous illustrations by Harry Furniss and Irving Montagu, will be popular with those who like the fantastic jumble of sense and nonsense which characterize this class of story. The yearly volume of Friendly Leaves, edited by Henley Arden (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.), provides a fund of entertaining literature for a large and increasing class of readers. It may be heartily commended as achieving the object aimed at. The leading serial is by Mrs. O'Reilly, and among the contributors are Miss Yonge, Eleanor Price, Mrs. Field, M. Bramston, and other writers of standing.

THE frontispiece to our Christmas number was the beautiful "Star of Bethlehem," by E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A. This picture is the property of the Corporation of the city of Birmingham, for whom it was painted, and the copyright belongs to them. Through an inadvertence this fact was not mentioned when the picture appeared. Many thanks are due to the committee of the Corporation for allowing us to use it.

L. T. Meade.

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SUSPENSE.
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MEMOIRS OF HIS ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PART L-THE LORD ADVOCATE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRAVO.

THE next day, August 29th, I kept my appointment at the Advocate's in a coat that I had made to my own measure, and was but newly ready.

"Aha," says Prestongrange, "you are very fine to-day; my misses are to have a fine cavalier. Come, I take that kind of you. I take that kind of you, Mr. David. Oh, we shall do very well yet, and I believe your troubles are nearly at an end."

"You have news for me?" cried I.

"Beyond anticipation," he replied. "Your testimony is after all to be received; and you may

go, if you will, in my company to the trial, which is to be held at Inverary, Thursday, 21st freximo."

I was too much amazed to find words.

"In the meanwhile," he continued, "though I will not ask you to renew your pledge, I must caution you strictly to be reticent. To-morrow the Crown solicitor is to take your precognition, and outside of that, do you know, I think least said will be soonest mended."

"I shall try to go discreetly," said I. "I believe it is yourself that I must thank for this crowning mercy, and I do thank you gratefully. After yesterday, my lord, this is like the doors of heaven. I cannot find it in my heart to get the thing believed."

"Ah, but you must try and manage, you must

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try and manage to believe it," says he, soothing-like, "and I am very glad to hear your acknow-ledgment of obligation, for I think you may be able to repay me very shortly"—he coughed—"or even now. The matter is much changed. Your testimony, which I shall not trouble you for to-day, will doubtless alter the complexion of the case for all concerned, and this makes it less delicate for me to enter with you on a side issue."

"My lord," I interrupted, "excuse me for interrupting you, but how has this been brought about? The obstacles you told me of on Saturday appeared even to me to be quite insurmountable; how has it been contrived?"

"My dear Mr. David," said he, "it would never do for me to divulge, even to you, as you say, the counsels of the Government; and you must content yourself, if you please, with the gross fact."

He smiled upon me like a father as he spoke, playing the while with a new pen; methought it was impossible there could be any shadow of deception in man: yet when he drew to him a sheet of paper, dipped his pen among the ink, and began again to address me, I was somehow not so certain, and fell instinctively into an attitude of guard.

"There is a point necessary to be touched upon," he began. "I purposely left it before upon one side, which need be now no longer necessary. This is not, of course, a part of your examination, which is to follow by another hand; this is a private interest of my own. You say you encountered Breck upon the hill?"

"I did, my lord," said I.

"This was immediately after the murder?"

"It was."

"Did you speak to him?"

"I did."

"You had known him before, I think?" says my lord, carelessly.

"I cannot guess your reason for so thinking, my lord," I replied, "but such is the fact."

"And when did you part with him again?" said he.

"I reserve my answer," said I. "The question will be put to me at the assize."

"Mr. Balfour," said he, "will you not understand that all this is without prejudice to yourself? I have promised you life and honour; and, believe me, I can keep my word. You are therefore clear

of all anxiety. Alan, it appears, you suppose you can protect; and you talk to me of your gratitude, which I think (if you push me) is not ill-deserved. There are a great many different considerations all pointing the same way; and I will never be persuaded that you could not help us (if you chose) to put salt on Alan's tail."

"My lord," said I, "I give you my word I do not so much as guess where Alan is."

He paused a breath. "Nor how he might be found?" he asked.

I sat before him like a log of wood.

"And so much for your gratitude, Mr. David!" he observed. Again there was a piece of silence. "Well," said he, rising, "I am not fortunate, and we are a couple at cross purposes. Let us speak of it no more; you will receive notice when, where, and by whom we are to take your precognition. And in the meantime my misses must be waiting you. They will never forgive me if I detain their cavalier."

Into the hands of these Graces I was accordingly offered up, and found them dressed beyond what I had thought possible, and looking fair as a posy.

As we went forth from the doors a small circumstance occurred which came afterwards to look extremely big. I heard a whistle sound loud and brief like a signal, and looking all about, spied for one moment the red head of Neil of the Tom, the son of Duncan. The next moment he was gone again, nor could I see so much as the skirt-tail of Catriona, upon whom I naturally supposed him to be then attending.

My three keepers led me out by Bristo and the Bruntsfield Links; whence a path led us to Hope Park, a beautiful pleasance, laid with gravel-walks, furnished with seats and summer-sheds, and warded by a keeper. The way there was a little longsome; the two younger misses affected an air of genteel weariness that damped me cruelly, the eldest considered me with something that at times appeared like mirth; and though I thought I did myself more justice than the day before, it was not without some effort. Upon our reaching the park I was launched on a bevy of eight or ten young gentlemen (some of them cockaded officers, the rest chiefly advocates) who crowded to attend upon these beauties; and though I was presented to all of them in very good words, it seemed I was by all immediately forgotten. Young folk in a company

are like to savage animals: they fall upon or scorn a stranger without civility, or I may say, humanity; and I am sure, if I had been among baboons they would have shown me quite as much of both. Some of the advocates set up to be wits, and some of the soldiers to be rattles; and I could not tell which of these extremes annoyed me most. All had a manner of handling their swords and coatskirts, for the which (in mere black envy) I could have kicked them from that park. I dare say, upon their side, they grudged me extremely the fine company in which I had arrived; and altogether I had soon fallen behind, and stepped stiffly in the rear of all that merriment with my own thoughts.

From these I was recalled by one of the officers, Lieutenant Hector Duncansby, a gawky, leering, Highland boy, asking if my name was not "Palfour."

I told him it was, not very kindly, for his manner was scant civil.

"Ha, Palfour," says he, and then, repeating it, "Palfour, Palfour!"

"I am afraid you do not like my name, sir," says I, annoyed with myself to be annoyed with such a rustical fellow.

"No," says he, "but I wass thinking."

"I would not advise you to make a practice of that, sir," says I. "I feel sure you would not find it to agree with you."

"Tit you effer hear where Alan Grigor fand the tangs?" said he.

I asked him what he could possibly mean, and he answered, with a heckling laugh, that he thought I must have found the poker in the same place and swallowed it.

There could be no mistake about this, and my cheek burned.

"Before I went about to put affronts on gentlemen," said I, "I think I would learn the English language first."

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He took me by the sleeve with a nod and a wink, and led me quietly outside Hope Park. But no sooner were we beyond the view of the promenaders, than the fashion of his countenance changed. "You tam lowland scoon'rel!" cries he, and hit me a buffet on the jaw with his closed fist.

I paid him as good or better on the return; whereupon he stepped a little back and took off his hat to me decorously.

"Enough plows, I think," says he; "I will be

the offended shentleman, for who effer heard of such suffecciency as tell a shentlemans that is the King's officer he cannae speak Cot's English? We have swords at our hurdies, and here is the King's Park at hand. Will ye walk first, or let me show ye the way?"

I returned his bow, told him to go first, and followed him. As he went I heard him grumble to himself about *Cot's English* and the *King's coat*, so that I might have supposed him to be seriously offended. But his manner at the beginning of our interview was there to belie him. It was manifest he had come prepared to fasten a quarrel on me, right or wrong; manifest that I was taken in a fresh contrivance of my enemies; and to me (conscious as I was of my deficiencies) manifest enough that I should be the one to fall in our encounter.

As we came into that rough rocky desert of the King's Park I was tempted half a dozen times to take to my heels and run for it, so loath was I to show my ignorance in fencing, and so much averse to die or even to be wounded. But I considered if their malice went as far as this, it would likely stick at nothing; and that to fall by the sword, however ungracefully, was still an improvement on the gallows. I considered besides that by the unguarded pertness of my words and the quickness of my blow I had put myself quite out of court; and that even if I ran, my adversary would probably pursue and catch me, which would add disgrace to my misfortune. So that, taking all in all, I continued marching behind him, much as a man follows the hangman, and certainly with no more hope.

We went about the end of the long craigs, and came into the Hunter's Bog. Here, on a piece of fair turf, my adversary drew. There was nobody there to see us but some birds; and no resource for me but to follow his example, and stand on guard with the best face I could display. It seems it was not good enough for Mr. Duncansby, who spied some flaw in my manceuvres, paused, looked upon me sharply, and came off and on, and menaced me with his blade in the air. As I had seen no such proceedings from Alan, and was besides a good deal affected with the proximity of death, I grew quite bewildered, stood helpless, and could have longed to run away.

"Fat deil ails her?" cries the lieutenant.

And suddenly engaging, he twitched the sword

out of my grasp and sent it flying far among the rushes.

Twice was this manceuvre repeated; and the third time when I brought back my humiliated weapon, I found he had returned his own to the scabbard, and stood awaiting me with a face of some anger, and his hands clasped under his skirt.

"Pe tamned if I touch you!" he cried, and asked me bitterly what right I had to stand up before "shentlemans" when I did not know the back of a sword from the front of it.

I answered that was the fault of my upbringing; and would he do me the justice to say I had given him all the satisfaction it was unfortunately in my power to offer, and had stood up like a man?

"And that is the truth," said he. "I am fery prave myself, and pold as a lions. But to stand up there—and you ken naething of fence!—the way that you did I declare it was peyond me. And I am sorry for the plow; though I declare I pelief your own was the elder brother, and my heid still sings with it. And I declare if I had kent what way it wass I would not put a hand to such a piece of pusiness."

"That is handsomely said," I replied, "and I am sure you will not stand up a second time to be the actor for my private enemies."

"Indeed, no, Palfour," said he; "and I think I was used extremely suffecciently myself to be set up to fecht with an auld wife, or all the same as a bairn whateffer! And I will tell the master so, and fecht him himself!"

"And if you knew the nature of Mr. Symon's quarrel with me," said I, "you would be yet the more affronted to be mingled up with such affairs."

He swore he could well believe it; that all the Lovats were made of the same meal and the devil was the miller that ground that; then suddenly shaking me by the hand, he vowed I was a pretty enough fellow after all, that it was a thousand pities I had been neglected, and that if he could find the time, he would give an eye himself to have me educated.

"You can do me a better service than even what you propose," said I; and when he had asked its nature—"Come with me to the house of one of my enemies, and testify how I have carried myself this day," I told him. "That will be the true service. For though he has sent me a gallant adversary for the first, the thought in Mr. Symon's

mind is merely murder. There will be a second and then a third; and by what you have seen of my cleverness with the cold steel you can judge for yourself what is like to be upshot."

"And I would not like it myself, if I was no more of a man than what you wass!" he cried. "But I will do you right, Palfour. Lead on!"

If I had walked slowly on the way into that accursed park my heels were light enough on the way out. They kept time to a very good old air, that is as ancient as the Bible, and the words of it are: "Surely the bitterness of death is passed." I mind that I was extremely thirsty, and had a drink at Saint Margaret's well on the road down, and the sweetness of that water passed belief. We went through the sanctuary, up the Canongate, in by the Netherbow, and straight to Prestongrange's door, talking as we came, and arranging the details of our affair. The footman owned his master was at home, but declared him engaged with other gentlemen on very private business, and his door forbidden.

"My business is but for three minutes, and it cannot wait," said I. "You may say it is by no means private, and I shall be even glad to have some witnesses."

As the man departed unwillingly enough upon this errand, we made so bold as to follow him to the ante-chamber, whence I could hear for a while the murmuring of several voices in the room within. The truth is, they were three at the one table—Prestongrange, Symon Fraser, and Mr. Erskine, Sheriff of Perth; and as they were met in consultation on the very business of the Appin murder, they were a little disturbed at my appearance, but decided to receive me.

"Well, well, Mr. Balfour, and what brings you here again, and who is this you bring with you?" says Prestongrange.

As for Fraser, he looked before him on the table.

"He is here to bear a little testimony in my favour, my lord, which I think it very needful you should hear," said I, and turned to Duncansby.

"I have only to say this," said the lieutenant, "that I stood up this day with Palfour in the Hunter's Pog, which I am now fery sorry for, and he behaved himself as pretty as a shentlemans could ask it, and I have creat respects for Palfour," he added.

"I thank you for your honest expressions," said I.

Whereupon Duncansby made his bow to the company, and left the chamber, as we had agreed upon before.

"What have I to do with this?" says Prestongrange.

"I will tell your lordship in two words," said I.

"I have brought this gentleman, a King's officer, to do me so much justice. Now I think my character is covered, and until a certain date, which your lordship can very well supply, it will be quite in vain to despatch against me any more officers. I will not consent to fight my way through the garrison of the castle."

The veins swelled on Prestongrange's brow, and he regarded me with fury.

"I think the devil uncoupled this dog of a lad between my legs!" he cried; and then, turning fiercely on his neighbour, "This is some of your work, Symon," he said. "I spy your hand in the business, and, let me tell you, I resent it. It is disloyal, when we are agreed upon one expedient, to follow another in the dark. You are disloyal to me. What! you make me send this lad to the place with my very daughters! Fy, sir, keep your dishonours to yourself!"

Symon was deadly pale. "I will be a kick-bull between you and the Duke no longer," he exclaimed. "Either come to an agreement, or come to a differ and have it out among yourselves. But I will no longer fetch and carry, and get your contrary instructions, and be blamed by both. For if I were to tell you what I think of all your Hanover business it would make your head sing."

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But Sheriff Erskine had preserved his temper, and now intervened smoothly. "And in the meantime," says he, "I think we should tell Mr. Balfour that his character for valour is quite established. He may sleep in peace. Until the date he was so good as to refer to it shall be put to the proof no more."

His coolness brought the others to their prudence, and they made haste, with a somewhat distracted civility, to pack me from the house.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HEATHER ON FIRE.

When I left Prestongrange that afternoon I was for the first time angry. The Advocate had made a mock of me. He had pretended my testimony was to be received and myself respected; and in that very house, not only was Symon practising against my life by the hands of the Highland soldier, but (as appeared from his own language) Prestongrange himself had some design in operation. I counted my enemies: Prestongrange with all the King's authority behind him, and the Duke with the power of the West Highlands, and the Lovat interest by their side to help them with so great a force in the north, and the whole clan of old Jacobite spies and traffickers; and when I remembered James More, and the red head of Neil the son of Duncan, I thought there was perhaps a fourth in the confederacy, and what remained of Rob Roy's old desperate sept of caterans would be banded against me with the others. Yet there was that force in my innocency, that this league was driven to attempt my destruction underhand, I thought I would beat them all, and my blood heated with the thought. One thing was requisite, some strong friend as wise adviser. The country must be full of such, both able and eager to support me, or Lovat and the Duke and Prestongrange had not been nosing for expedients, and it made me rage to think that I might brush against my champions in the street and be no wiser.

And just then (like an answer) a gentleman brushed against me going by, gave me a meaning look, and turned into a close. I knew him with the tail of my eye—it was Stewart, the Writer; and, blessing my good fortune, turned in to follow him. As soon as I had entered the close I saw him standing in the mouth of a stair, where he made me a signal and immediately vanished. Seven storeys up, there he was again in a house door, which he locked behind us after we had entered. The house was quite dismantled, with not a stick of furniture; indeed, it was one of which Stewart had the letting in his hands.

"We'll have to sit upon the floor," said he: "but

we're safe here for the time being, and I've been wearying to see ye, Mr. Balfour."

"How's it with Alan?" I asked.

"Brawly," said he. "Andie picks him up at Gillam Sands to-morrow, Wednesday. He was run to say good-bye to ye, but the way that things were going, I was feared the pair of ye was maybe best apart. And that brings me to the essential: How does your business speed?"

"Why," said I, "I was told only this morning that my testimony was accepted, and I was to travel to Inverary with the Advocate, no less."

"Hout awa'!" cried Stewart, "I'll never believe that."

"I have maybe a suspicion of my own," says I, "but I would like fine to hear your reasons."

"Well, I tell ye fairly, I am horn-mad," cries Stewart. "If my one hand could pull their Government down I would pluck it like a rotten apple. I'm doer for Appin and for James of the Glens; and, of course, it's my duty to defend my kinsman for his life. Hear how it goes with me, and I'll leave the judgment of it to yourself. The first thing they have to do is to get rid of Alan. They cannae bring in James as art and part until they've brought in Alan first as principal; that's sound law: they could never put the cart before the horse."

"And how are they to bring in Alan till they can eatch him?" says I.

"Ah, but there is a way to evite that arrestment," said he. "Sound law, too. It would be a bonny thing if by the escape of one ill-doer another was to go scatheless, and the remeid is to summon the principal and put him to outlawry for the non-compearance. Now there's four places where a person can be summoned: at his dwellinghouse; at a place where he has resided forty days; at the head burgh of the shire where he ordinarily resorts; or lastly (if there be ground to think him forth of Scotland), at the cross of Edinburgh, and the pier and shore of Leith for sixty days. The purpose of which last provision is evident upon its face, being that outgoing ships may have time to carry news of the transaction, and the summonizing be something other than a form. Now take the case of Alan. He has no dwelling-house that ever I could hear of; I would be obliged if any one would show me where he has lived forty days together since the '45; there is no shire where he

resorts, whether ordinarily or extraordinarily; if he has a domicile at all, which I misdoubt, it must be with his regiment in France; and if he is not yet forth of Scotland (as we happen to know and they happen to guess), it must be evident to the most dull it's what he's aiming for. Where, then, and what way should he be summoned? I ask it at yourself, a layman."

"You have given the very words," said I. "Here at the cross, and at the pier and shore of Leith for sixty days."

"Ye're a sounder Scots lawyer than Prestongrange, then!" cries the Writer. "He has had Alan summoned once; that was on the twenty-fifth, the day that we first met. Once, and done with it. And where? Where, but at the cross of Inverary, the head burgh of the Campbells. A word in your car, Mr. Balfour—they're not seeking Alan."

"What do you mean?" I cried. "Not seeking him?"

"By the best that I can make of it," said he. "Not wanting to find him, in my poor thought. They think perhaps he might set up a fair defence, upon the back of which James, the man they're really after, might climb out. This is not a case, ye see: it's a conspiracy."

"Yet I can tell you, Prestongrange asked after Alan keenly," said I; "though, when I come to think of it, he was something of the easiest put by."

"See that!" snys he. "But there! I may be right or wrong, that's guesswork at the best, and let me get to my facts again. It comes to my ears that James and the witnesses—the witnesses, Mr. Balfour!—lay in close dungeons, and shackled forbye, in the military prison at Fort William; none allowed in to them, nor they to write. The witnesses, Mr. Balfour! heard ye ever the match of that? I assure ye, no old, crooked Stewart of the gang ever outfaced the law more impudently. It's clean in the two eyes of the Act of Parliament of 1700, anent wrongous imprisonment. No sooner did I get the news than I petitioned the Lord Justice Clerk. I have his word to-day. There's law for ye! here's justice!"

He put a paper in my hand, that same mealy-mouthed, false-faced paper that was printed since in the pamphlet "by a bystander," for behoof (as the title says) of James's "poor widow and five children."

"See," said Stewart, "he couldn't dare to refuse me access to my client, so he recommends the commanding officer to let me in. Recommends! the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland recommends. Is not the purpose of such language plain? They hope the officer may be so dull, or so very much the reverse, as to refuse the recommendation. I would have to make the journey back again betwixt here and Fort William. There would follow a fresh delay till I got fresh authority, and they had disavowed the officer-military men notoriously ignorant of the law, and that-I ken the cant of it. Then the journey a third time; and there we should be on the immediate heels of the trial before I had received my first instruction. Am I not right to call this a conspiracy?"

"It will bear that colour," said I.

"And I'll go on to prove it you outright," said he. "They have the right to hold James in prison, yet they cannot deny me to visit him. They have no right to hold the witnesses; but am I to get a sight of them, that should be as free as the Lord Justice Clerk himself? See—read: For the rest, refuses to give any orders to keepers of prisons who are not accused of having done anything contrary! Sirs! Be this your law, Lord Justice Clerk? and the Act of seventeen hunner! Mr. Balfour, this makes my heart to burst. The heather is on fire."

"And the plain English of that phrase," said I, "is that the witnesses are still to lie in prison and you are not to see them?"

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"And I am not to see them until Inverary, when the court is set!" cries he, "and then to hear Prestongrange upon the anxious responsibilities of his office and the great facilities offered to the defence! But I'll begowk them there, Mr. David. I have a plan to waylay the witnesses upon the road, and see if I cannot get a little harle of justice out of the military man notoriously ignorant of the law that shall command the party."

It was actually so—it was actually on the wayside near Tynedrum, and by the connivance of a soldier officer, that Mr. Stewart first saw the witnesses upon the case.

"There is nothing that would surprise me in this business," I remarked.

"I'll surprise you ere I'm done!" cries he. "Do ye see this?"—producing a print still wet

from the press. "This is the libel: see, there's Prestongrange's name to the list of witnesses, and I find no word of any Balfour. But here is not the question. Who do ye think paid for the printing of this paper?"

"I suppose it would likely be King George," said I.

"But it happens it was me!" he cried. "Not but it was printed by and for themselves, for the Grants and the Erskines, and you thief of the black midnight, Symon Fraser. But could I win to get a copy? No! I was to go blindfold to my defence; I was to hear the charges for the first time in court alongst the jury."

"Is not this against the law?" I asked.

"I cannot say so much," he replied. "It was a favour so natural and so constantly rendered (till this nonesuch business) that the law has never looked to it. And now admire the hand of Providence! A stranger is in Fleming's printing-house, spies a proof on the floor, picks it up, and carries it to me. Of all things, it was just this libel. Whereup in I had it set again—printed at the expense of the defence: sumptibus moesti rei; heard ever man the like of it?—and here it is for anybody, the muckle secret out—all may see it now. But how do you think I would enjoy this, that has the life of my kinsman on my conscience?"

"Troth, I think you would enjoy it ill," said I.

"The first time that ever I saw you I talked a lot of clavers and blethers about King George and King James," he went on. "I was a cuif and a coward. What made a ceevileesed man of Charlie Stewart? The law and the study of it. And here I see the law dung down into the dirt. What am I saying? Waur nor that! I see it used like a gun for a murder. And if they would cry Claymore! again to-morrow, I would tramp with the lads and take a whang at King George amongst the first of them."

"I could not just entirely blame you," said I.

"And now you see how it is," he concluded, "and why, when you tell me your evidence is to be let in, I laugh aloud in your face."

It was now my turn. I laid before him in brief Mr. Symon's threats and offers, and the whole incident of the bravo, with the subsequent scene at Prestongrange's. Of my first talk, according to promise, I said nothing, nor indeed was it necessary. All the time I was talking Stewart nodded

his head like a mechanical figure; and no sooner had my voice ceased, than he opened his mouth and gave me his opinion in two words, dwelling strong on both of them.

"Disappear yourself," said he.

"I do not take you," said I.

"Then I'll carry you there," said he. "By my view of it you're to disappear whatever. Oh, that's outside debate. The Advocate, who is not without some spunks of a remainder decency, has wrung your life safe out of Symon and the Duke. He has refused to put you on your trial, and refused to have you killed; and there is the clue to their ill words together, for Symon and the Duke can keep faith with neither friend nor enemy. Ye're not to be tried then, and ye're not to be murdered; but I'm in bitter error if ye're not to be kidnapped and carried away like the Lady Grange. Bet me what ye please—there was their expedient!"

"You make me think," said I, and told him of the whistle and the red-headed retainer, Neil.

"Wherever James More is there's one big rogue, never be deceived on that," said he. "His father was none so ill a man, though a kenning on the wrong side of the law, and no friend to my family, that I should waste my breath to be defending him. But as for James, he's a brook and a blagyard. I like the appearing of this red-headed Neil as little as yourself. It looks uncanny: fiegh! it smells bad. It was old Lovat that managed the Lady Grange affair; if young Lovat is to handle yours, it'll be all in the family. What's James More in prison for? The same offence: abduction. His men have had practice in the business. He'll be to lend them to be Symon's instruments; and the next thing we'll be hearing, James will have made his peace, or else he'll have escaped; and you'll be in Benhemla or Applecross."

"Ye make a strong case," I admitted.

"And what I want," he resumed, "is that you should disappear yourself ere they can get their hands upon ye. Lie quiet until just before the trial, and spring upon them at the last of it when they'll be looking for you least. This is always

supposing, Mr. Balfour, that you're still of the opinion to go through with it."

"I can never deny but what I have been horribly frighted and cast down," I said.

"I can believe that," said he, "and would think but little worse of you if you drew out."

"Ye need think none the worse of me, sir," cried I; "I told you I had a stiff neck."

"It's your own choice entirely, sir," said he.

"I think I have shown that I will let no man dictate to me," said I. The truth is, I was a good deal up in my stirrups.

"Well, well," says he, "and what is this that you can prove?"

"I will tell you one thing," said I. "I saw the murderer, and it was not Alan."

"Then, by God, my cousin's saved!" cried Stewart. "You have his life upon your tongue; and there's neither time, risk, nor money to be spared to bring you to the trial." He emptied his pockets on the floor. "Here is all that I have by me," he went on. "Take it, ye'll want it ere ye're through. Go straight down this close, there's a way out by there to the Lang Dykes, and by my will of it! see no more of Edinburgh till the clash is over."

"Where am I to go, then?" I inquired.

"And I wish that I could tell ye!" says he; "but all the places that I could send ye to would be just the places they would seek. No, ye must fend for yourself, and God be your guiding! Five days before the trial, September the sixteen, get word to me at the King's Arms in Stirling; and if ye've managed for yourself as long as that, I'll see that ye reach Inverary."

"One thing more," said I; "can I no see Alan?" He seemed boggled. "Hech, I would rather

He seemed boggled. "Hech, I would rather you wouldnae," said he. "But I can never deny that Alan is extremely keen of it, and is to lie this night by Silvermills on purpose. If you're sure that you're not followed, Mr. Balfour—but make sure of that—lie in a good place and watch your road for a clear hour before ye risk it. It would be a dreadful business if both you and him was to miscarry!"

WINTER SUNSET.

Roses in the sky,
Roses in the sca;
Bowers of scarlet sky-roses,
Take my heart and me.

God was good to make

This December weather;

All His sky a rose-garden,

Rose and fire together.

To the East are burning
Roses in a garden,
Roses in a rosy-field,
Hesper for their warden.

Yonder to the West
Roses all a-fire,
Mirror now some rare splendour,
Rose of their desire.

Pulsing deeper, deeper,

Waves of fire throb on.

Never were such red roses

At sunset or dawn.

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Roses on the hills,

Roses in the hollow,
Roses on the wet hedges,

In the shining fallow.

West Wind blow and blow,

That has blown ajar

Gates of God's great rose-garden,

Where His Angels are.

Gathering up the rose-leaves

For a shower of roses,

On the night the Lord Babe

His sweet eye uncloses.

All the sky is scarlet,

Flaming on the azure.

O, there's fire in Heaven!

My heart aches with pleasure.

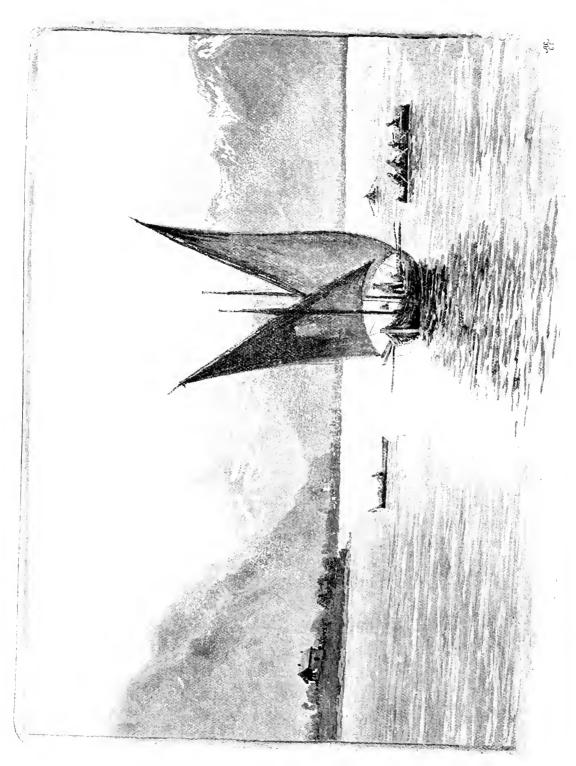
Leagues of rose and scarlet,

Roses red as blood:

All the world's a rose-garden.

God is good, is good.

Katharine Tynan.





WINTER RESORTS.

" Now is the winter of our discontent."

L. T. MEADE.

THE question, "Where shall I take my holiday?" is one which appears with vexing persistence every year. One place is too hackneyed—another too expensive. The seaside agrees with certain people—inland air is the best for others.

A few years ago the thought of a holiday spent in Switzerland was enough to dazzle even jaded imaginations, but now Switzerland is well known to most, and the enterprising, the curious, the adventurous English man and woman are fond of going further afield.

"Oh, I have seen this—I have gone to the other!" they exclaim.

A cynical person who had travelled far, and looked at much, was once heard to declaim against the exaggerated expectations of those who wander abroad to behold the beauties of nature.

"The Rhine!" he exclaimed, "if it were not for Byron and Bulwer-Lytton, and for the wealth

of legend and romance,—the Lorelei, and the Rhein-Gelt,—which are associated with this body of water, what is there to see in it? Over-rated, over-praised. The Rhine is scarcely worth the trouble of a visit. Stay at home and imagine what it is like, my dear madam," said this morose individual. "You will do far better for yourself, your pocket, and your friends by this simple course. As to Switzerland," he added, "Switzerland is done to death—I am sick of the very name."

"What about the Higher Alps?" some one asked.

This simple remark had a curious effect upon the cynical traveller. His tone grew low and reverent.

"I forgot about the Higher Alps," he said. "They never disappoint."

"I am glad he acknowledges that," said a lady, turning to another who sat near. "I have always



been a great stay-at-home—this is my first visit to Switzerland—but when I was at Lucerne, I saw a glimpse from a bend in the lake of the Higher Alps. The sunset was on them, and I cannot forget how they looked. I could not describe them

if I would, for there are no words in our language to explain the wonder and surprise with which they filled me. I can speak of them best as 'spirit' mountains, decked in jewels of many colours, but as I just said, words fail to give any idea of what they really are."

The ordinary tourist goes to Switzerland in August and September, but those who from varied circumstances are forced to postpone a holiday till

later in the year, will be rewarded even if their footsteps only take them to such hackneyed places as Lausanne, Ouchy, Vevay, Clarens, and the other small but picturesque villages which are to be seen along the shores of the beautiful Lake of Geneva.

I went to Lausanne last year in late October,

flock to Lausanne for education, climat, and economy, and my visit, full of pleasure as it was, helped me to judge how far Lausanne and its neighbourhood were good places to winter in.

At a first sight all seemed favourable—I had left London in storm, rain, and tempest—I crossed



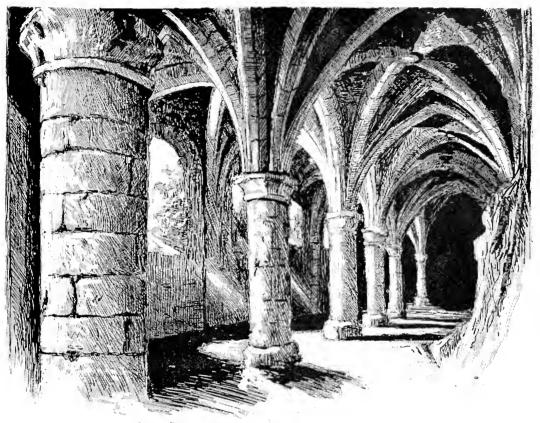
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and spent the greater part of November at Ouchy, Lausanne, and Clarens.

I had a two-fold object in taking my brief holiday in this neighbourhood. I wanted to judge for myself what the climate was like, and what the educational advantages were likely to be, with a view to a winter resort. Many people with small means the Channel in a small hurricane, and went through the level, dull plains of France in a downpour of rain.

In Paris, broken and wintry weather seemed the established order of the day. Seldom had I listened to greater torrents of rain, and many times did I wish myself back in sober London again.





CONIVARD'S DUNGEON IN CHILLON CASTLE.

But lo, and behold! the next morning, when I found myself across the Swiss frontier, there was a complete transformation scene. The air was balmy and hot, the sky blue, radiant colour met me on all hands, for the trees were in the perfection of their autumn tints. I arrived at Ouchy, and took up my abode in the well-known hotel called the "Beau Rivage," to find that I must discard all winter garments, and give myself up to the luxury of midsummer once more.

People said that I was specially fortunate, and that these summer skies, these gentle breezes, were sent by Providence for my benefit. Be that as it may, I enjoyed more real summer in Lausanne during November than I had done for the greater part of the year at home.

The English inhabitants, while acknowledging that the present season was an exceptional one, were loud in praise of the climate. They preferred Lausanne to Montreux, which is situated somewhat as if in the hollow of a cup, and, beautiful as it is,

gives one the impression of being rather airless. When the snow comes down, too, it is much nearer at Montreux, the mountains being so close all round. The Lausanne people prefer their own town, which stands high, and is very bracing.

"Cold?" they said; "yes, it is very cold at times here, but the freshness, dryness, and buoyancy of the air gives strength to sustain the severity of the climate."

"I was always ill in England, but I feel quite well since I came here," one lady remarked. "I stay here almost the whole year round, for it is scarcely ever too hot, or at least it is never unbearably hot. The high position of Lausanne prevents that. As to the wonderfully stimulating effect of the air, I can only tell you that however tired I am indoors, the moment I go out I get refreshed and well."

"What about the *bise?*" I asked. "The accounts of this terrible wind have frightened my friends at home much."



BERNESE PEASANT GIRL.

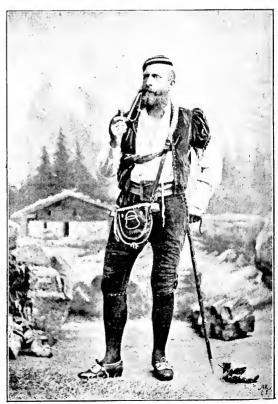
"It is quite true we have the *bise* here," replied the lady, who had spent nine years in Lausanne, "and very bad it is when it comes. But after all I doubt if it is worse than the north-east wind in Scotland. I don't want to stand up for it of course, for it *is* dreadful; but it is a mistake to suppose that it is always blowing here. We often do not have it at all until March. When it comes it lasts as a rule only three days, and then those who are not strong enough to face it must remain indoors. The *bise* is *the* drawback to Lausanne as far as climate is concerned, but I think it is the only one. Sudden changes of temperature are almost unknown, and fogs are very rare."

After spending a few days at lovely Ouchy, the most agreeable part of the town, I went to Clarens, where the weather was even more like summer, and the view of mountain and lake even more beautiful. The mountains seemed to hem us in here, and there was not a ripple on the blue waters

of the lake. Clarens, Vevay, Territet, Montreux, are the fashionable winter resorts of this neighbourhood. The picturesque little places were already getting full, winter visitors were arriving daily, and the pension-hotels, which were to be met at every turn, were doing a thriving trade.

On a morning when the air was balmy with a fresh mountain scent about it, an elasticity and lightness in its quality altogether unknown in England, I took the jolting but useful little electric tram, and driving through the narrow picturesque foreign streets, found myself at Chillon Castle.

The woods at the back of Chillon, which clothed the granite rocks from their summits to their base, and which towered many hundred feet above our heads, were blazing on this November morning with their magnificent autumn tints. Every shade of scarlet and red, every tone of yellow and orange, every imaginable touch of russet and brown and olive-green were there. The colour of the woods was reflected in the water, which was azure blue,



SINGER AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE VINES, MONTREUX.

and so clear that the bottom of the lake was distinctly visible through a great depth of crystal

Out of all this glory of colour and warmth I

walked farther and farther in, and at last stood by the pillar where the ill-fated Bonivard had languished for nine long years. Byron's celebrated lines are too well known to repeat, but standing



BOAT WITH LATEEN SAILS. LAKE OF GENEVA.

went down into the gloomy dungeons of the The brilliant summer light entered in bars through the narrow slits of windows.

on the very spot, contrasting the gloom of this dungeon, where the faintest twilight reigned at mid-day, seeing the worn and hollow stone which the prisoner's feet had made, it was impossible not to recall them to memory.

Close to Chillon Castle are some interesting traces of the "Lake-Dwellers," and remains of their habitations can be seen as one glides over the waters of the lake. These habitations were built on piles, and must be of immense antiquity. Controversialists have much to say on the subject, but there is no theory to explain why the dwellings were built in the lake instead of on the borders.

therefore, of contrasting hotel or pension life with that of the ordinary home. It is often necessary to choose the former way of living, but the advantages of a home of one's own are just as great in Switzerland as in England. Hotel life is distinctly bad and unsettling for children, and those who go abroad in search of education will quickly find their mistake if, to avoid the trouble of managing a house, they keep their young people in one of the many pension-hotels which abound.

Some of them must be between two and three thousand years old.

years old.

Between twenty
and thirty lake villages have been
discovered in the

A good villa is by no means cheap at Lausanne, the cost being very much what one would pay for a house of the same size in a fashionable part

A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

of London—namely, from seven to eight guineas a week; but for people of small means comfortable appartements are to be found, where rents are far more reasonable. There is a very prevalent idea that a large saving can be effected by a residence abroad, but for people of small means the most that can be said is that they will live as cheaply at Lausanne as in England. The rent of a small furnished appartement will be something like £70 a year; servants' wages are moderate; fruit, vege-

tables, milk, butter, eggs, are much cheaper than

Lake of Geneva, also stone axes and stone knives, bone pins and needles, string, cloth, rude pottery, personal ornaments, fishing implements, &c. The dwellers in the lake are supposed to be of Celtic race. Keller's celebrated book on the subject is the most complete record of these curious people in existence. It has lately been translated into English.

Owing to circumstances, my stay at Clarens was a brief one, and the remainder of my visit was spent in a villa at Lausanne. I had an opportunity,



THROUGH THE PINE WOODS

cry of horror exclaim that they could not think of expecting her to work for that, and will give her exactly double.

The Market at Lausanne is one of its most interesting features. It is held in a great open



BERNESE PEASANT CHILDREN,

square, which is filled with booths and stalls, containing every imaginable article of food, dress, stationery, pottery—all sorts of articles of vertu, curiosities, relies—each thing, in fact, which the heart of the Swiss, man or woman, can desire. It is delightful to wander through this gay scene on a warm autumn morning, and watch the calm, prosperous faces of the merchants, their tempting wares, and the cautious yet eager looks of those who come to buy. The usual chaffering goes on, but all in an easy, pleasant, leisurely fashion, for no one is run to death here. The calm of the hills seems more or less to infect each inhabitant of this picturesque town.

Wednesdays and Saturdays are market-days, and then all busy house-wives, English and Swiss alike, have to be alive and stirring, for then all stores must be laid in, all departments of the kitchen duly replenished. If the cook happens to be trustworthy, it is a good plan for her English mistress to send her at a very early hour to lay

in stores. This is the prevailing custom with well-to-do English people, who find it by experience a better and more economical plan than marketing on their own account.

I went on a certain lovely morning to the Market, accompanied by a group of eager children. We came home after a couple of hours laden with fruit and flowers, sufficient to supply all our needs for many days, and bought at a price which would make the London house-wife gasp with envy.

The Swiss are certainly a nation of prudent as well as thrifty folk. They will not burn the candle at both ends—work they will, and do, but they must also have plenty of rest, and the custom almost universally adopted of closing all shops and places of business from half-past twelve to half-past one daily is often a source of inconvenience to English residents.

The hire of carriages is very expensive here, but this can scarcely be wondered at, as there are not many yards of level ground in the entire town. In some places the streets are so steep that horses



BERNESE MILK-CARRIER.

can scarcely keep their footing. For those who can afford them, however, there are many lovely drives in the neighbourhood, the one to La Signale being perhaps the most remarkable. A good walker can go there on foot. The view from the

For those who care to avail themselves of it, education is practically free of charge.

There is no doubt that many English people do avail themselves of the free education given at the public colleges; but many others, who come to



Esplanade is quite sufficient to reward any trouble. To quote from the guide-book—"The vast basin of the Lake and the whole range of the Alps are visible at a single glance, with the city, cathedral, and the castle in the foreground."

With regard to education, the advantages of a residence at Lausanne are, of course, very great.

A MOUNTAIN PATH.

Lausanne for the purpose, find on a nearer view that the free education which sounded so attractive in the distance is as little possible as it would be to send children to the board-schools at home. Class distinctions exist as much in one country as another, and the well-to-do Swiss admit frankly that they do not send their own children to the free schools.

Be this as it may, however, education, even when paid for, is very much cheaper than at home, and the advantage of learning foreign languages in a foreign country cannot be too highly advocated.

These worthy people are very simple in their tastes. Their own wants are few, and they can live on surprisingly little, a Swiss lady being considered comfortably off if she possesses a thousand francs (\mathcal{L}_{40}) a year. But no Englishwoman can attempt to live on such a sum in Switzerland. The mere fact of her nationality precludes this. Woe betide her too if she is alone, and happens to fall seriously ill in this land of mountain and lake. The Can-

tonal Hospital at Lausanne will indeed open its doors to receive her, if she can pay the necessary fees. There she will have excellent medical attendance and good nurses, but at a price which exceeds a guinea a day. She is an Englishwoman, and she must pay; that is the rule, and there seems to be no mercy. The Swiss, with all their excellent qualities, are so commercial as to be cruel at times. In short, they are never really in touch with their English neighbours.

During my brief residence at Lausanne I saw much, however, of that kindness which one English resident can show another in times of illness and trouble.

On the whole, the advantages of this winter resort exceed its drawbacks. I left it with regret, and hope to return to it at a future day.



"UP THE CRASGY VILLAGE."

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

Mrs. Parr,

Author of 'Dumps,' 'Dorothy Fox.'

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NCE back in London, old interests and associations laid their hands on Vivian, so that when Stella proposed that he should accompany her to Matilda Grove, she was met by the answer that for the present it was absolutely impossible. "Some time next week I will try and find an hour, but I have come back to a pile of letters so high, almost every one of which entails an interview or makes an appointment."

"You see, for me to wait," said Stella disappointedly, "is out of the question. What would they think if I did not go at once to see them? Besides, I am so anxious myself to do so."

"I admit it is odiously provoking." Vivian's abstracted air suggested that his thoughts were far away. "The only alternative I can see is that for this once you should go without me."

"But I wanted you to speak to them."

"I know, so did I. Still surely that will wait until another opportunity. At all events, dear, you must see that I cannot go now. Impossibilities are impossibilities, even to me."

"Very well," she said coldly, "then I will go alone."

"Do," he said, with an irritatingly sweet smile. "If the wish is so imperative, I think it quite the better way."

Stella kept back the severe remark she was inclined to make, and her pride helped her to repress her tears. She was sorely disappointed; she had counted very much on this introduction of Vivian to her parents. An uneasy feeling fretted her that Vivian would not have so treated persons in his own station; she was sensible of having received a wound to her *amour propre*. Added to this, there was the fear that from her allowing two days to pass without going to them, her mother might be hurt. In past times she—Stella—had been obliged to regulate her visits by her guardian's permission and convenience, but now she was comparatively a

free agent, with a maid and a carriage at her disposal. True, with the well-bred courtesy nice girls like to show, she still deferred her wishes to Mrs. Stapleton's plans; and that loving mentor, judicious in all matters of this kind, never made any opposition without an imperative reason.

Going into the room in which Mrs. Stapleton was sitting, Stella said, in a tone which told that something had gone wrong—"Marraine, will it inconvenience you if I take the small brougham this morning?"

"Not in the least, dear. Where do you think of going?"

Looking at the young girl she saw that her face was a little flushed, her head was held very high, and her lips were kept more close than they were wont to be. There was a tightened expression of the features that told that Stella was putting a strain on herself.

"To see my mother. I reproach myself now that I did not go yesterday."

"But surely that is needless. I don't think your mother would expect you. I have always found her so very amenable to reason."

"Perhaps so. She may have schooled herself to expect very little, but now that I am grown up, and to a certain extent my own mistress, I want to show her that I hope to never forget the duty I owe to her and my father."

"A very proper feeling," Mrs. Stapleton murmured, while inwardly she was asking herself what could have happened. Possibly she made a shrewd guess, for she said, "Is Vivian going to bear you company?"

"No, I am going alone;" then, thinking she was speaking rather curtly, Stella added, "He is too much engaged—too busy."

"Dear, dear! I wish people would show him some little consideration. It seems to me that he is asked to do everything for everybody. You will have to put your foot down on this state of things from the first, Stella, and simply say 'No' to these

never-ending demands on his time and his energy."

"I think it very little matters what I may do. If on an occasion like this Vivian can refuse to go with me to see my mother—a thing he knows I have set my heart upon—he is very unlikely to listen to any objection I may make upon minor matters."

"Stella-dear child. You are unjust."

"No, I am not, Marraine; I am hurt."

"Now wait. I will go to him, and beg him to-"

"No, please don't. That would hurt me more, to see that any one could succeed where I have failed." Mrs. Stapleton stood irresolute, and Stella added—"I feel that I am not in a mood now to be very agreeable to anybody. When I come back I shall have had time to cool down. My visit will no doubt have soothed me."

"But when am I to expect you back, darling?"

"Oh, some time before dinner. I shall have luncheon with them, and according to the hour my father comes home, I shall tell Wallis to fetch me."

Mrs. Stapleton kissed Stella in return for the kiss she received from her. She was still hesitating what she had better say or do. Perhaps it would be wiser to let her go, for, to her, this ruffled temper in the girl was a new phase of her character.

"49, Matilda Grove," to the coachman, and stepping into the carriage, Stella took her seat and began to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."

Engrossed by her thoughts, she became suddenly alive to the fact that they had turned out of the long road they had been driving down, and had all but reached her destination.

"Matilda Grove." Yes, it was Matilda Grove they were in, but how impossibly small the houses looked. Surely, since she last saw them they had shrunken; and then they looked so dingy and shabby. She had always pictured them as being rather nice and cheerful. Ah, there was the old brass knocker, that looked as bright as ever, and the steps as white as they had always been. In an instant she had ran up them, had knocked at the door, and was breathlessly waiting for it to be opened.

Without asking who was at home, she brushed past the woman, who stood flattened against the wall, ran into the parlour, out again, and then, in

the little passage midway between up-stairs and down, she called out, "Mother, mother, where are you? It is I, Stella."

"Oh, my dearest child!" came from a voice below; "to think of all days you should have pitched on this one, and me in such a muddle."

"But never mind, I'll come down to you."

"No, my dear, no. Stop where you are; there isn't a place here fit for you to sit down in. I'll be up in a minute, as soon as ever I get my hands clear from the flour."

"But the flour won't hurt me."

"No, no, you stay," came from further off, accompanied by the sound of running water, showing that the cleansing operation had commenced.

"Things al'ays do go that awkward," said some one near, and Stella turned round to find a charwoman of the ancient order, who, on the strength of "having knowed your ma, miss, ever since you was that high," seized on this fitting moment to explain that "'tis all on account of Mary Ann, who'd run a needle into her knee, and's had to be tooked to the horspital, miss, and there they've kept her, so that it put everything on your ma, you see; and as—" But mercifully here Mrs. Clarkson appeared, and for the moment all was forgotten in the happiness of that meeting between mother and daughter.

"My darling," said Mrs. Clarkson, devouring with her eyes the radiant creature before her; "is it possible that you can really be my own dear little Stella? Why, stand up, do. You've grown so tall—you're so altered and so improved, I don't believe anybody but me would have known you. What will father say? He won't believe his own eyes."

"I'm going to stop to see him; so at what hour shall I tell the carriage to fetch me?"

"He won't be home before six to-day."

"That will do splendidly. I'll tell Wallis to come back for me at seven, that gives me plenty of time before dinner;" and she jumped up to go out and give her orders to the man.

"You don't think Mrs. Stapleton will mind?" asked Mrs. Clarkson anxiously.

"No, certainly not. You forget I'm not a little girl now, and I told her I should stop and have my luncheon with you."

Mrs. Clarkson tried to smile. Alas! poor soul, already her maternal joys were being clouded over by sordid cares. She was wincing under the pinch

of poverty—not the poverty which can offer nothing, but that almost equally trying state in which one feels there is nothing fit to offer. Had Stella only come when things were as they usually were—straight and tidy, and the servant, poor Mary Ann, at home to send out for anything they wanted—it would not have mattered; but the truth was they were going to make their dinners by clearing the cupboard of anything they could find there, and in the few minutes she was resting, she was making a fruit-pudding "to help out with" for the girls.

"My dear," she began, as soon as Stella came back to the room, "I don't know what on earth I'm going to give you."

"Neither do I," and Stella laughed gaily as she unfastened her hat and threw it from her, "and I don't care a bit. Oh, isn't this the same old sofa?" and she sat down, trying it from end to end. "Yes, I'm sure it must be. I remember every hole and bump in it."

"You dear!" said Mrs. Clarkson, going over to her; "bless you."

Stella put her arms round her mother's neck, and looking into the face—lined and aged so as to both surprise and pain her—she said, "Oh, mother dear, I am so glad to be as old as I am. Very soon now I am going to get some real pleasure out of my money. You and father are to have a nice house, and he is to do nothing, only both of you to live as comfortably and happy as possible. And we will go together and choose such pretty furniture, and in exchange you will have to give this old sofa to me, to remind me of the time when I was only your little Stella."

"Ah, you will always be that to me, my dear."

"I know I shall—only, you see that sometimes it happens that some other person comes along who fancies he has a great right to have a very big share of you."

"A husband you must mean—but not for you already?"

"Well, not immediately."

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"Oh, I hope he is a good, nice man, worthy of my treasure. Is it Mrs. Stapleton's son? I've often wondered whether that mightn't be. I saw long ago that that was the wish of his mother."

"And will it be my mother's wish too?"

"If you truly love him, my dear, it will."

"Oh, the wonder is that he should love me."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because he is so wonderfully clever, and sought after, and very good-looking, and rich."

"Well, and ain't you elever too; and though I, your mother, say it, if he walks London over he won't find a sweeter, lovelier face than this. And if he's rich, you have a fortune, so I don't know what a man can want that he won't get. I fancy it would be easy to find a good many who'd be only too glad to change places with him."

Stella gave a little satisfied laugh. "He would rather that I had no fortune. He would like me to give it all away, so that I might have everything I wanted from him."

"He isn't wanting in a kind heart, then!" said Mrs. Clarkson.

"He does not care a scrap for money."

"Ah, I expect then that he has always had plenty," and Mrs. Clarkson gave a little sigh. "They that have shall get more' is an old adage and a true one here, for now he is going to get you."

"That is, if you'll give me to him, you know."

"Oh, he won't need to ask me."

"Indeed, but yes he will. Only that he was very busy I should have brought him with me to-day. To tell the truth, I was very much put out, quite angry because he did not come."

Mrs. Clarkson's face betrayed her feelings.

"Oh, my dear child," she said, "how thankful I am! If he had come, what in the world should I have done? No, now please try and have a little thought for mother. There, you must consider that, in our small way, we ain't prepared without some warning for visitors. Glad as I should be to see him—and I hope I shall, too—I should be vexed indeed on your account for him to find us in the pickle we're in to-day. It's bad enough with you, but if he's at all like his mother—oh dear!"

"Why," said Stella anxiously, "I always thought that she was so nice with you."

"So she is; but—well, you see we live in two worlds, Stella, and when she'd told me all she had to tell about you, we'd nothing more to say. She knew nobody about me. I didn't know any of her friends, nor what she did, nor where she went. Poor lady! I often used to wonder which was the most uncomfortable of us two. I could better put up with it so long as the girls were out of the

way-for she couldn't hardly bring herself to be civil to them-and your father didn't happen to be at home, for then in him you did see a fish out of water. It's not of any use," and she shook her head decidedly, "there'll never be anything in common between the oaks and the brambles. But while I'm letting my tongue go on running the pudding isn't boiling, for I ran up to you without a word to old Mrs. Rumball to put it into the saucepan; and those two girls, Lottie and Carrie, will be home at one, with only an hour to go to and fro and eat their dinner in, so will you amuse yourself for a few minutes, my dear, while I'm gone. There are two or three books about, but I don't know if they're the sort that you'll care for. They belong to Lottie's young man. He's in a newspaper office, and is a great reader. Now I won't be long gone, I'll soon be up again."

Stella tried to smile as her mother went out of the room. She wanted to say she would like to go down-stairs with her and try and help her in some way, but something kept the words back. She was oppressed by the feeling that perhaps she was a little in the way, that in her own mother's house she was being treated like a stranger.

XIV.

Stella returned to her guardian's house that evening in some ways a different being. A wave of very cruel experience had gone over the girl. The harrow of the inevitable had broken up those illusions which for years had been cherished by her. As a child she had accepted her condition without questioning; happy in the moment, she had neither regretted her past, nor inquired about her future; as her years increased, and her individuality developed, she began to add to her love for father and mother an interest in her family, which led her to look forward to the time when they would be again united, and be brother and sisters in more than name. The result of this visit, and of the time they had spent together, was that this bright bubble had burst and melted into thin air.

How terribly material cares are wont to interfere with real sentiment was shown in Mrs. Clarkson's treatment of her daughter. Anxious that Stella's eyes should not be offended by the disorder of the down-stairs apartment—undergoing "a regular turnout" at the hands of Mrs. Rumball-no sooner did Lottie make her appearance than she was despatched, and most willingly went, to get the best chop money could buy; and then, while the mother cooked it, Carrie was sent up to the parlour to amuse, and talk to, her sister. The sense of difference between the girls, coupled with the knowledge that she wasn't dressed properly, weighed on Carrie sorely, and took away all her usual hilarity. The conversation was carried on by questions on the side of Stella, and giggling from her sister, suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Lottie with a tray, spread for Stella's luncheon, followed by the chop between two plates, carried triumphantly—in the knowledge of its being done to a turn—by her mother.

"Oh, mother, dear mother, why did you?" was all poor Stella could say. If she burst into tears, which she could hardly keep from doing, she would only distress them and make a scene. She began to grasp the situation—to realize her own position, to see that, under the inexorable law of such a division, she and those born of the same mother had nothing between them in common. Oh, the sadness of it! none the less bitter because it could not be altered, and was the fault of no one. Stella thought that almost the hardest task she had ever known was eating that chop, with Carrie and Lottie and her mother watching her. Each mouthful threatened to choke her, but she would not give in; she bravely swallowed it all down, knowing that they thought what her mother kept repeating, that "she only wished it was something more tempting and like what she was used to." Alas! poor Stella.

The sisters having gone back to their duties, the afternoon passed better. Alone with her child, satisfied that all her wants had been provided for, Mrs. Clarkson became more her old self again. Inwardly she was the same sensible, warm-hearted, delicately-minded woman she had ever been, but life with its changes and anxieties, and that constant rubbing shoulders with those who lacked refinement, had produced its natural effect upon her. Neither in her appearance nor in her way of speaking was she as careful as she once had been. Having daily proof of the filial devotion and good sterling qualities of her two elder daughters, she gradually lent her countenance to whatever best

pleased them; and in this way it happened, that the young men and women who came to their house now belonged to a more noisy cockney class than formerly she would have permitted them to choose for companions.

In conversation she spoke of the good deeds of the girls and of their unselfish love to her, making Stella's heart swell again towards her sisters; and then there was the story of Edgar to be told, how, when they had set their faces against his going to sea, he had threatened to run away from them, and actually had hidden himself for the whole of one dreadful day; but in the evening the dear prodigal had come back and had fallen on their necks, and then they had given way, and father had managed to pay the premium for him.

"All that will be my affair now," Stella had said proudly.

"Oh, but, my dear, I don't think he'll want anything of you; he's getting on splendidly. He's on his way home, almost here, dear fellow! He never once forgets you; every letter, 'tis always his love to Stella."

Stella's eyes had brimmed over with tears. Leaning over to kiss her mother, she said, "I so want you all to love me."

"Love you, my darling child, why you're the very apple of all our eyes. The girls and me and your father doat upon you."

"Do you?" and the sweet tearful face was pressed closer to her. And then by that wonderful intuition of love the mother's eye seemed to penetrate into the daughter's heart.

"Ah, Stella!" she said, "ah, my precious child, I feel that the coming here and seeing us all again has been in a way a blow to you. "Tis the price we've all got to pay for the money we thought 'twas right to accept for you. From the minute I gave my consent I foresaw this time would come, and every hour I've lived since I've known was pushing me farther away from you." The arms round her neck hugged her tighter. "Not from your heart, my dear," she continued, answering the embrace; "I don't believe that could ever be; but we look on things in the way our bringing-up makes us, and we get as much used to what is elegant and refined as we do to what is coarse and vulgar. Now what I want from you is-don't strive too much against nature. Try and shut your eyes to what in the poor girls—more perhaps than in father

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and me-will grate upon you; say to yourself, their hearts are right and their natures are good, but it is the bringing-up they've had has made them different to me. Not, mind, that I believe you would ever have been what they are. From your very birth you were one by yourself like, a bit of delicate china among earthen pots and pans was seeing that, and how little you were likely to be fitted for roughing it in any way, that decided me and father to consent to your taking Uncle Briggs' money." Stella had lifted her face to listen better. Mrs. Clarkson looked wistfully into the depths of those brown eyes and then at the sweet expressive features. Laying her hand tenderly on the girl's head, she said, "Some day, Stella, when maybe God has blessed you with a little child, you will know what that giving up was to poor mother."

And it was after this that she could feel the discontent, the disappointment, the depression that weighed on her spirits like lead? Poor Stella! she was at cross purposes with her humanity. She would not make just allowance for the effect that actions, speech, appearances produce on our sensibility. Her sisters absent, she could idealise and exalt their natures; but again with them, and the more familiar they grew, the more their manners grated on her. When her father joined them, after the first joy of meeting, it was the same thing—he seemed to put her at arm's-length from him. She felt that to them all she was as something to be placed under a glass case, to be worshipped there, when they had on their Sunday clothes and their best behaviour. Sure as she was that they loved her, she was equally sure that they would be relieved when the time came for her to go away, so that they might sit at ease and be natural again. Her heart had smote her to see how thin and haggard her father was looking. He had grown into an old man since their last parting, and the pin she had brought him from Paris seemed an insult and a mockery to the shabby clothes he was wearing. She understood now why Mrs. Stapleton had advised her to buy something plain and useful. As now, for the first time, she was seeing her family, so they had looked to Mrs. Stapleton from the beginning, and yet, even in their most intimate moments, she had never let drop a disparaging hint about any of them. Knowing so well as she did the fastidious tastes of her guardian, Stella's sore

heart grew big with gratitude for the generosity shown by her.

When at length she arrived back again home, she went at once to her own room, allowed the maid to dress her, and then hastened to the drawing-room, where she found Mrs. Stapleton sitting. The picture made by this aristocratic-looking, elegantly-dressed woman, lounging with graceful idleness in a low velvet-covered chair, surrounded by pictures, flowers, and all the expensive luxuries which taste and money can command, struck a false note in Stella's over-wrought temper. For a moment she saw another woman and another room before her, and she shut her eyes tight, trying to dispel the illusion.

"Oh, dearest, is that you back again?" Mrs. Stapleton stretched out her arms in greeting. "I never heard you come in, and here I was sitting fidgeting, fearing that something had detained you. The day has seemed so long without my birdie," and she drew Stella towards her. "What should I do without her? Tell me that you're glad to come back to your silly old Marraine."

Stella did not answer, and looking down, Mrs. Stapleton saw that the girl's whole body was trembling under the passion of tears which she could no longer control.

"Darling child, my sweet one! Nothing wrong has happened to distress you?"

"No, no," she sobbed. "I can't tell what ails me. There is nothing the matter—only—just let me have a good cry with my arms round you."

"My love," murmured Mrs. Stapleton; and then she began to softly stroke the girl's hair and to pat her back, crooning over her all the while as if she was a baby. In the midst of this the door was opened by Vivian. His mother put her finger on her lips, with a little movement of her eyes to him. He came quickly over to them and knelt down by Stella's side.

"It isn't that there's anything the matter," said Mrs. Stapleton, keeping up her soothing tone, "but it's a long time since she saw them all, and I fear the strain and excitement has been too much for her. I noticed," and she turned to her son, "that she was not her usual self when she went out."

"And I fear I disappointed you, Stella." Her face was still hidden on his mother's neck. He took one of her hands and held it in his own. "I have been so sorry since. You had not left the

house two minutes when I was repenting bitterly. You know how, for the moment, I get entirely lost in what I'm engaged upon. Not that I offer this as an excuse, for there is none to be made for me. I ought to have put everything else on one side to go with you." He paused and pressed to his lips the little hand he held. "Say you forgive me, dear," he murmured, bending nearer to her; "I feel so unhappy at having distressed you, and the very first thing to-morrow you shall take me to see your father and mother."

Mrs. Stapleton's face beamed with ecstasy at this proof to her of her son's devotion. She loosened her hold of Stella, who raised her head and turned towards Vivian, though without looking at him.

"There is nothing now to forgive," she said, in a voice that was still broken, "although at the time I did feel very hurt, but perhaps after all it happened for the best, and I don't think that for the present there will be any need for you to see my father. Later on, when things are more settled, we will speak of it again."

He bowed his head. "It is for you to decide," he said; "I put myself completely at your service."

"Thank you," said Stella, returning the pressure of his hand.

"Now then, let us see the good that dinner will do;" and the two women rose together, Vivian at once encircling Stella with his arm.

"Rest your head on my shoulder," he said tenderly, but Stella had turned towards Mrs. Stapleton.

"Marraine, you must be on this side of me."

"No, dear."

"Yes, mother, come. Lay your hand on my shoulder—so. Now we have our treasure between us."

And thus entwined they led Stella out of the room.

XV.

If the sorrows of youth are sharp, they are mercifully evanescent. It is only in riper years that we carry our burden packed up, hidden from sight, but ready to spread out afresh in each moment of solitude and leisure.

For several mornings Stella awoke with that feeling of heart-heaviness which makes us alive to

trouble before we remember what that trouble is. If she could have explained her feelings, or have spoken of them in any way, it might have given her relief; but that her love, her pride, everything within her, forbade her doing, and Mrs. Stapleton, finding her more silent, less gay, and that beyond saying it pained her to notice the alteration in her father and mother, she never once remarked on, or alluded to, her home-visit, made a very shrewd guess that the depression was caused by the shock she had received at the increased and patent vulgarity of her family. The suspicion of there being a dark speck in Stella's blue heaven of happiness was enough to rouse all Mrs. Stapleton's sympathy, and with loving art she laid herself out to win her charge to a more enviable mood. Vivian too, determined to make amends, showed himself in his best character. He was beyond measure surprised to realise how greatly the sight of Stella's distress had affected him, and he had continued to repeat to himself that he must really be very much in love, far more than for him he could have thought possible; and that the being who exercised such a fascination must certainly prove a most interesting study.

Consequent also on their return was the pleasant distraction of having to get new clothes, and a great portion of each day was spent by the ladies in shopping or with the dressmaker. Hitherto it had been an easy matter to choose a new frock for Stella, but now Vivian's taste had to be consulted. with the result that the effects were most bewitching. Stella must have been dead to vanity had she not been gratified by the interest he showed in the smallest detail of everything she was going to wear; and his outspoken compliments of how admirably her dress became her, were given in a way that conveyed more than flattery. One afternoon, about a fortnight after their return from abroad, Vivian came home earlier than usual. It was the hour for tea, and he ran up to the boudoir to find his mother and Stella sitting there together.

"I was right," he said, "in presuming that you had no engagements for this evening?"

"None, dear-why?"

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"Well, because it entered into my head that we might all like to go to the play."

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Stella.

"Where?" asked Mrs. Stapleton.

"They are doing a piece that's begun to be very

much talked of at the Thespis, and as luck would have it, at Mitchell's I found a box which had, at that very moment, been sent back."

"And did you take it?"

"I did. What are you going to give me for doing so, ch?" and he bent towards Stella.

"Why, a cup of tea," and she began to busy herself with the cups, "with an extra lump of sugar perhaps, and a big share of cream."

"Not good enough," he said, with a shake of his head. "I want something better."

"Better! Well, cake?" and she pointed with her finger to one near. "No—bread-and-butter—not that either? Oh, sweeties," in a voice of triumph, "they are close to you."

"So they are," and he feigned to reach over to them, but instead of so doing he raised his hand, drew her head towards him, and softly kissed her cheek. "That is my payment—trying to steal some of this delicate sea-shell pink."

Stella gave a little smile. "Marraine, do you see? Isn't he growing bold? and before you too."

Mrs. Stapleton affected to be shocked. In her heart she felt a thorn of discontent. Why did the girl take the caress so calmly, and without any of the signs of love's confusion? She knew that Vivian was very chary of his endearments, but that was not Stella's case. "Ah me!" she said, seeing that the two had seated themselves at the table, "I really do not believe that now young people have a spark of romance left in them. Lovers were different in my day."

"How, Marraine?"

"Oh, in a thousand ways, dear. We used always to be stealing off for moonlight walks, or star-gazing together. I suppose people are so clever now that they don't care about these things, but I must confess that in love-making I like the old fashion better than the new."

"What do you say, Stella," said Vivian, laughing, "shall we put it to the trial? After the play tonight will you walk home with me, and let me give you a lesson in astronomy?"

"And spoil my frock perhaps—no, no, no; but that reminds me, what am I to wear?"

"Something very pretty and simple."

"And white?"

"Certainly; as usual, I want you to look your very best."

"Well, I will say in the matter of dress you

young men now bear off the palm. So long as I had a dress on," and Mrs. Stapleton heaved a sigh, "your dear father never knew of what it was made. He used to speak of everything as being bombazine. Pretty clothes were completely lost on him."

"Well, they're not lost on Vivian, so we score one there;" and turning to him, she added, "Madame Berthe has just sent home the new frock that you made her a design for. Shall I—"

"Oh, Stella, dear. No-that's far too good."

"Mother, indeed it is not; I want her to look a vision of loveliness to-night. Stella, I know will do her best to please me."

Stella dropped a little mock curtsey.

"I don't know what she would not do to please you," said Mrs. Stapleton approvingly. "She is spoiling you."

"No, I am not."

"You let him have all his own way."

"Because his way is the best way. Some day it will be my turn—then he will have to give in to me. Oh, don't fear, Marraine; I shall prove myself an autocrat yet, and my sceptre will be a rod of iron."

When Stella came, dressed, into the drawing-room, Vivian had not a single fault to find. In every way his self-approbation was gratified. The material of the gown was his choosing, it was made after a design of his own, the charming girl who wore it was his promised wife. In the perfection of this possession he felt—as he seldom felt—a thoroughly happy man. And in this enviable frame of mind they set off for the theatre, and took their seats in one of the best-placed boxes in the house.

The play, Love's Victory, was perhaps not of the very highest order, but it contained situations so true to human nature as to touch a vibrating chord in many sensitive hearts. The third act was just over, the curtain had come down.

"Well!" exclaimed Vivian, who, facing the stage, had sat behind Stella; "it will have to go better than that if they want me to praise them. False art—badly constructed all through."

Stella did not answer, she was trying to regain her composure. During the scene she had sat spell-bound, lost to all about her. The great tears had gathered in her eyes and had hung trembling on the dark lashes. From the stalls a man had been watching her, drinking in the changing expressions of that mobile face. The scene over, he stood up and turned to look at the box.

"By Jove, if that isn't Rodney there," cried Vivian, waving his hand to somebody below.

"Which?" said Stella, "where?"

But Vivian was already preparing to go out. "I'll fetch him up and introduce him to you; and, mother, make an opportunity to ask him to dinner, and get him to name a day next week."

Stella continued with her eyes fixed on the stalls, wanting to see whom Vivian would join. She was still watching when the box-door opened and Vivian reappeared.

"Mother, I have brought Mr. Maynard Rodney to present to you." Mrs. Stapleton murmured something about the great pleasure it gave her. "Miss Stella Clarkson," added Vivian, and Maynard Rodney held the little hand that had taken from him his fortune.

"I hope you are enjoying the piece," he said, addressing her.

"I am. I suppose I ought not to. Mr. Stapleton says that so far it is not at all clever, but you see I am not so critical as he is."

"You are younger."

"Does that make a difference? Then I am glad to be young, because that last act was so interesting to me. I thought it was so pathetic and touching."

"Stella, how can you say so?" exclaimed Vivian; "the dialogue was miserable."

"It seemed to me," said Mrs. Stapleton, "that the situation was very forced."

"Oh, both of you against me! Mr. Rodney, cannot you say some little word in its favour?"

"Indeed I can. I admire the play."

"You do," she said animatedly, "then I cannot be so very stupid after all. Oh, I don't mind now. I will confess the truth. I wiped away a tear. I was so glad, Vivian, that you could not see me."

"Silly little goose!"

"Ah, never mind, Mr. Rodney and I agree—but the curtain's going up;" and she quickly took her seat again.

"No, why should you go down?" Vivian was speaking to Maynard Rodney; "there's a vacant chair, and of course you've seen it all before."

Rodney hesitated for a moment, and then he sat

down. He said to himself that he should like for curiosity's sake to see a little more of this young girl. At the first glance he caught of the face he recognised it as the one he had seen leaning over the bridge at Peuffaire. How strange! and yet why strange?—the world was small, the arm of coincidence long. It was easy to guess by Stapleton's manner that a little romance had begun, and without knowing why, he drew a long breath which sounded like a sigh.

"Awfully boring," said Vivian, thinking he was interpreting its meaning. "I feel for you having to sit through it again."

Rodney did not say that this was his first visit, indeed he did not answer; and Vivian, inferring from this that some of the actors might be personal friends, sat quiet until the curtain fell. Then he jumped up, took down Stella's cloak, and preparing to put it round her, said, "Rodney, will you look after my mother?"

"Certainly." And after a little delay they all left the box together.

The piece was still under discussion; the four joining in the conversation, they moved but slowly. That Stella was the magnet of attraction was shown by the way Rodney turned constantly Vivian was delighted; nothing pleased him so much as to see her admired, especially by such a man as Maynard Rodney, and, under the plea of saying something to his mother, he stepped behind so that he might watch them better. He saw that other eyes and heads were turned in their direction, and no wonder, for Maynard Rodney was sufficiently good looking to attract notice even from those who did not know of his fame; and Stella, in her artistic dress with a soft white feathery boa twined round her neck, was an ideal creation.

They had reached that angle of the exit where the audience from the various parts of the house meet, and the four were almost at the foot of the stairs down which were streaming the occupants of the upper boxes. Suddenly a burst of loud laughter made them look up. Immediately facing them, with their faces red and still grinning, stood Lottie and Carrie, and between them a young sailor.

A shock ran through Stella which seemed to make her heart stand still and her whole body quiver; she saw that in that all but imperceptible glance each had become aware of the presence of

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the other. Across her ear like a flash went her name—"Stella."

What should she do? Pass on? Oh, that is had been anywhere but here! any time but now! What if she seemed not to see—her head began to droop—if she—— Never! There was a resurrection of her better nature, and in an instant her hands were stretched out and, because of that momentary temporising, she exclaimed with greater fervour, "Edgar." And the blushing young giant, not quite knowing what to say, made a step forward, passed his jacket-cuff across his mouth, and bestowed a very respectably-sounding kiss on her.

To the last hour of his life Vivian could never recall how the next five minutes passed, when every one around them was in a titter, and those outrageously-dressed, awful women were gabbling away to Stella and shaking hands with his mother. It was this that made him know who they must At the time his one idea was to rush forward and seek the footman to tell him to bring up the carriage immediately; and this done, he came back to find the family party bidding each other good-bye, his mother standing like a martyr, and Maynard Rodney pretending to be engrossed in studying the etchings on the walls. To imagine that of all men this should have happened before Merciful heaven! what must he think of them? Such an exhibition before the possessor of such a name.

Turning to Mrs. Stapleton, Stella laid a hand upon her arm.

"Forgive me for keeping you, dear Marraine," she said.

Rodney noted the little pressure given, and this assurance of sympathy between the two made him smile. Vivian happened to just catch the expression. To him it was as the match to the mine.

"I don't know if you are aware," he said, "that I sent Parsons some minutes ago to call up the carriage. It must be at the door blocking the way for everybody."

"We're quite ready, dear;" and Mrs. Stapleton turned to go, leaving Stella to follow.

Finding himself close to her, Vivian said, in his most sarcastic tone, "It's quite a relief not to find your eccentric friends waiting outside ready to favour us with another exhibition."

The words cut Stella like whip-cord, and called

to arms all her pride. Looking at him defiantly, she said-

"My eccentric friends were my two sisters and my brother." She had forgotten Mr. Rodney, whom she now saw was holding out his hand to her, and thinking that perhaps a little explanation was necessary, she added to him, "Sailors are proverbially impulsive, and he is quite young—hardly more than a boy."

"A very lucky boy, and a very good-looking one too."

Her eyes spoke her thanks to him, involuntarily his fingers tightened, and, surely, she returned the pressure.

"Then at eight o'clock on Tuesday next," Mrs. Stapleton was saying, "we are to have the pleasure."

"A thousand thanks! I shall be most happy."
And the carriage rolled away, leaving Maynard Rodney standing following it with his eyes until it turned the corner. Then he walked on.

(To be continued.)

FAIRY-LAND.

Y little one, so grave and wise,
With wistful mouth and dreaming eyes,
And soft chin on your dimpled hand,
How goes the world in Fairy-Land?

You see the lovely fairy-land, That grown-up folks can't understand; Where all the pretty things are true, And life rhymes as it ought to do.

There Cinderella turns a Queen,
There live the merry men in green,
And everything the fairies do
Is done, my little one, for you.

There fairy princes pluck the rose
That in the enchanted garden grows—
The pretty princess mustn't hear,
But—it was plucked for you, my dear!

For you the rabbits skipping pass
Across the dewy moonlit grass;
To you they lend their coats of skin,
To wrap the Baby Buntings in.

For you the fairy world is gay With all the flowers of yesterday, For you the fairy folk sing yet The songs that grown-up folk forget.

For you the rhymes of long ago
Grow real, because you love them so.
Love lends them voice and shape and hue,
And makes a fairy-land—for you!



FAIRY-LAND.



CHARACTERS OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THEIR WORKS.

ERNST PAUER.

LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN.

TO EETHOVEN was not only one of the greatest composers, but one of the most remarkable men of modern time, a true philosopher, a man whose wonderful strength of character made him a most interesting psychological study. Beethoven's youth was in some respects a happy, in others a very melancholy one. His father, a man of dissipated habits, sank lower and lower, and from him the poor boy could derive no benefit whatever, whilst his mother died when he was seventeen years old, and at that early age Beethoven was obliged to take care of his two younger brothers. The only rays of light that brightened the darkness of his youth were the friendship of and the intercourse with the Brening family. It must not be forgotten, however, that Beethoven's undoubted genius was recognized and patronized by several highly influential people of Bonn, more particularly by Count Waldstein; it would also be ungenerous not to mention the great kindness shown to Beethoven by his excellent teacher, Neefe. But even granting these brighter points, the fact remains that Beethoven had to a great extent to educate himself, and had all his life to struggle with the utmost energy against adversities which accompanied him even to his death. As a child, Beethoven was of a tender, sweet, and affectionate disposition, but the incessant home-troubles, occasioned by his



BEETHOVEN.

father's drunkenness and the sight of his mother's grief and anxiety, made the boy earnest and serious sooner than is usually the case with young people.

As a youth of seventeen his character was strengthened and hardened by the sight of miseries mostly spared to the young. The relations of the parents to each other created a kind of suspicion in the boy's heart, of which Beethoven could never divest himself. And this suspicion grew into a kind of morbid idea that he was persecuted and envied, and finally resulted in moroseness and misanthropy. From his twenty-seventh year he suffered from deafness, which became gradually so complete that intercourse with him was very difficult; at last he eschewed society and led a

most miserable life. "I can with truth say that my life is very wretched . . . because I find it impossible to tell the people I am deaf! But I shall strive, if possible, to set fate at defiance, although there must be moments in my life when I cannot fail to be the most unhappy of God's creatures. I will boldly meet my fate, never shall it succeed in crushing me!"

These words of the great composer explain his whole character; unusual fortitude, a stubborn determination to struggle against adversity, a firm conviction that he can find happiness only in himself; and, on the other hand, a mistrust of the actions and even the sympathies of his friends, an unalterable faith in God's mercy, and uncommon admiration of Nature. "No man can love the country better than I do; in the forests, in the rocks, in the trees I recognize God's mercy, and they are for me the echo of my own feelings." Beethoven possessed a strong self-consciousness, and was decidedly a proud man. He held his art as high as possible. With all his oddities and eccentricities, in spite of the seeming dislike of society and disinclination to attach himself to friends and to trust and confide in them, the innermost essence of Beethoven's nature was a deep longing for love and completeness. He affected to be a Republican, and was really a greater Aristocrat

than the counts and princes who desired his friendship, and showed by all possible means their sincere and kind disposition towards the unfortunate composer. From this unhappy inclination to mistrust every one resulted a certain selfishness and no end of troubles with his publishers. Indeed, all the difficulties which an unpractical bachelor may encounter, he had to undergo.

The effect of Beethoven's compositions is great, immense, and irresistible; they are self-sustained and strong, and we find in them an admirable *unity* and *symmetry*. He possessed a marvellous power of concentrating his mental faculties on the point of invention, and submitted himself to a severe and rigorous discipline; furthermore, he sub-

mitted with wonderful patience and thorough self-denial to the laws of art, considering that they had been laid down by Nature herself, and had been merely defined and worked

out by human intelligence. Beethoven's works are distinguished by a carefullyadjusted balance between the separate parts, and the whole is penetrated with that inimitable and indescribable charm of intellectuality which is found in the works of the real genius alone. In Haydn and Mozart we detect a certain cosmopolitan expression, their feeling is more or less influenced and governed by outward circumstances, whilst the more earnest Beethoven

communes, so to say, with the deepest recesses of his own heart; he contemplates and meditates, yet even in his highest soarings he remains true and faithful to the principal natural law, he submits at all times willingly to order. These remarks are sufficient to indicate the unique position in the history of music occupied by Beethoven and his works.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

LIKE Beethoven's father, Baron Weber, senior, was a man of dissipated habits, so erratic that he could not bear to remain for any length of time

in one place. In consequence of this perpetual wandering about, the studies of the young composer were much neglected; indeed, young Weber was himself not decided what he should become, whether a lithographer or a musician. lessons from Heuschkel, Michael Haydn, and Abbé Vogler, but of none of these did he learn to master the rules of counterpoint; and thus a fragmentary, broken, rhapsodic style distinguishes almost all his pieces. Weber could boast of a rich, rare, and personal originality. By nature he was weak, nervous, and excitable: on the other hand, full of tenderness and nobility; and he was of a thoroughly romantic disposition, at times too ready to follow the sudden impulses of his heart. He never acquired the classical repose, that stoic, philosophic self-control, that pervading feeling for order and symmetry that distinguishes Beethoven. The characteristic qualities of his compositions are: great tenderness and unaffected simplicity, an absence of Italian or French influence, and absolute

freedom from everything like formality. Owing to his pronounced inclination for the dramatic phase of the art, matter and form, idea and expression, musical beauty and intellectual elevation are not always united in Weber's works. He relies more on the strength of his feeling than on the might of art as such. Compared with the works of Beethoven, Weber's pieces appear fragmentary, rhapsodical, and uneven. He cannot rival Beethoven or Mozart with regard to solidity and compactness, symmetry, and order of form; he cannot bear comparison with Bach with respect to the scientific part of writing; and yet his music exercises a wonderful charm on our ear, and that for the reason that in his music he pours out the secrets of his heart with such wonderful candour, that we are spell-bound by their sincerity, and feel that we meet in his harmonies the product of a worthy, excellent man, blessed by Providence not only with rare genius, but also with a noble and thoroughly pure heart.

THE DEAD CHILD.

SLEEP on, dear, now,
The last sleep and the best;
And on thy brow,
And on thy quiet breast,
Violets I throw!

Thy little life
Was mine a little while;
No fears were rife,
To trouble thy brief smile
With stress or strife.

Lie still and be,
For evermore, a child!
Not grudgingly,
Whom life has not defiled,
I render thee!

Slumber so deep
I would not rashly wake;
I hardly weep;
Fain only, for thy sake,
To share thy sleep.

Yea! to be dead,
Dead here with thee to-day:
When all is said,
"Twere good by thee to lay
My weary head.

That is the best:

Ah, Child, so tired of play,
I stand confest:

I too would come thy way.
And, somewhere, rest.

ERNEST DOWSON.

JOURNALISTIC LONDON.

ALICE CORKRAN.

PART II.

A N important item in planning out the paper is the making up of the "bill." A special man in the printing-room attends to that alone. The different heads of departments, the foreign editor, the sub-editor, offer suggestions. When the rough draft has been arranged, the man whose chief concern it is to superintend its composition, takes it to the various rooms, and the bill is criticized for its appearance, and altered so as to give greater prominence to certain of its parts. This matter of billing and heading occupies the attention of quite a department in certain papers, now that our daily journalism has become, to that extent, Americanized. It is an art to find epigrammatic headings sensational, suggestive, and brief.

The final arbiter on the daily paper is the head printer. There comes a time, towards the small hours of the morning, when his word is law as to what shall go in, and what shall not, for the simple reason that, in the last resort, the question of production is a question of mechanical appliances. The head printer has always his eye on the clock; he knows to the minute at what hour he must refuse to take more copy, at what hour all the copy that he has must be set up, corrected, revised, and made ready for the printing-machines. It is obvious, therefore, that he must have a final veto on the receipt of manuscript, and must be prepared to say a resolute "No" when fresh matter, whatever its interest may be, comes in too late. If there should be any delay, he would miss the morning's train, and that would mean the loss of a whole edition, to say nothing of the loss in credit throughout the country. The modern system of early newspaper trains has enormously enlarged the circulation of the London dailies. They reach many of the great provincial towns at the early hour at which papers are usually bought, and the head printer is the person virtually responsible for their delivery. The rest of the transaction, the actual carriage to the railway station, and the

distribution, is in the hands of agencies that perform their part with absolute precision and regularity. The head printer tends to become a bundle of nerves, though woe be to him if they are not under the control of an iron will. The larger world of the paper, in respect of numbers, is in that empyrean of the office under the roof which he rules.

The great composing-room is the most striking sight in a newspaper establishment. It is a model of activity without superfluous noise or bustle, and without confusion.

The stereotyping department is an important part of the composing-room. Stereotyping is comparatively a modern process, as applied to the bringing out of newspapers, and it has greatly increased the facilities of production. days the paper was printed from the actual column of movable type, as it was set up. The types were tightly screwed together, and the impression was taken from their surface. Now, the column so set up is merely used as the basis of a casting or stereotype, an operation which may be repeated several times, allowing the one column of type to produce several stereos, and enabling the printing to go on simultaneously, without the necessity of resetting, on several machines. The set type from which the casting is to be made is covered with a layer of thick prepared paper, which being pressed upon it, produces a perfect matrix or mould. Into this matrix or mould molten metal is poured, and the exact reproduction of the original is obtained in a solid block of cast metal. As any number of such blocks may be cast, and as all the printing is done from these blocks, not only is the facility of production enormously increased, but the wear and tear of the type is no less saved. The casting is a rapid and a delicate process, and it involves a use of furnaces, cauldrons, liquid metal, which forms a highly effective part of the spectacle of a newspaper office.

The head printer presides at a large table,

technically called "the stone," probably some traditional survival of the time when the Druids brought out a weekly sheet. From his little office the copy radiates to every part of the place. He must know what the printers have in hand of the hundreds, perhaps thousands of sheets that come to him in the course of the evening, and how to reassemble these items in their several divisions of the paper without confusion. As the small hours advance, he will probably be found flying from room to room of the editorial department, hurrying the laggards for their last sheet of copy, expostulating with the editor or subeditor against impossible demands on his energies, and even, in extreme cases, protesting against corrections that it will require too much time to make. "It ean't be done, sir-it can't be done," may not unfrequently be heard, uttered in accents of desperation. His business is to give the impression that he cannot possibly survive that particular night's work, and that all he desires on the morrow is a decent burial, with a copy of the paper that killed him for his winding-sheet. As soon as the paper is ready for the press, he recovers his appearance of self-possession, which in reality he has never lost; and when any real emergency overtakes him, he is by far the coolest person in the office, never dropping a hasty word. The greatest emergency that may overtake the head printer is, firstly, the "Stop press," which is decreed when any piece of information of supreme importance happens to come in after hours. In this case, all the throbbing monsters of the engineroom are stopped by a word in their full career, and the "forme" in which the alteration has to be made is deftly removed below-stairs, while perhaps a dozen men above are hastily setting up the copy to be substituted, on a system of division of labour which enables them to complete their task in the twinkling of an eye. Another, though happily a most rare emergency, may be produced by the accidental dropping of a column of type at the very moment when it is ready for casting in the foundry. Something must be found to take its place-and found at once, for there is no time to set up the column over again. head printer must take care to have some set copy in reserve, and if no editor is present to advise him, he must select the portion to be substituted by the light of his own judgment.

Beyond his domain, or rather usually below it, is the great room in which the rolls of paper are stored for the printers. In appearance it bears no remote resemblance to the pitch-dark solitude of the hold of a ship. This part of the establishment is usually in charge of the office cat, who is regularly on the books, and who receives her daily pennyworth of meat. She roams its vast unlit spaces, in her business hours, to prevent the rats gnawing holes in the paper. She is rarely seen in the day-time, but towards midnight, when the subeditors are taking their supper, she is to be found, with invariable regularity, in their part of the premises. She may favour the sub-editorial rooms with her presence for an hour or two, lying snugly coiled up in one of the open baskets used for the storage of copy, until a sense of duty urges her return to the dark room.

It is past two a.m. before the editorial and subeditorial staffs leave the office and return home, in hansoms, or on foot. Silence reigns in their rooms, but below the machinery is still in full activity. Charged with miles of moist paper, which it presses and rolls against cylinders filled with stereotyped matter, it prints the sheets on both sides at once, cuts, folds, and casts forth thousands of copies per hour, each numbering some ten or twelve pages.

This is a newspaper office, and multiplied the requisite number of times, it might represent, with due allowance for local differences, the whole midnight activity of Fleet Street and St. Bride's. Fleet Street, again, is a large subject, and it is impossible to even glance at it without taking note of the offices of the correspondents of the great provincial papers, who are busily running about all night to find London news, for transmission by special wire to their head office.

The illustrated daily newspaper is one of the latest developments of journalism. The Daily Graphic, an offshoot of the famous weekly Graphic, gives us a pictorial record of the many-sided life of London and the provinces. For effective illustration, a staff of sketchers is required, deft and vigorous of touch, and quick of eye to discern the artistic possibilities of a scene. Pictorial journalism is not necessarily, or even usually, valuable as art, but it has its own special qualities. It is a difficult craft, and one for which the draughtsman must be trained. However fine a sketch may

be, as a piece of grouping, or as an accurate and spirited representation, if the shading and lines are not of the right sort they will not reproduce well by the rapid processes necessarily in use.

While the various members of the staff of the morning paper are taking their well-earned rest, those of the evening paper are wide-awake and in full activity. The editor is up betimes. His work of vigilance begins with mastering the contents of the morning papers, and on the basis of the information thus rapidly obtained, he plans the scheme of the evening paper of the day. He fixes on the subjects to be treated and illustrated in the leaders, and in the news columns. The spirit and methods of the New Journalism are more perceptible in the evening paper than in the morning. Interviewing, and chatty paragraphs about persons, are the features upon which the evening paper often relies for attracting the public. It does not, like the morning paper, consist of a single issue, but begins at once by "a second edition." No man has yet seen the first edition of his evening journal. The second is in the newsvendors' hands shortly after noon, and from then, until half-past six, edition after edition is brought out, the last one being the one most in demand. There are various methods adopted by the evening papers to appease the craving for news on the result of some important event. Who has won the Derby? Has Cambridge or Oxford come out victorious in the University Boat Race? What is the verdict of the jury in the criminal case finished late in the after-Who is at the head of the poll at a contested election? The ordinary method is to leave a vacant place in which the required piece of news may be inserted as the edition is being worked off. Almost all the newspapers are printed by the famous Walter presses of the Times, or the great American Hoe machines. The Walter presses excel the latter, perhaps, in finish of workmanship, but the Hoe machines carry the prize for swiftness of production. The Times prints by each of its machines an average of 12,000 copies per hour, while the Daily Telegraph, almost entirely printed by the Hoe, turns out by each an average of 20,000 per hour. The eight machines at work in the office produce 160,000 copies of the paper in sixty minutes. The Daily News, employing both machines, prints over 100,000 copies per hour. The type-setting machine of this

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journal is almost similar to the one used by the *Times*. The printer sets at the keyboard, and plays upon it as upon a piano; as he strikes letters instead of notes, the corresponding type, moving in grooves, falls into its appointed place.

Women are pressing forward into journalism, and have shown some capacity for the profession. Mr. Robinson, the spirited editor of the *Daily News*, has always proved himself a generous friend to women, and has been one of the first to open to them his columns. The foreign correspondence of this journal, distinguished for its accuracy and brilliancy, is partly in the hands of women. Mrs. Crawford, its Paris correspondent, officially succeeded to the post on her husband's death; but during his life she shared his duties, and, to her animated and pungent pen, we chiefly owe the record of Parisian life during the vicissitudes of the last quarter of a century. The correspondent at Vienna is a woman, and so is the one at Naples. A lady well known in literary and social circles contributes to the Daily News the picturesque "fashion" article; to another lady are entrusted many of its literary criticisms. The Pall Mall Gazette also numbers women on its staff. Its information bureau is efficiently presided over by a lady. Another has been successfully employed as an interviewer, and is a brilliant reporter of social pageants. On several evening papers women are descriptive writers. It is a mistake, however, to say that they are largely occupied in daily journal-The question of sex interferes with their employment, on the morning papers especially. They cannot "knock about" among men at the office. The difficulty has been slightly met by the formation of a Writers' Club for women in Fleet Street.

Weekly journalism does not enter into the scope of this article. The leisurely pace of its composition places the life of its producers in more normal conditions. The editor goes down to the office at convenient hours, and the contributors write their articles in that unhurried frame of mind which properly belongs to the philosopher and critic. The observation does not apply to the Sunday newspapers, which in their way are seventh dailies, and are produced under all the conditions of rapidity and despatch of those the place of which they supply on one day of the week.

The papers that form and inform public opinion

are the half-dozen morning papers. The Times is still the voice of the prosperous classes, and remains true to its original aim of expressing the Public Opinion rather than of guiding it. Its present editor is Mr. Buckle, a comparatively young man, from Oxford. One of its chief leader-writers is Mr. E. D. J. Wilson, an Irishman, passionately opposed to Home Rule. M. de Blöwitz is the Paris correspondent, and his letters are essentially in harmony with the spirit of the powerful Times. The Daily News, under the admirable control of Mr. J. R. Robinson, has become the voice of the Gladstonian party in England. Mr. Andrew Lang's literary articles diffuse a delicate aroma of cultured cynicism. Mr. Lang possesses to a supreme degree that indefinable gift of touch. Mr. Richard Whiteing, author of *The Island*, is a notable member of the editorial staff. Fine descriptive writing is contributed by Mr. Millin and Mr. MacDonald. Mr. Clayden, who is the nighteditor, has served the Liberal cause with his pen from early manhood. To his pursuit of journalism he unites that of the history of contemporary politics, and of the literature of the earlier part of the century. Mr. Archibald Forbes, soldier and writer, is the ideal war correspondent, and in that capacity he served the Daily News during the Franco-German War, riveting upon the paper the attention of all the civilized world. Mr. Mov Thomas is its well-known dramatic critic, and a less-known contributor of many brilliant paragraphs to its "Morning News" columns, which are under the able management of Mr. Alexander Paul.

The Daily Chronicle is the organ of the Labour party, and it devotes more space to London and London news than do any of its contemporaries. Its editor, Mr. A. E. Fletcher, was, previous to his connection with the Chronicle, editor of the Encyclopedia of Education. His cultured taste is manifested in the attention paid to literature in the paper, which issues a daily supplement of book notices. Among the foremost members of its staff are Mr. Robert Wilson, one time assistant-editor of the Standard, Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P., and Mr. William Clarke. The war correspondent is Mr. C. Williams, who beguiles the intervals of peace by contributing to the Chronicle learned articles on the art of war.

The *Standard* represents the old-fashioned Liberal Conservatism. It is tolerant of the new

ideas of this advanced generation. Its editor, Mr. Mudford, is a distinguished journalist, and by the will of the late proprietor of the journal, cannot be removed from the editorial chair except with his own consent. Mr. Alfred Austin, known to fame as a poet and a critic of poets, is, or lately was, the chief political writer on the Standard. Mr. A. J. Wilson, the city editor, has done admirable service to the paper and to the public by his excellent papers on finance. Dr. Robert Brown, a travelled and scientific man, whose style has a note of distinction, contributes some of the most attractive leaders in the Standard. Mr. G. A. Henty, author of brilliant tales that rouse the enthusiasm of the English youth, is its war correspondent, and is associated in the editorship of its additional sheet, the Evening Standard. The Morning Post is the organ of Conservative society, and is the oracle of the Primrose dames. Its proprietor, Sir Algernon Borthwick, takes an active share in its management, and contributes to its columns.

The Daily Telegraph, which is of all the daily papers the most widely read, appeals to a public that cares more for the social aspects of life than for its more abstract themes. It is the brilliant raconteur of the press. The editor, Sir Edwin Arnold, is the well-known poet. During his long absences in lands where Buddha is worshipped, Mr. Lesage fills the editorial chair. It was Mr. Lesage who served the paper with such remarkable foresight during the Franco-German war. George Augustus Sala has long been the prophet of the Daily Telegraph, and his waxen image at Madame Tussaud's represents him as writing for it, surrounded by the volumes of that commonplacebook in which is stored the quintessence of his vast reading. This commonplace book moved Mr. Irving's admiration when he examined its contents one evening, after dining with Mr. Sala. "What would you do if it were burned?" he asked; "it contains the sum of all the books you have read." His host was aghast at the suggestion of a possibility which he had never contemplated. The next morning Mr. Irving sent to the illustrious journalist a magnificent fire-proof safe. Clement Scott, the dramatic critic of the Telegraph, holds a special position among critics. Campbell Clarke, with three assistants under him, furnishes from Paris the columns entitled "Paris Day by Day," for which, perhaps, more than for

any other part of the paper, the *Telegraph* is so widely read.

During the past year, two halfpenny morning papers, *The Morning Leader* and *The Morning*, have been started, and have at once found favour with the public. They are both bright, superficial, and chatty journals, devoting little attention to politics, but gossiping briskly about events that occupy public attention, and having much to say about people.

The most remarkable feature of the modern journal is the price at which it is produced. It is an impressive example of what combination can

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do. The result of all sorts of intellectual and mechanical forces working together can be had "for a penny." It is the pennies of the masses that make it possible for the newspaper to enlist in its service the brain, the skilled labour, the contrivances that put its readers in touch with the remotest ends of the earth, and which as far as the news of the world is concerned annihilate time and space. If journals were intended for the rich only they would practically be non-existent. As it is, they show that truly the greatest marvels are accomplished in the service of the many.

FARRINGFORD LAWN.

(In the days that are no more.)

W HO hath seen the summer parlour of the King?
Lovely and lofty, shut from view:
Walled with green, and ceilinged with blue:
Round about it the singers sung;
Rose and lily their odours flung;

I myself that speak unto you—

I have seen the summer parlour of the King.

2.

Who sat in the summer parlour of the King?

His custom of an afternoon;

When summer came, when earth was boon;

When round about his singers sung,

Rose and lily their odours flung;

When summer came, when all was June?—

The King! in the summer parlour of the King!

3.

Lo! this was the summer parlour of the King.

Made fit for hir, and fashioned fair,

Open only to delicate air.

Royal songs for the world to sing

Seemed writ round the walls in jewelling;

For I myself have seen them there—

Have sat in his summer parlour with the King.



Art Reproduction Co., sc.

"Her heart was starting all this while You made it wait."

Everard Hopkins, pinx.

A YOUNG MUTINEER.

L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER IX.

In the first pleasant spring-time of that same year, Mrs. Anstruther, a very gay and fashionable-looking woman of between forty and fifty years of age, turned on a certain morning to her daughter and made a remark—

"Don't forget that we must pay some calls this afternoon, Mildred."

Mildred was standing by the window of their beautiful drawing-room. The window-boxes had just been filled with lovely spring flowers; she was bending over them and with deft fingers arranging the blossoms and making certain small alterations, which had the effect of grouping the different masses of colour more artistically than the gardener had done.

"Yes, mother," she said, half turning her handsome head and glancing back at her parent. "We are to make calls. I am quite agreeable."

"I wish you would take an interest, Mildred; it is so unpleasant going about with people who are only just 'quite agreeable.' Now, when I was a young girl—"

"Oh, please, mother, don't! The times have completely changed since you were young; enthusiasm has gone out of fashion. I am nothing if I am not fashionable! Of course, if calls have to be paid, I shall pay them. I'll put on my most becoming bonnet, and my prettiest costume, and I'll sit in the carriage by your side and enter the houses of those friends who happen to be at home, and I'll smile and look agreeable, and people will say, 'What an amiable woman Miss Anstruther is!' I'll do the correct thing, of course, only I suppose it is not necessary for my heart to go pitter-patter over it. By the way, have you made out a list of the unfortunates who are to be victimized by our presence this afternoon?"

Mrs. Anstruther sighed, and gazed in some discontent at her daughter.

"It is so disagreeable not to understand people," she said. "I don't profess to understand you,

Mildred. If you will give me my visiting-book I can soon tell you the places where we ought to go. And oh, by the way, should we not call on Hilda Quentyns?—she has taken a house somewhere in West Kensington."

"You don't mean to tell me that the Quentyns are in town?" said Mildred, turning sharply round and gazing at her mother.

"Of course; they have been in London for some time. I met Lady Rivers yesterday, and she gave me Hilda's address. She seems to have gone to live in a very poky place. See, I have entered the name in my address-book—10, Philippa Road, West Kensington."

"Then of course we'll go to her—that will be really nice," said Mildred with enthusiasm. "We might go to Hilda first and spend some little time with her."

"But Mrs. Milward's 'at home' begins quite early. I should not like to miss that."

"Who cares for Mrs. Milward! Look here, mother, suppose you pay the calls and let me go and see Hilda. I have a good deal I want to talk over with her; for one thing, I want to say something about Judy."

"Poor, queer little Judy," said Mrs. Anstruther, with a laugh. "What can you possibly have to say about her?"

"I don't think Judy is at all well," said Mildred.
"There is such a thing as dying of heart-hunger.
If ever a child suffered from that old-fashioned complaint, it is that poor mite at Little Staunton Rectory."

"My dear Mildred, you get more absurd every day. Judy lives in a most comfortable home, for notwithstanding their poverty, old Aunt Marjorie manages to keep everything going in really respectable style. The child has a loving father, a devoted aunt, a dear little sister, and an excellent governess, and you talk of her dying of heart-hunger! It is absurd."

"Nevertheless," said Mildred,—she stopped abruptly, her bright eyes looked across the room

and out through the open window—"Nevertheless," she said, giving her foot an impatient tap, "I should like to see Hilda. I should like to have a long talk with her. I have heard nothing about her since her wedding, so by your leave, mother, I'll drive over to West Kensington immediately after lunch and send the victoria back for you."

Mrs. Anstruther, who was always more or less like wax in the hands of her strong-minded daughter, was obliged somewhat unwillingly to submit to this arrangement; and Mildred, charmingly dressed and looking young and lovely, was bowled rapidly away in the direction of Hilda Quentyns' humble home soon after two o'clock.

"It will be pleasant to take the poor old dear by surprise," said Mildred to herself. "There was a time when I felt jealous of her good fortune in having secured Jasper Quentyns, but, thank goodness, I have quite got over the assaults of the greeneyed monster now. Ah, here we are. What a queer little street!—what frightfully new and yet picturesque houses! They look like dove-cotes. I wonder if this pair of turtle-doves coo in their nest all day long."

The footman jumped down and rang the doorbell. In a moment a neatly-dressed but very younglooking servant stood in the open doorway.

"Yes, Mrs. Quentyns was at home," she said, and Mildred entered Hilda's pretty house.

She went into the drawing-room, and stood somewhat impatiently waiting for her hostess to appear. The little room was furnished with an eye to artistic effect, the walls were decorated with good taste. The furniture was new, as well as pretty. One beautiful photogravure from Burne Jones's 'Wheel of Fortune' was hung over the mantelpiece. Hilda and Quentyns, faithfully represented by an Italian photographer, stood side by side in a little frame on one of the brackets. Mildred felt herself drawing one or two heavy sighs.

"I don't know what there is about this little room, but I like it," she murmured; "nay, more, I love it. I can fancy good people inhabiting it. I am quite certain that Love has not yet flown out of the window. I am quite sure too of another thing, that even if Poverty does come in at this door, Love will remain. Oh, silly Hilda, what have you to do with the 'Wheel of Fortune'? your position is

assured; you dwell safely enthroned in the heart of a good man. Oh, happy Hilda!"

The door was opened, and Hilda Quentyns smiling, with roses on her cheeks and words of delighted welcome on her lips, rushed into the room.

"How sweet of you to call, Mildred," she exclaimed. "I was just wondering if you would take any notice of me."

"You dear creature," said Mildred, kissing Hilda and patting her on the shoulder. "Two hours ago I heard for the first time that you were in London. I ate my lunch and ordered the victoria, and put on my prettiest bonnet and drove over to see you as fast as ever the horses would bring me. I could not well pay my respects to Mrs. Quentyns in a shorter time."

"I am very glad to see you," said Hilda.

"How childish you look," replied Mildred, gazing at her in a rather dissatisfied way; "you have no responsibilities at all now, your Jasper takes the weight of everything, and you live in perpetual sunshine. Is the state of bliss as blissful as we have always been led to imagine, Hilda, or are the fairy tales untrue, and does the prince only exist in one's imagination?"

"Oh no, he is real, quite real," said Hilda. "I am as happy as it is possible for a human being to be. Jasper—but I won't talk of him—you know what I really think of him. Now let me show you my house. Isn't it a sweet little home? Wasn't it good of Jasper to come here? He wanted a flat, but when he saw that my heart was set on a little house, he took this. Don't you like our taste in furniture, Milly? Oh, Milly dear, I am glad to see you. It is nice to look at one of the dear home-faces again."

"Come and show me your house," said Mildred; "I am going to stay a long time—all the afternoon, if possible."

"I am more than glad; you must remain to dinner. I will telegraph to Jasper to come home early."

"I don't mind if I do," said Mildred. "I have no very special engagements for this evening, and even if I had I should be disposed to break them. It is not often one gets the chance of spending an hour in a nest with two turtle-doves."

"Come, come," said Hilda, "that sounds as if you were laughing at us. Now you shall see the

house, and then we'll have tea together, and you must tell me all about the old place."

The turtle-doves' nest was a very minute abode. There was only one storey, and the bed-rooms in consequence were small and few.

"Aren't we delightfully economical?" said Hilda, throwing open the door of her own room. "Is not this wee chamber the perfection of snugness? and this is Jasper's dressing-room, and here is such a dear little bath-room; and this is the spare-room (we have not furnished it yet, but Jasper says we can't afford to have many visitors, so I'm not making any special haste). And this is our servants'-room. I did not think when we lived at Little Staunton that two servants could fit into such a tiny closet, but these London girls seem quite to like it. Now, Mildred, come down-stairs. You have looked over this thimbleful of a house, and I hope it has pleased you. Come down-stairs and let us talk. I am starving for news."

"Well, my dear, begin catechizing to your heart's content," said Mildred. She threw herself back into the easiest of the easy-chairs as she spoke, and toasted her feet before Hilda's cheerful fire. "What do you want to know first, Mrs. Quentyns?"

"How long is it since you left home—when did you see them all?"

"I was at home a fortnight ago, and I spent the greater part of one afternoon at the Rectory."

"Oh, did you. Is it awfully changed?"

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"No; the house is *in statu quo*. It looks just as handsome and stately and unconcerned as of old. Aunt Marjorie says it is full of dust, but I did not notice any. Aunt Marjorie has got quite a new wrinkle between her brows, and she complains a great deal of the young cook, but my private opinion is that that unfortunate cook is your aunt's salvation, for she gives her something else to think of besides the one perpetual grievance."

"Oh yes, yes," said Hilda, a little impatiently, "poor dear Aunt Maggie; and what about the others? How is my father?"

"He looks thin, and his hair is decidedly silvered; but his eyes just beamed at me with kindness. He never spoke once about the change in his circumstances, and on Sunday he preached a sermon which set me crying."

"Dear Mildred, I think father's sermons were always beautiful. How I should like to hear him once again!"

"So you will, of course, very soon; they're all expecting you down. Why don't you go?"

The faintest shadow of a cloud flitted across Hilda's face.

"Jasper is so busy," she said.

"Well, go without him. I am quite convinced you would do them a sight of good."

"Jasper does not like me to leave him," said Hilda; "we both intend to run down to the Rectory for a flying visit soon, but he is so busy just at present that he cannot fix a day. Go on, Milly; tell me about the others. What of Babs?"

"I saw her squatting down on the middle of the floor with a blind kitten just three days old in her lap. The kitten squalled frightfully, and Babs kept on calling it 'poor, pretty darling.' I thought badly of the kitten's future prospects, but well of its nurse's; she looked particularly flourishing."

"And Judy?" said Hilda, "she wasn't well a little time ago, but Aunt Marjorie has said nothing about her health lately. Has she quite, quite recovered? Did she look ill? Did you see much of her?"

"She was sitting in the ingle-nook, reading a book."

"Reading a book!" said Hilda; "but Judy does not like reading. Was the day wet when you called at the Rectory?"

"No; the sun was shining all the time."

"Why wasn't she out scampering and running all the time, and hunting for grubs?"

"She had a cough, not much, just a little hack, and Aunt Marjorie thought she had better stay indoors."

"Then she is *not* quite well?"

"Aunt Marjorie says she is, and that the hack is nothing at all. By the way, Hilda, if your husband won't spare you to go down to the Rectory, why don't you have that child here on a visit? Nothing in the world would do her so much good as a sight of your face."

"Oh, I know, I know; my little Judy, my treasure! But the spare-room is not ready, and Jasper is so prudent, he won't go in debt for even a shilling's-worth. He has spent all his available money on the house-furnishing, and says the spare-room must wait for a month or so. As soon as ever it is furnished, Judy is to be the first guest."

"Can't you hire a little bedstead of some sort?" said Mildred, "and put it up in the room, and

send for the child. What does Judy care about furnished rooms!"

"You think she looks really ill, do you, Mildred?"

"I will be candid with you, Hilda. I did not like her look—she suffers. It is sad to read suffering in a child's eyes. When I got a peep into Judy's eyes I could see that the soul in her breast was drooping for want of nourishment. She is without that thing which is essential to her."

"And what is that?"

"Your love. Do send for her, Hilda. Never mind whether the spare-room is furnished or not."

Hilda sat and fidgeted with her gold chain. Her face, which had been full of smiles and dimples, was now pale with emotion, her eyes were full of trouble.

"Why are you so irresolute?" asked Mildred impatiently.

"Oh, I—I don't know. I am not quite my own mistress. I—I must think."

The servant entered the room with a letter on a little salver. Hilda took it up.

"Why, this is from Judy," she exclaimed. "Perhaps she's much better already. Do you mind my reading it, Mildred?"

"Read it, certainly. I shall like to know how the dear queer mite is getting on."

Hilda opened her letter, and, taking out a tiny pink sheet, read a few words written on it.

"MY DEAR HILDA,

"I am writing you a little letter. I hope you are quite well. I don't fret, and I hope you don't. I think of you and never forget you. I give you a kiss for now and for to-night, and for every other night, and a million, thousand kisses for always.

"Your loving JUDY.

"Here are my kisses."

A whole lot of crosses and round o's followed.

"Here is my tex for us both. 'The Lord wach between me and thee.'

"IUDY."

Hilda's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"There is something else in the envelope," she exclaimed. "I think a scrawl from Aunt Marjorie. I had a volume from her yesterday. I wonder what she wants to write about again."

"MY DARLING HILDA,

"Now don't be frightened, my dear, but I have something to tell you which I think you ought to know. Our dear little Judy fainted in a rather alarming way in church vesterday. course we sent for the doctor, and he says she is very weak, and must stay in bed for a day or two. He says we need not be alarmed, but that her strength is a good deal run down, and that she must have been fretting about something. It just shows how little doctors know, for I never saw the child sweeter, or more gentle, or more easily You know what a troublesome little creature she used to be, always flashing about and upsetting things, and bringing all kinds of obnoxious insects into the house; but she has been just like a lamb since your wedding, sitting contentedly by my side, looking over her fairy storybooks, and assuring me she wasn't fretting in the least about you, and that she was perfectly happy. Babs did say that she heard her crying now and then at night, but I fancy the child must have been mistaken, for Judy certainly would not conceal any trouble from me. I will write to you again about her to-morrow. She directed this envelope to you herself yesterday morning before church, so I am slipping my letter into it. Don't be frightened, dear, we are taking all possible care of her.

"Your affectionate

"AUNT MARJORIE."

"There," said Hilda, looking up with a queer, terrified expression in her eyes, "I knew how it would be. I married Jasper to please myself, and I have killed Judy. Judy's heart is broken. Oh, what shall I do, Milly, what shall I do?"

"Let me read Aunt Marjorie's letter," said Mildred.

Her quick, practical eyes glanced rapidly over the old lady's illegible writing.

"I don't think you have killed her, Hilda," said Miss Anstruther then, "but she is simply fading away for want of the love which was her life. Go back to her; go back at once, and she will revive. Come, there is not a moment to be lost. I'll run out and send a telegram to Little Staunton. I'll tell them to expect you this evening. Where's an A B C? Have you got one?"

"I think there is one on the waggon in the dining-room. I will fetch it."

Hilda ran out of the room; she brought back the time-table in a moment. Her face was like death; her hands shook so that she could scarcely turn the leaves.

"Let me find the place," said Mildred. "There, let me see. Oh, what a pity, you have lost the four o'clock train, and there isn't another until seven. Never mind, say you will take that one. You'll arrive at Bickley at twenty minutes to ten, and soon after ten you will be at the Rectory. I'll run at once and send off the telegram, for the sooner Judy's heart is relieved the better."

Mildred rushed to Hilda's davenport, filled in a telegraph-form, and brought it to Hilda to read.

"There, is that right?" she exclaimed. "Put your name to it if you are satisfied."

Hilda dashed the tears which were still blinding her eyes away.

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, "that will do. Take it at once, this moment, before—before I have time to change my mind."

Mildred had written, "Tell Judy to expect me at ten to-night." Hilda added her name, and Mildred prepared to leave the room.

"Good-bye, Hilda," she said. "I won't come back, for you will need all your time to pack, and to leave things in order for your Jasper. Goodbye, dear. Of course you could not *think* of changing your mind, it would be wickel, cruel; yes, it would be terribly cruel. Good-bye, Hilda, good-bye."

Mildred seated herself in the victoria and desired her coachman to drive to the nearest telegraph-office.

"I have made a discovery," she said, under her breath. "Jasper Quentyns was not the prince; no, my prince has not yet shown his shining face above the horizon. Doubtless he will never come; but better that than to think he has arrived and wake to find him common clay. Hilda is absolutely afraid of her husband. No, Hilda, I would not be in your shoes for a good deal."

CHAPTER X.

It was an April day, but the weather was still cold at Little Staunton, and Aunt Marjoric thought it well to have a nice bright fire burning in Judy's bed-room.

Judy was sitting up in bed, her hair was combed back from her face, she wore a blue dressing gown, the black shadows under her eyes were not so marked as yesterday, her firm little lips had an expression of extreme and touching patience. Judy's movements were somewhat languid, and her voice when she spoke had lost its high, glad pitch.

Aunt Marjorie kept coming in and out of the room. Miss Mills fussed with the fire, went to the window to look out over the landscape and to make the same remark many times.

"How late the spring is this year," said the governess, in her dreary monotone.

Babs stood with her back to Judy, sorting a cabinet full of curiosities. There was no shadow of any sorrow on Babs's serene face—her full contented voice prattled on interminably.

A drawing-board lay on Judy's bed, a sheet of drawing-paper, two or three pencils, and a thick piece of indiarubber lay by her side. For over an hour she had been drawing industriously. A pink colour came into her cheeks as she worked, and Aunt Marjorie said to herself—

"The child is all right—she just needed a little rest—she'll soon be as well as possible. I'll go down-stairs now, and write to Hilda about her."

Miss Mills also thought that Judy looked better. Miss Mills was still guilty of keeping up a somewhat one-sided correspondence with the person whom she so cordially hated—she had not heard from him for nearly a month, and thought that the present would be a good opportunity to write another letter, to remind him of her existence. So, glancing at Judy as she went, she also left the room.

The door was shut carefully, and the two little sisters were alone. When this happened, Judy threw down her pencils and gave utterance to a faint, quickly-smothered sigh.

"Why do you do it so softly?" said Babs, not troubling herself to turn her face, but still keeping her stout back to her sister.

"Do what so softly?" asked Judy.

"Those groans to yourself. Aunt Marjorie won't believe that you ever groan, and I know you do. She said you was as happy as the day is long, and I said you wasn't. You know you do sob at night, or you have shecups or something."

"Look here," said Judy, "it's very, very, very

unkind of you, Babs, to tell Aunt Marjorie what I do at night. I didn't think you'd be so awfully mean. I am ill now, and Aunt Maggie would do anything for me, and I'll ask her to put you to sleep in Miss Mills's room, if ever you tell what I do at night again."

"I'll never tell if you don't wish me to," said Babs, in her easy tones. "You may sob so that you may be heard down in the drawing-room and I won't tell. Look here, Judy, I have found your old knife."

"What old knife?"

"The one you saved that animal with last autumn, don't you remember?"

"Oh yes, yes - the dear little earwig. Do let me see the knife, Babs; I thought I had lost it."

"No, it was in the back of your cabinet, just under all the peacock's feathers. Wasn't the carwig glad when you saved her?"

"Yes," said Judy, smiling, "didn't she run home fast to her family! She was sticking in the wood and couldn't get out, poor darling, but my dear little knife cut the wood away and then she ran home. Oh, didn't she go fast!"

"Yes, didn't she," said Babs, laughing. "I think earwigs are such sweet little animals, don't you, Judy?"

"Insects, you mean," said Judy. "Oh yes, I love them special because most people hate the poor dears."

"What are you drawing, Judy? What a queer, queer picture!"

"I'm going to call it 'Where the nasty fairies live,'" said Judy, 'but I haven't finished it. Babs, how long is it now since Hilda went away?"

"Weeks, and weeks, and weeks," replied Babs. "I has almost forgotten how long."

"Years and years, you mean," said Judy.

The little pink flush of excitement faded out of her cheeks, her eyes looked hollow, the shadow under them grew darker than ever.

There came a rush along the passage, and Aunt Marjorie, puffing with the haste she had used, but trying to walk slowly and to speak calmly, entered the room.

"Judy, my darling," she said, "I have very good news for you."

"For me," said Judy, flushing and paling almost in the same moment.

"Yes, my dear little pet, very nice news. Your darling Hilda is coming."

"Aunt Maggie!"

"Yes, here's a telegram from her. She says in it, 'Tell Judy to expect me at ten to-night.' Why, my darling, how white you are! Babs, run and fetch me those smelling-salts. Now, Judy, just one whiff. Ah, now you're better."

"Yes, auntie, much, much, much better. I am only awfully happy."

Judy smiled, and the tears rushed to her eyes; her little thin hand trembled, she tried to push her drawing materials away.

"Please may I have the telegram?" she asked.

"Of course you may, my darling. Oh, and here comes kind Miss Mills with your chicken-broth. Just the thing to set you up. Drink it off, dear. Miss Mills, our sweet Hilda is coming to-night. I have just had a telegram, she'll be here about ten."

"Who's to meet her?" asked Miss Mills. "You forget that there are no horses in the stables now, and no carriage in the coach-house."

"I did forget," said Aunt Marjorie. "I must send a message to Stephens to take a fly to the station."

"I'll go and tell him as soon as ever tea is over," answered Miss Mills. "Ah, Judy. You'll soon be well now, Judy, won't you?"

"I am well already," replied Judy. "What delicious chicken-broth. Auntie dear, stoop down, I want to whisper something to you."

"Yes, my dearie, what is it?"

"I needn't be asleep when Hilda comes, need I? You will let me sit up in bed, won't you? I'll promise to be so quiet, I won't make a sound to disturb Babs, but I should love to be awake and waiting for her. Please, please, auntie darling, say I may."

"My darling—until ten o'clock! so awfully late. Judy dear, you're getting quite feverish—you must calm yourself, my pet. Well, then, well, anything to soothe you. We'll see how you keep, dearie. If you don't get at all excited, I—I'll see what I shall do. Now I must leave you, darling, to go and get Hilda's room ready. I wonder if Jasper is coming with her, she doesn't say anything about him."

Aunt Marjorie trotted out of the room, Miss Mills started on her walk to the village, and Judy began to speak eagerly to Babs.

"I am quite well," she said, "you'll never hear me sob again at night. I am quite the happiest girl in the world. Oh, think of kissing Hilda again; and I didn't fret, no, I didn't—not really. Babs, don't you think you might make the room look pretty? You might get out all the animals and put them on the chimney-piece."

"I'll be very glad to do that," replied Babs. "I often wanted to look at the darlings, but it was no fun when you didn't wish to play with them." She opened a little box as she spoke, and taking out china dogs, cats, cocks and hens, ducks, giraffes, elephants, monkeys, and many other varieties of the animal world, bestowed them with what taste she could manage on the mantel-piece. "Don't they look sweet!" she exclaimed. "I suppose you're not strong enough to have a game, Judy? If you could bray like the donkey, I'd be the roaring bull."

"To-morrow, perhaps, I can," said Judy, in a weak voice; "but the room is not half ready yet. I want you to pin some of my drawings and some of my texes on the wall. You'll find them in my own box if you open it."

"Yes, yes," said Babs in delight. "I do like making your room pretty for Hilda, and you ordering me. You may purtend if you like that I am your little servant."

"Very well; you're putting that picture upside down, Babs."

"Oh, how funny! Is that right?"

"No, it's awfully crooked."

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For the next half-hour Babs laboured hard, and Judy superintended, giving sharp criticisms and ordering the arrangements of the chamber with much peremptoriness.

"Now we must have flowers," she exclaimed. "You must go out to the garden, and pick all the violets you can get."

"But it's very late to go out," said Babs, "and Miss Mills will be angry."

"As if that mattered! Who cares who is angry when Hilda is coming? The worst Miss Mills can do is to punish you, and you won't mind that when you think about Hilda. I know where there are violets, white and blue, on that south bank after you pass the shrubbery; you know the bank where the bees burrow, and where we catch ladybirds in the summer; run, Babs, do run at once and pick all you can find."

Judy's room was decorated to perfection. Judy herself lay in her white bed, with pink roses on her cheeks, and eyes like two faintly shining stars, and smiles coming and going on her lips, and eager words dropping now and then from her impatient little tongue.

"What is the hour now, Aunt Marjorie? Is it really only half-past nine?"

"It is five-and-twenty to ten, Judy, and Miss Mills has gone in the fly to the station, and your Hilda will be back, if the train is punctual, by ten o'clock. How wonderfully well you look, my darling. I did right after all to let you sit up in bed to wait for your dear sister."

"Yes, I am quite well, only—I hope Jasper won't come too."

"Oh, fie! my pet. You know you ought not to say that treasonable sort of thing—Jasper is Jasper, one of the family, and we must welcome him as such—but between ourselves, just for no one else to hear in all the wide world, I do hope also that our dear little Hilda will come here by herself."

Judy threw her thin arms round Aunt Marjorie's neck and gave her a silent hug.

"I'll never breathe what you said," she whispered back in her emphatic voice.

Babs slept peacefully in her cot at the other end of the room. The white and blue violets lay in a tiny bowl on the little table by Judy's bed. The rumble of wheels was heard in the avenue. Aunt Marjorie started to her feet, and the colour flew from Judy's face.

"It cannot be Hilda yet," exclaimed the aunt. "No, of course it is the doctor. He will say that you are better to-night, Judy."

The medical man entered the room, felt the pulse of his little patient, looked into her eyes, and gave utterance to a few cheerful words.

"The child is much better, isn't she?" asked Aunt Marjorie, following him out of the room.

"Hum! I am not so sure; her pulse is weak and quick, and for some reason she is extremely excited. What is she sitting up in bed for? she ought to have been in the land of dreams a long time ago."

"Don't you know, Dr. Harvey; didn't we tell you, my niece, Mrs. Quentyns, is expected to-night? and Judy is sitting up to see her."

"Suspense is very bad for my little patient."

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"What time is Mrs. Quentyns expected to arrive?"

"About ten. Judy is especially attached to her sister, and if I had insisted on her trying to go to sleep, she would have tossed about and worked herself into a fever."

"She is very nearly in one now, and I don't

particularly like the look of excitement in her eyes. I hope Mrs. Quentyns will be punctual. As soon as ever she comes, the child must settle to sleep. Give her a dose of that bromide mixture immediately after. I'll come and see her the first thing in the morning."

(To be continued.)



A SONG.

In Spring and Summer weather,
We sang our song together,
Love and I;
The fields all ripe for reaping,
The lands in winter sleeping,
Heard the glad melody
We sang, Love and I.

What mattered shine or shower?

We plucked one fruit—one flower—

Love and I;

Of all fair fruits, the meetest,

Of all sweet flowers, the sweetest.

"They will not fade and die,"

We said, Love and I.

Four seasons past and over,

Have we aught yet to discover,

Love and I?

By the path that glad year bore us,

We will tread the years before us,

With the same sweet melody

For song, Love and I.



THE MORNING OF THE YEAR.



"GOOD GENIUS."

JENNY LIND (MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT).

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THOUGH most of Jenny Lind's life was spent in paths that can be trodden by few, we feel we can prove her to be a beautiful ideal for all women who are called, either by talents, necessity, or choice, to open the doors of their secluded houses, and undertake the risks and responsibilities of "a career."

Jenny Lind was born in the city of Stockholm, in 1820. Her father was but a merchant's clerk, a fair singer, and musical in a social way that was not likely to contribute much to the well-being of his household. That was left in the hands of the mother, who did her duty in a strenuous fashion, and evidently often found its strain too much for her nerves and temper. The little daughter was obliged to be sent away into the country, where her earliest instincts awaked among sweet and simple ruralities, to which she remained true all her life, longing for them while duty kept her away from them.

She came back to Stockholm while she was still a very little child, and her chief friend in her family circle was her grandmother—her mother's mother. It was this good grandmother, too, who first discovered the musical genius of the little one, and prophesied to her sorely-tried daughter, "Mark my words, that child will bring you help."

For a while Jenny lived with her grandmother, in the old lady's refuge in the "Widow's Home," where the child was put in the charge of the steward and his wife. Her audience in those days was a favourite cat "with a blue ribbon round its neck," with whom she used to sit at the window. The passers-by heard her singing, and one of these, the serving-maid of a lady attached to the Swedish Royal Opera House, told her mistress about the little girl with the wonderful voice. The child was asked to sing before competent critics, with the result that she was taken in hand, taught to sing, educated and brought up at the Government expense.

This was a trial to her mother, who had a repugnance to everything connected with the stage. She only yielded to the temptation to give up her child, because at that time she had really no home of her own. Afterwards, however, she settled in Stockholm, when her little daughter, though provided for and under the guardianship of the Directors of the Royal Theatre, was for a while actually "boarded" under her own mother's roof.

There is no use in glossing over the fact that Jenny and her mother did not "get on together." There was certainly no lack of love on either side, —had there been less, there might have been more eternal peace, but neither the elder woman nor the

girl were of easy-going fibre. Probably their characters had many elements in common. Certainly it was from her mother that Jenny inherited her industry, her conscientiousness, even her dignified reserve—and her persistence. But the mother had been through bitter experiences; she had fought with the world, hand to hand, she did not love it, and all her ambition and aspirations seem to have narrowed down to the desire to possess money, to make herself and those she loved independent of it! One pities the poor woman: none who have not trodden the same hard road need cast a stone at her. But such a state of mind did not prepare her to sympathize with her daughter, who, led by far different ways, came early to look upon her great gifts as a sacred trust divinely bestowed upon her, and to be used for wider and higher aims than those of self-interest.

Though from the first there was this grave jar between the pair, we must not think that they did not have happy times. For the mother and daughter took holidays together, and Fru Lind could write to her husband about "our little Jenny" enjoying herself "among the haystacks," or "on the sea," or "in the swing." But always the restless note comes in, the quest for position or for fame as means towards fortune. Jenny "has been singing in rather good circles;" or Jenny is to give a concert, and "every one says she ought to raise the usual price." In every enthusiastic audience, or propitiated critic, she, poor Fru, is watching for a patron, or "what is the good of it all? What has the incomparable Jenny for her increased labour? Who rewards talent in our country, even when people are ever so rich?"

In this atmosphere of arid worldliness, there could be nothing but choking and irritation for the ardent young spirit, which in the very year (1838) that these letters were written, had entered into conscious possession of its glorious birthright. As we know, Jenny Lind was then only a girl of eighteen. She had had previous successes, of the kind which awaken interest and betoken "promise." But on the seventh of March, in the character of Agatha in Weber's Freischütz, she suddenly became aware that she could touch and sway the human heart. She was wont to say, "I got up that morning one creature, I went to bed another creature. I had found my power!" It was no mere triumph of egotism. To her, the discovery of a power was the imposition of a duty. To the

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end of her life she kept that date as a sacred anniversary.

It is interesting to notice that this consecration came to her in the impersonation of Agatha, the peasant-maiden. All through her life her success in any character was measured by her sympathy with it. "She could not render anything in which there was a suggestion repugnant to her higher nature." The same intense sincerity prevented her from ever acting the same scene twice precisely alike, since every day must bring some subtle change to one's own personality and standpoint. The "actress" was but a larger revelation of the woman. On that memorable seventh of March the members of the orchestra actually laid down their instruments to join in the applause.

Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish authoress, who was among the audience, thus records her impressions: "Jenny was then in the spring of life, fresh, bright, and screne as a morning in May; perfect in form, her hands and her arms peculiarly graceful, and lovely in her whole appearance. She seemed to move, speak, or sing without effort or art. . . . In the night scene where Agatha, seeing her lover coming, breathes out her joy in rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window at the back of the stage to the spectators again, was pale for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of outflowing love and life that called forth, not the mirth, but the tears of the audience."

There can be no doubt that through the whole of her career the true charm of Jenny's genius was that expressed in verses written by the aged poet Popelius, in remembrance of her early triumphs—

"And yet through all the wealth of Art, It was thy *soul* which sang to mine!"

Jenny Lind had called herself "an ugly, broadnosed, shy, gauche girl." Yet it seems that the self-depreciation and the enthusiastic admiration were alike honest; for a little later, Lady Westmoreland, meeting her at a Royal party in Berlin, described her thus—

"I saw a plain girl when I went in, but when she began to sing her face simply and literally 'shone like that of an angel.'" Proving herself worthy of her genius, this was what her genius did for her. From first to last her individuality, strong, sensible, and honest, remained singularly the same, but the

"spiritual transfiguration" gradually produced a rare physical distinction.

When the crisis of Jenny's domestic "incompatibility" was reached, it brought into clear relief her good sense and sweet reasonableness. She decided to reside no longer in her mother's house, and she soon got herself received into the family of Herr Lindblad, a famous Swedish song-writer, whose house was henceforth her true home. But this family separation did not mean any surrender of duty and affection. It is evident that an affectionate intercourse with home was maintained. For a year or two afterwards, when she was studying in Paris, it was to her "own people" that her home-sick longings turned, touched too with the sweet compunction felt by those whose own love has been chilled and hindered in its outflow. From Paris, in 1841, she wrote to one of her correspondents in the Lindblad family—

"Ah, who—who will light the Christmas-tree for my mother? No one: no one. She has no child who can bring her the least pleasure. If you knew how she is ever before me! how constantly she is in my thoughts! how she gives me courage to work! how I love her, as I never loved her before!"

A year or two later, out of her early earnings, while they were still scanty, she managed to buy a little country home for her father and mother. And in the end it was perfect peace. In 1848, when Jenny, after her successes in Berlin, Vienna, and England, returned to Sweden, and re-appeared on the Stockholm stage, she wrote to a friend with genuine glee that—

"My own real mother is just come in. She and my father live in the country" (in the house she had given them, but she does not mention that!). "They have come in to-day, to see the *Elises d'Amore*, in which I am Adina. My mother begs to send a thousand greetings to you, unknown as you are to her; and as I tell her what you have been to me, her eyes fill with tears of joy My mother is so sympathetic towards me" (which perhaps was not always the case), "and she seems to be so happy and contented—a happiness which I had hardly dared to hope for."

Again, in 1850, when she was starting for her triumphant tour in the United States, her last letter from Liverpool was written to the old folks at home, whom she asks: "Think of me with friendli-

ness, and give me now and then your blessing, for a parent's blessing is something good to travel with." She has had a daguerreotype taken expressly to comply with her mother's wish, and she signs herself "Your attached daughter." Her first letter on arriving in America is also addressed to them, telling them the pleasant incidents of her voyage and reception. With an indulgent eye to her mother's susceptibilities, she informs her that the tickets for her concert are sold by auction, and that the first one brought 625 dollars; but she characteristically withholds the allied fact, only disclosed to her professional adviser, that "she had devoted her first two concerts to charities, because they had raised such enormous prices (by auction) that she considered this to be a plain duty."

Little more than a year after the date of that letter, and while Jenny was still on the other side of the world, the mother died. The great singer wrote to an old friend in Sweden that she had felt the blow "most bitterly," adding with infinitely tender pathos, "Everything was now smooth and nice between us: I was in hopes that she would have been spared for many a long year . . . and that I might have surrounded her old age with joy and peace and tender care. But the ways of the Lord are often not our ways. Peace be with her soul!"

We have told the whole of this family episode—its end with its beginning—because we think that each interprets the other. Our good genius did not pose as a *fille incomprise*, she strove to be at once a wise and a dutiful child. She was brave enough to leave home and father and mother just so far as the Right required her to do so—even for their own sake. For God's sake she would do justice to the great gift He had given her, even that she might return it in His service, unsullied by any mercenary aim. Yet to the cares of family ties and affection she would render every due—succour, honour, consideration, and as much tenderness as she might.

Our little paper must not deal with Jenny Lind's artistic career, except so far as it was the medium in which her noble character displayed itself. At the very outset she set the highest ideals before her. She loved her country: she was surrounded by congenial and dear friends and a homage which might well have ruined any nature to whom self-satisfaction was possible; she cared for money only



(From a portrait by Magnus, Berlin, 1846.)

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"to help her parents and provide for her own old age." But the praises early bestowed on her touched her only with a noble consciousness that she did not yet deserve them. Therefore, when she resolved to go into exile in Paris to prosecute her studies, it was with no thought of earning a worldwide fame, but rather with an henest desire to be worthy of that already bestowed on her in her own country.

When she came to this decision her savings (already drawn upon for others) did not suffice for

the expenses of the journey, her stay, and her lessons. So, with simple independence, under her father's protection, she made a professional tour in the Swedish provinces. But her devotion to her art, and her natural anxiety about her prospects, left her heart as free and warm as ever. For on this tour she wrote home with great solicitude about the aged relative with whom she had first found shelter when she left her parents; and a commission, trusted to a friend, divulges that even now, when she might well have judged that all her

carnings were needed for her own uses, she was giving a "monthly allowance" to a poor bedridden man, to whom with his wife she sends the kindly messages, not of a patron, but of a friend.

By means of this tour she acquired sufficient funds for her expedition, but so were and strained her voice, that on her first appearance before her future master, Signor Garcia, she failed lamentably; and he, with somewhat disheartening emphasis, insisted on her taking six weeks of absolute rest—no singing, and as little speech as possible. Her healthy mind instantly set itself to make some good out of this dreary sentence! She spent these weeks in the diligent study of French and Italian, and they have left behind a monument of eighty-five large foolscap pages, covered in her handwriting with systematic grammatical work.

She won the hearts of all the people in whose homes she made temporary sojourn. But Jenny Lind was never quite happy in Paris. "To my mind," she wrote, "the worst feature of Paris is its dreadful selfishness—its greed for money. . . . Applause here is not always given to talent, but often enough to vice." The girl had awakened to the dark facts of the world around her, and to the deepest needs of her own nature. touching letter to her father, which says, "I trust the Lord will save me from being obliged to sing on the stage till my life's end;" and to Madame Lindblad, she confided, "Oh, what emptiness beyond description there is around me!" Her old friend Lindblad who visited Paris during her stay there, wrote to his wife, "Jenny is bound up in Sweden, and asks for nothing better than to make her living there, and thus to give enjoyment to our people. She has been living as in a convent. . . . The greatest stage reputations are here won only by sacrificing honour and reputation."

The year 1842 found Jenny Lind again in Stockholm. Then she scored a great success in Copenhagen, where she made friends with Hans Andersen, who conceived a great affection for one whose simplicity and goodness of heart were so akin to his own. He narrates that when the Danish students serenaded her, and the torches were flashing round the house where she stayed, she first responded with one or two Swedish songs, and then hurried into the darkest corner, sobbing out the emotion with which applause always inspired her. "Yes, yes! I will exert myself, I will

strive. I shall be more efficient than I am now, when I come to Copenhagen again!" "On one occasion only," he writes, "did I hear her express her joy in her talent and in her sense of power." It was after she had given a solitary disengaged evening to singing for the benefit of a refuge for outcast children. When she was told how many poor children would be benefited for several years through her exertions—

"Is it not beautiful," she said, "that I can sing so?"

Hans Andersen declared, "No books, no men have had a more ennobling influence on me as a poet than Jenny Lind."

It was of Jenny, during this visit to Copenhagen, that Mr. Bournonville tells the story which he says he "leaves as a legacy to those who come after." She volunteered to go and sing to a sick man, who had ardently desired to hear her, and was prevented by his sufferings. On Sunday morning, while service was going on in the churches, she went to the invalid's house, and "praised God" by his bedside, despite the fact that a great concert was just coming off, in which she, of course, had the lion's share of labour.

To this same period belongs an episode which almost more than any other shows the uniqueness of Jenny's character. Among her friends was a family of the name of Josephson. One of the daughters, Mina, was a clever pianiste, who had been often associated with Jenny in her early Stockholm days. A son of this family, Jacob Axel Josephson, showed great promise as a musical composer. He was two years older than Jenny, and in 1843, when she had just returned from Paris, and was on the high-road to fortune, he was struggling to go abroad to perfect his musical education in Germany and Italy. When she came across her old acquaintance, she was ready to do anything she could to serve him. At a concert she sang one of his songs, "Believe not in joy." She carefully included him in any of the homely little Swedish festivals which, wherever she was, she loved to get up at the Christmas season. She read Hans Andersen's stories to him, and he read Pastor Lindgren's sermons to her, and occasionally he joined her travelling party and "made himself useful" in her concerts. It was a frank and fearless friendship—that priceless camaraderie, which can only flourish where men and women

strenuously work and think together, so that labour and aspiration banish all frivolity and "sentiment."

It was one Sunday, in Berlin, while she had under consideration a liberal offer from the Intendant of the Berlin Opera House. Young Josephson had, as usual, read her one of Lindgren's sermons, and in the afternoon he was escorting her to the house of a lady who afterwards became one of her greatest friends. As their walk drew to a conclusion, Josephson narrates that she said to him—

"I feel bound, in one way or another, to prove in a practical way my thankfulness to God, who has given me so much prosperity. You remember, do you not, some talk we once had in Dresden? I myself have good reason to remember it, for now you will be able to go to Italy whenever you like."

Josephson knew what she meant—that she intended to charge herself with his expenses. Though at first he was rather dumfoundered, he presently rose to what after all was the truest appreciation of her character and the greatest honour he could show to her womanhood, and owned that he was "able to accept gladly and thankfully from her that which from many others he could not take without a certain reservation of feeling."

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She carried out her resolve. In 1845, through Herr Münthe, Jenny's man of business, young Josephson received a cheque to take him to Italy. Nor did her queen-like beneficence destroy the simplicity and cordiality of the old *camaraderie*.

Young Josephson did justice to her bounty. In 1847 he returned to Sweden, and two years afterwards was appointed Musical Director of Upsala University, in which capacity he exerted a wide influence on the artistic culture of his country.

It was in Berlin that Jenny Lind first met Mendelssohn, and laid the foundation of a friendship which ended only with his life.

She wrote of him, "He is a *man*, and at the same time he has the most supreme talent. Thus should it be."

"There will not be born, in a whole century, nother being so gifted as she," said Mendelssohn, peaking of Jenny to Hans Andersen.

When, after marvellous successes in Berlin (where he was received with love and honour in the ighest circles), she went on to Vienna, one of her timate friends, introducing her to a Viennese ircle, drops this charming little confidence, which iscloses volumes of sweet and tender womanliness in its subject—"If you wish to make Jenny Lin-1 really happy, invite her companion, Louisa Johansson, to accompany her to your parties. She is an excellent girl, and Jenny looks upon her as a sister."

Jenny was always full of self-distrust. She ever anticipated failure. Over and over again she would have turned back, but that it was not in her nature to break engagements or disappoint expectations; and this feeling remained, despite serenades and showers of bouquets and crowds of excited enthusiasts, who had to be kept in order by police or military! But this side of her life does not come within the scope of this paper, save to show what enormous forces were brought to bear against her simplicity and humility and unworldliness, and how those forces not only rolled off again less than powerless, but rather served to strengthen what they might have been expected to overthrow.

When Jenny Lind arrived in London in 1847, she had no personal friends in this country save Mrs. Grote, sister of an old Stockholm friend, and the wife of the historian of Greece. Her acquaintance she had made in Germany, where the Grotes had proved themselves valuable friends, as they were again prepared to be. Mrs. Grote was undoubtedly a superior woman, though possibly of a somewhat pedantic turn, inclined to be "strongminded," and with something in her appearance which caused Sydney Smith to say that when he saw her he understood the origin of the word "grotesque," while probably he hit off the subtle atmosphere of the Grote ménage by his remark that the pair were always pleasant to meet, "for he is so very lady-like, and she is such a perfect gentleman." Such women often have in them material for very sincere and self-sacrificing friendship, and Jenny Lind certainly found Mrs. Grote hospitable and reliable in the highest degree. The Grotes were still further commended to her, as sharing in her friendship for Mendelssohn.

Among other English friends whom she made, on whom she left a deep impression, we must not omit to mention the household of Bishop Stanley of Norwich, the father of Dean Stanley. On no one did she work a stronger charm than on the son, the future Dean of Westminster, and this entirely by her personality and character, for he was so wholly without musical ear that the outburst of her marvellous singing voice was to him nothing but an interruption of her delightful conversation.

Jenny Lind's first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre as Alice in *Roberto il Diavolo* insured her future in England. The Queen and the Prince Consort, the Queen Dowager and the Duchess of Kent, were all present. It is said that the Queen threw her own bouquet at the feet of the *débutante*.

This brilliant success was worthily followed up. "A Jenny Lind crush" passed into a proverb, and the "Jenny Lind mania" spread to the remotest corner of the kingdom. "Portraits of the Swedish Nightingale" were sold on snuff-boxes, match-boxes, bonbon-boxes, on tea-boards, and even on handkerchiefs. Horses, dogs, cats, and singing-birds were named after her, even by little The Queen received her with marked attention. The Queen-Dowager invited her to visit her Majesty "in private." The old Duke of Wellington was most sedulous and respectful in his attentions. In Scotland and in the provinces it was the same.

Out of all the excitement and enthusiasm which she evoked, she always slipped away to the quiet little cottage that she had rented in Old Brompton, where she could sit and croon the songs of her dear old friend Lindblad. When she was tempted out to some fashionable reception, she was "impatient to escape," and would "beg Mrs. Grote to come away."

For years, as we have seen, Jenny's great hope and aspiration had been to leave the stage. We find this expressed in varied forms to nearly every correspondent, and during the whole extent of her In 1845 she told Mrs. Grote that the theatre and the sort of entourage it involved was distasteful to her. In the same year, she wrote to an eminent Swedish actress, "This connection with the stage has no attraction for me. My soul is yearning for rest from all these persistent compliments and this persistent adulation." To Herr Josephson, during his absence in Italy, she wrote, "My only wish is to get into quietude away from the stage." Even when her student days were scarcely over, we have seen how she shrank from the idea of a prolonged existence on the stage. The feeling only increased with time and experience and the development they wrought on her whole nature.

It was in 1849, after more Continental triumphs, and at the end of another brilliant London season, that she finally left the stage, taking her farewell

in her favourite rôle of Alice. There is no doubt that towards that date her spiritual feelings had been greatly quickened; but it seems to us that the way these feelings worked was not so much to increase her distaste for stage life-for that had ever been strong-but rather to explain and justify it to herself. Hitherto it had seemed to her that it was a noble sacrifice to offer up her own happiness, her very existence, in the service of her gift. Now it dawned upon her that whatever tended to stultify her highest nature must also react unfavourably upon her genius. The gift of God may demand the isolation, the emptiness, the breaking up of the human vessel into which it is poured, but never its voluntary and hired exposure to smirch and degeneration.

Jenny Lind's first retirement was, however, only from the operatic stage to the concert-room. And it is the sober opinion of her biographers "that the glory of her artistic career, though born of the opera, culminated in the oratorio." It was in that, certainly, that she won the love of English people, not only on this side of the Atlantic but on the other, in that wonderful tour which she made, during which her mother died, and which ended in her own marriage with her friend and accompanist, Herr Otto Goldschmidt.

She had her husband's sympathy in her desire to be free to sing whenever she chose, and to devote her earnings however she willed—a freedom he was very safe to grant to a woman with so passionate a longing for home-life and quietness. Such after-appearances, with one or two exceptions, were either made for special artistic service, or in the interests of some good work. The greater part of the remainder of her life was spent in this country. Her last public appearance was at a concert given for the Railway Servants' Benevolent Fund at the Spa, Malvern Hills, in the summer of 1883. In her house in that neighbourhood she died in the winter of 1887.

While she lay on her death-bed, in her last prostration, her daughter opened the shutters and let in a morning sunbeam. The dying singer's lips shaped the first bars of her favourite song, Schumann's "An den Sonnenschein." Those were her last notes on earth.

It would be useless to give a barren list of her boundless benefactions. There was no class of the community whom she was not ready and anxious to benefit. She seemed to regard the exercise of her gift as a mere medium to restore the wealth of the few to the needs of the many. We have preferred to show her unselfishness and lovingkindness in their more personal manifestations, nearer the possibilities of our own lives, to display the warm heart which was

"The moving pulse of the machine."

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It seems to us that the great beauty of her life is its utter truthfulness, its downright honesty in the most searching meaning of that phrase. It was from falseness, unreality that her soul utterly recoiled. Though she had wept with genuine emotion on the stage, yet she said with her severe simplicity, "The tears of the theatre are sham tears." She saw the line between dramatic representation and real life, and recognized the dangers of sensational and sterile emotion which beset the former. Her worst accusation against the world was, "The world is a great lie."

She herself was the modern Una. As we have remarked with her portraits, so it was with her character. She developed, she improved, she blossomed into new phases of character, but her life was one. We find no breaks in her moral continuity. This means that she was true to herself, living up to what light she had to-day, and so moving on in orderly march to the greater light of to-morrow. She was not tossed from one wave of opinion or from one social standpoint to its opposite, driven about by every wind of doctrine. She lived on the lines of her nature and her principles, not at that mercy of moods and temporary external influences which makes so many peopleespecially among the young women of to-day—pass from idle frivolity to severe "Ritualism," and thence to "Socialism," or "philanthropy," "theosophy," or "agnosticism." She, the true woman, could make even the dramatic impersonations of her wandering existence to be very part of her own rooted being; while these others, sometimes placed among conditions which seem far more favourable to permanency and serenity, degrade their own lives into something like a disjointed variety entertainment!

The honesty and steadfastness with which her nature could resist even its own softer impulses, is shown by the fact, that at the very date when her heart was most longing for home, and peace, and love, she could set aside a deep and tender attachment because she realized that two cannot walk together on the road of life unless they are agreed as to the way, with a conviction of deeper root than mere loverly complaisance. It is shown again in her refusal, under similar winning influences, to condemn and reproach the career which nevertheless she had altogether put aside for herself. As she wrote, there was "much, very much, one must live through, before one learns to fasten on the Life,—the Higher Life." But she knew she had been led on and up through the lower life, and she was not going to kick down the ladder by which she had risen!

That, indeed, was characteristic of her in all things. True to herself and to her inner life, Past and Present, she was true to her home, to her friends, to all men. Her valued "companion" during her professional tours was the playmate of her earliest years, the "boarder" in her mother's house. Her childhood's music-master, Herr Berg, with his family, made her domestic circle in her Brompton house during her most brilliant year. Her old playmate "among the haystacks," Mina Fundin, was never forgotten; and we find that a concert was given for her benefit. In the whirl of her American tour, she seized an opportunity to gain a larger public for Herr Lindblad's songs. Jenny Lind put herself to extreme inconvenience and fatigue on the eve of an important concert rather than disturb a servant who had met with an accident. She never forgot kind messages and remembrances to old neighbours, and to faithful servants in friends' houses. She had a keen appreciation of the value and dignity of that side of life. Sending a message to the porter's wife at Professor Wichmann's, she writes, "I love a person like that immensely! I know nothing more beautiful than such a faithful old being. Greet that dear old soul, and also good Nanke, and Frederic" (the manservant). In matters of business she was delicate, honourable, and conscientious; she sought for the best counsel she could get, and was always reason able and considerate.

We may note that if she had allowed herself to be swayed aside from her own simple tastes and pleasures, it would not have been so easy and happy for her to be loyal to her old friends. The best of old friends will not be patronized, and remembering the old fable of the earthen vessel and the iron pot,

they are apt to hold aloof from alien luxuries and extravagances. There was nothing of this to fear in Jenny Lind. When she was the favoured guest in palaces, her real joy was in her own "cozy little home; cheerful, sunny rooms, a nightingale and a goldfinch." It was her steady reliance on her own ideal, and her satisfaction with it, which gave her so much dignity. "Society," when it admitted her, could never feel it had shown her a favour; rather it became conscious of the presence of standards of life and thought which showed that the "favour" was bestowed on it. Her relations to her patrons were such that she could ask a Queen to allow her to sing to her for once without any other recompense than the friendly offering of a bunch of violets! Marble halls and silver baths, and all the materialistic luxury of barbaric pomp, far from tempting her, were hateful in her eyes. "Herrings and potatoes," she wrote, "a clean wooden chair, and a wooden spoon to eat milk-soup with—that would make me skip like a child, for joy." recognized not only that "plain living and high thinking" are quite incompatible, but also that "high living and high thinking" are well-nigh incompatible!

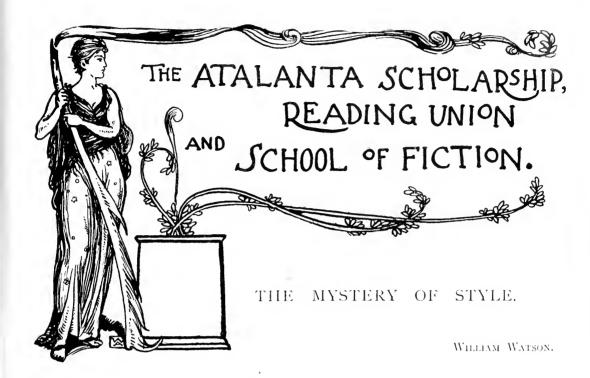
Unlike those who, in some mere fit of sentiment or disappointment, withdraw from applauded public life, she seems never once to have regretted her retirement or to have turned a backward longing eye. Her "sacrifice," like all true sacrifice, was her abiding joy. We must close our record with an incident taken from her later life.

An English friend found Madame Goldschmidt sitting on a sandy sea-shore. A Bible was open on her knee, and she was gazing out into the glory of sunset over the waters. As they talked, they came to the inevitable question, "Oh, how was it that you ever came to abandon the stage, and at the very height of your success?"

"Every day," was the quiet answer, "it made me think less of this" (laying a finger on the Bible) "and nothing at all of that" (pointing out to the sunset). It was her dramatic way of explaining her great renunciation, which, as her biographer says, had been "that of a pious soul who felt that she must retain the plain and primitive peace, which is the secret of all high and noble living—that she must sacrifice all rather than deaden her heart and darken her eyes to the Divine Spirit and the beauty of nature."

We cannot close with better words than these: "There is no career which can leave a deeper impression of the entire supremacy of the spiritual motive. She is given everything, and yet all is as nothing, if it does not leave her free to sit alone on the sea-shore, and to look at the sunset and at the old Lutheran Bible with the pure eyes that can see God."





HERE can be no doubt that Style is the great antiseptic in literature—the most powerful preservative against decay. Innumerable have been the authors whom a plentiful outfit of good ideas, of intellectual force, of moral impulse, and of many other admirable things, could not save from extinction; but there is not one solitary instance of a writer who, endowed with Style in a really eminent measure, has been consigned to that great literary catacomb where thousands of heads which once teemed with thought and emotion are ranged in monotonous rows, and are become mere indistinguishable skulls. Lethe has its million victims; but though you should go down to its margin with deliberate suicidal intent, if you have Style, with that life-belt you cannot drown.

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When I say Style, however, I mean something quite distinct from a style. Many a "man with a style" has perished. But that peculiarly distinguished air and carriage which we name Style is a mark of the purest mental aristocracy, the most untainted intellectual blue-blood—it speaks of long and high descent, of noble spiritual ancestry—and we can no more forget its possessors than we can forget some grand countenance seen by chance

among a thousand unmemorable faces. The truth is, Style is high-breeding. What is it that we admire in a splendid horse, as it arches its neck and lifts its magnificent limbs? It is Style; it is a lofty bearing, inherited from select and distinguished progenitors; and it is essentially the same quality that we admire in the verse of Milton. In both cases the step, the pose, are at least half the secret.

It does not necessarily imply transcendent beauty. Milton-admittedly and indisputably our highest summit in Style—is no doubt less perfectly beautiful than Tennyson. In the same way, we constantly speak of certain women as having Style, and we do not always imply pure beauty, except in so far as these very qualities of fine bearing and exquisite motion are themselves beautiful. What we do imply when we speak of a horse, or a woman (my lady readers must forgive this collocation), or a poem, as having Style, is a certain crowning attribute which we recognize instinctively as the result and sum of various essentially aristocratic qualities which fuse in perfect harmony and rhythm. Serenity-by which I do not for a moment mean languor or apathy but serenity

based upon strength, is one of these qualities. Thus, a fussy person has no Style; a loquacious person has no Style; an over-eager person has no Style. And in literature the analogy holds good: Mr. Browning had a style, a very remarkable one, but of Style he is absolutely destitute, for his literary manner is one of rapid volubility and constant eagerness-qualities eternally opposed to dignity, to Style, whose very essence is its proud way of never pressing itself upon you. Matthew Arnold spoke of Richelieu as "a man in the grand style," and there are-or at all events there have been-peoples also in the grand style. The Romans were eminently such a people; the Germans are emphatically not—which illustrates once again the truth that Beauty and Style are not necessarily identical, for the Greeks were not so much a people in the grand style as the Romans, yet they were a people intoxicated with beauty, who seem almost to have lived for beauty and nothing else. And speaking of the Germans, their quite unique want of Style as a people-for in no other European nation, equally great and intelligent, is the want so marked-reflects itself disastrously in their literature, which, with all its wealth of ideas and its monumental solidity, remains on the whole curiously lacking in charm, in allurement, in magnetism, because, with two or three splendid exceptions, its masters are fatally to seek in the one thing which is literature's salvation—Style.

A high general level of Style may undoubtedly be attained in some cases by self-conscious literary science; but the highest never can. A certain touch of hauteur is perhaps inseparable from Style in its most impressive manifestations; an accent as of command may usually be heard in it. Thus frankly democratic poets, like Burns, are without Style, properly so called. One of the characteristics of that order of poets is absence of reserve, whereas we have a feeling that Style always hold something back, never quite lets itself go. Probably passion plus self-restraint is the moral basis of the finest Style. Indeed, indignation is often a fruitful source of Style. The best oratory usually has a background of anger, or a foundation in anger. You can hardly get beyond Isaiah for magnificent Style, and wrath is one of its chief constituents. Landor speaks of Dante as having "that splenetic temper which seems to grudge brightness to the flames of hell," and this temper is no doubt at the root

of much of Dante's impressiveness. But he had another gift which can hardly be excelled in its power of making for Style—the gift, at times, of a transcendent brevity and simplicity. Invariably, when a fact in itself impressive is stated with absolutely unsurpassable simplicity, Style results. "Rachel weeping for her children, because they are not." This is infinitely more impressive than any phrase like "because they are dead" could have been; and why? "Because they are dead" would convey a latent impression of the children still existing as corpses - an impression which is narrowed and distracted by ideas of a merely gruesome kind, ideas of corruption and decay. "Because they are not" suggests only the awful and tremendous mystery of annihilation-obliterated existenceand leaves no room for smaller, lower ideas or emotions. This is sublimity. This is Style. Yet we must not leap to the conclusion that Style is necessarily simple. It is a power that makes itself in many forms—in pomp no less than in simplicity, in allusiveness no less than in directness. one thing which constitutes its unity in diversity which makes all developments of Style, however disparate in appearance, at heart akin-is, that it "nothing common does, or mean," that its very life and soul are its remoteness from the vulgar, the plebeian, its inalienable aristocracy of birth and breeding.

Style, as distinct from a style, is never in a hurry. When we have before us a book like Bacon's Essays, we insensibly fall into a trick of reading slowly, in sympathetic response to the writer's own grand leisureliness. We are content to hang upon his lips. His mere tones charm us. Now we always read Macaulay rather fast—stimulated no doubt by his own rapidity of mental movement. He and Bacon are typical illustrations of the difference between a style and Style.

The writers who equably and invariably achieve good Style are not those who ever attain to its highest reaches. Lord Tennyson illustrates this. And the same remark applies to literary periods characterized by a general prevalence of good Style. Dr. Johnson once said to Boswell, "Everybody writes well now." An equally exacting judge would hardly say so at the present day, when a generally diffused stylishness is one of the features of literature. Yet Johnson had only one contemporary whose Style was great; while we, who have

not a Burke, have yet a Ruskin, a Pater, a Froude, and until lately had a Newman. And perhaps the general level of style was worst of all in Milton's time, when some of the finest masters were living—masters who understood the value of suspensions, discords, obstructions, as incidents of Style. Too great evenness, too uniform mellifluousness, is always a mistake. Occasional boulders impeding the stream, and thereby provoking it to splendid sudden energies—these things give variety and picturesqueness. The vice of Macaulay's style is its unrelieved facility, its uniform velocity.

I cannot help reverting yet once more to Milton, because he best proves the truth that in poetry Style is the paramount and invincible force. What else is the secret of his supremacy among our poets -a supremacy which no poet can doubt, and no true critic of poetry? For pure poetic endowment he sits unapproached on England's Helicon; vet. in comparison with Shakespeare, it cannot be said that his is a very rich or large nature uttering itself through literature. He has no geniality, he has no humour; he is often pedantic, sometimes pedagogic. Although his Invention was stupendous, in the quite distinct and finer quality of Imagination, or contagious spiritual vision, he has superiors; his human sympathies were neither warm nor broad; Shakespeare's contempt for the mass of mankind

7.

may be hesitatingly inferred from casual evidences, but Milton's is everywhere manifest. The people are "the common rout," who

".. grow up and perish as the summer fly, Heads without name, no more remembered."

When he half-contemptuously flings a political pamphlet to this nameless aggregation, he is avowedly "casting pearls to hogs." The only human beings in whom he exhibits much interest are kings and heroes, poets and legislators and philosophers, and

".. such as Thou hast solemnly elected, With gifts and graces eminently adorned, To some great work, Thy glory."

Again, though the Action in an epic poem is proverbially of prime importance, this great epic poet is not great in describing action—witness those notorious failures, the angelic battles, only partially rescued from dulness by their absurdity. And if he is poor in action, he is equally so in passion, notwithstanding his own express edict that "poetry should be simple, sensuous, passionate." With all these limitations, which look rather serious, wherein lies his easy supremacy? The answer is as obvious as it is indisputable:—he excels all other English poets in his familiarity with the secrets of that eternally fascinating mystery—the Mystery of Style.

(The above Article was written in July, 1892, but has not been published until now, owing to other arrangements.)

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

DESCRIBE an imaginary scene, based on one of the following subjects:-

I. "They bore within their breasts the grief That fame can never heal, The deep, unutterable woe Which none save exiles feel."

II. "He heard it, but he heeded not,—his eyes Were with his heart, and that was far away."

Only one question must be answered. Papers must contain not more than 500 words. State name, address, and number of words used. Papers must be sent in by February 25th, addressed to the Superintendent, R. U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. In every case the Reply-Papers may be regarded as fragments taken from an imaginary longer story, with no regular beginning or end. "Privileged" and "Special" Subscribers should enclose a stamped and directed wrapper for return of Papers. Full particulars of the Scholarship and School of Fiction may be had on application to the Superintendent, R.U., above address.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

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- I. Where may these lines be found?-
- "Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished, And fed with true love tears instead of dew."
- 2. What is the incident referred to?

H.

State if you know anything concerning the "Tree Igdrasil."

III.

Mention the speaker of the following words—"Truly I opine with Sir Isaac Newton, Knight, and unwhile master of his majesty's mint, that the (pretended) science of astrology is altogether vain, frivolous, and unsatisfactory." And here he reposed his oracular jaws.

IV.

What Poet refers to whom in the following lines—
"He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just but when he signed the shell."

V.

To whom, in what circumstances, were these words ascribed?—

"My death and life, My bane and antidote are both before me."

VI.

- 1. Explain the following. 2. Give the author.
 - "Straight must a Third interpose, Volunteer needlessly help;

In strikes a Fourth, a Fifth thrusts in his nose, So the cry's open, the kennels a-yelp." VII.

I. What are referred to in the words—"There are forty feeding like one"?

2. Where do they occur?

VIII.

Give author and work where the following quotations may be found.

- 1. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."
- "The world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew,
 Her winter weeds outworn.
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream."
- "Too late for love, too late for joy,
 Too late, too late!
 You loitered on the road too long,
 You trifled at the gate.
 The enchanted dove upon her branch
 Died without a mate;
 The enchanted princess in her tower
 Slept, died, behind the grate;

Slept, died, behind the grate; Her heart was starving all this while You made it wait.

"Is she fair now as she lies?
Once she was fair;
Meet queen for any kingly king,
With gold-dust on her hair.
Now these are poppies in her locks,
White poppies she must wear;
Must wear a veil to shroud her face
And the want graven there;
Or is the hunger fed at length,
Cast off the care?"

All readers of Atalanta may send in answers to the above. Reply-Papers must be forwarded on or before 15th February. They should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should have the words *Scarch Questions* written on the cover. Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded Half-Yearly.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (JANUARY).

I.

- 1. Milton. Paradise Lost, Book XII.
- 2. Pope. Rape of the Lock.
- 3. Keats. Ode to a Grecian Urn.
- 4. Goldsmith. The Traveller.
- 5. Milton. Il Penseroso.

II.

Of the Nun, in Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

III.

- I. "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."
 (Gray's Elegy.)
- 2. "The bride hath paced into the hall, Red as a rose is she."

(Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.)

- 3. "All in the wild March morning, I heard the angels call." (Tennyson's May Queen.)
- 4. "Under the greenwood-tree, Who loves to lie with me."

(Song in As You Like It.)

- 5. "It was a lover and his lass."
 - (Song in As You Like It.)
- 6. "The undiscovered country from whose bourne No traveller returns." (Hamlet.)
- 7. "The counterfeit presentment of two brothers."
 (Hamlet.)
- 8. "And ye shall walk in silk attire,
 And siller ha'e to spare." (Old Scotch Song.)
- 9. "We heard them say, 'Put day by day, and count the days to seven,

And God will draw Onora up the golden stairs of heaven."

(Mrs. Browning's Lay of the Brown Rosary.)

10. "When Christ ascended
Triumphantly, from star to star,
He left the gates of heaven ajar."
(Longfellow's Golden Legend.)

Alternative Answer to December Search Question viii. 3. Richard Barnefield's Ode to the Nightingale. [Ascribed to Shakespeare, in his Passionate Pilgrim.]

Mtalanta Scholarship Competition,

1891-1892.

Eraminer-JOHN KIRKPATRICK, M.A., LL.D.

(Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh.)

AWARDS.

The Scholarship of £20 for two years will be divided equally between

MARCIA ALICE RICE, Donavourd, Crieff, N.B., and ADELAIDE M. WYNNE-WILLSON, The Rectory, Hanborough, Oxford.

The Prize of £10 will be divided equally between

MAUDE MARY BRETT, 3, Bradford Place, Penarth, Wales, and MAY ROBERTS, Tenlands, Gomersal, near Leeds.

Proxime Accesserunt-

CECILY MARGARET ARKWRIGHT, MABEL BARROWS GOVER, MARY KNIPE, A. M. MERCER, EVELYN B. TAYLOR.

CLASS I.

DIVISION I.

(a) Specially Commended.

Mary E. Burke.
C. S. J. Cameron.
G. M. Clayton.

B. M. Danby.
L. H. Debenham.
E. B. Duan.

C. S. Meade. M. Meyrick. W. Parnell. M. P. Vaughan.

(b) E. A. Hatch, M. A. B. Leach, G. Wyld.

DIVISION II.

M. E. Cornford. E. Courtney. E. W. Disney. A. Moreton-Hackett. M. Howe. E. Liddell. E. M. Nesbitt.

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M. de Cetto. F. M. Haines. A. L. C. Hele. M. F. Jamieson. M. B. L. Lamb. R. M. Moore-Lane. C. Lebour. M. E. Lloyd. E. M. A. Longfield. F. A. Marzials. C. L. Morant. M. L. Morant. M. A. Phelps. A. M. Phillips. R. de la Rive. A. Trotter. W. F. Wynne.

CLASS II.

DIVISION I.

L. Beaumont.
H. Darwall.
B. Fischer.
A. Foster.
A. A. Gibton.

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N. Goodier. C. Ingledew. C. C. Jones. Lady Mary Stuart Keppel. Ida C. Marshall. H. R. Miller. C. B. Parker. V. G. Parsons. E. K. Sanders.
M. Orford Smith.
A. L. Whall.
M. J. Vaughan-Williams.

DIVISION II.

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M. B. E. Elphinstone. L. G. Evans. A. G. Ewart. G. M. Flood. E. M. H. Jörgensen.S. B. Mackie.E. Mardon.B. A. Powell.

F. Stapylton-Smith. A. J. Thompson. M. O. Wilson.

EXAMINER'S REPORT.

"I have great pleasure in reporting very favourably on the Essays submitted to me. Nine were admirable, and several others were of high merit. The two best were so nearly equal in excellence that a division of the Scholarship seemed inevitable, and the same remark applies to the next two. On the whole the Competition has yielded very gratifying results, and has clearly shown that the Competitors have greatly benefited by their historical studies."

J. KIRKPATRICK.



ON THE ART OF ENTERTAINING.

HEN you hear a woman spoken of as a good hostess, make up your mind that she has a good heart, for such is usually the case. Perfect manners have their foundation in those Christian precepts which teach us to love our neighbours as ourselves; to do to others as we would they should do to us; to be unselfish, charitable, kind, anxious for the comfort of those around us, and ready to yield to the weak and to the old. The courtesy resulting from these qualities belongs to no class; it is the stamp of nature's gentlemen and women, and may be found in a palace or a cottage, practised by a queen or the most humble wayfarer.

Cannot most of us recall some instance, such as being driven to seek shelter under a humble roof, where the graciousness of our reception has struck us with astonishment, and in spite of dropped #s or country dialect, we have felt ourselves in the presence of a lady. In Cornwall and Devonshire it has frequently happened to me that, under such circumstances, I have been invited to have a cup of tea, and I have seldom failed to admire the anxiety of my hostess that what she gave me was

made "quite to my taste," the kindly interest she took in all I said, and the efforts made to prevent the time I was forced to stay from passing heavily. In short, she gave me a lesson in the art of entertaining, a subject about which I am going, in a somewhat desultory fashion, to gossip on.

Most girls can name the houses, invitations to which fill them with pleasure. "I am so glad we are going to the Dashs'," they say, "we are quite certain to enjoy ourselves there. It will be very different to the Blanks', where they only care about dancing themselves." At once, you see, we have struck the keynote of discontent. Its name is selfishness, generally supposed to be an especial vice of age, but by no means infrequently met with in the young, more particularly in circumstances which afford them pleasure. Since I have become a looker-on at dances, I am sometimes amazed at the changes which have taken place in the manners of some of those that give them. In my old-fashioned days no daughter of the house would have danced while, for lack of a partner, one of her young guests was sitting out. We had not the luxury of ices, nor were we given champagne

suppers, but we were all well looked after by those who for that night made the enjoyment of their young friends their principal object.

Now in saying this you must not think that I belong to a class who are constantly affirming that nothing now is as good as it was when they were young. On the contrary, I see so much improvement in what vitally affects women, such an advance in their education, in their understanding, in the rational freedom they now possess, that I am filled by the wish that I could be a young girl of this present day, with all the advantageous possibilities of life stretching out before me. "Yes," you say, "but what has this to do with your subject, 'The Art of Entertaining'?" I am going to tell you. The higher we aim, and the more lofty our ambitions grow, the less we occupy ourselves with the trivialities of life; among which, I fear, many young Minervas include adornment of person, charm of manner, and the graces which are essential in the art of entertaining. Surely this is a grave mistake; for so long as the world exists, so long will Venus and her three attendants have worshippers, and those of a class with whom all true women desire to stand well. Let not any young reader look incredulous. Those who know the world best, and have lived in it longest, will tell her what experience has taught them; that the women who proclaim most vehemently their utter disregard and disdain of the approval and the admiration of men, have but to find themselves the especial objects on whom these sentiments are lavished, to be probably equally flattered and gratified with the most arrant coquette, and possibly show it as openly.

It is not so many years ago that it was the fashion to picture a woman learned above her fellows as grotesquely attired, her head disfigured by little corkscrew curls, blue or green goggles, very pronounced nose, and a most forbidding countenance; the desire being to show that knowledge and beauty could not dwell together. Happily that fallacy is of a past date. Every one knows now that daintiness of apparel and a fair face is no bar to knowledge. Yet there still lingers a kind of prejudice or fear that girls now have given up striving to make themselves as agreeable as they formerly did. "Poor things," said an indulgent chaperon, "study leaves them so little time for pleasure that no wonder they do not think of any

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one's enjoyment but their own." She was screening girls who, it might be from mere thoughtlessness, were in their own house, whirling past young guests for whom there were plenty of partners had a little trouble been taken or consideration been shown. Now that in this, or in any case, study should be put forward as an excuse for ill breeding and a want of kindly feeling, is an offence to all who take interest in the higher culture of women; and it is because, with a certain few, a disposition has been shown to a "I shall go my own way and follow my own opinion" style, that I entreat the many to pause for a little introspection. Few of you but will find that you possess all those good qualities which, when combined, form courtesy. Having then the material within you, you need only let use shape it, and practice will soon give ease and polish.

Let us take, for instance, an afternoon call. The hostess is happy in the possession of daughters who strive to lighten their mother's duties. As each successive visitor makes a demand on her, one of the girls engages in conversation the guest the mother has been forced to turn from. When tea is brought, the daughter either pours it out or hands it round. She is ready to put on a wrap, to ring the bell, to open the door; and this has only to be done willingly and smilingly to possess all the captivation of unstudied grace. I have gone away from such a house charmed, and possibly contrasting it with other houses where the daughters seem to look on you as their mother's visitor and so to have nothing to do with them. If they show you any attention it is because their mother prompts them; and, because it does not come spontaneously, it loses its value and leads to it being said, "Ah, well, with all the education girls are not as nice as they were in my day."

The increase in the freedom now given to girls puts them into a more prominent position, their educational advantages enable them to take part in conversations and discussions which formerly had for the greater number of women but little interest. Here again the cultivation of manner comes in. Train yourself to take your share and hold your own with grace and dignity. Avoid arrogance, or giving any suspicion that you think you know better than others. Especially remember that men are only beginning to recognize that girls really know anything about the subjects on

which they are talking. They are barely past the transition state when the ideal woman was a being to be caressed and petted, and to have every business care and trouble hidden from her, because, "poor thing, it would worry her, and she had not the head to understand it."

In the present day, when women are in such varied ways shaping their own careers, such an excuse would in no way hold good. Feminine brains only needed proper development to prove that in their proper sphere women can be as capable and thorough as are most men. But, while demonstrating the truth of this new departure, hold fast to the art in which our sex has always been supreme—the art of entertaining. The wife makes the happiness of home. The hostess insures the success of the entertainment. To do this she needs goodness of heart and courtesy of manner; and the two must go together. amount of erudition can be held as an excuse for brusquerie and impoliteness; and, however gifted or clever a girl may be, if she lacks affability and graciousness, she will never grow into a woman who will elevate and influence those she comes in contact with. Therefore look to your weapons. Be careful of your personal appearance, pay attention to voice and your mode of speaking, and let the good that is within you shine forth in the grace of your manner and the courtesy you extend to each one you meet. Louisa Parr.

A FEW REMINISCENCES OF TENNYSON. (II.)

In order to show how gracious Tennyson could be, and partly, I admit, from what I venture to regard as a pardonable pride in the approbation of such a man, I should like, with the Editor's permission, to add a few words to my brief reminiscences of him in the January number of Atalanta.

I have already said that he gave me as a young man warm encouragement and kindly counsel concerning my own work in poetry; but the *manner* in which that counsel was given I did not mention, the space at my disposal being limited. He was criticizing some details in the measures I had adopted, and going through the poems in an early book of music as we sat together in his study—

which was very good-natured, for I was nearly a stranger to him at the time, although I had sent him my book, and he had studied it before my visit. While doing so he suddenly broke off and said, "You don't mind my saying all this? I should not do it if I didn't think it worth while! Coleridge did exactly the same thing for me when I was beginning." I thought that nothing could show the man's generous kindliness of nature and gracious tact more than this delicate way of putting his excellent advice to a novice in the art of which he was a past master; and on the subject of metre, who could be a higher authority than Tennyson?

He then proceeded to praise the poetry in such generous terms that, since the words were uttered in the confidence of private intercourse, I should not think myself justified in printing them. I ought, however, candidly to admit, even after saying this much, that he objected to the subject of one of them; and when I defended myself by the example of Marlowe in *Hero and Leander*, he replied, "Ah! but Marlowe was an Elizabethan; we are now living in the age of Victoria!" Yet I showed this very poem to a maiden lady, and told her of Tennyson's objection; but she said *she* thought it very moral indeed.

The professional newspaper critic, indeed, now tells us that Lord Tennyson's judgment in poetry is not to be trusted, because that poet admired the work of Alexander Smith, and he, the professional, together with the superior person generally, has pronounced against Smith. But on the whole I think I would rather suffer condemnation with Tennyson than be exalted with the superior person. And so I will avow that I too admire a good deal in the work of Alexander Smith.

Roden Noel.

EAR ATALANTA,—May I be permitted to point out a few of the flaws in the argument of your correspondent, "Total Disfranchisement," in the discussion on Women's Suffrage, in your January issue? Briefly summarized, his arguments are as follows:—

I. Women do not form a separate class from men, and their interests are, in the main, identical.

II. Since women do not form a separate class in the State, it is right and just that they should be obliged to pay taxes without being allowed any voice in their imposition.

III. Marriage, the natural profession of women, disables them from taking an interest in great political questions, and therefore disqualifies them for political duties.

IV. The sanctity of the home would be outraged by intrusion and publicity if the franchise were conceded to women.

I think and hope that I have stated fairly your correspondent's views, though divesting them of the ornate and flattering diction in which they were clothed. He will not, I trust, consider it an unfair action on my part to take the two last first, since in them lies hid the germ of one of his most noticeable fallacies. He says that marriage is a woman's natural profession, and that its exercise disqualifies her for the exercise of political power. Be it so. Let marriage be considered a woman's natural profession, and let it be conceded for the moment that the active exercise of the duties of this profession removes from her the power of studying accurately political questions. But your correspondent cannot be unaware that this profession is closed to a very large body of women. The census returns for 1881 show that the female population of the United Kingdom outnumbers the male by very nearly a million. I have not the figures for 1891 at hand, but I believe I am right in stating that they show an even more marked discrepancy. It is, I think, an undoubted fact that this preponderance of women over men is most marked in the middle and upper middle classes—the classes, that is to say, in which an unmarried woman of a certain age is generally the possessor of an independent income (small though this may be), and the head of a household of her own. Your correspondent denies that women form a separate class in the State, though he admits that there are different classes of women; here, then, is a class of women not disabled by any profession from electoral duties. They are taxpayers, employers of labour; more, they are already on the list of voters for the election of guardians and of Town and County Councils. The experiment, then, of women voters has been tried. Have the manners and character of the widow and spinster householders of the kingdom materially deteriorated since it was begun?

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With respect to the occupation of married women in family duties, which your correspondent

considers to preclude them from taking an intelligent interest in public affairs, all I can say is, that every woman should take an intelligent interest in public affairs, and that it would be better for her husband, her children, and her country if she did.

But, says your correspondent, women do not form a separate class from men, their interests being, in the main, identical. It will be observed that he protects himself against a flat contradiction by this saving clause, in the main. He acknowledges, then, that in some cases the interests of men and women are not identical. It will not, I think, be straining his meaning too far to say that in some cases they are mutually opposed. What becomes of the woman's interests in such a case? They go to the wall, unless, indeed, the injustice is so glaring and flagrant that the man feels compelled to grant some measure of relief, as a sop to Cerberus, lest the woman should revolt altogether. Of the neglect of women's interests as distinct from men's there are countless proofs lying ready to our hand. The need for female factory inspectors, female labour commissioners, female insight and experience in arranging the details of educational and local government work, is a crying one. Women, then, are a separate class, and as such, need representatives of their own to superintend all dealings with their own interests.

This answers also your correspondent's second contention. We have a distinct section of the community, paying taxes, having important interests of its own, and it is unrepresented, either directly or indirectly, in the government of the Some individuals of this class do not wish to be so represented. Granted. Others are too much occupied to exercise their rights if they had them. Granted again. But a large (and by no means the least cultured or intelligent) section of the class both desires to have, and has the leisure to exercise, the rights of citizens. The man refuses to grant this, and having no reasons to bring forward for doing so, wraps up his refusal in flowery and complimentary language—showing himself as a kind of civilized edition of the Dog in the Manger. But here your correspondent brings forward a truly remarkable argument. A wealthy and cultivated maiden lady, a taxpayer, perhaps a philanthropist, whose men-servants and labourers all enjoy the franchise, is not to vote

because her father did so! The franchise is not hereditary then, but the very reverse. But at any rate let this new principle in politics be logically applied. What is your correspondent doing with a vote? His father had one, perhaps even his grandfather. He is over-represented. His ancestors took quite sufficient care of his interests. It is quite superfluous for him to have even an indirect voice in the government of his country. Let him resign his vote, then. Of course he ought never to have had it, but let him have the courage of his opinions, even at this late hour. B.A., London.

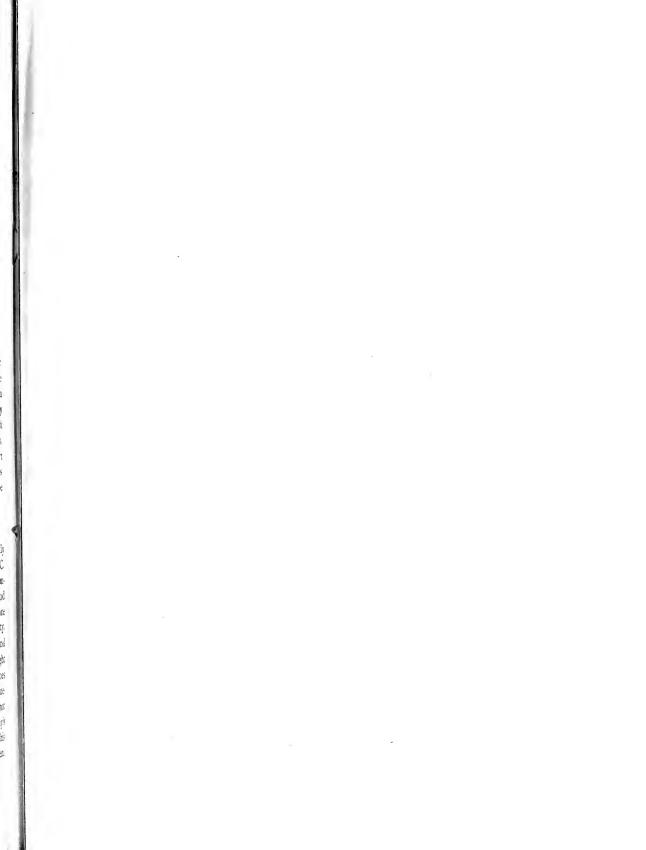
THE book which combines instruction, amusement, and interest is hard to find, and when it does appear ought to be hailed by all lovers of literature with rejoicing. Robert K. Douglas, in his delightful Chinese Stories (Blackwood), presents a book to his readers which not only provokes much hearty laughter, but gives a considerable insight into the ways and customs of the Celestial There is a valuable Preface to the volume, which explains some of the peculiarities of Chinese fiction. Professor Douglas says that "in the fiction of this nation there is a lack of that vivid fancy which belongs to more imaginative races. No torrents of passion nor eloquent enunciations break the calm narratives. . . . The themes are for the most part idyllic scenes of country life. No ideas from the people of other countries, except those of India, have ever reached the Chinese, and all opportunities of sharpening their wits by communication with other foreigners have been denied them."

Professor Douglas says further that the stories which he now introduces to the English public have not been translated literally from the original; but while the plots and incidents have been faithfully retained, they have been pruned and adapted to meet the requirements of Western readers. He consider these stories, as illustrating the popular literature of China, to have more than a passing interest. "They hold up, as it were, a mirror to the life of the people, and thus bring home to our consciousness the fact that human passion and feelings are much the same on the banks of the Yang-tsze-kiang as on the shores of the Thames."

Two of the stories in this most interesting volume have already appeared in Atalanta, but the greater number may not be known to our readers. A more charming idyllic tale than The Twins has seldom been written. The situations are so quaint, the humour so delicate, and the interest so thoroughly human. Within his Danger has more than a touch of the terrible about it, and the graphic account of the awful Chinese prisons is almost too appalling to be believed, if we did not unfortunately know it to be true. It is impossible to describe these stories in detail; there is an air of reality about them, even in the midst of the flavour of wildest romance.

NOTHER collection of stories, but of a totally different order, is called *The Man with Seven Hearts*, by Arthur Burrell (Elliot Stock). It is rare to find such a fund of imagination as is shown in these sketches, which are not exactly allegories, and yet are full of deep and inner meaning. *The Ending of the IVay* is one of the most beautiful, but all are distinguished by a delicate and classical touch. More than this, they reach up to a high phase of spiritual thought, which lifts them above the level of ordinary compositions. They are prose poems, with something to comfort in them, and something to sustain. The lyrics that are scattered through the little volume are very dainty and musical.

BRIGHT and amusing book, by Lady Lindsay, is A Tangled Web (A. & C. Black). It is written in the author's usual charming and vivacious manner. There are some good character-sketches, and, what is perhaps more observable, peeps into curious phases of society. Marjory's adventures cannot fail to entertain, and Lady · Bingham, with her selfishness and slight veneer of polish, has doubtless many prototypes in real life. The motive of the story is a somewhat unusual one, but its improbability does not take away from its interest. From Lady Lindsay's pen one always expects careful writing, and this story, although slighter than many she has written, L. T. Meade. is no exception to the rule.





JEAN INGELOW.

(From a Photograph by Barrands, Oxford Street.)



ERRATA.

In Article "Good Genius," JENNY LIND.

Last line, second column, for "eternal," read "external." First column, line 38, for "Elises d'Amore," read "Elisir." Page 374. ,, 376. Second column, line 39, for "cares of," read "cause of." First column, line 12, omit "falseness."

,, 381.

First column, line 23, for "incompatible," read "compatible."

CHAPTER X.

THE RED-HEADED MAN.

T T was about half-past three when I came forth on the Lang Dykes; and being now abroad again upon the world, began considering to what part of it I should first address myself-not that the consideration held me long. Dean was where I wanted to go: it was just one of the few places I should have kept away from; and being a very young man, and beginning to be very much in love, I turned my face in that direction without pause. As a salve to my conscience and common sense, however, I took a measure of precaution. Coming over the crown of a bit of a rise in the road, I clapped down suddenly among the barley and lay waiting. After a while, a man went by that looked to be a Highlandman, but I had never seen him till that hour. Presently after came Neil of the red head. The next to go past was a miller's cart, and after that nothing but manifest country people. Here was enough to have turned the most foolhardy from his purpose, but my inclination ran too strong the other way. I argued it out, that if Neil was on that road, it was the right road to find him in, leading direct to his chief's daughter; as for the other Highlandman, if I was to be startled off by every Highlandman I saw, I would scarce reach anywhere. And having quite satisfied myself with this disingenuous debate, I made the better speed of it, and came a little after four to Miss Drummond Ogilvy's.

Both ladies were within the house; and upon

my perceiving them together by the open door, I plucked off my hat and said, "Here was a lad come seeking saxpence," which I thought might please the dowager.

Catriona ran out to greet me heartily, and, to my surprise, the old lady seemed scarce less forward than herself. I learned long afterwards that she had despatched a horseman by daylight to Rankeillor at the Oueensferry, whom she knew to be the doer for Shaws, and had then in her pocket a letter from that good friend of mine, presenting, in the most favourable view, my character and prospects. But had I read it I could scarce have seen more clear in her designs. Maybe I was countryfeed; at least, I was not so much so as she thought; and it was plain enough, even to my homespun wits, that she was bent to hammer up a match between her cousin and a beardless boy that was something of a laird in Lothian.

"Saxpence had better take his broth with us, Catrine," says she. "Run and tell the lasses."

And for the little while we were alone was at a good deal of pains to flatter me; always cleverly, always with the appearance of a banter, still calling me Saxpence, but with such a turn that should rather uplift me in my own opinion. When Catriona returned the design became if possible more obvious; and she showed off the girl's advantages like a horse-couper with a horse. My face flamed that she should think me so obtuse. Now I would fancy the girl was being innocently made a show of, and then I could have beaten the old carline wife with a cudgel; and now, that perhaps these two had set their heads together to entrap me, and at that I sat and gloomed betwixt them like the very image of ill-will. At last the match-maker had a better device, which was to leave the pair of us alone. When my suspicions are anyway roused it is sometimes a little the wrong side of easy to allay them. But though I knew what breed she was of, and that was a breed of thieves, I could never look in Catriona's face and disbelieve her.

"I must not ask?" says she, cagerly, the same moment we were left alone.

"Ah, but to-day I can talk with a free conscience," I replied. "I am lightened of my pledge, and indeed (after what has come and gone since morning) I would not have renewed it were it asked."

"Tell me," she said. "My cousin will not be so long."

So I told her the tale of the lieutenant from the first step to the last of it, making it as mirthful as I could, and, indeed, there was matter of mirth in that absurdity.

"And I think you will be as little fitted for the rudas men as for the pretty ladies, after all," says she, when I had done. "But what was your father that he could not learn you to draw the sword? It is most ungentle; I have not heard the match of that in any one."

"It is most misconvenient at least," said I; "and I think my father (honest man!) must have been wool-gathering to learn me Latin in the place of it. But you see I do the best I can, and just stand up like Lot's wife and let them hammer at me."

"Do you know what makes me smile?" said she. "Well, it is this. I am made this way, that I should have been a man child, in my own thoughts it is so I am always; and I go on telling myself about this thing that is to befall and that. Then it comes to the place of the fighting, and it comes over me that I am only a girl at all events, and cannot hold a sword or give one good blow; and then I have to twist my story round about, so that the fighting is to stop, and yet we have the best of it, just like you and the lieutenant; and I am the boy that makes the fine speeches all through, like Mr. David Balfour."

"You are a bloodthirsty maid," said I.

"Well, I know it is good to sew and spin, and to make samplers," she said, "but if you were to do nothing else in the great world, I think you will say yourself it is a driech business; and it is not that I want to kill, I think. Did ever you kill any one?"

"That I have, as it chances. Two, no less, and me still a lad that should be at the college," said I. "But yet, in the look-back, I take no shame for it."

"But how did you feel, then—after it?" she asked.

"'Deed, I sat down and grat like a bairn," said I.

"I know that, too," she cried. "I feel where these tears should come from; and at any rate, I would not wish to kill, only to be Catherine Douglas that put her arm through the staples of the bolt, where it was broken. That is my chief hero.

Would you not love to die so—for your king?" she asked.

"Troth," said I, "my affection for my king, God bless the puggy face of him, is under more control; and I thought I saw death near to me this day already, that I am rather taken up with the notion of living."

"Right," she said, "the right mind of a man! Only you must learn arms; I would not like to have a friend that cannot strike. But it will not have been with the sword that you killed these two?"

"Indeed, no," said I, "but with a pair of pistols. And a fortunate thing it was the men were so near-hand to me, for I am about as clever with the pistols as I am with the sword."

So then she drew from me the story of our battle in the brig, which I had omitted in my first account of my affairs.

"Yes," said she, "you are brave. And your friend, I admire and love him."

"Well, and I think any one would!" said I. "He has his faults like other folk; but he is brave and staunch and kind, God bless him! That will be a strange day when I forget Alan." And the thought of him, and that it was within my choice to speak with him that night, had almost overcome me.

"And where will my head be gone that I have not told my news!" she cried, and spoke of a letter from her father, hearing that she might visit him to-morrow in the castle, whither he was now transferred, and that his affairs were mending. "You do not like to hear it," said she. "Will you judge my father and not know him?"

"I am a thousand miles from judging," I replied.
"And I give you my word I do rejoice to know your heart is lightened. If my face fell at all, as I suppose it must, you will allow this is rather an ill day for compositions, and the people in power extremely ill persons to be compounding with. I have Symon Fraser extremely heavy on my stomach still."

"Ah!" she cried, "you will not be comparing these two; and you should bear in mind that Prestongrange and James More, my father, are of the one family."

"I never heard tell of that," said I.

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"It is rather singular how little you are acquainted with," said she. "One part may call

themselves Grant, and one Macgregor, but they are still of the same clan. They are all the sons of Alpin, from whom, I think, our country has its name."

"What country is that?" I asked.

"My country and yours," said she.

"This is my day for discoveries, I think," said I, "for I always thought the name of it was Scotland."

"Scotland is the name of what you call Ireland," she replied. "But the old ancient true name of this place that we have our foot-soles on and that our bones are made of will be Alban. It was Alban they called it when our forefathers will be fighting for it against Rome and Alexander; and it is called so still in your own tongue that you forget."

"Troth," said I, "and that I never learned!" For I lacked heart to take her up about the Macedonian.

"But your father and mother talked it, one generation with another," said she. "And it was sung about the cradles before you or me were ever dreamed of; and your name remembers it still. Ah, if you could talk that language you would find me another girl. The heart speaks in that tongue."

I had a meal with the two ladies, all very good, served in fine old plate, and the wine excellent, for it seems that Mrs. Ogilvy was rich. Our talk, too, was pleasant enough; but as soon as I saw the sun decline sharply and the shadows to run out long, I rose to take my leave. For my mind was now made up to say farewell to Alan; and it was needful I should see the trysting-wood, and reconnoitre it, by daylight. Catriona came with me as far as to the garden gate.

"It is long till I see you now?" she asked.

"It is beyond my judging," I replied. "It will be long, it may be never."

"It may be so," said she. "And are you sorry?"

I bowed my head, looking upon her.

"So am I, at all events," said she. "I have seen you but a small time, but I put you very high. You are true, you are brave; in time I think you will be more of a man yet. I will be proud to hear of that. If you should speed worse, if it will come to fall as we are afraid—O well! think you have the one friend. Long after you

are dead and me an old wife, I will be telling the bairns about David Balfour, and my tears running. I will be telling how we parted, and what I said to you, and did to you. God go with you and guide you, frays your little friend: so I said—I will be telling them—and here is what I did."

She took up my hand and kissed it. This so surprised my spirits that I cried out like one hurt. The colour came strong in her face, and she looked at me and nodded.

"Oh yes, Mr. David," said she, "that is what I think of you. The heart goes with the lips."

I could read in her face high spirit, and a chivalry like a brave child's; not anything besides. She kissed my hand as she had kissed Prince Charlie's, with a higher passion than the common kind of clay has any sense of. Nothing before had taught me how deep I was her lover, nor how far I had yet to climb to make her think of me in such a character. Yet I could tell myself I had advanced some way, and that her heart had beat and her blood flowed at thoughts of me.

After that honour she had done me I could offer no more trivial civility. It was even hard for me to speak; a certain lifting in her voice had knocked directly at the door of my own tears.

"I praise God for your kindness, dear," said I. "Farewell, my little friend," giving her that name which she had given to herself; with which I bowed and left her.

My way was down the glen of the Leith river towards Stockbridge and Silvermills. A path led in the foot of it, the water bickered and sang in the midst, the sunbeams overhead struck out of the west among long shadows, and (as the valley turned) made like a new scene and a new world of it at every corner. With Catriona behind and Alan before me, I was like one lifted up. The place besides, and the hour, and the talking of the water, infinitely pleased me; and I lingered in my steps and looked before and behind me as I went. This was the cause, under Providence, that I spied a little in my rear a red head among some bushes.

Anger sprang in my heart, and I turned straight about and walked at a stiff pace to where I came from. The path lay close by the bushes where I had remarked the head. The cover came to the wayside, and as I passed I was all strung up to meet and to resist an onfall. No such thing befell, I went by unmeddled with; and at that fear in-

creased upon me. It was still day indeed, but the place exceeding solitary. If my haunters had let slip that fair occasion I could not but judge they aimed at something more than David Balfour. The lives of Alan and James weighed upon my spirit with the weight of two grown bullocks.

Catriona was yet in the garden walking by herself.

- "Catriona," said I, "you see me back again."
- "With a changed face," said she.
- "I carry two men's lives besides my own," said I. "It would be a sin and a shame not to walk carefully. I was doubtful whether I did right to come here. I would like it ill if it was by that means we were brought to harm."

"I could tell you one that would be liking it less, and will like little enough to hear you talking at this very same time," she cried. "What have I done, at all events?"

"Oh, you! you are not alone," I replied. "But since I went off I have been dogged again, and I can give you the name of him that follows me. It is Neil, son of Duncan, your man or your father's."

"To be sure you are mistaken there," she said, with a white face. "Neil is in Edinburgh on errands from my father."

"It is what I fear," said I, "the last of it. But for his being in Edinburgh I think I can show you another of that. For sure you have some signal, a signal of need, such as would bring him to your help, if he was anywhere within the reach of ears and legs?"

"Why, how will you know that?" says she.

"By means of a magical talisman God gave to me when I was born, and the name they call it by is Common-sense," said I; "oblige me so far as make your signal, and I will show you the red head of Neil."

No doubt but I spoke bitter and sharp, my heart was bitter. I blamed myself and the girl, and hated both of us: her for the vile crew that she was come of, myself for my wanton folly to have stuck my head in such a byke of wasps.

Catriona set her fingers to her lips and whistled once, with an exceeding clear, strong, mounting note, as full as a ploughman's. Awhile we stood silent; and I was about to ask her to repeat the same, when I heard the sound of some one bursting through the bushes below on the braeside. pointed in that direction with a smile, and presently

Neil leaped into the garden. His eyes burned, and he had a black knife (as they call it on the Highland side) naked in his hand; but, seeing me beside his mistress, stood like a man struck.

"He has come to your call," said I; "judge how near he was in Edinburgh, or what was the nature of your father's errands. Ask himself. If I am to lose my life, or the lives of those that hang by me, through the means of your clan, let me go where I have to go with my eyes open."

She addressed him tremulously in the Gaelic. Remembering Alan's anxious civility in that particular, I could have laughed out loud for bitterness; here, sure, in the midst of these suspicions. was the hour she should have stuck by English.

Twice or thrice they spoke together, and I could make out that Neil (for all his obsequiousness) was an angry man.

Then she turned to me. "He swears it is not," she said.

"Catriona," said I, "do you believe the man yourself?"

She made a gesture like wringing the hands.

"How will I can know?" she cried.

"But I must find some means to know," said I.

"I cannot continue to go dovering round in the black night with two men's lives at my girdle! Catriona, try to put yourself in my place, as I vow to God I try hard to put myself in yours. This is no kind of talk that should ever have fallen between me and you, no kind of talk; my heart is sick with it. See, keep him here till two of the morning, and I care not. Try him with that."

They spoke together once more in the Gaelic.

"He says he has James More my father's errand," said she. She was whiter than ever, and her voice faltered as she said it.

"It is pretty plain now," said I, "and may God forgive the wicked!"

She said never anything to that, but continued gazing at me with the same white face.

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"This is a fine business," said I again. "Am I to fall, then, and those two along with me?"

"Oh, what am I to do?" she cried. "Could I go against my father's orders, and him in prison, in the danger of his life?"

"But perhaps you go too fast," said I. "This may be a lie too. He may have no right orders; all may be contrived by Symon, and your father knowing nothing."

She burst out weeping between the pair of us; and my heart smote me hard, for I thought this girl was in a dreadful situation.

"Here," said I, "keep him but the one hour, and I'll chance it, and say God bless you."

She put out her hand to me. "I will be needing one good word," she sobbed.

"The full hour, then?" said I, keeping her hand in mine. "Three lives of it, my lass!"

"The full hour!" she said, and cried aloud on her Redeemer to forgive her.

I thought it no fit place for me, and fled.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WOOD BY SILVERMILLS.

I LOST no time, but down through the valley and by Stockbrig and Silvermills as hard as I could stave. It was Alan's tryst to lie every night between twelve and two "in a bit scrog of wood by east of Silvermills and by south the south mill-lade." This I found easy enough, where it grew on a steep brae, with the mill-lade flowing swift and deep along the foot of it; and here I began to walk slower and to reflect more reasonably on my employment. I saw I had made but a fool's bargain with Catriona. It was not to be supposed that Neil was sent alone upon his errand, but perhaps he was the only man belonging to James More; in which case I should have done all I could to hang Catriona's father, and nothing the least material to help myself. To tell the truth, I fancied neither one of these ideas. Suppose, by holding back Neil, the girl should have helped to hang her father, I thought she would never forgive herself this side of time. And suppose there were others pursuing me that moment, what kind of a gift was I come bringing to Alan? and how would I like that?

I was up with the west end of that wood when these two considerations struck me like a cudgel. My feet stopped of themselves and my heart along with them. "What wild game is this that I have been playing?" thought I; and turned instantly upon my heels to go elsewhere.

This brought my face to Silvermills; the path came past the village with a crook, but all plainly visible; and Highland or Lowland, there was nobody stirring. Here was my advantage, here

was just such a conjecture as Stewart had counselled me to profit by, and I ran by the side of the mill-lade, fetched about beyond the east corner of the wood, threaded through the midst of it, and returned to the west selvage, whence I could again command the path, and yet be myself unseen. Again it was all empty, and my heart began to rise.

For more than an hour I sat close in the border of the trees, and no hare or eagle could have kept a more particular watch. When that hour began the sun was already set, but the sky still all golden and the daylight clear; before the hour was done it had fallen to be half mirk, the images and distances of things were mingled, and observation began to be difficult. All that time not a foot of man had come east from Silvermills, and the few that had gone west were honest country-folk and their good wives upon the road to their beds. were tracked by the most cunning spies in Europe, I judged it was beyond the course of nature they could have any jealousy of where I was; and going a little further home into the wood I lay down to wait for Alan.

The strain of my attention had been great, for I had watched not the path only, but every bush and field within my vision. That was now at an end. The moon, which was in her first quarter, glinted a little in the wood. All round there was a stillness of the country, and as I lay there on my back, the next three or four hours, I had a fine occasion to review my conduct.

Two things became plain to me: first, that I had had no right to go that day to Dean, and (having gone there) had no right to be lying where This (where Alan was to come) was just the one wood in all broad Scotland that was, by every proper feeling, closed against me; I admitted that, and yet stayed on, wondering at myself. I thought of the measure with which I had meted to Catriona that same night; how I had prated of the two lives I carried, and had thus forced her to enjeopardy her father's; and how I was here exposing them again, it seemed in wantonness. good conscience is eight parts of courage. No sooner had I lost conceit of my behaviour, than I seemed to stand disarmed amidst a throng of terrors; of a sudden I sat up. How if I went now to Prestongrange, caught him (as I still easily might) before he slept, and made a full submission? Who could blame me? Not Stewart the Writer; I

had but to say that I was followed, despaired of getting clear, and so gave in. Not Catriona: here, too, I had my answer ready; that I could not bear she should expose her father. So, in a moment, I could lay all these troubles by, which were after all and truly none of mine; swim clear of the Appin murder; get forth out of handstroke of all the Stewarts and Campbells, all the Whigs and Tories, in the land; and live thenceforth to my own mind, and be able to enjoy and to improve my fortunes, and devote some hours of my youth to courting Catriona, which would be surely a more suitable arrangement than to hide and run and be followed like a hunted thief, and begin over again the dreadful miseries of my escape with Alan.

At first I thought no shame of this capitulation; I was only amazed I had not thought upon the thing and done it earlier; and began to inquire into the causes of the change. These I traced to my lowness of spirits, that back to my late recklessness, and that again to the common, old, public, disconsidered sin of self-indulgence. Instantly the text came in my head, "How can Satan cast out Satan?" What? (I thought) I had, by selfindulgence, and the following of pleasant paths, and the lure of a young maid, cast myself wholly out of conceit with my own character, and jeopardized the lives of James and Alan? And I was to seek the way out by the same road as I had entered in? No; the hurt that had been caused by selfindulgency must be cured by self-denial; the flesh I had pampered must be crucified. I looked about me for that course which I least liked to follow: this was to leave the wood without waiting to see Alan, and to go forth again alone, in the dark and in the midst of my perplexed and dangerous fortunes.

I have been the more careful to narrate this passage of my reflections, because I think it is of some utility, and may serve as an example to young men. But it must not be thought I was so great an extremist as to act upon my principle outright. There is reason (they say) in planting kale, and even in ethic and religion, room for common sense. It was already close on Alan's hour, and the moon was down. If I left (as I could not very decently whistle to my spies to follow me) they might miss me in the dark and tack themselves to Alan by mistake. If I stayed I could at the least of it set my friend upon his guard, which might prove his

mere salvation. I had adventured other peoples' safety in a course of self-indulgence; to have endangered them again, and now on a mere design of penance, would have been scarce rational. Accordingly, I had scarce risen from my place ere I sat down again, but already in a different frame of spirits, and equally marvelling at my past weakness and rejoicing in my present composure.

Presently after came a crackling in the thicket. Putting my mouth near down to the ground, I whistled a note or two of Alan's air; an answer came, in the like guarded tone, and soon we had thralled together in the dark.

"Is this you at last, Davie?" he whispered.

"Just myself," said I.

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"God, man, but I've been wearying to see ye!" says he. "I've had the longest kind of a time. A' day I've had my dwelling into the inside of a stack of hay, where I couldnae see the nebs of my ten fingers; and then two hours of it waiting here for you, and you never coming! Dod, and ye're none too soon the way it is, with me to sail the morn! The morn? what am I saying?—the day, I mean."

"Ay, Alan man, the day sure enough," said I. "It's past twelve now, surely, and ye sail the day. This'll be a long road you have before you."

"We'll have a long crack of it first," said he.

"Well, indeed, and I have a good deal it will be telling you to hear," said I.

And I told him what behooved, making rather a jumble of it, but clear enough when done. He heard me out with very few questions, laughing here and there like a man delighted: and the sound of his laughing (above all there, in the dark, where neither one of us could see the other) was extraordinarily friendly to my heart.

"Ay, Davie, ye're a queer character," says he, when I had done; "and I have no mind of meeting with the like of ye. As for your story, Prestongrange is a Whig like yoursel', so I'll say the less of him; and dod! I believe he was the best friend ye had, if ye could only trust him. But Symon Fraser and James More are my ain kind of cattle, and I'll give them the name that they deserve. The muckle black de'il was father to the Frasers, a'body kens that; and as for the Gregara, I never could abye the reck of them since I could stotter on two feet. I bloodied the nose of one, I mind, when I was still so wambly

on my legs that I cowped upon the top of him. A proud man was my father that day, God rest him! and I think he had the cause. I'll never can deny but what Robin was something of a piper," he added; "but as for James More, the de'il guide him for me!"

"One thing we have to consider," said I. "Was Charles Stewart right or wrong? Is it only me they're after, or the pair of us?"

"And what's your ain opinion, you that's a man of so much experience?" said he.

"It passes me," said I.

"And me too," says Alan. "Do ye think this lass would keep her word to ye?" he asked.

"I do that," said I.

"Well, there's nae telling," said he. "And anyway, that's over and done: he'll be joined to the rest of them lang syne."

"How many would ye think there would be of them?" I asked.

"That depends," said Alan. "If it was only you, they would likely send two-three lively, brisk young birkies, and if they thought that I was to appear in that employ, I dare say ten or twelve," said he.

It was no use, I gave a little crack of laughter.

"And I think your own two eyes will have seen me drive that number, or the double of it, nearer hand!" cries he.

"It matters the less," said I, "because I am well rid of them for this time."

"Nae doubt that's your opinion," said he, "but I wouldnae be the least surprised if they were hunkering this wood. You see, David man, they'll be Hieland folk. There'll be some Frasers, I'm thinking, and some of the Gregara; and I would never deny but what the both of them, and the Gregara in especial, were clever, experienced persons. A man ken's attle till he's driven a spreagh of neat cattle (say) ten miles through a throng lowland country, and the black soldiers maybe at his tail. It's there that I learned a great part of my penetration. And ye neednae tell me: it's better than war; which is the next best, however, though generally rather a bauchle of a business. Now the Gregara have had grand practice."

"No doubt that's a branch of education that was left out with me," said I.

"And I can see the marks of it upon ye constantly," said Alan. "But that's the strange thing

about you folk of the college learning: ye're ignorant, and ye cannae see 't. Wae's me for my Greek and Hebrew; but, man, I ken that I dinnae ken them—there's the differ of it. Now, here's you. Ye lie doon a bittie in the bield of this wood, and ye tell me that ye're cuist off these Frasers and Macgregors. Why! Because I couldnae see them, says you. Ye blockhead, that's their livelihood."

"Take the worst of it," said I, "and what are we to do?"

"I am thinking of that same," said he. "We might twine. It wouldnae be greatly to my taste; and forbye that, I see reasons against it. First, it's now unco dark, and it's just humanly possible we might give them the clean slip. If we keep together, we make but the ane line of it; if we gang separate, we make twae of them: the more likelihood to stave in upon some of these gentry of yours. And then, second, if they keep the track of us, it may come to a fecht for it yet, Davie; and then, I'll confess I would be blythe to have you at my oxter, and I think you would be none

the worse of having me at yours. So, by my way of it, we should creep out of this wood no further gone than just the inside of next minute, and hold away east for Gillane, where I'm to find my ship. It'll be like old days while it lasts, Davie; and (come the time) we'll have to think what you should be doing. I'm wae to leave ye here, wanting me."

"Hane with ye, then!" says I. "Do ye gang back where you were stopping?"

"De'il a fear!" said Alan; "they were good folks to me, but I think they would be a good deal disappointed if they saw my bonny face again. For (the way time goes go) I am nae just what ye could call a Walcome Guest. What makes me the keener for your company, Mr. David Balfour of the Shaws, and set ye up! Fur, leave aside twa cracks here in the wood with Charlie Stewart, I hae scarce said black or white since the day we parted at Corstorphine."

With which he rose from his place, and we began to move quietly eastward through the wood.

(To be continued.)

EARLY HONOURS.

I T is the year's dull waiting time:
One pageant past, the next unborn;
The naked hedgerows gleam with rime,
The sunless fallows dream of corn;
Short is the strain,
In copse or lane,
Poured from the throstle's happy throat,
That holds untried his fuller note
Till April comes again.

And yet if, some grey morn, the rift
Should widen in the sullen skies,
And from the hills the mist should lift,
And some warm air on lips and eyes
Let fall its kiss,
What sudden bliss
Floods all our heart with hopeful mirth!
The August joy that fires the earth
Is not so sweet as this.

For, in these days, though fields lie brown,
And wood buds are so slow to peer,
The rich fulfilment that shall crown
The shy hopes of the infant year
Lends each faint sign
A charm divine,
And glory clothes the simplest flower;
With lustres from a far-seen hour
The passing moments shine.

And so to eager Youth that yearns
For prouder scenes than round him lie,
Comes joy more keen (when sudden burns
The first gold rift in Duty's sky)
Than after hours
Shall bring, when flowers
And noontide splendours strew his way,
When he will sigh for Yesterday
And his unfolding powers.

HORACE G. GROSER.

LITERARY LONDON.

Robert K. Douglas.

THE course of all knowledge has invariably been from east to west. Like the Aryan people, according to Max Müller, all the wisdom of the earth had its home in the first instance "somewhere in Asia." Travelling westward the light from the east first illumined the favoured land of the Greeks, and Athens became the centre of all that was learned and artistic. As Greece accepted the fate of nations and fell into decay, the sceptre of learning passed into the possession of Rome, and later it advanced stage by stage until it finally found its present home on the banks of the Thames. With learning so widely diffused as it has become during the late centuries, it is impossible

that any one city should hold the pre-eminence which was possessed, in their turns, by Athens and Rome; but without arrogance it may fairly be claimed for London. that at the present moment she is the literary centre of the world. In no capital are books of such sterling worth and importance issued as in London, and though in certain branches of criticism Germany may be regarded as supreme, she cannot for a moment be held to equal England in the highest branches of literature.

We are firm believers in the progressive literary taste of the nation, notwithstanding the freaks and fashions which occasionally appear to interfere with its onward march. A comparison of the works of the best writers of the present time with those of the men who stood pre-eminent a hundred years ago, or even in the last generation, is enough to show that the existing literary level is higher than it was during either of those periods. It cannot be denied that there is now a greater demand for profound speculations and more judicious arguments than there was formerly. The national mind has become more precise. The vague generalizations and inexact rhetoric which satisfied our forefathers are no longer to our taste, and the poetical conceits which pleased the readers of Pope and Dryden find comparatively few admirers among

ourselves. Probably in no domain of literature. however, is the demand for precision more observable than in that of history. The excellent work which has been going on of late years in every capital of Europe, of arranging, cataloguing, and making available its archives, has been the means of placing within the reach of historians sources of information which were not only inaccessible to writers of past generations, but which were undreamt of by them. By the happily facilitated means of intercommunication, also, these rich treasurehouses of fact are now only as many hours distant from any one centre as formerly they were



WALTER BESANT.
(From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.)



MRS. PARR,
Author of "Dorothy Fox," etc.
(From a Photograph by Vandyk.)

days; and at the present time references can be made by English scholars at the Vatican, or at Vienna, with less trouble than it used to take to consult State Papers in Paris. The same ready means of communication further enable all those who are engaged in scientific pursuits to exchange ideas with those following the same lines of study in other parts of the world, and thus to gain more exact knowledge by a comparison of results than was formerly possible.

In the present article we propose to illustrate some of these remarks by briefly sketching the work of those men and women who stand out prominently in literary London, and for the purpose of convenience we intend to make the readingroom of the British Museum the centre of our observation. As all roads lead to Rome, so all the paths trodden by English writers meet under the Museum dome. Whether for consultation of authorities, or for purposes of reference, it is inevitable that every author who produces more than the emanations of his own imagination must make pilgrimages to Bloomsbury, and the reading-room is therefore a convenient point from which to view literary London.

The effect of the changes referred to above on history has been that, as we have lately been told, it has passed from the epic stage into the scientific.

We are no longer content to read only of the deeds of heroes, and prophets, and kings, and mentally to gaze on huge canvases daubed over with the pageants of courts and fields of battle. We want to have "the successive phases of national growth, prosperity, and adversity" traced out for us. We want to have histories of peoples, and to become acquainted with the records of their morals, their industries, their intellect, and their arts. To supply these wants is the business of the modern historian, and no more conspicuous specimens of this class can be found anywhere than Mr. Lecky and Mr. Gardiner. Both stand head and shoulders above their contemporaries. Both are conspicuous for their exact knowledge of facts, for their untiring industry, and for their judicious arguments, and both bear to some extent the impress of their races.

MR. LECKY is an Irishman, and acknowledges Trinity College as his alma mater. There he took his B.A. degree in 1859, and his M.A. in 1863. There also he took the Gold Medal for oratory, a distinction which makes it all the more regrettable that his voice is so seldom heard in public. He delivers addresses at times, as, for example, the recent inaugural address at the Birmingham and Midland Institute (October 10), on the congenial subject of history; but rarely is he heard on a platform, and those beyond the pale of his friendship are for the most part dependent only on his publishers for their knowledge of his views on



THE HON. RODEN NOEL.

current events. Most authors of eminence make a practice of sandwiching in magazine articles between the appearances of their volumes, and so keep the public conversant with their opinions. But Mr. Lecky's ways are not their ways. Throughout his career he has been content to allow himself to be judged by his larger works, and the verdict of the public has certainly been such as to justify

which make him a noticeable figure as he passes through the swing-doors at the entrance to the reading-room.

In common with many leaders in literature, Mr. Lecky's first works were not received with any great enthusiasm. He published his History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe in 1865, and his History of European Morals from



MRS. MACQUOID,
Author of "Patty," etc.
(From a Photograph by Mendelssoln.)

his method. No man has a higher literary reputation than Mr. Lecky, and his position as palibearer at the funeral of Lord Tennyson was a fitting acknowledgment of this fact. Unlike so many men of eminence, whose speech may be powerful but their presence contemptible, Mr. Lecky enjoys the advantage of an outward aspect which must at all times command respect, and

Augustine to Charlemagne, in 1869. But neither work excited the attention it deserved, and only those ecclesiastics whose withers were wrung by the trenchant reasoning which revealed the errors and the follies of the systems which they professed were much stirred by their appearance. The same fate overtook his succeeding work on the Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland (1871), in which he

traced the careers of Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell, and if it had not been for Mr. Gladstone's volte-face in 1885, it may pos sibly never have attained to notoriety. But that event brought it prominently to front. In its pages Mr. Lecky laid emphasis on the importance of recognizing the sentiment of nationality which belongs to all peoples who are worthy of the name, and he advocated strongly the advisability of giving to Ireland as large a share of local administration as was compatible with the maintenance of the Union. These opinions eagerly seized were upon by Mr. Gladstone and his followers, and Mr. Lecky was claimed



MISS THACKERAY,

Author of "Old Kensington," etc.

(From a Photograph by F. Hollyer.)

by them as a supporter of their policy. But against this interpretation of his views Mr. Lecky protested vigorously in the *Times*, and showed that throughout his work he had strongly deprecated any change of system towards Ireland in the Imperial sense, and especially any attempt to establish an Irish Parliament.

But Mr. Lecky's magnum opus is his last work, The History of England in the Eighteenth Century (1878—1887), which consists of a series of essays on the main facts of our career as a nation, a work which would at any time have commanded attention from the wide crudition and careful judgment which it displays. One passage which it contains produced a somewhat angry controversy. Writing of the political morality of the last century he says—"No modern statesman would attempt to bribe individuals or purchase boroughs like Walpole or like North. But we have ourselves seen a minister going to the country on the promise that, if he were returned to office, he would abolish the principal

direct tax paid by the class which had still a decisive influence in the constituencies." The glove thus thrown down was promptly taken up by Mr. Gladstone in the *Times*, in the columns of which paper Mr. Lecky supported unflinchingly the position which he had adopted.

An even more regular reader at the Museum is Mr. S. Rawson GARDINER. Unlike Mr. Lecky, his historical studies have led him into the opposite school of politics. It is true that he has not made Ireland so especially a subject of study as Mr. Lecky has, but throughout his histories there is in general an undercurrent of sympathy with the people and with non-

conformity, as against kings and established It may be that he started in life with this predisposition, and certainly he could not have chosen a period more calculated to foster the tendency than the one he has made his own. Beyond compare he is the leading authority on the Stuart period of English history. Beginning from the accession of James I., he has traced the course of events to the execution of Charles with a fullness and an impartial judgment which cannot be surpassed. With untiring energy he has ransacked at first-hand the archives of those capitals where light was to be thrown on the subject. The Record Offices of Madrid and of the Hague have been carefully searched, with the result that much new matter has been discovered with reference to the whole period, and especially to episodes such as the Spanish marriage, etc. But not content with imagining the scenes portrayed in documents, it has been his habit to visit the places where they were enacted, and to study on the spot the fields

of battle which he desires to describe. It may safely be assumed that when the table in the readingroom which he has made his own remains for any length of time unoccupied, and the ponderous tomes with which it is his custom to surround himself have disappeared, he is scouring the country on his tricycle, noting the positions occupied by the opposing forces now at Edgehill, now at Marston Moor, and now at Naseby. These personal inspections have served to elucidate many doubtful points in the strategy employed, and, notably at Edgehill, to make plain much which before it was difficult to understand in the engagement. When Mr. Gardiner began his history he proposed to write "Finis" at the conclusion of the scene on the scaffold in 1649. That point has now been reached, and it is to be hoped that his determination is not irrevocable, and that he may expend some of his

inexhaustible energy in carrying us into the Commonwealth.

It was thought by many that on the death of Mr. Freeman, Mr. Gardiner would have been chosen for the office of Regius Professor of History at Oxford. His old and close connection with the University—he graduated from Christchurch, and is a student of Christchurch, as well as a Fellow of All Souls heightened his claim to the post, and it was a general opinion that the eleven years of which he has the advantage of Mr. Froude might have been an additional reason for securing his services. But the authorities decided otherwise, and the University Extension movement will probably be the gainer. It has been his habit to give courses of lectures under that Board, and it is difficult to imagine a more interesting and more trustworthy lecturer.

(To be continued.)



J. M. BARRIE,
Author of "A Window in Thrums."
(From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.)

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

MRS. PARR,

Author of 'Dumps,' 'Dorothy Fox.'

XVI.

AYNARD RODNEY'S way led him down to the Strand, into which the neighbouring theatres and various places of amusement were emptying themselves. Along that full artery of London life a motley crowd poured, all jostled together in strange contiguity—an imagery, so Rodney thought, of the ideas and fancies let loose in his own brain.

Enthralled for the time by a subtle new intoxication, his mind was not subject, as usual, to his control. He seemed powerless to carry on any train of thought without the intrusion of a thousand wild, imaginary, air-built fancies.

At one moment he was thinking of Stella, recalling that last look she had given him, vexed that he had not said that he too had a brother a sailor. "Oh, that snob of a fellow!" He was off now on Vivian Stapleton. "I guessed he was a conceited ass, now I know him for one. By Jove! what a look she gave him! Who would think those eyes could flash such fire?" and again he was back at the theatre, watching the tears gathering under the lids, smiling at the bound his heart had made when he recognized in her the ideal of his story, "Waiting."

How was it that about this point marriage came in? It did not seem to be led up to in any way, and yet he was arguing on the certainty of Stella and Vivian being engaged, and the probability of their being married almost immediately; and close on this came some very severe strictures on the fatuity of women in their choice of husbands, for who could not see how utterly unworthy Stapleton was of her? What was the attraction? money, for of that certainly she must have plenty; and away he went on Uncle Briggs-the fortune, the will. How had the old man left the money? Tied up, no doubt, with all his close-fistedness, so that she had no power to give help to her family, otherwise, he felt sure, they would not have been the same three he saw.

And at this point he laughed aloud, remembering how exactly he could have matched them from those in his own home. Then his face grew grave as he asked himself whether, under similar conditions, he would have shown the same amount of moral courage. He brought to mind how he had winced under certain phases of their merry moods and social pleasures, and he said reverently to himself-"She is a good, brave girl, that. honour her." Supposing events had gone differently, that Uncle Briggs had never been offended, and that he had been left the money, would she now be what her sisters were? With that face-? Impossible! Still Rodney knew well, none better, what splendid embellishments to beauty are education and refinement; and add to this the setting of elegant dress and grace of manner, and, as in Stella's case, nothing was left to desire.

An involuntary thrill ran through him as he connected these charms with the pleasure derived from a certain sense of ownership in them; a little feeling at bottom that had he not stood out in opposition to his uncle's wishes, she would still be in the humble class of life in which Fortune had found her, and he—the husband of Miss Selina Collins! Faugh! he could have hardly felt more disgust if that bone of contention had been before him.

"No, no," he said, after a short retrospect of his career. "Thank God, I escaped such a degradation. Positively I owe a debt of gratitude to that woman for bringing matters to a climax when she did. Who knows, I might have gone drifting on until I had sunk to that state when I could not have worked, and should have been ashamed to beg. Then the temptation might have given me no alternative." And the ignominy of such a state plunged him into a reverie which lasted some moments.

"Ah, well," he sighed, rousing himself, "I wish that without their knowing who I am I could tell her that she is welcome to every farthing. With all the calls made on me, it's true I could do with a

little more, for I'm not a Midas as regards writing, all I touch by no means turns to gold. Still I manage to swim along without any big breaker going over me; and so long as I have no one but myself to provide for I can get on. It must be precious close work though for some of the married ones. If I had a wife, now——"

Here something seemed to break in, and he became plunged into a second reverie, out from which he woke to say—

"Bah! authors ought never to marry. It is enough for them to be wedded to the creatures of their creation, and any love they may indulge in is best expended on the ideals of their stories."

"You had an ideal in 'Waiting,' "said one of those sly imps employed to tickle our fancy. "And the ideal has proved a reality," answered another, with a more mischievous disposition.

Rodney drew himself together with an air of resolute assertion.

"I tell you what it is, young man," arraigning some inward being, "you'd better make the best of your way home before you become a greater fool than you are," and he walked quickly on towards his chambers, a flat in Duke Street Mansions, Grosvenor Square. But even there he could not get rid of feminine influence, for having lit the lamp and thrown himself into an easy-chair, he looked round the room, a very pretty one, and continuing to rub the cars of his dog, who had come forward to welcome him, he said—"We might ask her here to tea, Rags, mightn't we?"

"Boh, boh!"

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"Oh, you want to know who I mean, do you? Rags, that is distinctly canine curiosity which I refuse to satisfy. Perhaps I don't want myself to know. Tell me, my dog, was it I, or was it some other wiseacre, who said, that when a man begins to think of a she as her he'd better consider there are but two remedies. Well, only one is given to me, and that I'm going to take. Nip it in the bud, Rags; pull it up while it's green, old girl."

In appreciation of being talked to, Rags wagged her tail.

"You agree with me?—that's right, then. Now we'll toddle off to bed, my dog, and leave resolution to drown folly."

While this little episode was being indulged in by Maynard Rodney, the rest of the party were bearing each other company home, under very unfavourable conditions. For fully five minutes after they had left the theatre not a word was spoken, then Mrs. Stapleton, in the hope that a little conversation might soothe their agitated tempers, said—

"Did you see Colonel Charteris, Vivian?"

"1? -no."

"Oh, I wonder at that; he was standing close to you."

"Very likely. I saw nothing I wanted to see."

"He turned round while we were waiting for the carriage and spoke to me."

"Exceedingly quixotic in him."

"Quixotic! how? A man I've known since he was a boy."

"Exceedingly quixotic—I repeat it. I should most certainly have been disposed to ignore my dearest friends, if those same friends were making themselves laughing-stocks in the eyes of everybody."

"Laughing-stocks!" repeated Mrs. Stapleton. "Really, Vivian, I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that when persons by their extraordinary actions cause a mixed assembly to stand with a broad grin on their faces, the name they are best known by is laughing-stocks. If I am wrong I sit open to correction. This is an evening of enlightenments."

"Oh, you go too far," said the mother, feeling the subject had better not be pursued.

Her son, as she saw, was in his very worst mood, when his temper overcame every good quality, and each remark he made was meant to wound like a two-edged sword. Few could rival him in these flaying speeches, and the desire he felt to cause pain was like the thirst for blood—the appetite once whetted, the savage nature knew no control.

This scene had taken place as they turned into Piccadilly, until they reached home not another word was spoken. Mrs. Stapleton promptly retired into the depths of her own corner, Stella by her side sat pale and immovable, while Vivian kept his eyes fixed straight in front of him. At the door he would have liked to jump out of the carriage and walk straight into the house, but what is known as "the instincts of a gentleman" prevented him, and he stood with a sullen stare while he helped his mother and Stella to alight; then he followed them as far as the hall, but instead, as

was his wont, of going up with them to the morning-room, where a tray of refreshments was laid, he ordered lights to be brought to his study, and went in there, shutting the door after him.

Mrs. Stapleton remarked on the closeness of the night, and congratulated herself that they were not going to any ball; then seeing that Stella was refusing the wine that was offered to her, she said—

"No?—now, dear, you must take a little—if only a half-glass, to please me; you are looking pale; the heat, no doubt. I think theatres very trying at this time of year—and a biscuit, do! Put them near Miss Stella, Clegg, and then we shall not require anything more. Say to Clements that I shall be up-stairs presently."

Clegg took his departure, and, hardly waiting until he had closed the door, Mrs. Stapleton in quite a different voice began—

"Oh, my dear child, what a world this is we live in! Can any one make sure of being happy for even one hour? Where, I ask you, when we left the house this evening, could three people be found so fortunate, so united, so wrapped up in one another as you and I and Vivian?—and now!" and she held her hands with the palms turned outwards in a gesticulation of inquiry.

"So far as we are concerned I can see no difference in us now from when we set out."

Stella was speaking with that low distinct inflection of voice which tells of emotion and self-restraint. She was stung to the very quick by Vivian's manner, and comparing it with the sympathy shown to her by a stranger, she asked if it were not possible that she felt ashamed of him—ashamed of that smallness in his nature which made him betray his petty pride, and vent his anger in wounding speeches to a woman.

"Well, as regards you and me," said Mrs. Stapleton, "perhaps positively, no. Still, my dear Stella, you must admit that things have happened very unfortunately."

"I am not so sure that I do admit that. Not now, Marraine, as things are." This was in answer to the look with which Mrs. Stapleton was regarding her. "If Vivian had shown me the very smallest degree of kindness or generosity, I should have been most ready and willing to acknowledge what I at first felt, that I would rather we had met my brother and sisters somewhere else, and in some other way; but when he saw that I had

recognized them, and they me, what did he expect of me? That I should pass them by—pretend not to see them?"

"Well, dear, there are times when it really is best, in fact the wisest policy, to—a—keep our eyes shut. I'm sure you know that not any living creature could feel more for you than I do; still it is so painful to return from what ought to be an evening's enjoyment all at cross purposes like this, that it seems to me as if almost *anything* would be preferable."

"It would not be preferable for me to be humiliated in my own self-respect."

"Oh, come, come, dear, you must not take it in that way."

"But I must, and I do, and so do you too; and if I had given way to the temptation which did for a moment threaten me, you would now be feeling pity, perhaps, but pity very akin to contempt for me. And right that you should, seeing how your good teaching would have been thrown away."

"Oh, my dear, you have never had any good teaching in that respect from me."

"I have had what is better—example, Marraine dear," and Stella went over and knelt down by her guardian's side. "Until a week ago I never thoroughly appreciated you. Then when I went to see my family, I found that I had grown up to look at things with the eyes you had always seen them through—that a wide distance separated them from me—and the discovery gave me great pain."

"My poor child," said Mrs. Stapleton, looking

"Ah, the poor child felt such gratitude to you, that you had never given even a hint of this to her, that you had allowed her to believe that there was only a difference of money between them and you."

Mrs. Stapleton shook her head.

"My dear, your mother is a far better woman than I am, or ever shall be."

"Dear mother," said Stella softly, "she saw at once the disappointment I had had. She told me that from the moment they had accepted the fortune for me, she knew what in time must happen. And she pleaded so pathetically for my sisters, begging me not to make a trouble of the difference between us, for that was inevitable; but to try when I saw them to remember that their

natures were good, loving, generous, and that what jarred on me in their manners and appearance was the necessary result of their bringing up."

"It is true," said Mrs. Stapleton; "she is quite right."

"Well, then, after that if I could have passed by them,—have allowed her and them to feel that I was ashamed of them,—should I not be unworthy of her and of you?"

Mrs. Stapleton pressed the girl closely to her; then after a minute's silence she loosened her hold and held her so that she could look into her face.

"Stella," she said, "your mother interceded with you for her other children, asking you to look over their defects in manner, because they were the faults of their bringing up. Listen now to another mother who pleads equally for her son. Never until recently did I see how faulty has been his training, and that much I desire to see altered in him now is due to his bringing up and to me. His heart is good, his nature generous. In the things that offend you, recollect this. Bear with him, Stella, be just to him, and you will show mercy to me."

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Stooping she kissed her, and leaving Stella to follow, she went out of the room.

XVII.

Most of us know what it is to awaken with a sense of thunder being in the moral atmosphere, so that the most trivial word or action may at any moment bring about a storm. Morning is a great inspirer, and by its light much said and done on the previous night takes a different hue.

This feeling in varied degrees was being experienced by Vivian, Stella, and Mrs. Stapleton. The tumult into which they had been thrown had subsided, and in place of agitation there was that depressing flatness which imposes languor on the body as well as on the spirits.

Vivian, as was his habit when not quite certain that he had not been at fault, would have wished to act as if he had wiped out the whole circumstances from the tablets of his memory. He said to himself that he did not think such a thing would happen again; he believed that Stella had received a lesson, and he wanted her to feel that if at the

time he had seemed cruel, he had but acted for her good, and that now it was his desire to be kind.

Mrs. Stapleton was in favour of a not at all unfeminine fashion of setting quarrels straight. She would have liked to throw her arms round the offended and the offender, to have seen them both fall into each other's embrace, after which they might have indulged in a good comfortable cry, and have ended by assuring each other that the sole and entire blame of the matter rested with the speaker.

It was only Stella who was pulling in pieces and sifting the whole circumstance, trying to find if she could take any, and how much, blame from Vivian to put upon her own shoulders. She reproached herself for having acted wrongly in not taking him to see her family, telling herself that when he had urged it, it was pride which had made her refuse. That feeling ought not to exist with the man you had accepted as a husband, even the wish to have a concealment from him amounted to treachery. Until she was prepared to remedy this error, she did not consider herself in a position to accuse. Her wisest plan, therefore, would be to go that very afternoon and see her mother, and find out from her on what day it would be convenient to receive Vivian; she would then ask him to accompany her, and the visit over, they would have a serious understanding.

Stella had been much touched by Mrs. Stapleton's appeal to her. She knew at what a cost the mother must have admitted that her idol had a fault, and she said to herself-"I will try and do all she asks of me, and be lenient and good to him. Even ordinary people are not without failings, and we are told that clever persons, men and women of genius, should be judged in quite another way;" and without exactly knowing why, her thoughts made a sudden leap to Maynard Rodney. Gradually the shadow of a smile passed over her face, and a little pink flush came as she recalled their parting-the words he had said, the pressure he had given to her hand. "I hope it wasn't wrong to let him know I felt his sympathy; he wouldn't think it forward in me? I am glad he is coming here to dine. I have taken quite a fancy to him, and he seemed to rather like to talk to me. Heigh-ho!" and not stopping to indulge in further retrospection, she rang the bell for her maid, telling

her that as soon as she had dressed her, she wished a telegram taken.

Stella did not realize that this telegram was the first practical phase of the altered conditions in the relations between herself and her family. She felt that for the ease and comfort of all, it was best that she should announce to her mother her intention of going to see her, and a pre-paid reply asked at what hour the visit would be most convenient.

This done, she went down to see Mrs. Stapleton, who, she found, was going to have breakfast in her own sitting-room.

"May I join you, Marraine?"

"Do, dear, there are several things I want to talk over with you. I was just about to send you up an invitation."

Vivian never made his appearance until a much later hour. It was one of his favourite sayings, that the English breakfast-table was among the survivals of national barbarism.

"I have had a letter from Mary Trevor," Mrs. Stapleton began, the sympathetic greeting between her and Stella over; "she gives me a tolerably strong hint that Delia finds the country very dull, and would like to be asked up here."

"And you'll ask her, won't you?"

"Well, I wondered would she be at all in the way—I mean with you and Vivian, dear?" she added, hesitatingly.

"Oh, no! how could she be?"

"Well," with a smothered sigh, "she could be in many ways—the question is, would she be?"

"I don't think so. Certainly not with me, and Vivian used to like Delia, she is his favourite cousin, you know."

"Yes, she used to be; but then his tastes alter so completely."

"Not as regards those he really cares for."

Mrs. Stapleton stretched out her hand for Stella's, and pressed it warmly—

"Thank you, dear; it gives me such pleasure to hear you say a word in praise of him."

"In praise of him! But, Marraine, you know that I don't think there is any one half so talented or clever."

"No—only talents and cleverness command admiration, but not always love, Stella."

"You must allow though that they are great magnets of attraction."

Mrs. Stapleton's eyes were fixed on the girl wistfully, and Stella, thinking she knew the cause of her depression, leaned across towards her as she said—

"Dear, you have not yet recovered from last night's unfortunate misunderstanding. Now listen, I have a confession to make, which ought, in a degree, to give you satisfaction. When I thought the matter over I saw that I certainly had not been without my share of blame. If I had kept firm to my original intention of taking Vivian to see my family he would have known my sisters, and that unlucky contretemps could not have occurred. It's true that he disappointed me by not going with me that first time, but when I returned he begged me to take him the next day, and that is what I ought to have done; but, to tell the truth, my pride prevented me, I felt a coward then, and said to myself, it would be time enough later, when everything was settled. Well, who knows, if I had not had this lesson, I might have let it drift on until Vivian was entitled to reproach me; for I have no right to force on him a relationship with persons whom he could not willingly accept."

"And now?" said Mrs. Stapleton tremulously.

"Well, now I am going to set it all right; I have sent a telegram to my mother, telling her I am going to see her this morning or afternoon."

"And take Vivian with you?" asked Mrs. Stapleton anxiously.

"Well, no—hardly. I think I had best give them a little preparation; and then I have to learn what Vivian now would wish to do. You might ask, why not speak to him first? Well, no, I may not be able to make it quite clear why, but I have thought it all over, and I know what I mean."

Mrs. Stapleton gave a nod of her head and seemed to reflect. In reality she was reproaching Providence, asking what need could there be for such a family to exist where there was a chance of coming in contact with them? Surely the world was big enough—Australia, America, the Colonies—she was willing to give them the choice of any of these places, so long as they would not insist in living on in London. Even the country, though still in England, would be something gained. Might not removal there be made a condition of the income which Stella was soon to settle on them? Mrs. Stapleton stole a rapid glance at the fair face opposite to her, and at once a thousand

difficulties shadowed the proposal. Her close companionship with Stella daily taught her that to suggest anything mean, base, dishonourable to that upright, candid nature was like flinging soil upon fresh-fallen snow. There are those who have the power to touch whatever is good in us, and Mrs. Stapleton knew that, quite unconsciously, Stella exercised that power over her.

"I was thinking," she began, "that if——" but here a knock at the door interrupted her, and a voice was heard asking, "May I come in?"

The door was opened by Vivian, who, a close observer would have seen, was smiling rather more than was usual with him.

"Good-morning," said his mother, hurriedly. "This is an early visit to have from you."

"Yes," advancing into the room; "but I had to get up earlier, and coming down I happened to hear that a certain little bird had left her nest and had flown, so I thought I should find her here; and—"putting his hand on either side of Stella's head, he touched with his lips her hair—"I have done so."

Mrs. Stapleton breathed more freely. Already he had also lightly touched her cheek, and had moved over to where he was able to look at Stella. She, desirous of seeming quick to accept the apology which both felt had been offered to her, said—

"Now you will be able to give the casting vote to a question under discussion. Aunt Trevor"—Stella had been taught to adopt all Vivian's relations— "has written to say that Delia finds the country dull, and Marraine was wondering if she should ask her to come up and stay here."

"But certainly—you would like it?"

"I should."

"Then, mother, pray ask her; it is ages since I saw anything of Delia."

While he was speaking a servant had brought in a telegram. Vivian stretched out his hand to take it.

"It is for Miss Stella, sir."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," handing it to her. "I was expecting one, so I took it for granted it was for me."

"It is, I know, from my mother," she answered, opening it, and letting her eyes take in the words before her, hesitating all the time whether she should not brave all and ask him to accompany her. Raising her head she said slowly, "She wishes me to go and see her this afternoon."

"This afternoon," he repeated, carelessly. "Ah, I have a man coming to see me who is going to India; I expect he comes in the hope that I shall be induced to go with him, but he will hear that it is possible that events over which I have no control may prevent me."

"Nay!" said the mother, "you mean will."

"Do I? but perhaps you will allow me to spell it *m a y*."

And feeling that his temper was not yet under very good control, he got up and sauntered out of the room.

XVIII.

SEVERAL things occurred that afternoon to impress the visit to Matilda Grove upon Stella's memory. In the first place, the family, dressed in their best bibs and tuckers, were not only prepared to receive her, but wished her to see that the amenities of social life were not beyond their power. Spread round at equal distances on the parlour table were books in gaudy blue and red cloth bindings—gifts from the two girls' lovers. Crochet or wool-work antimacassars covered the backs of the chairs. A large rug with impossible lilies and roses hid certain defects of the carpet, and a bead cushion in the crudest colours served to throw up the ravages time had made in the old sofa. The room in its natural state of dull shabbiness were the look of an old friend to Stella: now, like its occupants, its finery gave her a shiver.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Clarkson, when Stella was seated among them, the greetings over, and it had been settled that she meant to stay and have tea with her father. "Now you must tell us which of the two was the beau, the girls came home dying to find out the one who was to be their brother-in-law."

"Oh, I can pretty well guess," said Carry, whose former shyness had flown before the assurance of having her best dress on. "The tall one with the brown hair; he looked at us so, the other one ran off like a lamp-lighter."

"And no wonder," and Mrs. Clarkson laughed heartily. "To think of that boy going up and kissing you before everybody. The girls did chaff him nicely. But wasn't it like a sailor? and he's that all over, bless him, dear fellow."

"I don't believe he knew what else to do," said Carry, "he was so struck of a heap when Lottie said, That's Stella. You did look beautiful though. I say—I only wish mother could ha' seen you."

"I wish I could," responded the mother. "The both of them said you looked heavenly, they didn't wonder at your young man showing himself so proud of you."

"I am not aware that he did," said Stella.

"Oh, come now," and Carrie gave a knowing grin at her, "it's no use trying that on with me. Twas him that first caught my eye, the way he was bending his head down, so—over you," and the ludicrous imitation set Stella laughing.

Mrs. Clarkson joined out of real light-heartedness. Stella's presence—when all was properly prepared for her—was like sunshine.

"And to think that me and father will once more have you all sitting round the table with us again," she said, as if in explanation of her merriment. "Ah, my dears, God has been very good to us."

"Well, and so have you too," said Carrie bluntly.

"What could anybody have done more than you and the old dad has done for us all, eh, Stella? Why they'd work themselves to death for us now if we'd let'em; and why? we want to know; we're young and strong."

Stella looked kindly at her sister.

"Oh, I hope that an end will be put to all that soon. I am of age when I am nineteen, and before if I marry."

"Ah! and what about that?" said Mrs. Clarkson; "is anything further settled as to date?"

"Not yet—well, there hardly could be." Stella thought this was her opportunity. "Mr. Stapleton has not spoken to father yet, and he hasn't seen any of you, and that is why I want to know when I may bring him here."

A dubious "Oh!" came from her mother; while Carrie, with a puzzled air, asked—

"What should he want to speak to father about?"
"About me," said Stella. "Why, when the young man you are engaged to wanted you, he asked father's consent, didn't he?"

"No, I'm bothered if he did. My Yes was enough for him, and so let yours be; eh, mother?"

"You see, my dear," said Mrs. Clarkson, apologetically, "father ain't quite what he used to be; his years begin to tell upon him more than I like to

see, because he's far from being an old man, dear fellow; but still little things do fidget him, don't they, Carrie?"

"Well, more than they used to do. Anything like being set down face to face with a tip-top swell like Mr. Stapleton would upset the dear old man's apple-cart completely."

"Yes, Stella, I really am afraid so," said Mrs. Clarkson.

Stella sat dismayed. What should she do? To tell them that what she really wanted was that Vivian should see *them* was impossible. In the hope of giving further conviction, Mrs. Clarkson added—

"If Mr. Stapleton was a stranger, now, that would be a different matter; but knowing the family as we do, to ask father's consent is paying them a very poor compliment, so it seems to me, and I hardly know what father would find to say."

"Not that he thought he was good enough for you," laughed Carrie; "they wouldn't neither o' them say that if 'twas the Prince o' Wales."

"Come, come, now," retorted the mother. "You two girls ain't far behind; there isn't another living being with them like 'my sister.' It doesn't matter if it's in the theatre, or pictures, or fashion-plates, nobody can touch Stella."

Carrie roared with laughter at this accusation.

"Anyhow," she said, "we're going to make a regular exhibition of you to-night, Stella. My young man's coming in to tea,—I've promised he shall have an eyeful of you,—and Ned Phillips. You recollect the Phillipses? They kept a picture-frame shop in the Fulham Road. We all went to school together."

"Not Stella didn't, my dear."

"Oh, I s'pose she was too young. Anyhow me and Lottie did, and Ned's been sneaking after Lottie ever since. They never get so far as settling it quite. Sometimes it's on and sometimes it's off; just now it happens to be on, and so, as he wants to have a look at you, he's going to drop in."

"I hope Edgar will be at home," said Stella, hardly knowing what was expected of her.

"Oh, trust him, dear fellow," said Mrs. Clarkson. "You ain't to know the reason of his being out now, but the truth is, he's gone to buy a cage for the parrot he's brought home for you."

"A parrot! Where is it?"

"Why out with him," said Carrie, "or you'd soon enough know."

"And does it talk?"

"Oh, it will splendidly."

Carrie made a grimace of dissent—"H'mm!"

"Now, Carrie, be quiet. It's like this, my dear," and Mrs. Clarkson turned to Stella; "the bird's picked up two or three words on the voyage home. Edgar says they always do—that parrots are so quick at what you don't want them to learn; but at home with you, where he won't hear any language of the kind, he'll soon forget it all, and say whatever you like to teach him."

"But I wish he hadn't gone to get a cage; I must pay for it, though."

"No, no; that 'ud hurt his feelings dreadfully. He's been saving up for that; he showed me he'd got the money."

"Oh, and he's quite the young man there," said Carrie; "he knows how to stand treat for the ladies. And now I think I'll leave you two together. I heard Lottie come in, and while she gets on her dress I'll look after the tea. We're going to have it down-stairs, Stella; do you mind? The table here's so small."

Left alone with her mother, Stella hoped that she might so far gain a concession to her wishes that Mrs. Clarkson would consent to see Vivian; but although she did not positively refuse, finding it was her daughter's wish, she begged for delay, saying it would be time enough when Stella brought him as her husband.

"You see, my dear, we've not been accustomed to people in his rank of life," she finally urged, "and I'm certain it would only prove a trial to him, and to us, and to you."

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"But, dear mother, you speak of Mr. Stapleton as if he was some very grand person—an earl or a duke—but he is nothing of the sort. His father was a man of very good family, but Marraine's relations—the Trevors—are all brewers."

"My dear, I only know they were the only people that Uncle Briggs stood cap in hand before. He thought that a bit of the world had been railed off for the Trevors, and perhaps it's for that reason that I think of them as I do. I remember, the very last time I was in his house, he'd been to dinner with Mrs. Stapleton, and, la! how he did blow the trumpet about it all. In the middle of

it, the little fellow who was to have had the money let his knife and fork fall, and oh dear! how those two—aunt as well as uncle—did go on with him."

"Oh, mother, what was his name? I've often intended to ask."

"Yes, my dear, it's fitting you should know, for he suffered a great disappointment through you, and a great injustice too. I've often tried to recollect his right name—Briggs was the one he went by."

"Then I dare say he is Briggs still. Was he a nice boy?"

"I can hardly remember. I fancy he was plainlooking, rather beetle-browed, with a kind of hangdog manner, which wasn't to be wondered at when you saw how they nagged at him. Father knows more about him as a lad than I do."

"I must speak to father about him."

And the subject begun, Stella continued talking until her father's arrival. But then no opportunity of questioning him was given to her. No sooner was his key heard in the door than Lottie was there to pounce on him and bear him off to change his clothes, so that he might be as smart as the others were. By the time this operation was over, and he had been made to don a new stock of bright blue satin, which the girls had bought so that he might wear Stella's pin, poor James Clarkson was about as uncomfortable as clothes could make him. Always a silent man, he seemed unable to find a word to say to his daughter, except to pay her what to him was the greatest compliment he knew of, that she reminded him of what her mother used to be. Finally, Edgar and the two admirers having arrived, Stella was conducted down-stairs to join them at tea.

Poor Stella! for weeks after her visit how she longed to blot out that evening from her memory! The young men, who both persisted in calling her miss, were of a type she had never met before. In reality they were intelligent, average young fellows, but this was an occasion when, like herself, they felt as "fishes out of water." At first they hardly ventured on more than "yes" and "no," a state of sheepishness which the irrepressible Carrie sought to correct by roughing up, in passing, the very curly hair of one swain, and dropping a hot spoon on the hand of another. These pleasantries seemed to act as the "open sesame" to greater sociability. Gradually they drifted into more easy

manners and familiar conversation, in which father, mother, and all were interested, and at times joined; while Stella, forced to sit silent and to seem to smile, felt herself drifting away from every one who belonged to her.

Ask Vivian to accept relations such as these! Impossible! A day with them would drive him mad. She was in sympathy with what he would feel. These terrible connections seemed, as much as they could, to even vulgarize her father and mother; never before had she felt so completely out of touch with them. And the stronger this impression became, so much the deeper it wounded her, until every sensation seemed swallowed up in the desire to get away.

Even their tender farewells failed to salve her seared feelings. She was tempted to refuse Edgar's escort home; but the lad looked so radiant as he appeared with the parrot in its cage in one hand, and a bunch of impossible flowers made of shells in the other, that Stella swallowed down her remonstrances, and together away they went. The drive was rather a silent one, but that did not distress Edgar, who, like his father, was not of a talkative disposition. How the parrot was to be fed, whether it might be trusted, and what it could say, afforded sufficient conversation. The house reached, he was quite overawed by the imposing appearance of a liveried footman, and after an embarrassed good-bye he made a hasty retreat.

The door had barely closed on him when out of his study, at the far end of the hall, Vivian appeared.

"I'm so glad to see you back," he said, coming towards Stella. "I was just thinking of going to fetch you; I began to get fidgety when I heard no carriage was to be sent."

" My brother came home with me."

"That's all right, so long as somebody had safe charge of you." And then stooping so that he could see her better, he said with concern—"You're tired, I'm afraid, the poor little face looks pale," and he put his hand under her chin and tilted it upwards.

"I think I am tired," she answered, looking at

him wistfully; "and oh, Vivian, there is something I want to say to you."

Her heart beat so quickly that he could but notice her agitation.

"Something to say to me," he repeated. "Yes; then let us come in here."

And he led her into the room he had just left—one of those sanctuaries of taste where each art finds its appropriate shrine. The sense of contrast to all she had left ran through Stella with a shiver.

"My child, you are not well," Vivian began anxiously. "Now don't distress yourself with talking; I think I know what it is you want to speak about. Mother has told me that last night I made you very unhappy. Well, I partly realized that, and I tried to show you that I did this morning. You know what a queer, uncontrollable nature mine is, especially when things go wrong with my tastes in any way. Well, last night you were looking your very best, and I was actually revelling in the admiration you were attracting, when—we won't recall it, but even you, dear, will allow that with such a sudden douche of cold water there was perhaps a little excuse for me."

She gave a nod of assent.

"But it isn't only that," she said earnestly; "it is that I did not until now see how wide the social difference is between us."

"Between us and them? No, no, I refuse to contemplate them in any way if you separate yourself from me. My dear Stella, I know what you mean and how you feel, and I have been told what your good, sensible mother said to you; and all I ask is that you should accept happiness as she tells you to, and trust to me to be one with you in securing the ease and well-being of all those who belong to you. And now not a word more. I've a heap of things to say, and I'm running down to Towerbridge to-morrow to have a business talk with Uncle Harold. I shall return on Tuesday and bring Delia with me, and unless a certain somebody consents to behave very prettily, and bring back some of the roses here,"-and he pinched her cheek tenderly,—"my friend, Mr. Maynard Rodney, will have the honour of taking in to dinner Miss Cordelia Trevor."

STUDY OF A POOL.

I LAY as in a waking dream,
Lull'd by the fall of fountains,
Where twenty of them feed a stream
Far up among the mountains.

The turf was soft beneath my head,

The water plashed before me,

And all the spacious heavens were red

With evening's blazon o'er me.

Between me and a steep smooth bank,
Green to the foamy margin,
Quiver'd a quite sufficient tank
To float a fairy barge in,

Fed by a full translucent wave,

Clearer than glass and colder,

That with a tremulous bounty gave

Its silver o'er a boulder.

With soft tumultuous rush it fell,
And half the bank besprinkled,
While many a large and little bell
Rose where its music tinkled,

And floated slowly o'er the pool
Alone or in a cluster,—
And one that in the light lay full
Shone with a rainbow lustre.

The pool itself seemed in my sight
A liquid agate chamber,
Here dusky clear, there sunny bright
With just a tinge of amber.

Its tone was that of maiden's eye

That steals to stay within you —

Just bold enough not to be shy,

And shy enough to win you.

The bank was green, and smooth, and steep,
But where it met the boulder
A grove of brackens seemed to peep
Over its mossy shoulder.

And one large leaf above the rest,
Moist and maturely fronded—
(Another on the water's breast
Minutely corresponded)—

Hung over with a grace that art

Could never once have taught her,
As if to kiss her counterpart

That trembled in the water.

Down sank the light, the clouds grew dull,

The sky began to blacken,

And all its glory left the pool,

And all its grace the bracken.

L. LOGIE ROBERTSON.



ON THE SHORE.
(After a Painting by Philip Sadie.)



GLEANING

A PAINTER OF THE HAGUE.

Adapted from the Dutch by A. Werner.

NE summer morning, some forty years ago, five young men were seated in a garret, promoted to the rank of a studio, in the Houtmarkt (Wood Market) at the Hague. They were drawing from a model standing in the full light of the window; the man's sturdy figure had been placed in the attitude of Mucius Scaevola, at the moment when the heroic Roman thrusts his hand into the fire. The garret was reached by two narrow, creaking flights of stairs, and divided into two low-pitched apartments. The walls-originally painted grey—had offered unlimited scope to the pictorial imagination of the rapins, and were covered with outlines in white chalk, sketches in colour, caricatures, palette-scrapings, and names of models. In a corner stood a skeleton, fastened together with brass rivets, and bearing on its forehead the satirical inscription, "Late Millionaire."

This was the studio of J. E. J. Van den Berg, the painter known to art circles at the Hague as "the Professor," and to his own students as "the Boss" (*De baas*). The five students



PENCIL SKETCH.



PENCIL SKETCHES.

working away with such laudable industry were Tom Cool, Taco Scheltema, Kachel, De Famars Testas, and the writer of these reminiscences. Van den Berg worshipped classical art, and constantly preached the doctrine that no true work of art can be produced without a sound scientific foundation. The form and character of things, he said, especially that of the human frame, can only be thoroughly learnt by a minute and thorough study of their construction. He had the greatest contempt, and nothing but condemnation, for the Romantic School which he saw springing up all around him.

Our Professor, who venerated David, was a reverent follower of Ary Scheffer, and found his highest artistic enjoyment in the antique—in a Venus of Melos or an Apollo—was always surrounded by pupils. And many a sigh was heaved in that garret, as we sat, day after day, toiling at anatomy, proportion, and perspective—the breadand-water, so to speak, of art—instead of painting away merrily, palette in hand, at our own sweet will. But Van den Berg was inexorable. Painting is drawing in colour, he used to say; and how can a man ever hope to produce anything good, unless his hand has first learnt to reproduce accurately the form of the objects to be represented?

On the morning in question, "the boss," in his loose, black velvet jacket, with his black velvet skull-cap on his head, entered the studio, followed by a fair-haired boy of about fifteen, whom he introduced to us as a new comrade—"Sadée, who also wishes to devote himself to art." Mucius Scaevola coolly

surveyed the neophyte from head to foot; the students rose and shook hands with the new-comer; and then the latter was installed in the back-room—the place assigned to beginners—which was marked by a box full of human bones and a table for perspective drawing, as the purgatory of theoretic art. Here the new student had to try his powers by drawing from a plaster-cast; while, at the same time, he needed all his endurance to fortify him against the bullying of the older students in the other room, who were constantly playing tricks upon him.

But when he had finished a singularly accurate and well-executed drawing from the cast, and, without a trace of pedantry or self-consciousness, showed it to the seniors, and asked their opinion, they at once took to the *nouveau*, and their relations speedily became friendly.

The simple earnestness with which he carried out his master's directions soon made him a favourite with the painter. However he might long for colour and brushes, he stuck severely to linework, perspective, and anatomy, and earned unstinted praise. But if ever the truth of the saying, "Chassez le naturel, il revint au galop," was illustrated in practice, it was done by the pupils of the learned and excellent Van den Berg. Bakkerkorff, who had studied under him, ended by painting liliputian panel-pictures, touched in with a Meissonnier-like fullness of detail which would have found no favour in the eyes of the Professor. De Famars Testas secured his reputation by a series of pictures of Oriental life, and

by illustrating numerous works belonging to the Romantic School. Taco Scheltema died young; but his name was made by a couple of miniature genre paintings. Tom Cool speedily forsook the dead works of classic art for the living peasants of Gelderland, and found them a short cut to fame and fortune.

So with Sadée. He took up the conception of art presented to him, with all the warmth of his receptive nature, and applied himself to its study with the accuracy and thoughtfulness which were such marked points in his character. And, though the line he finally adopted was widely different After this he went to Germany, and made a tour through Hesse and Swabia, where he was greatly attracted by the primitive ways and picturesque costumes of the peasantry, and made a large number of studies. Finally, he settled down among the artist-colony at Dusseldorf, and surprised every one, at the Hague Exhibition of 1866, with his 'Coming out of the Village Church,' and 'Return from the Christening.' These pictures, full of life, soul, and taste, were indeed a surprise. We can well remember the delight of art-critics over the new departure. It is true that the young artist had not been able to free himself altogether



AFTER THE STORM

from the one his master would have had him take, Van den Berg's training stood him in good stead. He had gained by continual study and practice a thorough knowledge of the human figure, equally useful when applied to a different class of subjects. His first picture was exhibited at the Hague in 1857. It was a subject from the most interesting period of Dutch history—'Piëter Hasselaer taken prisoner at Haarlem.' Two years later he painted 'The Spanish Brothers,' and then executed a series of New Testament subjects, which, with many good qualities, still showed far too much of the Academic stamp.

from the influence of the Dusseldorf school; but the fresh out-door life depicted by him was very attractive; and both connoisseurs and outsiders praised his sunny paintings. The young man, who had hitherto only dreamed of Greeks and Romans, saints of the Dark Ages, or exciting events in the history of our own country, had been charmed with the reality of the life around him. And in the interpretation of this reality, in his rendering of everyday human figures, he showed the depth and thoroughness of his training. Professor Van den Berg's influence, which had impressed on Sadée the beauty of *line* in a composition, refined



THE SKITTLE-GROUND.
(After the Picture by Philip Sadic.)

his taste, and gave him, through untiring practice, such perfection in the rendering of attitude and character as was, and still is, visible in Sadée's art.

He did not, however, long remain exclusively occupied with German life—though his first tour had the effect of permanently awakening his love of travelling, and from thenceforward he never let a summer pass without a visit to some beautiful tract of country. From the Hessian and Swabian peasants he, living at the Hague, in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea, transferred his attention to the fisherman's life, as he saw it, in all its phases of joy and sorrow, of storm and calm.

been treated by many other artists, he has impressed on them the stamp of a strong individuality. He renders the life of the fisher-folk entirely in his own way, and the personal element in all his art is clearly perceived. His pictures are especially distinguished by great accuracy in drawing, a choice of poses, and a taste in composition which, without any prejudice to nature, shows the practised and skilful hand of the artist. The arrangement of the drapery is always broad and simple, marking—no less than the lines of the composition—the former pupil of the classical master.

Sadée's paintings are usually simple, but accu-



PENCIL SKETCHES.

The village of Scheveningen, on the shores of the North Sea, and so near the Hague that it can be reached by tram, became his favourite post of observation. With his innate accuracy, Sadée studied the peculiar ways of the fisher-folk—who are quite a race by themselves—and worked out their life-history in a series of paintings and drawings. This new tendency was sufficiently indicated by the picture, 'Father at Sea,' exhibited at Rotterdam in 1867. It was an immediate success, and thenceforth his work found a ready sale.

Though Sadée's subjects—or similar ones--have

rately observed, and grouped with great care. Only by looking through his portfolios of sketches and studies, can it be realized how extremely painstaking and conscientious an artist he is. It must not be imagined that Sadée, having once fixed upon his well-thought-out composition, has one model after another to pose for each of the figures in turn, till he has completed the picture. This procedure would give them something constrained, soul-less, suggestive of still-life, which would be the very antithesis to our artist's aim. He has been struck by this or that attitude, observed in real life. His memory, extraordinarily sharpened by constant



IN SCHEVENINGEN CHURCH.
(After the Picture by Philip Sadie)



PENCIL SKETCHES

practice, has enabled him to transfer the pose at once to his sketch-book. Then he tries to get his model to assume it for a short time—not more than a few minutes. This he sketches in outline, with three or four strokes of the pen. Later on, he sifts and compares these various studies, gradually selecting those best suited to his group. When once the whole scene is stretched out on the canvas, the whole of the artist's retentive memory

and thorough knowledge are called into play to complete it. In this way he arrives at the freedom and naturalness, the life and spirit and rightness of movement so much admired in his figures.

Among the most notable of his pictures of fisherlife are 'The Widow,' a woman standing on the sand-dunes, looking out to sea; the 'Bedeelings Dag' (1872)—literally, "day of distribution," representing the distribution of doles to a number



PENCIL SKETCHES.



THE POOR OF THE VILLAGE.

of old people at the church-door; 'After the Storm' (of which we give a reproduction), where the anxious women and children are gathered on the shore to look out for the boats, and see if any wrecks are washed up; and 'On the Shore,' the return of the boats, and the busy, merry scene of landing the fish.

We may also mention another picture reproduced here—'Nalezen' ('Gleaning'), which represents, not the gleaning of corn, but the digging up the last of the potatoes—the principal terrestrial product of Scheveningen. He has not often painted interiors, though his picture of the herring-curing establishment (1878) was much admired. His outdoor scenes do not go in for startling effects, or strong contrasts of light and shadow; he likes best to paint sunny days—which, in that quiet-tinted region, perhaps, are none too bright—and excels in expressing the infinite spaces of sea and air, and the delicate grey tone of the sand on the shore.

'In Scheveningen Church' was exhibited at Munich in 1892. The variety of character in the heads and faces is no less interesting than the effect of light produced by the sunshine falling through the high windows. The church is a very plain one, with its bare stone floor and the whitewashed walls and pillars, but it has a look of simple strength

and solidity which shows that it was probably, like many Dutch churches, built before the Reformation, and whitewashed afterwards. Even such modern adjuncts as the curtains and cords to the windows, and the black board against the pillar (with the numbers of the 'Gezangen' on it), do not break up the mass too much. The congregation is very like an old-fashioned Scotch one,—but with more freedom and picturesqueness. The laddie at the end of the front seat, for instance, though sufficiently attentive to his big psalm-book, also looks quite at his ease, to an extent which would never have been allowed in any properly-brought-up child—in Thrums Kirk, for instance.

The demand for Sadée's Scheveningen scenes and groups has somewhat limited the range of his finished pictures; and he has exhibited very few subjects other than these. But he has a large collection of sketches and studies, made in Germany, Italy, the Tyrol, and France,—and is so fortunate in the trustworthiness of his memory, as to be able at any time to work them up. This extraordinary retentiveness and accuracy is partly due to a habit of his master, Van den Berg, who used to make his pupils, every Monday, draw from memory a print previously selected in the shop-window of Van Gogh—a Hague picture-dealer. When memory failed,—as it was obviously impossible to have the

copy at hand,—they had to go back and refresh it, thus gradually gaining the power of remembering the principal lines of a composition. The value of memory-drawing has now begun to find recognition, and a place in the elementary teaching of the art,—thanks to the exertions of the Royal Drawing Society.

Many of Sadée's pictures have been acquired by English purchasers, others are to be found in various galleries in Holland. Two of the best known (both of them reproduced here) are exceptions to the usual rule, their scenes being laid in Limburg and not in Scheveningen. They are 'The Poor of the Village,' and the 'Skittle-Ground.'

Our artist was born February 7, 1837, at the Hague, where he still lives, in the De Riemerstraat. His studio is a pleasant, well-ordered place, full—but not over-full—of works of art and other objects of interest. Copies from Jan Steen, Rembrandt, and Murillo, drawn from pictures in the 'Mauritshuis' (the great treasure-house of art at the Hague), show the thoroughness and minuteness of his former studies. Besides other well-carned honours and distinctions, which need not be enumerated, he is a Knight of the Order of St. Michael.



PENCIL SKETCHES.

A YOUNG MUTINEER.

L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XI.

ILDA QUENTYNS, Judy's idol, was not the strongest of characters. She was very sweet and amiable, intensely true and affectionate to those to whom she gave her heart, but she was somewhat timorous and somewhat easily led.

Long ago, when Babs was a baby, Hilda's mother had died. Since then Judy had been her special care.

Now with trembling hands she packed her portmanteau, gave the young cook and parlour-maid directions what to do in her absence, and then sitting down before her davenport, prepared to write an explanatory letter to her husband.

She thought it quite probable that Jasper would be angry with her for rushing off like this, but for once she intended to brave his displeasure.

In her heart of hearts she knew exactly the state Judy was in. The ardent soul was wearing out the delicate little frame. That suffering which Judy would not speak of, which she was too brave to show sign or whisper of, was making her body ill. If Hilda went to her darling, the suffering would cease. Love would shine all round Judy's starved heart, and she would soon be well and strong again.

"Yes, it is my manifest duty to go to her," whispered the wife to herself. "I will go to Little Staunton and nurse her for a few days, and when she is better she must come to London and live with me. Jasper won't like it—I know he won't like it, but he has really nothing to complain of, for I told him from the very first what Judy was to me. Yes I must go, but I wish—I do wish that the train for Little Staunton left Waterloo at six instead of seven. I should be well on my journey before Jasper came back. Oh, Jasper, my darling, why do I say words of this sort, as if I were—as if I could be—afraid of you!"

Hilda dipped her pen into the ink and wrote the first words of her letter.

"MY DEAREST HUSBAND,

"IThen you read this you will be surprised-"

A rather crooked dash of her pen finished this sentence—she was startled by a quick double knock at the front door. A moment later Susan, the neat maid-servant, brought in a telegram on a salver.

"The boy is waiting to know if there is any answer," she said.

Hilda tore open the yellow envelope; her eyes rested on the following words—

"Rivers will dine with us. Have everything nice, and expect me home at 6.30.

"JASPER."

Mrs. Quentyns' first sensation was one of relief.

"It is all right," she exclaimed, looking up at the servant, who was startled at her mistress's pale cheeks. "I thought my little sister, Miss Judy, was worse, but the telegram is from your master, Susan. Tell the boy there is no answer, and send cook to me without a moment's delay."

Susan left the room, and Hilda slipped the telegram into her pocket. She still felt only a sense of relief, and the first faint qualms as to what Jasper would think of her sudden departure had not begun to visit her. A knock was heard at the drawing-room door.

"Come in, come in," said the young mistress.

"Oh, cook," exclaimed Hilda, "I have just had a telegram from your master. He is bringing a gentleman home to dine. A rather particular gentleman, and we want a specially nice dinner.

I—I forget what I ordered this morning."

The fat cook bestowed a pitying glance upon Hilda.

"The boiled chicken was to be fricasseed, mum," she said, "and you ordered me to open one of the tins of oxtail soup; there were to be apple fritters afterwards, and a cheese sayoury—that is all."

"Yes, yes," said Hilda, putting her hand to her head, "that dinner would have done very well for Mr. Quentyns and me, but we must make some alterations now. You had better run round to the fishmonger's, cook, and go to the butcher's, and order—"

Hilda rushed to her davenport, scribbled some hasty directions on a piece of paper, and handed them to the servant.

"You must go this moment," she said, "it is six o'clock now; and please call at the greengrocer's on your way back, and get a pound of bananas and some Tangerine oranges. I will see that the wine is all right, and speak to Susan about the table while you are out. Run, cook, run, at once—things must look their rery best, and be served in the best possible manner for dinner to night."

The cook muttered something unintelligible, and by no means too well pleased with her errand, departed.

Hilda called Susan, and going into the diningroom helped her to decorate the table; then after impressing upon the neat little parlour-maid the necessity of doing what she could to help cook in this sudden emergency, she ran up-stairs to put on her bonnet and jacket, for the time had almost arrived when she must start on her journey. She had just come down-stairs when the click of the latch-key was heard, and Jasper, in excellent spirits, entered the house.

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"Well, my love," he said, going up to his wife and kissing her; "oh, you have been out!—did you get my telegram? I told Rivers we should not dine until half-past seven, in order to give you plenty of time to prepare. Perhaps you have been ordering some things for dinner, Hilda; that is right, and just what I should have expected of you. I am particularly anxious that Rivers should see that I have got the sweetest, prettiest, and best little wife and housekeeper in the world."

For some reason which she could not explain, even to herself, Hilda felt her tongue tied. She returned her husband's kiss, and when he entered the tiny dining-room she followed him.

"Very nice, very nice," he exclaimed, looking with approval at the dinner-table, which was charmingly decorated with pink Liberty silk and white flowers. "But what is this?" he added suddenly, "there are only two places laid. One for you and one for me. We must ring for Susan

at once—I think Rivers would rather sit at the side, away from the fire."

"I-Jasper, I want to tell you something."

"What is it?—how pale you are, darling!"

"I want to tell you something," repeated Hilda; "I—I am not going to dine with you to-night."

"What do you mean, my dear girl—are you ill? what can be the matter?"

"I am not ill, but Judy is—I am going down to Little Staunton. I have telegraphed to them to expect me by the train due at 9.40, and it is time for me to go. Is that you, Susan? Please would you order a hansom at once?"

Susan instantly left the room, closing the door behind her.

For nearly half a minute Quentyns was silent, a great wave of colour had rushed over his face, and it was with difficulty he could keep back some annoyed and some sarcastic words. He was a man who prided himself on having great self-control, and before he uttered his first sentence he felt that he had recovered it.

"You're trembling, dear," he said gently, "and you—you absolutely look as if you were *afraid* of me. Come into the drawing-room, love, and tell me what is wrong with Judy. My *bête noire*, Judy! what has been her last transgression?"

"Jasper, don't, don't," said Hilda, in a voice of pain. "Judy is really ill this time—she fainted in church on Sunday; she is in bed now, and the doctor says she is very weak."

"I suppose so, or she would not have fainted. I used constantly to faint when I was a child—the slightest thing sent me off. I was not kept in bed afterwards, for children were not cockered up and fussed over when I was young. My faint was generally traced to over-eating. If you must go down to see Judy, I don't wish to prevent you, Hilda, but why go to-night?"

"Oh, Jasper, I must—I must run away this instant too, for I hear the cab—I telegraphed to say I would go."

Jasper put on a new stubborn look which Hilda had never seen before.

"I don't wish to coerce you," he said, in a cold voice, "you're perfectly free to act as you think right in the matter. I can go down with you by an early train in the morning, or you can go by yourself now, and put me to extreme inconvenience. You're at liberty to choose."

"Don't speak like that, Jasper, you pain me so dreadfully."

"I fail to see how I am paining you, I am giving you a free choice. You can be with Judy before noon to-morrow, or you can go immediately."

"I sent a telegram to her to expect me; it is so bad for sick children to be kept waiting."

"So it seems. Yes, Susan, tell the cab to wait." Susan left the room, and heavy tears gathered in Hilda's eyes.

"Can I send another telegram?" she asked weakly.

"I don't believe you can, the telegraph office will be closed at Little Staunton. Never mind, Hilda, you had better go; I am disappointed, annoyed, of course, but what of that? What is a husband to a sick sister? Go, my dear, or you will miss your train!"

"No, I won't go," said Hilda; "you have made it impossible for me to go. I'll stay and entertain your guest, and Judy will suffer. Yes; don't kiss me just now, Jasper; I think you are cruel, but I'll stay."

Hilda went over to the bell and rang it.

Susan answered the summons.

"Give the cabman this shilling," said Mrs. Quentyns, "and tell him that he is not required."

"You have done quite right, my love," said Quentyns, "and when you have got over your first little feeling of annoyance you will see the matter in the same light that I do. I'll telegraph to Little Staunton early in the morning to tell them to expect us by the 11.35 train. Of course Judy would have been asleep hours before you reached her to-night, so it does not really matter in the least. Now come up-stairs and put on your very prettiest dress, that soft pink chiffon, in which you look as like a rose-bud as a living woman can. I have capital news for you, Hilda, my love; Rivers certainly is a brick; he has got me to act as counsel in——"

Quentyns talked on in his satisfied joyous tones. He had won the victory, and could afford to be very gracious and generous. Hilda felt as if a band of iron had closed round her heart. She was too gentle and sweet in her nature to be long angry with her husband. Her face was a little paler than usual, however, and her eyes had a weary look in them.

Rivers, who was a very keen observer of human

nature, noticed the silent depression which hung over her, but Hilda's husband failed to observe it.

"I can easily manage her," he muttered to himself; "it would have been beyond the beyonds to have had her absent from our first little dinner just because a child had fainted. Pshaw!—I can see that Hilda is going to be painfully fanciful; it all comes from having lived so long in the wilds of the country. Well, I'll take her down to Little Staunton to-morrow, and be specially good to her, but she must get over these absurdities about Judy, or life will not be worth living."

The dinner was a success, and Hilda looked lovely. A certain dreamy and far-away expression in her eyes added the final touch to her beauty. When the men sat together over their wine, Rivers spoke of her in tones of rapture.

"You're the luckiest fellow in Christendom, Jasper," he said; and Jasper Quentyns, who looked up to Tom Rivers as the first of men, felt almost unduly elated.

"The lines had fallen unto him in pleasant places," so he muttered, and he forgot all about a sick and troublesome child, who at this very instant was counting the moments as they flew by, in her tired and weary eagerness to clasp her arms round Hilda's neck. Hilda, too, in the drawing-room, was shedding silent tears, but what did that matter? for Jasper knew nothing about them.

Jasper and Hilda were both musical, and Tom Rivers liked nothing better than to listen to their voices as they sang duet after duet together. The songs they sung were full of noble sentiment. Their voices mingled until they almost sounded like one rich and perfect note, as they sang of love which is undying and self-sacrifice which is ennobling. Quentyns felt a glow of elation filling his breast as his eyes rested on his lovely wife, and the tormentings of Hilda's conscience were soothed, and she too partly forgot Judy.

Breakfast was served at an early hour next morning at Philippa Terrace, and Quentyns and his wife started for Little Staunton in time to catch the early train.

They arrived at the small way-side station not more than twenty minutes beyond the appointed time, and were met by Miss Mills, who was driving the village pony cart herself.

The governess addressed Hilda in a calm voice, but her inward excitement was very manifest.

Jasper had talked merrily all the way down to Little Staunton, but Hilda had been almost silent. She felt oppressed—she dreaded she knew not what. Now when she looked into Miss Mills's face she felt her own turn pale.

"No, don't speak," she said, in a hoarse whisper. "I know you have bad news, but don't tell me now, not until we get home."

"Get in," said Miss Mills, "I won't be long driving you to the Rectory. It is rather important for you to be there, and as the trap only holds two, perhaps Mr. Quentyns won't mind walking."

"Not at all," said Jasper, in his pleasant, calm voice. "Can you make room for our portmanteau at your feet, Miss Mills?—ah, yes, that will do nicely. By the way, how are you all? has Judy quite recovered from her faint?"

When Quentyns asked this question Miss Mills bent suddenly forward under the pretence of trying to arrange the portmanteau.

"We won't be any time getting to the Rectory," she said, turning to Hilda; she touched the pony with her whip as she spoke and they started forward.

"It was such a pity you didn't come last night," said the governess, as they entered the Rectory gates.

"I—I could not help it," murmured poor Hilda. With one hand she was tightly grasping the edge of the little basket-carriage.

"Stop, there is father," she exclaimed, suddenly. "Let me go to him. I—I can bear him to tell me if there is anything wrong."

In an instant she reached the Rector's side. Her arms were round his neck, her head on his shoulder, and she was sobbing her heart out on his breast.

"My dearest Hilda, my darling!" exclaimed her father. "What is the meaning of all this? Why are you so dreadfully unhappy, my child?"

"Tell me, father, I can bear it from you, is she —is she dead?"

"Is who dead?"

"Ju-Judy."

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"No; what has put that into your head? But your little sister is very ill, Hilda. I am not so much alarmed about her as your Aunt Marjorie is, but I confess her state puzzles me. I saw Dr. Harvey to-day, and I don't think he is satisfied

either. It seems that for some reason the child was over-excited last night—there was difficulty in getting her off to sleep, and she cried in a very distressing and painful way. I was obliged to sit with her myself. I held her hand, poor little darling, and had a prayer with her, and—towards morning she dropped off into a sleep."

"And," continued Hilda, "she was better when she awoke, wasn't she? Do say she was, father. You showed her Jasper's telegram the very instant she awoke, and of course she got much better immediately."

"My dear Hilda, the strange thing about Judy has yet to be told; she has not awakened—she is still asleep, and this prolonged and unnatural sleep disturbs Dr. Harvey a good deal."

"I had better go to her at once, father. I think the doctor *must* be mistaken in thinking sleep bad. When Judy sees me sitting by her bedside she will soon cheer up and get like her old self. I'll run to her now, father; I don't feel half so much alarmed since you tell me that she is only asleep."

The Rector gave vent to a troubled sigh; Hilda put wings to her feet, and with the lightness and grace of a bird sped towards the house.

"Hilda, Hilda," called her husband. He had taken a short cut across some fields, and was now entering the Rectory domain. He thought it would be quite the correct thing for his wife to wait for him. Surely she would like to enter her family circle with him by her side. "Hilda, stop!" he cried, and he hurried his own footsteps.

But if Hilda heard she did not heed. She rushed on, and soon disappeared from view inside the deep portico of the old house.

Two or three moments later she was sitting without her hat and jacket, and with a pair of noiseless house-slippers on her feet, by Judy's bedside.

All the preparations which had been made with such care and pains by Babs the night before were still making the nursery look pretty. The little china animals sat in many funny groups on the mantelpiece. The white and blue violets lay in a large bowl on a table by Judy's side. One of the little sleeper's hands was thrown outside the counterpane. Hilda touched it, and found that it burned with a queer, uncomfortable dry heat.

"But how quietly she is sleeping," said Mrs. Quentyns, looking up with tears in her eyes at Aunt Marjorie; "why are you so solemn and sad?—surely this sleep must be good for her."

"My dear, Dr. Harvey calls Judy's state more stupor than sleep. He says the most extraordinary things about the child... that she has been over-excited and subjected to a severe mental strain, and he fears mischief to the brain. But surely he must be wrong, for nothing *could* exceed the quiet of our life at the Rectory since the money has gone and you have left us, and no one could have been less excited in her ways than Judy has been since your marriage. I can't make out what Dr. Harvey means."

"I think I partly understand," said Hilda; her voice had a choking sound. "Don't talk so loud, Aunt Marjorie," she said, impatiently; "you will wake her—you will disturb her."

"But that is what we wish," interrupted the old lady. "The doctor says we must do everything in our power to rouse her. Ah, and here he comes; he will speak for himself."

"I am glad to see you, Mrs. Quentyns," said Dr. Harvey. "Your not coming last night when the child expected you was a grave mistake, but better late than never."

He stopped speaking then, and bent over the little sleeper.

"Draw up the blind," he said to Aunt Marjorie, "let us have all the light we can. Now don't be frightened, Mrs. Quentyns—I am not going to hurt the child, but I must examine her eyes."

Hilda felt as if she could scarcely restrain a stifled scream as the doctor lifted first one lid and then the other, and looked into the dark depths of the sweet eyes.

"The child has got a shock," he said then. "I feared it when I called early this morning. I don't say for a moment that she will not get better, but her state is very precarious. I should like you to nurse her altogether, Mrs. Quentyns; much depends on her seeing you by her side when she wakes."

"I shall never leave her again," said Hilda, in a stifled tone.

The doctor's practised ear caught the suppressed hysteria in her voice.

"Come, come," he said cheerily, "you have nothing to blame yourself for. The little one has evidently felt your absence in a remarkable manner." "Really, doctor, you are quite mistaken," began Aunt Marjorie. "What I principally noticed about Judy was her great quietness and docility since Hilda left. She scarcely spoke of her sister, and seemed content to sit by my side and read fairy stories. She used to be such a very excitable, troublesome sort of child. If you ask me frankly, I think Hilda's absence did her good."

The doctor looked from the old lady to the young.

"I must adhere to my first opinion," he said.
"The child has missed her sister. Now that you have come, Mrs. Quentyns, we will hope for the best."

He went out of the room as he spoke, and Aunt Marjorie followed him.

Hilda dropped on her knees by Judy's cot.

"Oh, my God, forgive me," she cried, in a broken anguished prayer. "I did wrong to leave my little Judy. Oh, God, only spare her life, and I will vow to you that whatever happens she shall never leave me in the time to come. Whatever happens," repeated Hilda, in a choking voice of great agony. Then she rose and took her place beside the child's bed.

A couple of hours passed by. The door was softly opened, and Quentyns stole into the room. He had been very much shocked by the doctor's account of the child, and his face and tone expressed real sympathy as he came up to Hilda.

"Poor little Judy," he said, bending over her.
"What a queer excitable little mite it is."

Hilda beat her foot impatiently.

"Well, my darling," continued Quentyns, not noticing his wife's suppressed agitation, "she will soon be all right now you have come. Lunch is ready, Hilda, and you must be weak for want of food. Come, dearest, let me take you down to the dining-room."

"Oh no, Jasper, I can't leave Judy; and please, please don't talk so loud."

"The doctor does not wish her to be kept *too* quiet, Hilda; and surely, my dear, you are not going to starve yourself!"

"Aunt Marjorie will send me something to the dressing-room; I can't be away from Judy even for one minute. There is no saying when she will awake, and I must be with her when she does."

Quentyns smothered an impatient exclamation. After a pause, he said gently—

"As you please, dear; I will bring something up myself to the dressing-room for you," and he stole on tip-toe out of the room.

Nothing could be more patient than his manner, and Hilda reproached herself for the feeling of irritation which his presence gave her.

There came a sigh from the bed—the faintest of sounds; Mrs. Quentyns turned her head quickly, and saw, to her rapture, that Judy's big greenygrey eyes were wide open and fixed earnestly on her face. There was no surprise in the pretty eyes, nor any additional colour in the pale little face.

"Hilda," said Judy, "I thought it was only a bad dream—you never went away, did you?"

"I am never going to leave you again, Judy," replied her sister; "never, never, as long as we both live. I vow—I promise—nothing shall part us, nothing except death."

Hilda flung herself on her knees by the child's bed, and burst into hysterical sobs.

CHAPTER XII.

CONTRARY to the doctor's fears, and in accordance with Hilda's hopes, Judy grew better. A weight had been lifted from her heart—her starved affections were nourished and soothed once more. Hilda scarcely ever left her room, and Hilda's presence was perpetual sunshine to the child.

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No one could possibly have behaved better than Quentyns did during this trying time. A certain feeling of compunction had visited him when he discovered how real Judy's illness was. He was assailed by a momentary pricking of his conscience, but as the little girl quickly grew better, and was soon pronounced by the doctor to be quite out of danger, it was but natural that an active man of the world like Quentyns should wish to return to town, should find the quiet Rectory simply unendurable, and also that he should wish to take his young wife with him.

The Quentynses arrived at Staunton Rectory on a certain Wednesday, and on the following Sunday evening Quentyns thought the time had arrived for him to speak to Hilda about their return to town. He had not seen much of her during the days which had intervened, and he was obliged now to send Babs with a message to Judy's room to ask his wife to come to him.

Hilda was reading aloud to Judy when Babs entered the room, and said in her important, calm way—

"Jasper wants you, Hilda, and you are to go to him this minute."

Hilda could read beautifully, and Judy had lain in a dream of rapture, listening to the beloved voice as it told the old story of Christian and his pilgrimage. Now the wistful, distressed look crept back into her face.

"Never mind, dear," said Hilda, bending forward and kissing the child. "I shall not be long away."

Quentyns was waiting for his wife in the large conservatory which opened into the drawing-room. It was nearly empty of flowers and plants now, but was still a pleasant place to lounge about in.

"Well, my love," he said in his pleasant tone. "Why, how pale you look, Hilda. I am not going to scold you, darling—oh no, not for the world; but I haven't got too much of your society during these last few days. I don't blame you, and I am not jealous; but if you *could* spare me half-an-hour now, there are one or two things I want to talk over with you."

"Of course I can spare you half-an-hour, Jasper, or an hour for that matter, if you want it," replied Hilda, cheerfully. "Judy is much, much better to-night, and I am feeling quite happy about her."

Hilda slipped her hand through her husband's arm as she spoke; he gave the little hand an affectionate squeeze and drew his wife close to his side.

"I am glad Judy is better," he said. "What I have to propose will be quite convenient then, Hilda. I want to go back to town by the first train in the morning. I have heard from Rivers, and— What is it, my love? You really do look very pale. You are overdoing yourself, and I cannot allow it. Now that Judy is better you must rest. I shall get Dr. Pettifer to look you up and give you a tonic when we get back to town."

"Stop, Jasper," said Hilda suddenly. "I am not tired nor worn out in any way. I look pale now because my heart beats—because—— Jasper, I cannot go to town with you to-morrow. I know you must go, of course, I quite understand that; but I am not going, not—not until Judy is well enough to be moved."

Quentyns did not reply for several seconds, then he said in a gentle tone, which did not betray an atom of his true feeling—

"I half expected you to say something of this sort, Hilda; I cannot pretend that I am not sorry. The fine weather is coming on, the London season will soon be at its height. I do not mean for a moment to imply that we can avail ourselves of what is termed a season in town, but for a poor and struggling man it is essential that he should leave no stone unturned to introduce himself to those persons who can and will help him. influential sort of people who can materially assist me in my career are now in London, Hilda. You, my darling, are an excuse for many valuable introductions. You see, therefore, that not alone from an affectionate point of view you ought now to be with me. But," continued Jasper, looking straight ahead of him, and fixing his fine, intelligent eyes on the distant landscape, "I waive all that. I understand that you do not wish to leave Judy until she is fit to be moved to the seaside. If she maintains the progress she is now making, Dr. Harvey will probably allow Aunt Marjorie to take her away at the end of the week. I shall have you home on Saturday at the latest, Hilda."

"Yes," said Hilda. "I hope so, but—but, Jasper, you still fail to understand me. When Judy goes away, she is not going to the seaside—she is coming with me to London—to Philippa Terrace. It is a promise, and I—I won't—I can't go back from it. I stand or fall by my promise, Jasper—I wish to say so now once for all."

"You stand or fall by your promise!" repeated Quentyns. "What an extraordinary remark. One would suppose, my darling, that I was an ogre or the worst sort of tyrant. I always told you that Judy should come to stay with us for a few weeks when we had a room to receive her in. If matters progress as satisfactorily as I hope, we shall have a snug, prettily furnished little spare room by the end of the present season. I promise you, Hilda, that Judy shall be its first tenant."

Hilda laid her hand with a sort of trembling, nervous impatience on her husband's arm.

"I have made a mistake—I have been a coward," she said. "Even now, Jasper, you don't a bit understand me. Long ago, when mother died, she left Judy in my charge. I ought never to have married and left her. Judy is not an

ordinary child, and she suffered. When I went away her heart was starved. She could not live with a starved heart. In my absence my little Judy nearly died. She is better now—she is recovering because I am with her. I am never going to leave her again while she lives."

"Hilda, what nonsense you talk," said Quentyns, with temper in his tone. "If Judy lives to grow up, she will marry like other girls—and will leave you of her own accord."

"If she does," replied Hilda, "that alters the case, but until she leaves me by her own wish or marries, she is in my charge. I will not be parted from her, Jasper. I shall not return to Philippa Terrace until I can bring her with me."

"Is that really your final decision?" said Quentyns—he turned round now and looked at his wife; his face was very cold, its expression carefully veiled. He was intensely anxious not to show even a trace of ill-temper. His words were guarded. "Is that your final decision, Hilda?" he said, and there was a fine withering sort of sarcasm in his voice. "Do you mean seriously to desert the husband you married not three months ago for the sake of a child's whim? Is that the way you keep your marriage vow?"

"No, no, Jasper; I want to be true to you both. I made two vows, and I want to keep them both. Help me, Jasper; I am not a bit a strong-minded girl, I am just very loving. My heart is full of love to you and to Judy. Help me to do this—help me to love you both, to serve you both. Go back to town to-morrow and furnish the spare room, and I will bring Judy back with me on Friday or Saturday."

"I said I should not run in debt. I have no more money to spend on furniture at present. You don't really care for me, Hilda, or you would never speak as you do. But, once for all, I will not be drawn into a path which simply means ruin for the sake of any woman, and for the ridiculous fancies of any child. I will buy no furniture until I can pay for it. That ends the matter, my dear. If you are determined to stay at the Rectory for the summer, they will all, I am sure, be charmed to have you, and I will try and run down as often as I can. I need not say that I think you are making a most grave mistake, but a wilful woman must e'en have her way, I suppose. Ah, and here comes the Rector, he has just returned from evening service."

Quentyns went towards the door of the conservatory, which he flung open. Mr. Merton was just entering his drawing-room.

"One moment, Jasper — one moment," said Hilda; she rushed after her husband, her face was like death, her eyes were blazing with passion. "Your cruel words make anything possible," she said. "I made two vows before God, and I will keep them both. There, this was costly, I presume. You spent money on it—sell it again, and buy the furniture that you will not go in debt for."

She thrust her engagement ring into Quentyns' hand and rushed away.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTERS OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THEIR WORKS.

ERNST PAUER.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

F the good things of this world poor Schubert had never any taste. Care and poverty stood at his cradle, pursued him through life, and followed him to the grave. Just as the leading subject of a fugue is perceptible through all the different parts for which it is written, so were perpetual distress and want the leading theme constantly echoing through Schubert's life. He

never succeeded in obtaining the happiness of a comfortable home or an assured income. At all times we find him relying on the purses of his friends, even seeking a shelterunder some hospitable roof. With the exception of a few excursions to Upper Austria and Styria, Schubert never left Vienna; but unfortunately, in Vienna itself he wandered about so much, that his biographers found the greatest trouble in identifying the numbers of the various houses in which he had for a short time inhabited a modest little room. At a time when the public is only too anxious to seek out merit wherever

it is to be found, to help, to assist with great liberality the efforts of young artists, it saddens one to read the inventory of Schubert's possessions, found after his death, the entire value of which amounted to £13 10s. What a melancholy picture of genius in distress does such a sordid document exhibit!

Schubert was a true child of Vienna, endowed with a light heart, a cheerful temper, and simple manners; very cordial in his behaviour, frank and

outspoken even to the risk of being misunderstood and considered pert, and easily influenced by the impulses and impressions of the mo-He - the genial musician-fell in well with the humour of his cheerful friends, whom he used to meet in the somewhat miscellaneous company of the comfortable tavern. was the life and soul of the round table, at which also the distinguished painter Schwind (1804—1871), the poet Bauernfeld (1802— 1890), the composer Franz Lachner (1803 — 1890), and other highly talented young men sat down. At these meetings Schubert was as communicative and



FRANZ SCHUBERT.

as pleasurably excited as he was shy and silent in the rooms of the aristocratic world. Among the grand people, when he had completed his musical duties, he was content to ensconce himself in the quietest corner, withdrawing himself from the notice of all. Indeed, seldom did the outward appearance of an artist so little indicate the rich, the charming, and beautiful expression of his works. Schubert was rather stout, under the middle height, with very full lips, a snub nose, his eyes hidden by a pair of very substantially-framed silver-mounted spectacles, with a forehead rather low, the black frizzled hair growing far forward in what is known as a widower's peak. His whole appearance was insignificant, having something of the look of a village schoolmaster.

It has often been asserted that Schubert led a very dissipated life, that he sometimes offended against sobriety, that his inclinations were low. But is it to be supposed that a composer who, like Schubert, sung the loftiest praises of all that is elevated and divine in the human breast, would in another moment degrade all these noble sentiments by dragging them through the mire of intemperance? A man who composed as Schubert did, so naturally, so spontaneously, so rigorously, must have had a fresh and healthy mind. He writes in his diary—"My musical productions owe their existence to my talent, but also to my sorrows; those which have been produced in my most melancholy hours are most admired by the public. Scarcely any one understands the sorrow of another, scarcely any one can appreciate others' joy and happiness. Grief sharpens the intellect and strengthens the heart." Otto Gumprecht, an excellent critic, in his Musikalische Characterbilder (1869) aptly says-"Secluded and unseen, a young musician sits in his solitary study, his head bent over his scores, earnestly inventing and creating ideas, as if the presentiment of his early death (Schubert died at the age of thirty-one) were giving wings to his industry, and allowed no rest to his spirit." Schumann, again, says-"If fertility be a principal sign of genius, then Schubert is one of the greatest of geniuses; he would in time have set the whole literature of German poetry to music, and if Telemann (1681-1767, a contemporary of Seb. Bach, and one of the most fertile of composers) maintains that a good writer should be able to set everything to music, down to the notices

affixed to the town-gates, Schubert would have been the man to do it."

In all the different forms, vocal, instrumental, and dance music, Schubert has excelled more or less. No one but Mozart can be compared to him for spontaneity and ease in creating; no one but Mozart possessed such wonderful richness of fancy and such ready inventive power as Schubert. He resembles Mozart also in the simplicity of his expression. Schubert's music is particularly healthy, natural, and fresh. But, on the other hand, he lacked that harmony of life and the certain secure evenness of feeling which result from a general refinement of the mind. A strict measure, a firm structure, a concise and logical development are often with him rendered impossible by a too luxuriant fancy. The effect of his works lies more in the wonderfully expressed lyric charm than in the systematically constructed art-work. He is at times prolix, and he lacks entirely that severe self-discipline which made Beethoven so strong. According to the rules of beauty, he reached his highest point of perfection in the songs of the "Mill." For the opera, he lacked the gifts of concise dramatic expression: his nature was more lyric than dramatic. His Symphonies contain great beauties, and the celebrated Symphony in C, whose praise Schumann sang with such genuine enthusiasm, is certainly one of the most important instrumental compositions we possess. Schubert possesses romantic feeling in a high degree; his songs show in great perfection the realism and the rich colouring so essential for romantic expression.

"His artistic productions resemble those of Nature herself, not only in their inexhaustible fullness and purity, but also in their self-dependence. As the flowers which spring up in the deepest recesses of the woods are not less luxuriant and lovely than those which decorate the habitations of man, so the fancy of the tone-poet poured forth its treasures, careless of any outward aim or worldly reward. He sang—simply because he could not help it—because all his thoughts and feelings, all the rays of his existence were concentrated in music, as in one common focus."

Wherever music is loved, the name of Franz Schubert, one of her dearest and best sons, is honoured and beloved.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

MENDELSSOHN was not a man of the people like Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or Schubert; indeed we may almost say that he was one of the few composers who, born in influential and wealthy families, have never had to undergo any privation, never have suffered from the caprices of musicpublishers, nor experienced the whims of critics. Thanks to the earnest advice of his clever and sagacious, but narrow-minded, father, and the uninterrupted care and attention of his, in many respects, excellent mother, he never knew what idleness was; he worked even harder than many a man who has to toil for his daily bread. There is indeed no doubt that this uninterrupted work, this constant activity, stimulated by the ever-recurring admonitions of his parents against laziness, produced in him a certain restlessness, a certain irritability, and deprived him of that philosophic quietness, that contemplative mood, which distinguishes Beethoven. Mendelssohn, as a composer, had gone through vast experiences when he was barely seventeen years old; he had tried his powers in all different musical forms, and was successful in each of them except in opera. He had besides mastered the classic and the principal living languages, was a clever painter, was well acquainted with the modern classical authors, not only with those of his own country, but also with those of France, England, and Italy. Indeed it would be difficult to find any branch of learning with which Mendelssohn was not familiar. His social talents made him a favourite in large and small circles; he was the welcome friend of the painters and sculptors in Rome and Düsseldorf; his presence was hailed with delight by the different choral societies, and indeed many a witness still speaks with rapture of the indescribable charm with which Mendelssohn succeeded in giving confidence to nervous amateurs. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that in the most intimate circles he could be sarcastic and very severe upon some of his contemporaries. For instance, he never once mentions in his letters the name of Schumann, who, on the other hand, was devoted to Mendelssohn, calling him "the Mozart of the nineteenth century—the brightest musician, the one who best understood how to reconcile the apparent contradictions of present and former times."

It is decidedly a matter for regret that most of these letters are abridged and given only as extracts, and thus we are deprived to a great extent of the observations which might perhaps have given us a more faithful idea of the critical faculties of Mendelssohn; everything that might prove in the least disagreeable to still living persons, or even the descendants of those mentioned in the letters, has been carefully cut out, and the result is that we have—if we are to judge by these letters—an absolutely perfect man before us, indeed an ideal man, who could never have really existed. But with all due respect to the memory of one of the most excellent men, we aver that Mendelssohn had also his weak side, and the question arises whether it would not have been more interesting to leave the letters intact. At any rate, we find one of the greatest charms of Mozart's letters to consist in that delightful frankness with which he describes to his father the people whose acquaintance he made in the course of his journeys.

Tenderness and purity of feeling, refinement and nobility of expression, are the leading features of Mendelssohn's works; but it may be added that this simplicity and purity of feeling is sometimes exaggerated into a kind of puritanism, from which the great composers of South Germany are free. Mendelssohn lacks the spontaneity and warmth of Schubert, the breadth and power of Beethoven, the enthusiasm of Weber, and the intense feeling of Schumann. He himself says, that coming into contact with the Viennese musicians, he felt himself like a elergyman, and he confesses that the intercourse with them was anything but sympathetic to his feeling. Mendelssohn's pulse never throbbed in harmony with that of the people: he would have felt uncomfortable in circles in which Schubert, Mozart, and Haydn felt at home; he could not feel otherwise than his inward nature prompted; but at the same time this explains the lack in his music of that popular, striking element which the music of Schubert, Haydn, Mozart, and Weber possesses.

Beauty of form is the chief principle of Mendelssohn's music. He is great and unrivalled when he transports us into the fairy world; his harmonics are here exquisite, the case and lightness of his figures are so ethereal, that they seem actually to hover in the air and to float like gentle zephyrs around our heads. He is witty, but not exactly humorous like Haydn. His melodies, in

some instances strikingly beautiful, are always sweet, noble, and fascinating. In the matter of rhythm he is inferior to both Beethoven and Schumann; his pianoforte music lacks variety of expression. In point of harmony he even incurs the danger of falling into mannerism. In his songs he proves himself rather a fine sympathetic illustrator than an actual interpreter of the poet's words. Mendelssohn's strong individuality prefers to assimilate the feelings of the poet to his own manner of feeling, to subject them to his personal idea of formal beauty, rather than to adopt the theme of the poet as the leading and governing idea

to which his music is merely the complement. His writing for a chorus is most admirable, and rivals the best instances of Händel. With regard to the technical execution of compositionwe mean instrumentation, correct and effective application of passages for the different instruments, clearness of grouping certain instruments in contrast to each other—he has reached the point of perfection. If we compare his Oratorios with those of Händel, we find in Mendelssohn's sacred works a greater amount of feeling, warmth, and sincerity of expression.

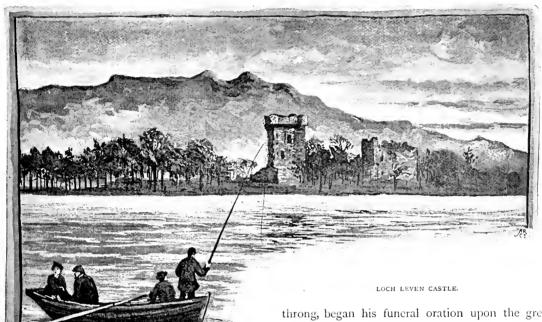
Mendelssohn cannot, like Beethoven, be called one of the giants of the musical art. He lacked the abundance of genius, that titanic, heaven-storming power which constitutes a hero. His muse presents a world of quiet and peaceful beauty, there are no clouds on the firmament, but calm and soothing sincerity. He does not, like Beethoven, dive into the depth of the heart, or conjure up dark shadows, to make the light appear more brilliant; no stormy passion trembles in Mendelssohn's music: everywhere we find measure and limit. Nowhere do we meet with exaggeration, nowhere do we feel as if the laws of beauty were offended. His great desire was to reconcile the old classic ideas with



FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

the feelings of his own day. He was a messenger of peace. A pure heart dictated his melodies, a clear conscience formed his harmonics. Beethoven's idea of music was, "that it ought to kindle the man's heart to flame and fill the woman's eyes with tears." mann's maxim was, "that the aim of the artist ought to be to send light into the depth of the human heart." This latter Mendelssohn's music has done over and over again; and were this his only merit, we should honour his name with true sincerity, and remember him as one of the purest, most accomplished, noblest, and worthiest of composers.

THE POETIC CHARM OF OLD RUINS.



NGLAND is peculiarly rich in picturesque and historic edifices, many in a state more or less perfect, others existing as romantic ruins, whose intrinsic impressiveness, great though it be, has been enhanced for all time by their association with illustrious names or national glory. Often, indeed, both with us and in other lands, has the altar or the shrine been rendered all the more sacred by the sacrifice laid thereon, or by being nobly associated with the great and the good who have glorified the scene with the lustre of their lives. It cannot be conceived that Notre Dame ever had a more impressive appearance than when Massillon, the renowned ecclesiastic and orator, surrounded by princes, potentates, and all the chivalry of France, ascended to the dark-draped pulpit, and, amid the deep hush of the assembled

Hume Nisbet

throng, began his funeral oration upon the great Louis XIV. with the memorable words, "There is none great but God!" Nor has our own St. Paul's Cathedral ever been hallowed by a more impressive scene than when the Conqueror of Waterloo was slowly borne in through the great western door by his mourning chieftains, amid the nation's tears, to the booming of the far-off minute-gun and the solemn pealing of the organ. Westminster Abbey, too, has a deathless heritage in its storied urns and precious dust which are in such vital touch with our country's glory. And many a holy fane in city, town, and sweet secluded hamlet far away amidst the encircling hills, is honouring itself by tenderly guarding the illustrious dead whose lineage it preserves, mayhap, upon enshrined windows, in shadowy crypt, or sacred aisle, such as that which Keats reveals to us in an artistic fragment of exquisite yet daring colouring, in his Eve of St. Agnes-

"A casement high and triple-arched there was, All garlanded with carven imageries Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass, And diamonded with panes of quaint device, Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens
and kings."

Yet while our country is richly dowered with perfectly preserved and grand structural records of history, religion, and romance, it is also specially rich in picturesque relies of bygone days, hoary ruins whose ivy-mantled walls and moss-wreathed battlements awaken countless memories of romance and war, and around whose decay there lingers a pathos made all the more exquisite in that it is closely associated with the tragic destinies of many a human soul. It matters not where these grey ruins are found—on beetling cliff or blasted heath, in mountain solitude or on the fertile holm by shining river, within shadow of the great oaks of Sherwood, or amid the "pastoral melancholy" of the lonely Vale of Yarrow—they have a personality peculiarly their own. Whether they be the mouldering relics of monasteries which have sheltered kings, or of abbeys where queens have obtained sanctuary, as that of Glastonbury, where Queen Guinevere, in her three years of bitter repentance, prayed for divine forgiveness, till, in heaven's sweet time, she was called away—

"To where, beyond these voices, there is peace;" whether they be the lichened remains of once proud towers which heard the shrill laugh of the battle-trumpet at Naseby, or the grey, storm-bleached fragments of some Border freebooter's strong peeltower of the old harrying days, when many a road-side oak was a gallows-tree, and when blazing home-steads often lit up the murky night-clouds that hung above Tweedside and Yarrow—those old ruins have a fascinating spell about them whose witchery has appealed to human imagination age after age, and whose tragic history has been the fertile theme of many a poet's song.

Contemplating these picturesque ruins which the hovering hand of Time has so tenderly wreathed with ivy and moss, one can follow in reverie the pageant of kings and queens whose lives were once so closely, and in some instances so tragically, blended with those towers which are now crumbling into dust: the hapless Charles I. going from the fitful lights and shadows of Newark to the lonesome gloom of Carisbrook Castle, and thence on to the last act in the dark drama, when the curtain

dropped upon the tragedy, in front of Whitehall; or the unfortunate, wayward Mary Stuart, through all the scenes of her chequered life: the Abbey of Inchmahome, on the Lake of Menteith, where she spent some of the happiest of her early, stainless days, with her four Marys around her with their little pattering feet and innocent, shining eyes; the lonely tower of imprisonment on the willow-margined islet in Loch Leven; Catheart Castle, which saw her disastrous defeat at Langside; Dundrennan Abbey, which witnessed her tearful and last farewell to Scotland; and, last scene of all, the long, lonely years in Fotheringay Castle, the dungeon, and at last, at the end of the weary gloom, the block, when

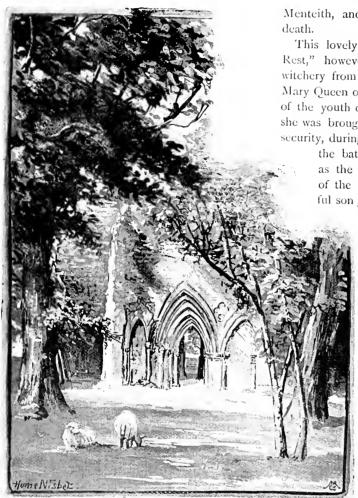
"Came the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears, And slit the thin-spun life."

In this Lake of Menteith, which we have mentioned as being pathetically associated with Mary Queen of Scots, there is an islet of exquisite beauty, and on this islet there is an old priory, on whose picturesque and ruined walls the moss and ivy have had their habitation for ages. The perfect serenity of this lake and the landscape around could not be better described than in Sir Walter Scott's lines—

"The rocks and bosky thickets sleep All still upon thy bosom deep; The lark's blithe carol from the cloud Seems for the scene too gaily loud."

On the placid bosom of the lake lie several islets robed in the richest foliage, and still as brooding birds in summer calm. One cannot imagine that their foundations are set in the earth; they seem rather to be like clouds floating in some strange firmament of terrestrial sky, or like ships becalmed in some celestial bay waiting for the laggard wind.

Of these picturesque islets Inchmahome, or "the Isle of Rest," is beautiful in the extreme. It contains the ruins of a monastic edifice of early English architecture, with lancet-windows indented with moss and wreathed with ivy. As the sunlight pours in flickering shafts through the rich foliage of the trees which surround the grey ruins, the scene of chastened seclusion is one the memory of which cannot readily pass away. One window, at the end of the choir, has the rather uncommon number of five lights, so close to each other as to make a near approach to mullioning. In a chapel



PRIORY OF INCHMAHOME, LAKE OF MENTEITH.

on the south side of the main edifice there is a lancet-topped window of three lights. There is also a choir, and all the essential portions of a mediæval church. We likewise find in this strangely-sequestered ruin two recumbent figures cut upon the one large grey stone, a knight and a lady. The knight's sculptured armour can still be faintly traced, and a triangular shield, with cheque fessé, indicates that he whom the effigy represents was a Stuart; the arm of the lady is twined round the neck of the knight. Both figures are much defaced, but there seems to be very little doubt that they represent Walter Stuart, brother of the Steward of Scotland, who married her whose effigy is graved beside his own, a younger sister of the Countess of

Menteith, and inherited the property after her death.

This lovely islet of Inchmahome, or "Isle of Rest," however, chiefly derives its enthralling witchery from its being tenderly associated with Mary Queen of Scots, during an important period of the youth of her romantic life. To this island she was brought, as to an asylum of inaccessible security, during the English invasion of 1547, after

the battle of Pinkie, the "rough wooing," as the Scots, with pawkie humour, put it, of the English king, on behalf of his youthful son; and here Mary, then a child of six

years, lived in innocent happiness for a year, having as her playmates her "four Marys," Mary Beaton, Mary Seton, Mary Carmichael, and Mary Fleming.

On landing amidst the rich sylvan scenery of this delicious nook, one is struck with the picturesque appearance of some huge Spanish chestnuts, while in the thickets of the woods you get, at intervals, glimpses of the ruined monastery, pillars and arches of grey behind curtains of green. Wandering amid the ruins, amongst Spanish filberts and old fruit-trees, you come, at the corner of an old monkish garden, upon one of the strangest and most touching sights which the mind could conceive. It

is an oval section of the old garden, in length about eighteen feet, and twelve at the greatest breadth of the oval. Here are the remains of a double row of boxwood which circles this gardenpatch. These plots of boxwood are about sixteen feet high and about ten inches in diameter, and are healthy, but plainly of great age. This, then, is what remains of the Child-Queen's garden, with its little walks and borders of boxwood left to themselves for the past three and a half centuries. Here the child Mary and her youthful maids-of-honour played with their dainty hands and feet and laughing eyes, running about and gardening as only children can do. Standing here, you get your mind mellowed with peacefulness and entranced with beauty, and with thoughts of her whose romantic life-story will enthrall the hearts of men as long as those

heath-clad hills around this lake are mirrored in its glassy depths at peaceful dawn or gloaming's fall.

As regards the charm that hangs around the relationship between many of the hoary ruins which remain to us, and the great historic names and scenes which have contributed so largely to the making of England, one could long contemplate them with an interest in which pathos and pride would be strangely mingled. But we need not

"Sit upon the ground And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

Instead of this we might have a brief flight of fancy to those ruins on which moss and ivy have long dwelt, ruins which lie in widely sundered parts of England, yet spots which have been finely woven together by history and romance, the hallowed places where Arthur—flos regum Arthurus—lived, moved, and, in many points, all unwittingly, wrought out one of the most fascinating and instructive historic romances in the world's poetic literature.

In the contemplation of this romance the mind naturally wanders to Tintagel Castle, perched eyriclike on one of Cornwall's rugged cliffs which stretch far out into the western sea. No scene could have been better suited for the opening of the Great Arthurian drama. Its remoteness from the commonplace events of men, and the lonesomeness with which it is invested, render it peculiarly adapted for its touch with that strange round of circumstance involved in the mystery of Arthur's advent, and the eerie incident of his floating in upon the waves to the feet of Merlin, upon the shore. The coast, as far as the eye can reach, is scalloped into bays, or broken into huge green gorse-covered moles. There are the remains of two castles. The inner, or landward one, was where Merlin first displayed his prophetic function, while yet a child. As his predictions were fulfilled -a lucky hap which falls not to every seer-he was held, as we all know, in superstitious awe till he was grey with age. The outer castle, on Tintagel promontory, and nearer the sea, was where Ygerne, Arthur's mother, was besieged and captured by Uther, who had slain her husband for love of her. As one stands on those cliffs in the mellow glory of a summer evening, gazing out on the soft blue of the glassy sea, the shadows of the drifting clouds like moving islets of purple and

gold on the calm waters, his thoughts instinctively turn to that scene at Tintagel on the night in which King Uther passed away, when Merlin went down the steep pathway of the cliffs, through the gloom, and saw the gleaming bark bright with shining forms upon her deck, and gone as soon as seen. Then the moaning sea sent in wave after wave—

"Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep,
And full of voices, slowly rose, and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame;
And down the wave, and in the flame, was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried, 'The
King!'"

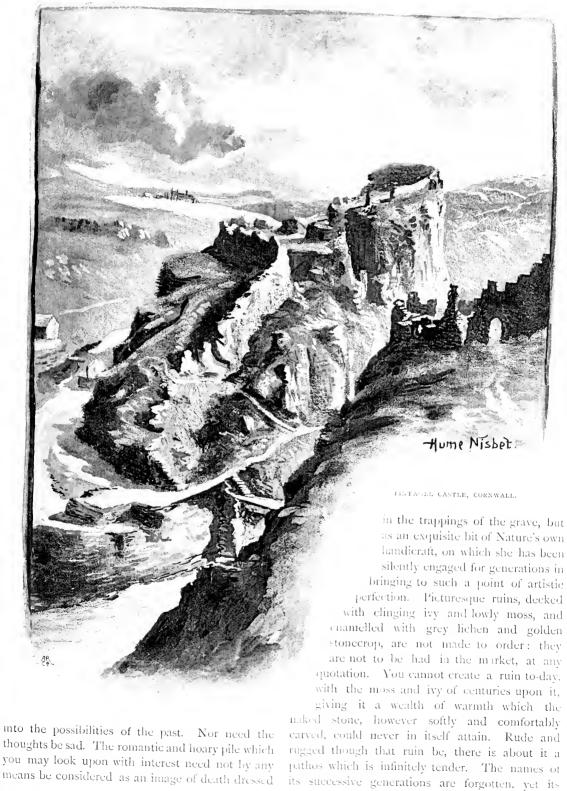
Camelot was another classic spot which played no mean part in the history of Arthur and his Court. The most learned of our archæologists identify Camelot with the Castle of South Cudbury, near Templecombe, a lonely old-world village which has stopped growing long, long ago, situated in one of the sweetest spots in Somersetshire. There remain still some fragments of a consistory, and part of a refectory and chapel. Within the grassy circle, on a mound surmounting all, stood Arthur's chief palace, and the headquarters of the Round Table. It was the sunny spot of many exquisite interludes between the great dramas enacted under the walls of Caerleon, or on battle-fields within hail of the Usk or the wooded slopes of the Wve. Thence Oueen Guinevere rode a-maying; and here Arthur,

"With lance in rest, From spur to plume a star of tournament, Shot through the lists of Camelot, and charged Before the eyes of ladies and of kings."

Far away, amid the sylvan reaches of the Upper Avon, is the spot to which the guilty Queen, in her quenchless sorrow, bore her undying remorse,—the holy Abbey of Amesbury; and there, on the cloister-stones, she laid, in abasement, her golden tresses as she crouched under her royal lord's sublime words of chastisement and pardon—

"Let no man dream but that I love thee still. Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul, And so thou lean on our fair father, Christ, Hereafter, in that world where all are pure, We two may meet before high God, and thou Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know I am thine husband—not a smaller soul, Nor Lancelot, nor another."

Whenever we gaze upon a picturesque, historic ruin, the mind cannot refrain from wandering back



1 1 2

walls and towers affect the heart and fire the imagination far more than do nobler edifices of modern days. Why is the charm around these ruins so potent? Beyond their picturesque ruggedness which appeals so strongly to our perception of colour and form, they get into the very heart of our tenderest sympathies through finer and surer channels. Their chambers, now roofless to the pitiless storm, were, ages ago, tenanted by the beautiful and the brave; their walls have been worn and rounded by time, and their battlements or archways fretted and channelled by the fierce tears of the wintry rains; on crumbling tower and broken window, every returning summer for centuries has kindled a glory of wild desert flowers, and they stand muffled in ivy, bearded with moss, and enamelled with lichens grey and gold, all cunningly wrought through the genial witchery of the circling suns of long-forgotten summers.

The living touch with the fateful and receding centuries, the historic associations, it may be, to which is added the pathetic significance of the moss-wreathed arches and crumbling towers, give those old ruins an aspect of exaltation which no other kind of edifice can claim. Some were old when Elizabeth was in her cradle, and the grey owls from the towers of others have heard the bugle blasts of Bosworth, or have seen the Roundhead ride slowly past,

"Humming a surly hymn."

The very moss upon their walls is idealized, while the owls upon their battlements, as they look out upon the falling night, seem to muse upon the mutability of earthly things, and accept with philosophic resignation Destiny's decrees.

ALEXANDER LAMONT.



"GOOD GENIUS."

THE BROWNINGS.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

I N dealing with the history of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, we come upon an order of things not very common in the annals of genius—to wit, good social position, considerable wealth, refined surroundings, and regulated, early culture of the highest kind.

Elizabeth Barrett, who afterwards became Mrs. Browning, was the daughter of a family who had made their fortune in the West Indies. her birth, which according to the best authorities took place in 1806, her father had settled in this country, on a beautiful estate in Herefordshire. It is said that her father was scarcely twenty years of age when she was born. She was his favourite child, and despite anything that her biographers may say about his strong and despotic will, it is evident that the relations between the parent and child were of the closest and tenderest kind. He proudly printed the "epic" poem, dedicated to himself, which his little daughter wrote when she He surrounded her with all the was eleven. sweetest delights of life; she had ponies, dogs, free liberty to amuse herself with quaint devices in the garden. Above all, she had his sympathy and encouragement for those aspirations which seem to have been astir with her first conscious life. some of her earliest known verses she sings -

"'Neath thy gentleness of praise,
My Father! rose my early lays!
And when the lyre was scarce awake,
I loved its strings for thy loved sake;
Wooed the kind Muses—but the while
Thought only how to win thy smile—
My proudest fame—my dearest pride—
More dear than all the world beside."

With careful interest in her mental development, her father secured her the tutorial help of the blind Greek scholar, Hugh Stuart Boyd. In her *Wine of Cyprus* she has told us of the memories of "those long mornings"

"When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek:
Past the pane the mountain spreading,
Swept the sheep-bells' tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading
Somewhat low for aug and oic."

For playmate and companion she had her brother Edward, separated from her in age only by a year. Despite all her bookishness and her classic lore, over which a good grandmother shook her head, Elizabeth loved open-air life; indeed it was her eagerness for a ride, causing her to attempt to saddle her pony for herself, which resulted in a nasty fall, and inflicted on her an injury which seems to have laid the foundation of the physical sufferings of her later life.

In 1828 Elizabeth lost her mother, a bereavement which doubtless drew her still nearer to her widowed father. Soon afterwards, the passing of the Emancipation Bill inflicted a serious blow on the Barretts' fortunes, which had been bound up with the compulsory labour of the West Indies. The dear old residence was left for ever, and one or two years were passed in temporary homes. Even in those temporary abodes Elizabeth made friends. Shy as she was, she would not refuse to visit a sick and solitary lady who expressed a wish to see her. In a letter to a correspondent she records that she learned a lesson from the sufferer, whom she found to be "very, very solitary in the most painful sense—desolate in her affections." It appears that Elizabeth, making, as she says, "an ungenerous inference from the fact of pain being connected with the affections," had observed that "she would refuse to know anybody, man, woman, or child, whom she was likely to love and be loved by intensely." "Oh," returned the other, who had known all the pain of affection, "is it possible you can say so? I would walk like a pilgrim to the end of the world to find one who would love me

and whom I could love! That was the true feeling," Elizabeth conceded. "I recognized it when I heard it, just as we recognize the right word in a flowing poem, which the memory had missed, when it is spoken suddenly before us."

The Barrett family finally settled down in London. From that time the delicate girl sank gradually into a state of confirmed invalidism. A distant relative, Mr. Kenyon, brought some new interests into her life by introducing her to some of his literary friends, and getting some of her verses placed in the chief magazines. Foremost among her new friends was Mary Russell Mitford, the good little author of Our Village. At this time Elizabeth was not quite the sick room prisoner which she became after the terrible blow of her dear brother Edward's drowning. For Miss Mitford first met her at a large dinner-party, after which that lady writes, "we met so constantly and so familiarly that, in spite of the difference of age (Miss Barrett being about twenty-eight and Miss Mitford nearly fifty), intimacy ripened into friendship; and after my return into the country we corresponded freely and frequently, her letters being just what letters ought to be-her own talk put upon paper." It says something for the sound simplicity of this idolized and gifted young woman, that she was thus attracted to Miss Mitford, who was homely both in person and ways, "very like a rosy apple in the sun"; a diamond of the first water indeed, but so careless of her "setting" that she once actually appeared at a great literary reunion wearing a head-dress from which she had not removed the milliner's descriptive ticket—"Very chaste six-and-eightpence!"

Miss Mitford was, however, a valuable friend. She detected Elizabeth's tendencies towards mysticism and obscurity, and bade her write "poems of human feeling and human action." The two women had a strong common interest in their love of nature and their tender feeling for animals. Elizabeth told a friend—"When I write to tell Miss Mitford vaingloriously that the ivy planted in a box in my window-sill has taken root, flourished, and spread itself in green boughs and tendrils over the window, until I sit (in London) in the green light of the woods, she answers (oh, hard of heart!) that she has roses round her window."

Somebody sent Elizabeth a pair of little doves from the tropics. Miss Mitford sent her love to them, and was happy to hear that they had so far grown accustomed to the strangeness of their new surroundings as to build a nest and lay eggs. "For," said she, "it would be such a delight to you to help the parent birds to bring up their young." Elizabeth herself read all sorts of parables out of her tiny pets. She would fain learn from them.

"Soft falls their chant as on the nest
Beneath the sunny zone:
For love that stirred it in their breast
Has not aweary grown,
And 'neath the city's shade can keep
The well of music clear and deep.

So teach ye me the wisest part,
My little doves! to move
Along the city ways with heart
Assured by holy love,
And vocal with such songs as own
A fountain to the world unknown.

'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream— More hard, in Babel's street: But if the soulless creatures deem Their music not unmeet For sunless walls—let *us* begin Who wear immortal wings within!

I will have hopes that cannot fade,
For flowers the valley yields;
I will have humble thoughts instead
Of silent, dewy fields;
My spirit and my God shall be
My seaward hill, my boundless sea."

Miss Barrett was staying at Torquay when her brother's death struck her down, as she herself said, "like a bodily blow." She had gone to Torquay in a desperately low condition of health. suffered acutely in the temporary separation from her father. He had accompanied her to the seaside, and when he left her there, the farewell had given keen pain to both. She wrote to Miss Mitford—" His tears fell almost as fast as mine did when we parted. One misses so the presence of such as dearly love us." Yet she knows that the separation "may not last longer than a fortnight." On another occasion she writes to her friend that her wishes for a happy New Year are already fulfilled, "for papa has come." When she reports on her own health, she says, "She is all the better for the sight of papa." We must remember all this later on. For here, it seems to us, lies the tragedy of this woman-poet's life—that tragedy whose full significance seems not to have been realized by any of her biographers!

After the catastrophe of her brother's drowning, she was not even able to return to London for a long time, though now she longed for it, because home was there, and because it was out of the sound of the relentless sea which had engulphed the dear companion of her childhood. In one of her own letters we get a pitiful little picture of her state—"Certainly the window has been opened twice—an inch—but I can't be lifted even to the sofa without fainting. And my physician shakes his head, or changes the conversation, which is worse, whenever London is mentioned."

The first utterance of her woe was that terriblesweet poem, *De Profundis*, which was not published till after her own life was ended. Even in her woe and weakness she could lift herself up to say to her Heavenly Father—

"I praise Thee while my days go on,
I love Thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and
frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on."

How that refrain brings before us the monotonous life of the darkened chamber, where for the next seven years her life was spent! Yet she seems to have accepted every ray of light that came to her. She maintained a steady correspondence with many friends. She soothed herself with the faithful loyalty of her dog "Flush,"

"who watched in reach Of a faintly uttered speech Or a louder sighing."

He was a gift from Miss Mitford, and it was for him she breathed those words which have found echo in many a solitary heart, realizing its helplessness to repay the dumb companions who give so much.

"Mock I thee in wishing weal? Tears are in my eyes to feel
Thou art made so straightly.
Blessing needs must straighten too,—
Little canst thou joy or do,
Thou who lovest greatly.

Yet be blessed to the height Of all good and all delight, Pervious to thy nature: Only loved beyond that line, With a love that answers thine, Loving fellow-creature!"

It is interesting to note that this lady who had already won the warmest praise from the highest

critical authorities, and who was also placed above all pecuniary needs, yet frankly accepted opportunities and suggestions for work, such as very small "poeticules" are apt to despise as "unworthy of their genius." Be it known to all such, that the magnificent *Romaunt of the Page* was actually "written to an engraving" for an annual!

Nor was Elizabeth indifferent to the matters which were stirring the larger world. She felt strongly on the subject of the abolition of slavery, and she wrote a poem concerning it which she sent to America. Yet she felt handicapped by the fact that the wealth of her own family had been gathered in a slaveholding community. It even seemed to her that this forbade her utterance on the subject. It was indeed a difficulty. Possibly there was a nobler way out of it, but it is not always given even to a great genius to rise to the heroism of quiet Margaret Mercer of Maryland, whose story we hope to tell in a later paper.

Also, it was during those years of imprisonment that Elizabeth Barrett wrote that *Cry of the Children*, which Edgar Allan Poe characterized as "full of a horror sublime in its simplicity." "It created quite a sensation on its appearance, and has been deemed, with much show of probability, to have hastened and helped the passing of the initial Act of Parliament restricting the employment of children of tender years."

It was the volume of her poems which was published in 1844 that brought her into the full blaze of fame. That book contained *The Drama of Exile*, *The Vision of Poets*, *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, *The Fourfold Aspect*, *The Cry of the Human*, *Bertha in the Lane*, *The Swan's Nest*, and others which have maintained their position in public favour. It was dedicated (like her first childish production) to her father.

"My father," she wrote, "when your eyes fall upon this page of dedication, and you start to see to whom it is inscribed, your first thought will be of the time far off, when I was a child and wrote verses, and when I dedicated them to you who were my public and my critic. Of all that such a recollection implies of saddest and sweetest to both of us, it would become neither of us to speak before the world: nor would it be possible to speak of it to one another with voices that did not falter. Enough that what is in my heart when I write thus will be fully known to yours. . . . It is

my fancy thus to seem to return to a visible personal dependence on you, as if indeed I were a child again: to conjure your beloved image between myself and the public, so as to be sure of one smile—and to satisfy my heart while I satisfy my ambition, by associating with the great pursuit of my life its tenderest and holiest affection."

It was only two years later that her "Cousin Kenyon" brought Robert Browning to see her.

Like herself, Robert Browning came of a welldescended, well-to-do ancestry. There were many different strains in his stock-English, Scottish, German, and, some people add, Jewish and Creole. His paternal grandmother was certainly born in the West Indies, and it is hinted that she had a dash of "dark blood." It is said that when the poet's father was at St. Kitts, he was placed in church among the coloured members of the congregation. It is certain that the poet's father held very strong views on the subject of slavery, and threw up a lucrative appointment on the West Indian family estates "sooner than give any countenance to it." The poet was proud to say, "My good father sacrificed a fortune to his convictions." He seems to have been a most estimable and lovable man.

Robert Browning's mother was described by so severe a judge as Carlyle as "the true type of a Scottish gentlewoman." After she was dead, her son said of her that "She was a divine woman." He had always loved her tenderly: when he was a young man, if he was ever out rather late, he would let himself in with his latch-key, and go to her room to kiss her good-night before retiring to his own chamber. It was from her that he derived his love of animals. One of his earliest memories of her was of the skilful tenderness with which she took into her arms a wounded cat, and washed it and nursed it back to health.

The Brownings lived at Camberwell, which at that time was not without many lingering rural charms. There was one particular spot, where three elms then stood, where the boy poet loved to lie and dream. He never forgot an evening when he found his way there, not without "terrors of darkness," and for the first time beheld London by night. "Surely it was then," says Mr. Sharp, "that the tragic significance of life first dimly awed and appealed to his questioning spirit." In his early days he had a great love for walking in the

dark. He specially loved the Dulwich woodlands, and felt his imagination stirred by the conscious neighbourhood of the great city casting its glare upon the midnight sky. Sometimes, too, he would steal away from home in the small hours, and wander about till the morning twilight brightened into a new day. It was in the Dulwich wood that the thought occurred to him which in after years was to find development and expression in his great poem *Pippa Passes*. He always retained the pleasantest memories of those early days, and ever had a kind word for "poor old Camberwell."

It was by his father's deliberate purpose that he never went to a public school, nor to Oxford or Cambridge. Later on he travelled. He was wont to say, "Italy was my University." His father seems to have behaved with marvellous wisdom and consideration towards his gifted son in the matter of the selection of a career. The elder Browning, and his father before him, had both been successfully engaged in the banking business, but he owned he had never liked it, and would not dream of forcing "Robert" into it. He did incline towards his qualifying for the Bar, and was, not unnaturally, rather dubious about literature pure and simple. But he practically left the decision with his son himself—reassured that his children were at least decently provided for.

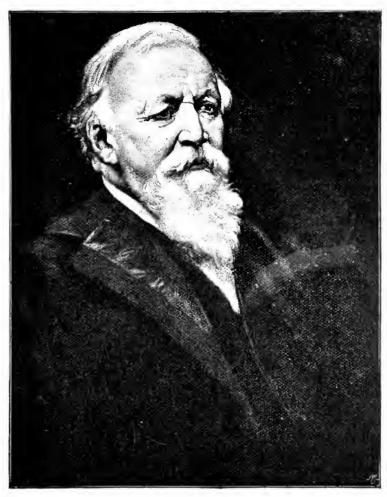
When Robert definitely determined to make literature his profession, he qualified himself for it by reading and digesting the whole of Johnson's Dictionary: no bad discipline for one with whom words were henceforth to be tools! His first book, Pauline, was issued in 1833. And in 1846, when he met Elizabeth Barrett, he was already known as the author of Pippa Passes, Colombe's Birthday, A Blot on the 'Scutcheon, A Soul's Tragedy, and the more popular poems How they brought the Good News from Ghent, The Lost Leader, and The Pied Piper.

Before Elizabeth Barrett met him she had a very sincere appreciation of his genius. She wrote—
"The light of the future is on his forehead: he is a poet for posterity."

We need say nothing about what happened when they met—and met again. Their "courtship" was brief, for they were married in the autumn of the year when they first met. Under the slight veil of Sonnets from the Portuguese (for of course everybody knows these are no mere "translations," but veritable originals, warm from a woman's heart), Elizabeth Barrett tells more than could ever be told in the first person. There can be no doubt that she had slipped into a somewhat morbid, ultrasensitive state. Too weak to throw off her griefs, which, after all, had been but those common to humanity, she had lived with them until she had well-nigh grown to enjoy their persistency. As she now wrote—

its sudden up-breaking took much, and to whom it brought nothing,—her father! It is said that from the first Mr. Barrett did not like Robert Browning—his prejudices ran against this other's outspoken democratic sentiments, and the poems which his daughter admired seemed to him but a jumble of words.

Oh, the pity of it! There must have been some terrible mistake and misunderstanding somewhere.



ROBERT BROWNING.
(From the Portrait by W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.)

"I lived with visions for my company lnstead of men and women, years ago, And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know A sweeter music than they played to me.

Then thou didst come . . . to be Beloved, what they seemed."

But alas! in that sweet shrine of seclusion she had not been alone. There was one from whom

The biographers of the poets put all the blame on the poor old father; but we must never forget what, by his daughter's own loving acknowledgments, he had been to her, nor that we do not have his own story of the way in which he was wounded.

We do know that Elizabeth, feeling sure that he would not consent to her marriage, and shrinking

from marrying under his express ban, attempted to evade this by marrying secretly—actually returning to his house after she bore the name of another man! When we think of what she must have been to the old man's heart and in his life-of all that her words and her ways must have led him to anticipate, there does seem something cruel about this action. It is not easy to defend it, and its futility becomes manifest, since certainly it did not avert the very worst that could have befallen had a more defensible and straightforward course been taken. For the father would never see his daughter again. It seems quite clear that she repeatedly sought reconciliation, and that he refused it—he would not even soothe her heart by receiving and caressing her little child! He did not mention her in his will—which she had fondly looked for, though she had made up her mind not to profit by any such relenting. Of course, general feeling runs high against the poor old Lear! All that he seems to have said in explanation of his antagonism was, "My daughter should have been thinking of another world." The kind of life into which she had sunk certainly offered him some justification for this view, and if it was a form of existence into which he himself had partly encouraged her, assuredly he was quite unconscious of this. He may have well feared that her sudden reversal of the habits of years would mean speedy death! On the other hand, nobody seems to urge in his defence this question,—what would have been thought of him, a father, if he had approved and abetted the marriage of his invalid daughter of forty years of age, with a man of high promise and prospects, six years her junior, and in all the pride of health and vigour? Had such a venture proved disastrous in any form, would not part at least of the blame have fallen on him? There are some experiments for which those who desire to make them must accept the sole responsibility!

But there is nothing to defend Mr. Barrett's persistent vindictiveness. Love may be wounded in such deadly fashion that it may well believe its old positions can never be restored. But the most flagrant wrong-doing has a right to forgiveness when it humbly seeks it; while an old and tender love has as much claim to "a peaceful parting" as a dead friend has to a decent grave!

The Brownings were rarely happy in their own married life. Yet the father's outraged affection,

though outrageous in its own manifestation, must have east a shadow across their happiest day, and may have even infused a terrible doubt into the joy they felt in their own little son.

Henceforth, until Mrs. Browning's death, the greater part of their time was spent in Italy, a country which she learned to love with quite patriotic enthusiasm. Though the first result of her enlarged and emancipated position was an inflow of life by which she seemed positively transformed, yet the old persistent physical weakness soon reasserted itself. An American visitor testifies "that the marks of pain are stamped upon her person and manner."

It was long after her marriage, and during her sojourn in Italy, that she produced her great work, *Aurora Leigh*. So much respect had she for her own artistic individuality, that her husband did not see the poem until it was well-nigh complete.

The pair lived a pleasant, simple life, very retired, seeing few guests, but making those brightly welcome to the long table where Mrs. Browning presided at the tea-tray, and her little boy handed the cake and strawberries, "graceful as Ganymede." Mr. Browning, according to Hawthorne, "was very efficient in keeping up conversation with everybody . . . a most vivid and quick-thoughted person, logical and common sensible."

But the happy married life was not long protracted: the end was drawing near. In 1858, Mrs. Hawthorne noticed that Mrs. Browning looked pale and exhausted while struggling to maintain her kindly hospitalities. She too noticed "the deep pain furrowed into her face." "In moments of rest from speaking her countenance reminds one of those mountain sides, ploughed deep with spent water torrents, there are traces in it of so much grief, so much suffering. The angelic spirit, triumphing at moments, restores the even surface."

She faded gently away. On the evening of June 29, 1861, she sent her little boy to bed happy with the assurance that she was "much better." Before morning she was dead. Her last words, murmured in her husband's ear, were, "It is beautiful!"

After her death her husband and son took up their abode permanently in London. All that we hear of Robert Browning impresses us with the simple goodness and robust healthfulness of his nature. In Italy he had befriended that wild old

genius Walter Savage Landor (the original of Dickens' "Boythorne" in Bleak House). It was due to his intervention that the great but "difficult" old man did not end his days in misery. Doubtless Browning's own slowly-gathering popularity made him feel some sympathy with one who, out of his own experience, had haughtily declared that "no very great man ever reached the standard of his greatness in the crowd of his contemporaries." It is equally clear that Browning had nothing but the kindliest feelings for those who readily achieved the favour which did not come readily to him. He was a man faithful in all his attachments, reluctant to change his habits, or even to discard an accustomed piece of furniture! One of his biographers says that "he habitually made the best of external conditions rather than tried to change them." The wild energy, the forceful passion, that pulses through his work does not seem to have made itself very manifest in his life. Though he was himself fond of society, and went into it a great deal during his later years, yet he had a horror of "publicity." He could not manage an extempore speech. At the Edinburgh University Tercentenary, when the students called for "Robert Browning," he simply rose and bowed. Yet it is said that once, in a street where he was not likely to be known, on hearing an atheist urging his arguments, Robert Browning actually engaged the man in discussion and greatly astonished him.

One of his biographers, who knew him intimately, says—

"He avowedly preferred the society of women to that of men, (but) . . . he scarcely discriminated between the claim on him of a woman and that of a man. . . . He had no theoretical objection to a woman's taking care of herself. . . . He responded quickly to every feminine appeal to his kindness or his protection, whether arising from physical weakness or any other obvious cause of helplessness or suffering; but the appeal in such cases lay first to his humanity, and only in second order to his consideration of sex. He would have had a man flogged who beat his wife,—he would have had one flogged who ill-used a child or an animal.

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. . . He instinctively judged women, both morally and intellectually, by the same standards as men."

Browning's hatred of vivisection finds expression in the vigorous sketch of 'Tray.' He was always ready to do little kindnesses, taking the trouble to help a little girl, an entire stranger, who sought his advice concerning an essay she had to write on one of his poems. He was very careful about all the details of his own work, and was always thankful for any hint or suggestion from his proof readers.

In personal appearance he was a fine-looking, comfortable, well-set-up person. The hereditary mark was so strong on him that strangers often supposed him to be a banker. In him nobody could detect "the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling."

Both Robert and Elizabeth Browning had a great dislike to contemplate death from its physical side. "It is this harping on death I despise so much," he said. "Death is life, just as our daily, our momentarily dying body is none the less alive, and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our crape-like, churchyard word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. . . . For myself, I deny death as an end of everything. Never say of me that I am dead!"

People remembered that adjuration, when in December 1889 they heard that Robert Browning had passed away.

All consideration of the poetry of Robert and Elizabeth Browning is deliberately set aside in this paper. It is certain that they put the very best of themselves into their work, so we want to show what they were as man and woman, and how their genius did not spoil the finest aroma of their dignity or gentleness, but added its own crown to their pure home-life, and to their joy in those simple delights of nature and friendship which exist for us all. In the noble reserve that was part of their very nature, they have evidently veiled from all eyes those deeper currents of experience which sent forth such clear and sparkling streams for the refreshment of the world. But by the purity of the water we may judge of its source.

THE PURPLE CROCUS

μεγάλη ή "Αρτεμις

AMEN AND AMEN.

EDWARD C. MALAN, F.L.S.

UICK, Chris, quick! Do come!
Soft as drawn cobwebs, through the stems of the pines, I can see from the cliff where I am sitting a fair land opposite, with misty hills and sunny sands, and a glimpse of the globing sea.

Grey-eyed March is abroad in that land, as I can tell by the sweet conspiracy overhead. He has touched the pine-trees already with the life of his touch, and their whisper is russet of days to come, and there is no sound of sobbing to-day. He is coming at last, my king, my king, smoke-grey to the gauntlet and blithe. Over the golden downs he comes, with only a leopard-skin on his shoulders to turn the hissing showers, and I can see the dust flying as he drives along, and I can hear the roll of his chariot-wheels rounding the curve. Ah, there he is, looking at us archly, with a forest of freedom in his look, half hiding his beautiful eye in the dusk of the purple hills. Oh, March, March, my lovely one, who is worthy to rehearse that sweet grey six-o'clock look of yours, when the hands of the dial point up and down, and the church-vane is watching agape for the spring, and the starlings are coming and going across the fields! The bats are out, the boys in the cross-roads are driving their tops, and, if you climb to the tower-stair, voices from the village come up like a consecration, and against the west a sun-streak of cinnamon lies, long and low as a garden-wall.

So who will o'er the downs with me? Into that land we must go, if we would seal our souls with the soft grey mood. No other land will do, for that is the land of Artemis, whom we call March, Artemis, the goddess of morning. I have something to entice you, for I know of a field in that land, sloping gently not far from the sea, where daffodils, yellow as goslings, grow, and the grass is all shot with quilted crocuses.

I will not tell you about the sweet Pelasgic daffodils to-day, but about the crocuses. They are spring's abiding angels, purple, and vellow, and white. They have come to us now this many a year, from India, and Egypt, and Persia, and the Isles of Greece, yet the purple crocus is the sweetest of them all. It flowers in March a fortnight after the yellow crocus of the gardens, and its leaves, like spears, come after the flower is over, lengthening as the days lengthen, and bringing on the seeds and the future bulbs. But the flower itself never sees the seeds, for the Immortals have decided that that would be adding praise to praise, and, though you may not think so, the Immortals are never wrong. Therefore they have hooded it in cross-threaded purple and not in yellow, like its yellow sister, or Sweet Little Buttercup, that you read about last June, for yellow was the bride's colour in those days, and the purple crocus never was a bride. Perhaps you are sorry for the purple crocus, but don't be, for the Immortals were kinder even than that.

Inside the hood, the head is golden, and three-parted gladely and fine, and set on its stem of living trembling wire. But the golden heart you cannot see, for that is deeper and deeper still. You wonder why it is so, and you want to know why the purple crocus is not allowed to see the seed, after all its toil. Well, so it is in the land of Artemis, and the only way to understand these things, is to dip your soul in the soft grey mood of the morning, and listen to a story.

Long, long ago, in the dim lotus-land of the Past, there was once a magnificent city. Only the ruins of that city are left to us now, but even they are magnificent. The broad green valley, where the city stood, was watered by Hapi, the river of life, coming from further than any man knew, and

from further than any man ever had heard of, so that all, who spoke of it, spoke with bated breath, saying that it flowed from the serenity of the sunrise, issuing gently from the throne of God. And so holy it was, only priests and kings' daughters might go near it, for it carried on its bosom the smile of eternity, and the gleam of its waters was like the eyelids of the dawn. Right royally the city fronted the sun, among its palm-trees and vineyards and sycamores and waving fields of grain, and right royally the gay barges came and went, carrying kings' ransoms of gold, and spices, and nuts, and almonds. The lotus-blossoms swayed and sank for a moment, as the barges passed, and then came up to the surface again, the tall flags bowed sedately, and the ibises in the temple-court just looked up from feeding, but nothing else happened to disturb the peace of that enchanted land. Endless noonday, glorious noonday reigned there, and sowers and reapers, builders and hewers of stone, buyers and sellers, white-robed priests, chariots and soldiery, and camels and oxen and mules, could be seen everywhere, and the hum of happy labour, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the songs of women at the draw-well, and the laughter of children, went up evermore on the sunlit air.

For this city was the city of Amen-Ra: Amen, the great god of eternity, the hidden god, and Ra, his chiefest consort, Ra, the victorious one. And sometimes his worshippers called him by different titles, when they threaded the temples in long procession, praying to Horus, the eastern, and Osiris, the western, and Harmachis, the silence of darkness and light. But it was all one, whatever they called him. Those worshippers were for the morning during life, and so after death they lay, shut in their sycamore boxes, ninety feet down in the depths of the hills, but waiting, waiting, with their faces to the dawn, waiting for the morning of the great day, when Ra, the victorious one, would sound his trumpet, and call them forth to be with him for ever and ever.

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At the time of this story, the priest of Amen was named Amen-shau, a younger branch of the royal line. He had one daughter Amen-kh-amen, or sweet Amene, as she was called. Her name was the same as the god's name, for, like the god, she lived a hidden life, veiled in purple, the sacred colour of the source of life. It was right that

Amen should wear a purple veil, for did not Amen himself, the eldest of the gods, the dweller in eternity, the source of light and life, put on deep purple after he had shot his last arrow of gold for the day, and had sunk below the horizon? But under her veil there shone the most shapely golden head that Amen himself had ever looked upon, and deep within her veil there beat the truest golden heart that Thmei, the goddess of Truth, had ever set in tune. So that all, who saw her, foretold that that heart one day would weigh down the ostrich-feather in the Hall of Judgment, and that Thoth, with his iron pen, would record the sign of immortality against it.

So Amene went about her business gladly, leading a hidden life, and her business was to draw water for the temple services, and give announcement of the beginning of spring, when the Pleiads and Orion were low over the Theban hills, and March, the grey ram-headed god, came in. For then the festivals were held, and singing men and singing women went up through the avenues of Sphinxes, with torches and cymbals and lutes, up to the temple steps, and into the dusk of the portal. But Amene never saw what went on inside the temple, nor how Amen was worshipped, for she was only the angel of spring, and she was not old enough to be present at the mysteries of the gods.

So she stayed outside alone listening to the music in the immense hush of night, and wondering if she should ever live to worship Amen as the priests worshipped him. And, because she knew no better, she dreamed in her own sweet golden way of serving Amen, the great hidden god, and Neith, the goddess of wisdom, and Ra, the victorious one. But most of all she loved to think of Harmachis, the dawn, when Memnon, son of the morning, uttered his deep monotone.

So Amene dreamed. And it puzzled her to know who Amen was, as it has puzzled others since, and she wondered why he went every night to the unseen world and then came back in the morning, and again went away. Was he tired? Was he vexed? Did not he love the great luminous river enough, or the lotus-blossoms, or the sycamores, or the ibises, to stay with them always? Were there other people whom he liked, besides themselves, poor folk living a lurking life in the dim underworld below the horizon? Why did not Ra, the victorious

one, help them? If he could not help them, how could she? for if Amen only half liked the city and the lotus-bells, her azure pets, how much did he care for her? It was all so gay and green around her, on that side of the luminous river, but towards the west over there, oh, what a difference! That was Amenti, the great waste wilderness with the unknown world beyond, where the silence was never broken, and only the poor sleepers in their boxes of sycamore rested for ever in the heart of the hills. Some of the priests of Amen were there already: she had seen them go there and never come back: and something told her that one day she would be put in a sycamore box, made perhaps out of the very trees she was standing under, and the box would be painted outside, and the collar of destiny would be put round her neck. She knew how her box would look, at least some of it, for she had learned to read the Ritual of the Dead. There would be a picture of the Judgment Scene in the Hall of Truth, far away in Hades below the horizon; and the balance would be there with the sacred feather to weigh her heart; and Thoth, the recorder, would lead her into the presence of Osiris, and all the other gods would be standing by, Amen, and Kneph, and Nu, and Ra the victorious one. But supposing Ra passed her over without calling her name? Why should he call it? What had she done to make him call it?

Then sweet Amene grew sad, and two tears started in her violet eyes Oh, what could she do for Amen, and Ra, and Harmachis? How could she fill the wide world with some noble deed, blown on the blowing breezes and trumpeted forth on the scroll of fame, so that some day, somewhere, Ra might remember her for good, and repeat the accents of her name, Amen and Amen? And she cried and said, "Try me, try me, awful Amen. I am for the morning, and I would lie with my face to the dawn!" But there was no answer, and none came by to comfort her. The statue in the temple did not answer. The ibises, sleeping in the moonlight, did not answer, nor the lotus-bells, nor the earth, nor the sky. And the question remains unanswered to this day. Only in the after-glow a cone of light appeared, only the amethyst shadows crept deeper over the Theban hills, only the night-wind sighed among the leaves, only Memnon, as dawn broke, uttered his deep monotone.

So Amene was left no wiser than before, but

her heart yearned always for the secret of the dawn. And in this way it went on, year after year, till one dismal day evil fate overtook her, and all her life was changed, and war's loud clarion pealed through the land. Then everything for the time was forgotten. The chariots and horsemen of the Assaru flew by the whirlwind, and the archers poured in their snowstorms of shafts, and the vaunted chivalry of Egypt was ridden down, and Thebes the magnificent, the city of Amen and Ra, was laid in ruins. And sweet Amene herself was taken prisoner and sold to the Captain of the Guard, and carried away to foreign shores, far from the sunny land of home. Over the sea she was carried to the lordly land of the Assaru, where there were other temples and other gods. Then she was sold, once more, to the sons of the Hellenes, who traded to Tyre, the crowning city, for horses and purple and durable clothing. And so she went over to the Grecian isles. Leagues over the sea she went again, till they brought her to the furthest corner of an island, where the sea-beach faced the grim north-wind, and the grey tides rolled ashore. And there they made her priestess of Artemis, Artemis of the East, whose temple looked over the frowning deep, where the straits ran under the cliffs of Olizon.

Desolate and miserable enough was Amene at first in the unknown land, and it seemed as if Ra had forgotten her, but still she wrapped herself in her purple hood, and kept her heart beating with the life-beat of dawn. And because she was true as gold to the core, she found by degrees that Artemis was the same as Amen and Ra, though the name was changed in another tongue.

And at last, yes at last, by the mercy of the Immortals, the great day came, the day for which Amene had been longing. It came unexpectedly, as it ever comes, but Amene was ready, as those are always ready who keep their secret of a hidden life, rehearing themselves in private, and waiting for the dawn.

And it came on this wise. Enemies crowding from Persia were upon Greece, the little country of all the others that dared to face the fury of the great king. But Greece dared, brave grey-eyed Greece, forhersons worshipped μεγάλην την Αρτεμαν, the grey goddess of dawn. By thousands the enemy came, by thousands and thousands of thousands, a huge array, men and horses and ships, like the sea-sand for multitude.

And they came onward to Amene's island, and Amene saw them coming. At first her golden heart trembled at the sight, as whose would not? But, in a moment more, the angel awoke within her, and who should signal their approach, if not Amene herself? Artemis had not forgotten, after all, nor Amen, nor Ra, the victorious one, and now they laid this glory and great worship upon her. True rang her heart to their treble call, as the busy wind caught her hood and waved it, showing her what she ought to do. Seizing the thrill of the time, she waved her hood, and kept waving it, a flutter of alarm, till Artemis helped her for love, and her lean grey galleys, bounding like grey-hounds, rushed into the straits.

Then, for three days, the sea-blossom told of the work, purple and yellow and white, in that churning-press of War, and for three days Amene waved her hood, cheering the grey ships and the men, "On, sons of the Greeks!" till all thought that she was the goddess, for her purple hood, and her sweet grey look, and the gleam of her golden hair. But all the while she prayed to Amen, the great god, and Artemis of the East, and Ra, the victorious one. The enemy were around her, armed to the teeth, the tide was upon her, remorseless and keen, but still that dauntless arm waved on, and still that dauntless voice rang out, sweeter than Itys, sweeter than Israfel, till a bitter death-drink of sea was her only reward.

Her only reward! Had Amen forgotten, and was that her only reward? Intrepidly the sun went away that evening in a furnace of freedom, and one wild battle-shout of light. He did not set, he simply went away. He did not go away because he was tired, or vexed, or because his power bad been taken from him by another, but he went away, as the heroes of the golden age went away, when they just fell on sleep, and departed to be with the Immortals. Such glory and great worship did they lay upon them in those days. He went away to tell it below the horizon, what sweet Amene had done. He told it then, and he tells it now, and he will tell it for ever. He will tell it till the morning of the great day comes, when Ra, the victorious one, helmeted only in glory and gauntleted with might, will drive up over the earth, and his trumpet-call will stream on the streaming air, and the poor sleepers in sycamore will come forth to meet the dawn.

So there was no night there, and nothing lonely, and no regret. Only the dawn came up suddenly and with power. And it was as if Amen, her prince, and Artemis of the East, and Ra, the victorious one, just drew back the curtains of heaven and the shutters, and let the morning in. For a breeze, like a sigh, came singing on the air, lifting the mists out at sea, and whispering the secret to the leaves on the land, and in a moment more great earth itself was awake. Then the deep hue of death gave way to gauziest life, and the moon turned pale and the giddy stars, fearing desertion, and the only sound to break the silence was the drum-beat of life in space, and the roll of dawn's chariot-wheels rounding the curve. And Ra, the victorious one, swept by, helmeted only in glory, and called, "Amene, Amene!" heralding her deed by land and sea.

"What are you crying for, Chris?"

But sweet Amene made no reply, for there was no reply to make. Death was swallowed up in victory, and the winds and the waves sang her lullaby, "Triumphe! Triumphe! Triumphe! $\mu\epsilon\gamma\dot{a}\lambda\eta$ η "Ap $\tau\epsilon\mu\alpha$. Amen and Amen."

When they saw her on the sea-beach she was lying with her purple hood wrapped round her, and her golden hair folded loosely underneath, and on her eyes were two drops of dew. But her golden heart they could not see, for Thoth had taken it to the Hall of Judgment below the earth, and weighed it, and sealed it with life. And this is how it happened. He had just written the two black strokes of the sign of life, T, with his iron pen, when Ra's voice fell on his ear calling "Amene, Amene!" and as soon as he knew who Amene was, and what she had done, he rubbed the black strokes out with his sponge, and wrote them again in gold, \(\Psi\). And that is how the Purple Crocus wears it to this day.

So Amene had her wish, and more than her wish. For years unnumbered her body lay in the heart of the Theban hills, until a great Prince came and called her away. And now you may see her lying in her box of sycamore in the English Isle of Avalon, where a golden mile-way runs under the poplars, and arums blow at their feet in the shade.

There is little more to tell. Now Artemisium is a sea-side place in Eubeea, facing north, with the village of Olizon over against it, where once Philoctetes held sway. And it has a temple, not a large

one, of Artemis of the East, and trees are planted round it, with slabs of white stone, and when the slabs are rubbed with the hand they give off the scent and colour of crocuses. And those who touch them know the sweet grey mood of Artemis, for they touch on Immortality. The trees are sycamores, and under them crocuses are growing, hooded in purple, with golden hearts, and gay green spears set round for leaves. And wherever the morning breaks, and wherever grey March comes in, there Artemis of the East, and Ra, the victorious one, join hands and sing—

"Amene, sweet, sweet Amene, Amen and Amen."

Oh, who would not be sweet Amene? Who

would not wish that said? Who would not wrap the purple of life around them so that Ra might remember them for good? Then begin at once, and the moment you are in earnest a great light will shine from Eleusis, and mystic voices will fill all the Thriasian plain of your life, as if a procession were passing, and the very elements will help you. The clouds will take shape as of warriors hastening to the fight, with gauntlet and shield and spear in ambush, and hands upraised in blessing as far as Ægina. And these will be the spirits of your fathers, the Æacidæ, who lived at Merindol. And the scent of unfading crocuses will breathe around. For you have touched on Immortality. Amene, sweet, sweet Amene. Amen and Amen.

ATALANTA.

RACE through space,
Happy world, with eager face;
Spring is flying, flying, flying;
Catch her, catch her in the chase!
Race through space,
Catch her, catch her as she goes.
And the summer is beyond her
With the lily and the rose.

Would you have her you must hasten;
You must find a lure that's sweet,
And will tempt her to delaying
As it falls beside her feet.
Just remember she's a woman,
And as frail as she is fleet.

Fling a snowdrop—she will tarry,
For she could not pass it by.
Throw an aconite all golden,
She will never let it lie;
Then a wreath of filmy crocus;
You can catch her if you try!

Bid the sun to shine around her;
Fill the distance up with blue;
Make the larches golden fountains
That the wind goes singing through;
Break the rainbow's beads asunder
In a shower of shining dew.

Tell a lark to spring above her
Where the golden whin-buds throng—
She must stay awhile to listen
To the sudden rush of song.
Clasp her then, and say you love her!
She will yield if you be strong.

Race through space,

Happy world, with eager face.

Spring is flying, flying, flying,

Catch her, catch her in the chase!

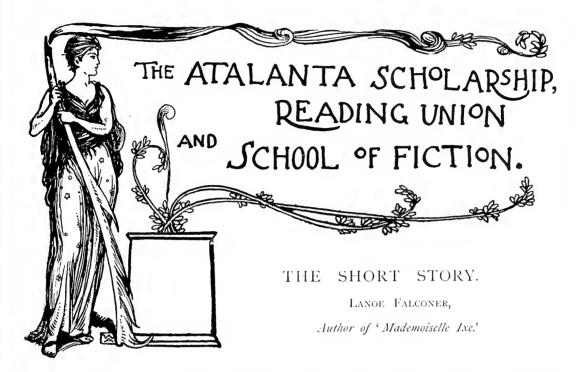
Race through space,

Catch her, catch her as she goes.

And the summer is beyond her

With the lily and the rose.

H. M. WAITHMAN.



THE art of writing a short story is like the art of managing a small allowance. It requires the same care, self-restraint, and ingenuity, and, like the small allowance, it affords excellent practice for the beginner, as by the very limitations it imposes on her ambition, it preserves her from errors of judgment and taste into which she might be hurried by fancy or fashion.

There are many things lawful, if not expedient, in the three-volume novel that in the short story are forbidden—moralizing, for instance, or comments of any kind, personal confidences or confessions. These can indeed be made so entrancing that the narrative itself may be willingly foregone. The wit of a Thackeray, the wisdom of a George Eliot, has done as much; but these gifts are rare, so rare that the beginner will do well to assume that she has them not, and to stick fast to her story, especially if it be a short one; since on that tiny stage where there is hardly room for the puppets and their manœuvres, there is plainly no space for the wire-puller.

Even more cheerfully may be renounced those dreary addenda called explanations. Nowhere in

a story can they possibly be welcome. At the end they would be preposterous; at the beginning they scare away the reader; in the middle they exasperate him. Who does not know the chill of disappointment with which, having finished one lively and promising chapter, one reads at the beginning of the next, "And now we must retrace our steps a little to explain," or words to the same depressing Explain what?—the situation? should have explained itself. Or the relation of the actors? A word or two in the dialogue might do as much. More I, as the reader, do not wish to learn. I am fully interested, I am caught in the current of the tale, I am burning to know if the hero recovered, if the heroine forgave, if the parents at last consented: I am in no mood to listen to a précis—for it is never more—of the past events that prepared this dilemma, or of the legal, financial, or genealogical complications by which it is prolonged. With these dry details the author may do well to be acquainted, for the due direction and confirmation of his plot; but the reader has nothing to do with them, and in a work of art they are as needless and as unsightly as the scaffolding round a completed building, or the tacking threads in a piece of finished needlework.

Equally incompatible with the short story is that fertile source of tedium, redundancy. "The secret of being wearisome," says the French proverb, "is to tell everything." What then is the end of those who tell not merely everything, but—if an Irish turn of expression may be permitted—a great deal more? It is to encourage the practice of skipping in the general reader, and—much to the detriment of more parsimonious writers—in the reviewers as well. A large number of novels picturesquely described as weak and washy, might be converted into very readable stories by the simple process of leaving out about two volumes and a half of entirely superfluous and unentertaining matter.

On the staff of an amateur magazine to which in early youth the writer contributed, there was one most obliging and useful member whose business it was to provide "copy" for the odd corners and inevitable spaces between the more important papers. He wrote, you will observe, not because he had anything in the world to say or tell, but because a certain amount of space must at all costs be covered; and the effusions thus inspired he signed with the modest and appropriate pseudonym of "Phillup Bosch." How often in fiction of a certain class may even now be recognized the handiwork of this industrious writer, always unsigned, indeed, at least by the old familiar name. The sparkle of his early touch is gone, but his unmistakable purpose is the same. The glamour of "auld lang syne" may to his old friends endear these interpolations, but from a literary point of view it is much to be desired that he would lay aside his pen for ever. And yet it must be acknowledged that without his aid there are threevolume novels that could never have been written. Fortunately the short story is independent of him.

The disadvantages of the short story become more distinct when we consider its possible theme. The crowded stage and wide perspective of the novel proper; all transformations of character and circumstance in which length of time is an essential element; even the intricately tangled plot, deliberately and knot by knot unfolded—these are beyond its reach. The design of the short story must itself be short—and simple. A single, not too compli-

cated, incident is best; in short, the one entire and perfect action, that Aristotle—I quote from Buckley's translation—considered the best subject of fable or poem. To the writer might well be repeated the stage-manager's advice to aspiring dramatists, quoted by Coppée in his *Contes en Prose:*—

"If they come to me with their plays when I am at breakfast, I say—'Look here, can you tell me the plot in the time it takes me to eat this boiled egg? If not—away with it—it is useless.'" The author of a short story submitted to the same kind of test would have to be even more expeditious.

It may be observed that all these suggestions are of a negative order, and concerned with "the tact of omission." It is indeed of the first importance in the composition of the short story. As a famous etcher once said to the writer while she stood entranced before a study of river, trees, and cattle, that his magic touch had converted into a very poem, an exquisite picture of pastoral repose-"The great thing is to know what to leave out." It is part of that economy already insisted upon, "to express only the characteristic traits of succeeding actions," and, as Mr. Besant exhorts us, to suppress "all descriptions which hinder instead of helping the action, all episodes of whatever kind, all conversation which does not either advance the story or illustrate the characters.

How this "essential and characteristic" is to be distinguished from all around it is another matter. It is a work that a great French master of the art described as a travail acharné. But it is also very often made easy by native instinct, like that which directs these born story-tellers—their name is legion —of both sexes and all conditions, who never put pen to paper, but who, in hall or cottage, drawingroom or kitchen, nursery or smoking-room, whenever they unfold a tale, hold all their audience attentive and engrossed. Their method when analyzed appears to chiefly depend, first, on their firm grasp of the main point and purport of their story, next on their liberal use of dialogue in the telling of it. At least thus do the listeners to one enchanting story-teller endeavour to explain the dramatic flavour she imparted to the commonest incidents of domestic life. For instance, this is what she would have made of a theme so ungrateful as the fact that, the butcher having sent too large a joint, she had returned it to him. For the benefit of inexperienced housekeepers, it is perhaps as well to

explain that a fair average weight for a leg of mutton is declared by experts to be nine pounds.

"Directly I went into the larder, I said - 'Jane, what on earth is that?'

"'Why, ma'm,' she said, 'it is the leg of mutton you ordered.'

"'What!' I said, 'the *small* leg of mutton? Where is the ticket?'

"' Please, ma'm, the butcher's boy has not brought it.'

"I said—'Tell him to come into the kitchen.'

"When he came I made her weigh that leg of mutton before him. It weighed eleven pounds four ounces!

"I said—'Take that back to your master, and ask him from me if he calls that a *small* leg of mutton?'"

The expression, the intonation, and the, at times, almost tragic emphasis, it is, unfortunately, impossible to reproduce; but even in this colourless record we may admire the terseness and vigour, the masterly beginning that at once arouses curiosity, and the truly artistic reserve that does not by outcry or comment detract from the force of the climax! Consider, too, how in some hands this simple tale might have been embroidered and interrupted: by description of the scenery outside the kitchenwindow; by a minute account of the lady's family and connections, or of the previous history of the cook; by a dissertation on joints in general and the story-teller's favourite dishes in particular, with other digressions too numerous to mention; and by comparison you may divine what constitutes "the characteristic" of a story.

If, now seriously speaking, you review the tablets of your memory and mark the scenes imprinted there, you will see that whereas some figures, incidents, speeches, and even details of the background are vivid as ever, others have vanished away. Again, you will find that a conversation may be often best reported, in fidelity to the spirit

97.

ver

10

10

rather than the word, by suppressing all the repetitions and superfluous phrases that encumbered the actual dialogue. Lastly, if you attentively consider the character of some one you know and understand, you may discover that it is revealed and epitomized in certain particular words and actions, and that by repeating these you might present a much more striking portrait of the original than by a lengthy memoir of all that he, or she, did and said in common with other people. Thus from your own experience you may gather useful hints as to the kind of condensation desirable for the short story. Others may, and ought to, be acquired by the study of the best literature; but in this, as in every form of creative work, the artist, in the beginning as at the end, must draw his chief inspiration from life itself.

There is one thing that the shortest story does not exclude, and that is the highest artistic ambition. That the length of any work can be no measure of its importance or effect is best illustrated by such masterpieces as the minor poems of Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, or Tennyson. The literary capabilities of the short story, still in its infancy, have yet to be discovered, probably by the very generation of those to whom this paper is especially addressed. Therefore one must the more earnestly entreat them to cherish the highest aims in their writing, to lavish on it the greatest care. Nowhere can "signs of weariness, of haste, in fact of scamping," be so inexcusable as on the miniature canvas, or ivory, of the short story. Rather it deserves the finish of the finest cameo, of the most highly polished gem.

Finally, with that uncomfortable feeling that is apt to overtake one after preaching, the writer is obliged to confess that all this advice is easier to give than to follow, and concludes with the wish that her young readers may

Better reck the rede Than ever did the adviser.

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

Relate one short incident, complete in itself. Subject left to Competitor's choice.

Papers must contain not more than 500 words, and must be sent in by March 25th, addressed to the Superintendent, R. U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

When the Earl of Glenthorn went to see Ellinor O'Donoghoe in her cottage, "a wretched-looking, low, mud-walled cabin," what did he see coming out of it?

Name the different Islands that Maeldune came to in his Voyage.

Set right the mis-quotations in the following lines:-1. "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new." 2. "Small by degrees, and beautifully less.

3. "To know her was a liberal education."

IV.

Explain the reference in these lines :-He heard them, but he heeded not—his eves Were with his heart, and that was far away."

What poems have for refrains the following:-

- I. "Sweete Themmes! runne softly till I end my song."
- "And 'Ah!' she sang, 'to be all alone, To live forgotten, and die forlorn."
- "For I must to the greenwood go, 3. Alone, a banished man.'

Fill in the name of the town, and explain the reference in this quotation :-

> "And when to guard old -By gateway, street, and tower, The warder paces all night long, And calls each passing hour;

'Nine,' 'ten,' 'eleven,' he cries aloud, And then (O crown of Fame!) When midnight pauses in the skies, He calls the maiden's name!"

VII

Give author and name of poem where these passages

I. "At length I saw a little cloud Rise in that sky of flame, A little cloud, that grew and grew, And blackened as it came.

> We saw the sea beneath its track Grow dark as was the sky; And water-spouts with rushing sound Like giants passed us by.

And all around, 'twixt sky and sea, A hollow wind did blow; The sullen waves swung heavily; The ship rocked to and fro.

2. "In vain, in vain, in vain,

You will never come again.

There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe

The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds are inthe tree,

Round selfish shores for ever moans the hurt and wounded sea,

There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with death and thee, Barbara."

"Hush! my heedless feet from under Slip the crumbling banks for ever: Like echoes to a distant thunder, They plunge into the gentle river. The river-swans have heard my tread, And startle from their reedy bed. O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure

Your movements to some heavenly tune! O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure To see you move beneath the moon, I would it were your true delight To sleep by day and wake by night,"

All readers of Atalanta may send in answers to the above. Reply-Papers must be forwarded on or before 15th March. They should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should have the words Search Questions written on the cover. Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded Half-Yearly.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (FEBRUARY).

t. In Shelley's Adonais. 2. The incident referred to is in Keats' poem Isabella, where the heroine weeps over the pot of Sweet Basil.

All Life was figured to the Norse people as a Tree. "Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep down in the kingdom of Hela or Death; its trunk reaches up heaven-high, spreads its boughs over the whole Universe; it is the Tree of Existence."

(For fuller information see Carlyle's Heroes and Hero-Worship.)

Dominie Sampson (Guy Mannering, Chap. iii.).

IV.

Pope (Temple of Fame) refers to Aristides.

Addison's Cato. Cato speaks, contemplating suicide.

I. The different entries of the subject in a Fugue are here referred to.

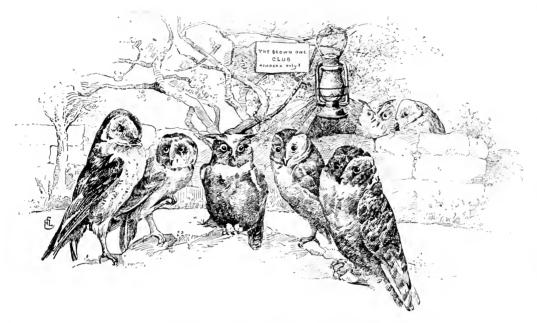
2. The lines are from Browning's Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha.

I. "The cattle are grazing,

Their heads never raising," &c.

2. Wordsworth's A Morning in March.

Sterne's Sentimental Journey.
 Shelley. Drama of Hellas.
 Christina Rossetti. The Prince's Progress.



A LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE.

THE middle of January brought our Christmas vacation to an end, and brought us all back once more to Cambridge and College life. On meeting again (Jan. 16) there were as usual many experiences to tell and many questions to ask: we had to tell of pleasant hours spent in skating; or of the happy afternoon we passed among the Old Masters at Burlington House, when for the first time we had seen Blake's imaginative, fantastic pictures, and the vivid colouring of Samuel Palmer; or last, but not least, we had to describe some muchenjoyed dance! However, as lectures and work began on Tuesday, Jan. 17, there was not a great deal of time for chatter and discussion, and our keen interest in the past was soon absorbed in keener interest in the present.

At Girton College there is a custom that in each Lent Term the second-year students give an entertainment for their fellow-students, and for the friends they wish to invite from Newnham. Thus, in 1891 a dramatized version of *The Princess* was acted, while this year we have had Tableaux Vivants, and a performance of the stately and dignified dance of olden days, the Minuet. Both

Tableaux and Dance were well done,—the dresses were pretty, the subjects chosen by the actors amusing, the dancing graceful. At Newnham there have been far fewer dramatic performances than at Girton. However, a year or two ago a little piece called The Palace of Truth was acted in one of the three Newnham halls, and on Saturday, Feb. 4, in the same hall, Gilbert's play, Pygmalion and Galatea, was given with much spirit and good taste. Every one knows the story, and every one likes the play (except, indeed, the closing scene, when Pygmalion is faithless to Galatea, and disowns all love for her!). The acting at Newnham was excellent, and the stage-manager and her troupe deserve warm congratulation and praise.

The ground in February in Cambridgeshire is apt to be soft and uncomfortable, and this condition of things is not favourable to outdoor games. Consequently, as to our games this term, there are not many incidents to chronicle,—except indeed in Hockey, in which, "wind and weather scorning," on one day Newnham College, and on the day following Girton, competed with and vanquished

a team sent up to Cambridge from the Miss Lawrences' School for Girls at Brighton. It may be noted in passing, that there is no girls' school in England where so much time is given to physical exercise, and where outdoor games are so much encouraged and practised, as in this Brighton school. Would that the authorities in all other girls' schools throughout the land were as wise and far-seeing as here!

A very silly debate took place in the Cambridge Union on January 24, when the motion before the house was, "That Newnham and Girton are useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished!" Some girl students went to the Union to hear this debate, but by far the greater number were too contemptuous or too dignified even to suggest going. According to the Cambridge Review, the introducer of the motion was at the beginning of his speech as ruthless in sarcastic disparagement of us as students as he was afterwards fervent in eulogy of us as women. The English girl, said the speaker, was "the most perfect specimen of her class in the world, and she must be saved from the blighting and cramping influences reigning within the walls of the two ugly red buildings which we all know. What is the use of them? Do they equip women for the battle of life? Are they useful as colleges for training teachers?" To both which questions the speaker no doubt would answer "No," while we unhesitatingly answer "Yes." In the end, I believe, there was a majority of fifty-six against this absurd motion!

Miss Fawcett is giving at Newnham, during the Lent Term, a course of lectures on electricity to a class of some twelve girls. The lectures are clear and are much liked, although in working at a subject so abstruse and difficult, I suppose all feel, that "none can expect to pluck only flowers along their path."

Among the many unusual objects which will be exhibited at the "World's Fair" this summer will be photographs of the grandchildren of our Girls' Colleges, *i.e.* photographs of the children of our past students. One of our former classical students told me this with great amusement last week, while she exhibited with pride her rosy-checked baby of fourteen months old, two of whose photographs have been sent to Chicago!

A very interesting manuscript has just arrived at Cambridge—Mr. Robert Bowes, the Cambridge

partner of Messrs. Macmillan's publishing firm, having recently purchased the original autograph copy of the earliest poems of Lord Tennyson—a most delightful and valuable possession to have made! The manuscript of the *Poems by two Brothers* makes up a small volume of seventy-six leaves, originally bound in sheepskin, but taken to pieces to print from. The introductory poem begins,

"'Tis sweet to lead from stage to stage."

There are several letters referring to the poems: one of these objects to the initials C. and A. T. being put at the end of the Introduction; a second reiterates "The C. and A. T. did not form part of the agreement. You, of course, added it inadvertently;" a third asks to have the poem Arouse thee, O Greece, inserted. The volume Poems by two Brothers was printed upwards of sixty-five years ago (1827), and no portion of it has ever been reprinted; it is known only by name to many of those who are familiar with Tennyson's later work. Since the manuscript came into Mr. Bowes's hands the handwriting has been examined with care, and, in all but a few cases, it has been possible to determine which poems were written by each brother: there are fifty-six in the handwriting of Charles, fifty-one in that of Alfred, and six in the And these-may they not writing of neither. be by the third brother Frederick? For Lord Tennyson once said (as quoted by Mr. Knowles, Nineteenth Century, Jan. 1893), speaking of this book: "It was really by three brothers, for Frederick as well as Charles and myself wrote some of them-a very few-and would not acknowledge any. . . . The three brothers bound themselves to each other never to reveal who wrote this or that."

IMPRESSIONS OF A DÉBUTANTE.

HER FIRST DRAWING-ROOM.

W ELL, it's over now! The day which was to stamp me as really "grown up" has come and gone, and the curious thing is, I do not feel so very different after it from what I did before!

You know I was educated at Queen's College, Harley Street, and have done the *Atalanta* Reading-

Union from the very beginning, so I do not mean to throw everything sensible to the winds as girls are always supposed to do when they come out, nor do I want to live "in a vortex of dissipation" —as the magazine articles have it. They say one ought to start with a high ideal, and I don't think any girl could find a more beautiful one than Ruskin's in Sesame and Lilies. I persuaded mother to let me take the book with me in the carriage on the way to Buckingham Palace, because you know unless you happen to be one of the lucky entrée people you have to wait such an age in the "string." A March drawing-room is a very chilly concern, and you feel so ridiculous in a low dress in broad daylight. I wish it were the same as it is in Dublin, where all the Drawingrooms are held at night.

Well, I had just got to the bit where Ruskin admonishes all girls not to be idle and careless queens, when mother told me to put my book away, and I found we were actually in the court-yard of Buckingham Palace. In another minute we had drawn up at the great door, and mother got out. I endeavoured to follow her quickly, but what between my train on my left arm, and my bouquet in my right hand, I found it somewhat difficult. In fact, if the footman had not come to my rescue, I believe I should have stuck in the carriage door-way!

However, at last I got safely into the cloak-room, where there was an assemblage of imposing-looking maids prepared to take off our cloaks.

The people I really loved were the Beef-Eaters, or, as one really ought to call them, the Yeomen of the Guard. They look so picturesque as they stand lining the corridor and all up the stair-case, and I felt a certain amount of awe as I followed mother. One corridor is all hung with mirrors, and I felt quite afraid of the white-robed creature which I saw there reflected.

I soon found that the time for reverie was passed. We had got into a long room filled with rows of chairs like a concert hall, and mother kept on introducing me to her friends. I'm sure I shall never remember a quarter of them, for every one looked so alike with their three big ostrich feathers on their heads and their trains curled over their arms. I don't think an hour and a half ever seemed so long to me before.

I had begged mother to go early, as I wanted to

be presented to our dear Queen herself. They say she will not hold many more drawing-rooms in person, and when I am an old woman I should like to be able to tell my grand-children that I was presented to the great Queen Victoria.

At last there was a stir at the barrier at the end of the room, and then the whole assemblage arose, and moved forward like a great wave. The gentlemen-at-arms had all they could do to prevent more than the regulation twelve getting through at once.

When at length our turn came my heart beat Round one room we paced in single file, and when we reached the door there was a silence which one could feel. Some one took my train off my arm and hastily spread it out; the next minute I heard mother's name read out and saw her make a low curtsey; then I became aware that I was mechanically entering a room full of people. As in a dream I gave up my presentation card, I heard my name sounding differently and strangely in my ears. On my left I saw a tiny lady, all in black, and with a kindly encouraging smile on her face. In one moment I had swept my curtsey to the ground and kissed the hand stretched out to me, then, after three more curtseys to the other members of the Royal Family ranged in line, my train was bundled over my arm and all was over.

It was all so simple, and yet so imposing. And now one question keeps forcing itself upon me—Life is before me, what use can I make of it?

UNA DE GREV.

A MONGST his books for boys which have been published during the past season, Mr. Henty's *Condemned as a Nihilist* (Blackie) deserves high praise, and ought to be read by the many people who take an interest in the strange mysterious land of desert and snow which stretches away beyond Russia as far as China.

Mr. Henty tells this interesting story in his usual downright fashion. His style admits of no exaggeration, and has a simple directness about it which bears the impress of truth. The book abounds in thrilling situations, and there are enough episodes in it to fill twenty of the usual three-volume novels. But what makes it especially interesting from a grown-up point of view is the knowledge which it imparts with regard to that land of darkness, Siberia. It is the fashion in

Russia, a fashion which fear has introduced, to speak of this place with bated breath. The friend who is by your side to-day, lively, happy, and careless, disappears to-morrow. Death does not snatch him from the family circle; he is in many cases unconscious even of harbouring a treacherous thought against the Government, but he happens to know some Nihilists,—he has been seen with them, perhaps has broken bread in their houses. This fact seals his fate; the police want him, and he disappears. His nearest and dearest dare not inquire for him. Efforts to restore him to his family are worse than useless. By and by those who used to know him say to one another in a whisper, "He has gone North."

Mr. Henty in his lively volume takes his young Englishman straight through a Russian prison to another in the far wilds of Siberia. The young man is betrayed by treachery, and his sufferings, his English pluck and endurance, are shown with graphic touches. The story of his marvellous escape must be read in the volume, for it would spoil the book to tell it here. Besides writing an interesting book, Mr. Henty has managed to throw a ray of comfort on the terrible situation of the political prisoners of Russia. Beyond the complete exile to which they are subjected, he does not consider that those who are banished to Siberia are in a particularly evil plight. They have a fair amount of liberty, and as a rule are not treated with special cruelty. Those who work in the mines have of course a very bad time, but even this, Mr. Henty believes, is much exaggerated.

THE Story of a Child, by Margaret Deland (Longmans), possesses the delicate charm which characterizes all this author's writings. The child herself is a naughty little person of a highly morbid tendency. It would be a dreadful world if many children resembled Ellen. But to read about Ellen is interesting enough, and the story of her struggles and falls can provoke both a smile and a tear.

This little New England girl has all the intensity and earnestness of her race; she sins, and her remorse is agony; her repentance is as intense as her frequent falls. It would not be pleasant to own such a child, and the book, although very beautiful in many parts, is disappointing. It is certainly not meant for children; but the adults of forty years ago might have derived a useful lesson from it. The grown-up people of the present day, however, over-indulge children, and are ruled by them. There are no grandmothers of the sort who bullied Ellen for the book to appeal to.

TRUST the following Appeal will be read and taken to heart by all readers of *Atalanta*. The writer says that it was suggested by the sight of a person who wore four dead kingfishers in her

AN APPEAL FOR THE BIRDS TO THEIR NATURAL FRIENDS.

GRACE beyond all grace on earth,

Lode-star of hearts, and manhood's

prize,

What is all grace and beauty worth

If for your sake all beauty dies?

The titmouse hanging in the birch,
The swallow skimming in the blue,
The robin singing by the church—
Slain, skewered into gauds, for you!

The brown sweet singers of the wood Dipped in crude colours of the vat, While callow nestlings gape for food,

To trim a bonnet, or a hat!

The living gems of tropic strands,

The blue kingfisher of the stream,
Robbed from their haunts in many lands

To pale a ribbon, close a seam!

Ah! darlings of the silken hair,

May maidens of the damask cheek,

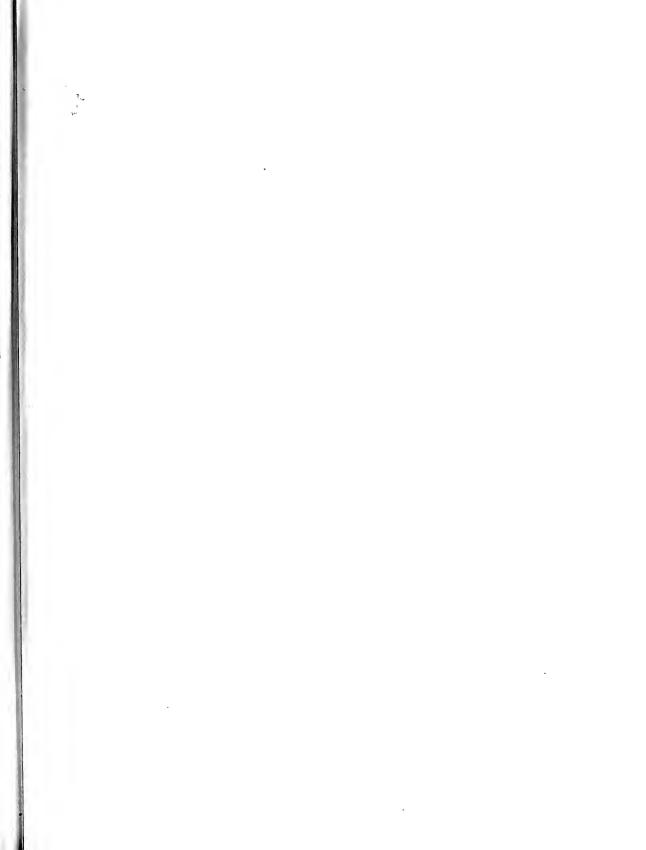
Do any fail to find you fair,

That you must stray so far to seek?

Trust to the beauty God has given
To deck you for the hearts you prize:
Leave glossy martins all their heaven,
The mounting lark his summer skies.
H. C.

26 October, 1892.

L. T. Meade.





A GIRTON GIRL.
"The guise that fits my brave girl student best."

ATALANTA

Vol. VI.

APRIL, 1893.

No. 67.

A GIRTON GIRL.

SIR NOEL PATON.

I OW shall I paint her? Radiant in the dance—

Fairest of many fair and radiant girls!

Her light robe eddying round her as she whirls,
Youth in each step, and joy in every glance?

Or as, with flashing eye and glowing face, And long locks floating, Mænad-like, behind, Her raiment rippling on the salt sea wind, She leads along the beach the madeap race?

A Pallas on the sheer cliff shall she stand, Marking, through driving mist-wreaths far below, Moonset and sunrise, and the faint-heard glow Of ocean—alpenstock for spear in hand?

Or shall she be Mnemosyne, shadowy-eyed, Under a midnight moon that glimmers pale On her slow tears, and on a windless sail, As our dim bark sleeps on the sleeping tide? Each rose the rose-queen seems, beheld apart;

Apart, each star shines lord of all the spheres;

So fairest each fair phase of hers appears, Yet one there is that touches most my heart:

Young, winsome, flushed with joyous maidenhood:
Keen as a falcon, gentle as a dove;
Fashioned to win man's reverence and love;
There, self-immured in vestal solitude,

Spurning the baubles other maids desire,
For learning's glorious heritage. Mescems
No lovelier sight could mould a poet's dreams,
Nor nobler theme a painter's hand inspire.

So thus I'll paint her: In her college room— White-curtained, husht—alone among her books, Beside her open casement that o'erlooks Fair English meads and chestnuts all a-bloom;

One palm upon the serious forehead prest,
Lips parted, eyes bent on a well-worn tome,
Rich with the thought of Greece, the lore of Rome—
The guise that fits my brave girl-student best!



MEMOIRS OF HIS ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PART L-THE LORD ADVOCATE.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE MARCH AGAIN WITH ALAN.

I T was likely between one and two, the moon (as I have said) was down; a strongish wind, carrying a heavy wrack of cloud, had set in suddenly from the west, and we began our movement in as black a night as ever a fugitive or a murderer wanted. The whiteness of the path guided us into the sleeping town of Broughton, thence through Picardy, and beside my old acquaintance the gibbet of the two thieves. A little beyond we made a useful beacon, which was a light in an upper window of Lochend. Steering by this, but a good deal at random, and with some trampling of the harvest, and stumbling and falling down upon the bauks, we made our way across country, and won forth at last upon the linky, boggy main-

land that they call the Figgate Whins. Here, under a bush of whin, we lay down the remainder of that night and slumbered.

The day called us about five. A beautiful morning it was, the high westerly wind still blowing strong, but the clouds all blown away to Europe. Alan was already sitting up and smiling to himself. It was my first sight of my friend since we were parted, and I looked upon him with enjoyment. He had still the same big great-coat on his back; but (what was new) he had now a pair of knitted boot-hose drawn above the knee. Doubtless these were intended for disguise; but, as the day promised to be warm, he made a most unseasonable figure.

"Well, Davie," said he, "is this no a bonny morning? Here is a day that looks the way that a day ought to. This is a great change of it from the belly of my haystack; and while you were there sottering and sleeping I have done a thing that maybe I do over seldom."

"And what was that?" said I.

"Oh, just said my prayers," said he.

"And where are my gentry, as ye call them?" I asked.

"Gude kens," says he, "and the short and the long of it is that we must take our chance of them. Up with your foot-soles, Davie! Forth, Fortune, once again of it! And a bonny walk we are like to have."

So we went east by the beach of the sea, towards where the salt-pans were smoking in by the Esk mouth. No doubt there was a by-ordinary bonny blink of morning sun on Arthur's Seat and the green Pentlands; and the pleasantness of the day appeared to set Alan among nettles.

"I feel like a gomeral," says he, "to be leaving Scotland on a day like this. It sticks in my head. I would maybe like it better to stay here and hing."

"Ay, but ye wouldnae, Alan," said I.

"No but what France is a good place too," he explained; "but it's some way no the same. It's brawer, I believe, but it's no Scotland. I like it fine when I'm there, man; yet I kind of weary for Scots divots and the Scots peat-reek."

"If that's all you have to complain of, Alan, it's no such great affair," said I.

"And it sets me ill to be complaining, whatever," said he, "and me but new out of you de'il's haystack."

"And so you were unco' weary of your hay-stack?" I asked.

"Weary's nae word for it," said he. "I'm not just precisely a man that's easily cast down; but I do better with caller air and the lift above my head. I'm like the auld Black Douglas (wasnae 't?) that likit better to hear the laverock sing than the mouse cheep. And yon place, ye see, Davie—whilk was a very suitable place to hide in, as I'm free to own—was pit mirk from dawn to gloaming. There were days (or nights, for how would I tell one from other?) that seemed to me as long as a long winter."

"How did you know the hour to bide your tryst?" I asked.

"The goodman brought me my meat and a drop brandy, and a candle to eat it by, about eleeven," said he. "So, when I had swallowed a

bit, it would be time to be getting to the wood. There I lay and wearied for ye sore, Davie," says he, laying his hand on my shoulder, "and guessed when the two hours would be about by—unless Charlie Stewart would come and tell me on his watch—and then back to the dooms haystack. Na, it was a dreich employ, and praise the Lord that I have warstled through with it!"

"What did you do with yourself?" I asked.

"Faith," said he, "the best I could! Whiles I played at the knucklebones. I'm an extraordinar good hand at the knucklebones, but it's a poor piece of business playing with nacbody to admire ye. And whiles I would make songs."

"What were they about?" says I.

"Oh, about the deer and the heather," says he, "and about the ancient old chiefs that are all by with it long syne, and just about what songs are about in general. And then whiles I would make believe I had a set of pipes and I was playing. I played some grand springs, and I thought I played them awful bonny; I vow whiles that I could hear the squeal of them! But the great affair is that it's done with."

With that he carried me again to my adventures, which he heard all over again with more particularity, and extraordinary approval, swearing at intervals that I was "a queer character of a callant."

"So ye were frich'ened of Sym Fraser?" he asked once.

"In troth was I!" cried I.

"So would I have been, Davie," said he. "And that is indeed a dreidful man. But it is only proper to give the de'il his due; and I can tell you he is a most respectable person on the field of war."

"Is he so brave?" I asked.

"Brave!" said he. "He is as brave as my steel sword."

The story of my duel set him beside himself.

"To think of that!" he cried. "I showed ye the trick in Corrynakiegh too. And three times—three times disarmed! It's a disgrace upon my character that learned ye! Here, stand up, out with your airn; ye shall walk no step beyond this place upon the road till ye can do yoursel' and me mair credit."

"Alan," said I, "this is midsummer madness. Here is no time for fencing lessons." "I cannae well say no to that," he admitted. "But three times, man! And you standing there like a straw bogle and rinning to fetch your ain sword like a doggie with a pocket-napkin! David, this man Duncansby must be something altogether by-ordinar! He maun be extraordinar skilly. If I had the time, I would gang straight back and try a turn at him mysel". The man must be a provost."

"You silly fellow," said I, "you forget it was just me."

"Na," said he, "but three times."

"When ye ken yourself that I am fair incompetent," I cried.

"Well, I never heard tell the equal of it," said he.

"I promise you the one thing, Alan," said I. "The next time that we forgather, I'll be better learned. You shall not continue to bear the disgrace of a friend that cannot strike."

"Ay, the next time!" says he. "And when will that be, I would like to ken?"

"Well, Alan, I have had some thoughts of that, too," said I; "and my plan is this. It's my opinion to be called an advocate."

"That's but a weary trade, Davie," says Alan, "and rather a blagyard one forby. Ye would be better in a king's coat than that."

"And no doubt that would be the way to have us meet," cried I. "But as you'll be in King Lewie's coat, and I'll be in King Geordie's, we'll have a dainty meeting of it."

"There's some sense in that," he admitted.

"An advocate, then, it'll have to be," I continued, "and I think it a more suitable trade for a gentleman that was three times disarmed. But the beauty of the thing is this: that one of the best colleges for that kind of learning—and the one where my kinsman, Pilrig, made his studies—is the college of Leyden in Holland. Now, what say you, Alan? Could not a cadet of *Royal Écossais* get a furlough, slip over the marches, and call in upon a Leyden student!"

"Well, and I would think he could!" cried he. "Ye see, I stand well in with my colonel, Count Drummond-Melfort; and, what's mair to the purpose, I have a cousin of mine lieutenant-colonel in a regiment of the Scots-Dutch. Naething could be mair proper than that I would get a leave to see Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart of Halkett's. And

Lord Melfort, who is a very scienteefic kind of a man, and writes books like Cæsar, would be doubtless very pleased to have the advantage of my observes."

"Is Lord Melfort an author, then?" I asked; for much as Alan thought of soldiers, I thought more of the gentry that write books.

"The very same, Davie," said he. "One would think a colonel would have something better to attend to. But what can I say that make songs?"

"Well, then," said I, "it only remains you should give me an address to write you at in France; and as soon as I am got to Leyden I will send you mine."

"The best will be to write me in the care of my chieftain," said he, "Charles Stewart, of Ardsheil, Esquire, at the town of Melons, in the Isle of France. It might take long, or it might take short, but it would aye get to my hands at the last of it."

We had a haddock to our breakfast in Musselburgh, where it amused me vastly to hear Alan. His great-coat and boot-hose were extremely remarkable this warm morning, and perhaps some hint of an explanation had been wise; but Alan went into that matter like a business, or I should rather say, like a diversion. He engaged the goodwife of the house with some compliments upon the rizzoring of our haddocks; and the whole of the rest of our stay held her in talk about a cold he had taken on his stomach, gravely relating all manner of symptoms and sufferings, and hearing with a vast show of interest all the old wives' remedies she could supply him with in return.

We left Musselburgh before the first ninepenny coach was due from Edinburgh, for (as Alan said) that was a rencounter we might very well avoid. The wind, although still high, was very mild, the sun shone strong, and Alan began to suffer in proportion. From Prestonpans he had me aside to the field of Gladsmuir, where he exerted himself a great deal more than needful to describe the stages of the battle. Thence, at his old round pace, we travelled to Cockenzie. Though they were building herring-busses there at Mrs. Cadell's, it seemed a desert-like, back-going town, about half full of ruined houses; but the ale-house was clean, and Alan, who was now in a glowing heat, must indulge himself with a bottle of ale, and carry on to

the new luckie with the old story of the cold upon his stomach, only now the symptoms were all different.

I sat listening; and it came in my mind that I had scarce ever heard him address three serious words to any woman, but he was always drolling and fleering and making a private mock of them, and yet brought to that business a remarkable degree of energy and interest. Something to this effect I remarked to him, when the good-wife (as chanced) was called away.

"What do ye want?" says he. "A man should aye put his best foot forrit with the womenkind; he should aye give them a bit of a story to divert them, the poor lambs! It's what ye should learn to attend to, David; ye should get the principles, it's like a trade. Now, if this had been a young lassie, or onyways bonnie, she would never have heard tell of my stomach, Davie. But aince they're too old to be seeking joes they a' set up to be apotecaries. What do I ken? They'll be just the way God made them, I suppose. But I think a man would be a gomeral that didnae give his attention to the same."

And here, the luckie coming back, he turned from me as if with impatience to renew their former conversation. The lady had branched some while before from Alan's stomach to the case of a good brother of her own in Aberlady, whose last sickness and demise she was describing at extraordinary length. Sometimes it was merely dull, sometimes both dull and awful, for she talked with unction. The upshot was that I fell in a deep muse, looking forth of the window on the road, and searce marking what I saw. Presently, had any been looking, they might have seen me to start.

"We pit a fomentation to his feet," the goodwife was saying, "and a het stane to his stomach, and we gied him hyssop and water of pennyroyal, and fine, clean balsam of sulphur for the hoast. . . ."

"Sir," says I, cutting very quietly in, "there's a friend of mine gone by the house."

"Is that e'en sae?" replies Alan, as though it were a thing of small account. And then, "Ye were saying, mem?" says he; and the wearyful wife went on.

Presently, however, he paid her with a half-crown piece, and she must go forth after the change.

"Was it him with the red head?" asked Alan.

"Ye have it," said I.

"What did I tell you in the wood?" he cried.

"And yet it's strange he should be here too! Was he his lane?"

"His lee lane for what I could see," said I.

"Did he gang by?" he asked.

"Straight by," said I, "and looked neither to the right nor left."

"And that's queerer yet," said Alan. "It sticks in my mind, Davie, that we should be stirring. But where to?—deil hae't! This is like old days fairly," cries he.

"There is one big differ, though," said I, "that now we have money in our pockets."

"And another big differ, Mr. Balfour," says he. "that now we have dogs at our tail. They're on the scent; they're in full cry, David. It's a bad business." And he sat thinking hard with a look of his that I knew well.

"I'm saying, Luckie," says he, when the good-wife returned, "have ye a back road out of this change-house?"

She told him there was, and where it led to.

"There, sir," says he to me, "I think that will be the shortest road for us. And here's good-bye to ye, my braw woman; and I'll no forget thon of the cinnamon water."

We went out by way of the woman's kale-yard, and up a lane among fields. Alan looked sharply to all sides, and seeing we were in a little hollow place of the country, out of view of men, sat down.

"Now for a council of war, Davie," said he. "But first of all, a bit lesson to ye. Suppose that I had been like you, what would you old wife have minded of the pair of us? Just that we had gone out by the back gate. And what does she mind now? A fine, canty, friendly, cracky man, that suffered with the stomach, poor body! and was real ta'en up about the good brother. O man, David, try and learn to have some kind of intelligence!"

"I'll try, Alan," said I.

"And now for him of the red head," says he; "was he gaun fast or slow?"

"Betwixt and between," said I.

"No kind of a hurry about the man?" he asked.

"Never a sign of it," said I.

"Uhm!" said Alan, "it looks queer. We saw nothing of them this morning on the Whins; he's passed us by, he doesnae seem to be looking, and yet here he is on our road! Dod, Davie, I begin to take a notion. I think it's no you they're seeking, I think it's me; and I think they ken fine where they're gaun."

"They ken?" I asked.

"I think Andie Scougal's sold me—him or his mate wha kent some part of the affair—or else Chairlie's clerk callant, which would be a pity too," says Alan; "and if you askit me for just my inward private conviction, I think there'll be heads cracked on Gillane Sands."

"Alan," I cried, "if you're at all right, there'll be folk there and to spare. It'll be small service to crack heads."

"It would age be a satisfaction though," says Alan. "But bide a bit, bide a bit; I'm thinking-and thanks to this bonny westland wind, I believe I've still a chance of it. It's this way, Davie. I'm no trysted with this man Scougal till the gloaming comes. But, says he, if I can get a bit of a wind out of the west I'll be there long or that, he says, and lie-to for ve behind the Isle of Fidra. Now if your gentry kens the place, they ken the time forbye. Do ye see me coming, Davie? Thanks to Johnnie Cope and other red-coat gomerals, I should ken this country like the back of my hand; and if ye're ready for another bit run with Alan Breck, we'll can cast back inshore, and come down to the seaside again by Dirleton. If the ship's there, we'll try and get on board of her. If she's no there, I'll just have to get back to my weary haystack. But either way of it, I think we will leave your gentry whistling on their thumbs."

"I believe there's some chance in it," said I. "Have on with ye, Alan!"

CHAPTER XIII.

CILLANE SANDS.

I DID not profit by Alan's pilotage as he had done by his marchings under General Cope; for 1 can scarce tell you what way we went. It is my excuse that we travelled exceeding fast. Some part we ran, some trotted, and the rest walked at a vengeance of a pace. Twice, while we were at top speed, we ran against country-folk; but though we plumped into the first from round a corner, Alan was as ready as a loaded musket.

"Hae ye seen my horse?" he gasped.

"No, man, I haenae seen nae horse the day," replied the countryman.

And Alan spared the time to explain to him that we were travelling "ride and tie"; that our charger had escaped, and it was feared he had gone home to Linton. Not only that, but he expended some breath (of which he had not very much left) to curse his own misfortune and my stupidity, which was said to be its cause.

"Them that cannae tell the truth," he observed to myself as we went on again, "should be aye mindfu' to leave an honest, handy lee behind them. If folk dinnae ken what ye're doing, Davie, they're terrible taken up with it; but if they think they ken, they care nae mair for it than what I do for pease porridge."

As we had first made inland, so our road came in the end to lie very near due north; the old Kirk of Aberlady for a landmark on the left; on the right, the top of the Berwick Law; and it was thus we struck the shore again, not far from Dirleton. From North Berwick west to Gillane Ness there runs a string of four small islets, Cringlieth, the Lamb, Fidra, and Eyrebrough, notable by their diversity of size and shape. Fidra is the most particular, being a strange grey islet of two humps, made the more conspicuous by a piece of ruin; and I mind that (as we drew closer to it) by some door or window of these ruins the sea peeped through like a man's eye. Under the lee of Fidra there is a good anchorage in westerly winds, and there, from a far way off, we could see the Thistle riding.

The shore in face of these islets is altogether waste. Here is no dwelling of men, and scarce any passage, or at most, of some vagabond children running at their play. Gillane is a small place on the far side of the Ness, the folk of Dirleton go to their business in the inland fields, and those of North Berwick straight to the sea-fishing from their haven; so that few parts of the coast are lonelier. But I mind, as we crawled upon all fours into that multiplicity of heights and hollows, keeping a bright eye upon all sides, and our hearts hammering at our ribs, there was such a shining of the sun and the sea, such a stir of the wind in the bentgrass, and such a bustle of down-popping rabbits and up-flying gulls, that the desert seemed to me like a place alive. No doubt it was in all ways

well chosen for a secret embarkation, if the secret had been kept; and even now that it was out, and the place watched, we were able to creep unperceived to the front of the sandhills, where they look down immediately on the beach and sea.

But here Alan came to a full stop.

"Davie," said he, "this is a kittle passage! As long as we lie here we're safe; but I'm nane sae muckle nearer to my ship or the coast of France. And as soon as we stand up and signal the brig, it's another matter. For where will your gentry be, think ye?"

"Maybe they're no come yet," said I. "And even if they are, there's one clear matter in our favour. They'll be all arranged to take us, that's true. But they'll have arranged for our coming from the east, and here we are upon their west."

"Ay," says Alan, "I wish we were in some force, and this was a battle, we would bonnily have out-manceuvred them! But it isnae, Davit, and the way it is, is a wee thing less inspiring to Alan Breck. I swither, Davie."

"Time flies, Alan," said I.

"I ken that," said Alan. "I ken naething else, as the French folk say. But this is a dreidful case of heids or tails. O! if I could but ken where your gentry were!"

"Alan," said I, "this is no like you. It's got to be now or never."

"This is no me, quo' he,"

sang Alan, with a queer face betwixt shame and drollery.

"Neither you nor me, quo' he, neither you nor me, Wow, na, Johnnie man! neither you nor me."

And then of a sudden he stood straight up where he was, and with a handkerchief flying in his right hand, marched down upon the beach. I stood up myself, but lingered behind him, scanning the sandhills to the cast. His appearance was at first unremarked: Scougal not expecting him so early, and my gentry watching on the other side. Then they awoke on board the Thistle, and it seemed they had all in readiness, for there was scarce a second's bustle on the deck before we saw a skiff put round her stern and begin to pull lively for the coast. Almost at the same moment of time, and perhaps half a mile away towards Gillane Ness, the figure of a man appeared for a blink upon a sandhill, waving with his arms; and though

he was gone again in the same flash, the gulls in that part continued a little longer to fly wild.

Alan had not seen this, looking straight to seaward at the ship and skiff.

"It man be as it will!" said he, when I had told him. "Weel may yon boatic row, or my craig'll have to thole a raxing."

That part of the beach was long and flat, and excellent walking when the tide was down; a little cressy burn flowed over it in one place to the sea; and the sandhills ran along the head of it like the rampart of a town. No eye of ours could spy what was passing behind there in the bents, no hurry of ours could mend the speed of the boat's coming: time stood still with us through that uncanny period of waiting.

"There is one thing I would like to ken," says Alan. "I would like fine to ken these gentry's orders. We're worth four hunner pound the pair of us: how if they took the guns to us, Davie? They would get a bonny shot from the top of that lang sandy bauk."

"Morally impossible," said I. "The point is that they can have no guns. This thing has been gone about too secret; pistols they may have, but never guns."

"I believe ye'll be in the right," says Alan. "For all which I am wearying a good deal for yon boat."

And he snapped his fingers and whistled to it like a dog.

It was now perhaps a third of the way in, and we ourselves already hard on the margin of the sea, so that the soft sand rose over my shoes. There was no more to do whatever but to wait, to look as much as we were able at the creeping nearer of the boat, and as little as we could manage at the long impenetrable front of the sandhills, over which the gulls twinkled and behind which our enemies were doubtless marshalling.

"This is a fine, bright, caller place to get shot in," says Alan suddenly; "and, man, I wish that I had your courage!"

"Alan!" I cried, "what kind of talk is this of it? You're just made of courage; it's the character of the man, as I could prove myself if there was nobody else."

"And you would be the more mistaken," said he. "What makes the differ with me is just my great penetration and knowledge of affairs. But for auld, cauld, dour, deidly courage, I am not fit to hold a candle to yourself. Look at us two here upon the sands. Here am I, fair hotching to be off; here's you (for all that I ken) in two minds of it whether you'll no stop. Do you think that I could do that, or would? No me! Firstly, because I havenae got the courage and wouldnae daur; and secondly, because I am a man of so much penetration and would see ye deid first."

"It's there ye're coming, is it?" I cried. "Ah, man Alan, you can wile your old wives, but you never can wile me. But this much I'll own. If I could get on board with you, and your captain-man would set me ashore in Fife, it would be the mere making of my business. I could walk round from there to Stirling with nobody to meddle me."

"And that's just precisely what my captain 'll no do," returned Alan. "I ken Andie; he's a queer fish. But I'll tell ye what he'll do: he'll carry ye to France, and that's near hand Leyden, where (by your own account of it) your business lies."

Remembrance of my temptation in the wood made me strong as iron.

"I have a tryst to keep, Alan," said I. "I am trysted with your cousin Charlie; I have passed my word."

"Braw trysts that you'll can keep," said Alan. "Ye'll just mistryst aince and for a' with the gentry in the bents. And what for?" he went on, with an extreme threatening gravity. "Just tell me that, my mannie! Are ye to be specified away like Lady Grange? Are they to chine a dirk in your inside and bury ye in the bents? Or is it to be the other way, and are they to bring ye in with James? Are they folk to be trustit? Would ye stick your head in the mouth of Sym Fraser and the ither Whigs?" he added with extraordinary bitterness.

"Alan," cried I, "they're all rogues and liars, and I'm with ye there. The more reason there should be one decent man in such a land of thieves! My word is passed, and I'll stick to it. I said long syne to your kinswoman that I would stumble at no risk. Do ye mind of that?—the night Red Colin fell, it was. No more I will, then. Here I stop. Prestongrange promised me my life; if he's to be mansworn, here I'll have to die."

"Aweel, aweel," said Alan.

All this time we had seen or heard no more of our pursuers. In truth we had caught them unawares; their whole party (as I was to learn afterwards) had not yet reached the scene; what there was of them was spread among the bents towards Gillane. It was quite an affair to call them in and bring them over, and the boat was making speed. They were besides but cowardly fellows: a mere leash of Highland cattle-thieves, of several clans, no gentleman there to be the captain: and the more they looked at Alan and me upon the beach, the less (I must suppose) they liked the looks of us.

Whoever had betrayed Alan it was not the captain: he was in the skiff himself, steering and stirring up his oarsmen, like a man with his heart in his employ. Already he was near in, and the boat scouring—already Alan's face had flamed crimson with the excitement of his deliverance, when our friends in the bents, either in despair to see their prey escape them, or with some hope of scaring Andie, raised suddenly a shrill cry of several voices.

This sound, arising from what appeared to be a quite deserted coast, was really very daunting, and the men in the boat held water instantly.

"What's this of it?" sings out the captain, for he was come within an easy hail.

"Freens o' mine," says Alan, and began immediately to wade forth in the shallow water towards the boat. "Davie," he said, pausing, "Davie, are ye no coming? I am sweir to leave ye."

"Will he land me in Fife, then?" I asked, and my heart beat with hope and terror.

"Captain," says Alan, "will ye no give this friend o' mine a cast across the Firth and land him in the kingdom under cloud of night?"

"Wi' this wes'lan' win'? and me got you aboard? ye're daft, my buckie!" says the captain.

"He'll pay ye well, he's rich," said Alan.

"Ye may spare your breath, sir," said the captain.

"Ye hear that, Davie?" said Alan.

"I hear that," said I.

He stood part of a second where he was to his knees in the salt water, hesitating.

"He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar," said he, and swashing in deeper than his waist, was hauled into the skiff, which was immediately directed for the ship.

I stood where he had left me, with my hands behind my back; Alan sat with his head turned watching me, and the boat drew smoothly away. Of a sudden I came the nearest hand to shedding tears, and seemed to myself the most deserted, solitary lad in Scotland. With that I turned my back upon the sea and faced the sandhills. There was no sight or sound of man; the sun shone on the wet sand and the dry, the wind blew in the bents, the gulls made a dreary piping. As I passed higher up the beach, the sand-lice were hopping nimbly about the stranded tangles. There was no other sight or sound in that unchancy place. And yet I knew there were folk there, observing me, upon some secret purpose. They were no soldiers, or they would have fallen on and taken us ere now; doubtless they were some common rogues hired for my undoing, perhaps to kidnap, perhaps to murder me outright. From the position of those engaged, the first was the more likely; from what I knew of their character and ardency in this business, I thought the second very possible; and the blood ran cold about my heart.

I had a mad idea to loosen my sword in the scabbard; for though I was very unfit to stand up like a gentleman blade to blade, I thought I could do some scathe in a random combat. But I perceived in time the folly of resistance. This was no doubt the joint "expedient" on which Prestongrange and Fraser were agreed. The first, I was very sure, had done something to secure my life; the second was pretty likely to have slipped in some contrary hints into the ears of Neil and his companions; and if I were to show bare steel, I might play straight into the hands of my worst enemy and seal my own doom.

These thoughts brought me to the head of the beach. I cast a look behind, the boat was nearing the brig, and Alan flew his handkerchief for a farewell, which I replied to with the waving of my hand. But Alan himself was shrunk to a small thing in my view, alongside of this pass that lay in front of me. I set my hat hard on my head, clenched my teeth, and went right before me up the face of the sand-wreath. It made a hard climb, being steep, and the sand like water underfoot. But I caught hold at last by the long bent-grass on the brae-top, and pulled myself to a good footing. The same moment men stirred and stood up here and there, six or seven of them, ragged-like knaves, each with a dagger in his hand. The fair truth is, I shut my eyes and prayed. When I opened them again, the rogues were crept the least thing nearer

without speech or hurry. Every eye was upon mine, which struck me with a strange sensation of their brightness, and of the fear with which they continued to approach me. I held out my hands empty: whereupon one asked, with a strong Highland brogue, if I surrendered.

"Under protest," said I, "if ye ken what that means, which I misdoubt."

At that word, they came all in upon me like a flight of birds upon a carrion, seized me, took my sword, and all the money from my pockets, bound me hand and foot with some strong line, and cast me on a tussock of bent. There they sat about their captive in a part of a circle and gazed upon him silently like something dangerous, perhaps a lion or a tiger on the spring. Presently this attention was relaxed. They drew nearer together, fell to speech in the Gaelic, and very cynically divided my property before my eyes. It was my diversion in this time that I could watch from my place the progress of my friend's escape. I saw the boat come to the brig and be hoisted in, the sails fill, and the ship pass out seaward behind the isles and by North Berwick.

In the course of two hours or so, more and more ragged Highlandmen kept collecting, Neil among the first, until the party must have numbered near a score. With each new arrival there was a fresh bout of talk, that sounded like complaints and explanations; but I observed one thing: none of those that came late had any share in the division of my spoils. The last discussion was very violent and eager, so that once I thought they would have quarrelled; on the heels of which their company darted, the bulk of them returning westward in a troop, and only three, Neil and two others, remaining sentries on the prisoner.

"I could name one who would be very illpleased with your day's work, Neil Duncanson," said I, when the rest had moved away.

He assured me in answer I should be tenderly used, for he knew I was "acquent wi' the leddy."

This was all our talk, nor did any other son of man appear upon that portion of the coast until the sun had gone down among the Highland mountains, and the gloaming was beginning to grow dark. At which hour I was aware of a long, lean, bony-like Lothian man of a very swarthy countenance, that came towards us among the bents on a farm horse.

"Lads," cried he, "hae ye a paper like this?" and held up one in his hand. Neil produced a second, which the new comer studied through a pair of horn spectacles, and saving all was right and we were the folk he was seeking, immediately dismounted. I was then set in his place, my feet tied under the horse's belly, and we set forth under the guidance of the Lowlander. His path must have been very well chosen, for we met but one pair—a pair of lovers—the whole way, and these, perhaps taking us to be free-traders, fled on our approach. We were at one time close at the foot of Berwick Law on the south side; at another, as we passed over some open hills, I spied the lights of a clachan and the old tower of a church among some trees not far off, but too far to cry for help, if I had dreamed of it. At last we came again within sound of the sea. There was moonlight, though not much; and by this I could see the three huge towers and broken battlements of Tantallon, that old chief place of the Red Douglases. The horse was picketed in the bottom of a ditch to graze, and I was led within, and forth

into the court, and thence into a tumble-down stone hall. Here my conductors built a brisk fire in the midst of the pavement, for there was a chill in the night. My hands were loosed, I was set by the wall in the inner end, and (the Lowlander having produced provisions) I was given oat-meal bread and a pitcher of French brandy. This done, I was left once more alone with my three Highlandmen. They sat close by the fire drinking and talking; the wind blew in by the breaches, cast about the smoke and flames, and sang in the tops of the towers; I could hear the sea under the cliffs, and my mind being reassured as to my life, and my body and spirits wearied with the day's employment, I turned upon one side and slumbered.

I had no means of guessing at what hour I was wakened, only the moon was down and the fire low. My feet were now loosed, and I was carried through the ruins and down the cliff-side by a precipitous path to where I found a fisher's boat in a haven of the rocks; this I was had on board of, and we began to put forth from the shore in a fine starlight.

(To be continued.)

AN APRIL SONG.

ROUND the world and through the world,
Under it and over,
Like the light in dewdrops pearl'd,
Or the scent in clover,
Breathes the sweet and living breath
Of a love more strong than death.

Grief will come and loss will come,
Saddening many a morrow,
But through all, though often dumb,
Blessing even sorrow,
Love, that knits the souls of friends,
Makes for all divine amends.

Quench not Love, though pain and wrong
Smite the dead and living!
Quit ye then like men: be strong!
Vanquish by forgiving,—
Nor in death itself let slip
This life's heavenly fellowship!

ANNIE MATHESON.

LITERARY LONDON.

Robert K. Douglas.

PART H.

I T is time that we turned from History to the more general fields of literature, and probably no man is more typical of Literary London than Mr. Garnett, who for so long presided over the reading-room, and who now is the head of the wider field of the Printed Book Department in the Museum. A student by nature, he has become a scholar by training. The range of his reading is prodigious, and his power of acquiring a knowledge of foreign tongues is almost an instinct. These qualifications are not necessarily coupled with literary power. Many ripe scholars are quite un-

unable to clothe their thoughts in literary language. We have in our minds several such instances, notably one or two Scottish scholars whose English is as rough and rugged as their own mountain peaks. But with Mr. Garnett it is not so. His English prose flows with a cultured grace and is marked by a perfect aptness of diction. But though he is the possessor of these ample powers, he has never produced any great work. He has written abundantly in the Encyclopædia Britannica, the Dictionary of National Biography, and in numberless periodicals; but his separate prose publications have been rather jeux d'esprit,

and monographs such as his lives of Carlyle, Milton, and Emerson, than the more solid work for which he is so capable. Besides being a writer of prose he is a poet, and doubtless the grace of his English is due in a great measure to his poetic gift. His *Io in Egypt and other Poems* is a charming volume, and his pieces from the Greek anthology will always be read with pleasure. To the past and present generations of readers he is especially known as a most helpful literary guide, philosopher, and friend. His power of making himself master of the main contents of

a work almost at a glance, and his extraordinary memory which retains well-nigh everything he has ever read, combined with his own wide experience as a writer, make him a most invaluable referee and adviser on all questions connected with letters.

A far more prolific writer than Mr. Garnett, and a scarcely less tuneful one, is Mr. Andrew LANG. As an essayist he is admirable, and the fertility of his pen is astonishing. A story is told that in his earlier days it was his custom to write leaders for a certain newspaper in the press-room, and that while his companions constantly showed inevitable signs of being gravelled for lack of



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.
(From a Pholograph by Elliott & Fry.)



MRS. WALFORD.

(From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.)

matter, Mr. Lang never hesitated for an instant, but wrote right on from start to finish without a check. The variety of the subjects on which he writes is almost as amazing as the amount which he sends to the printer. There is scarcely a topic, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, which has not claimed his attention, and which he has not made interesting. A list of his works would occupy the rest of the space available for this article, and his contributions to ephemeral literature are without end. From Homer to cricket, and from comparative mythology to angling, he turns with equal skill and with inexhaustible versatility. His love of games is notorious, and his treatises on them contain both accurate information and much clever writing. One of his most amusing and at the same time instructive recent brochures is an exposition of How to Fail in Literature. In it he points out good-humouredly the more obvious faults into which beginners fall, and shows them how they may avoid many of the snares which commonly overtake them. As a golfer he is indefatigable, and he has probably whipped the rivers of Scotland as much as anybody.

In his larger works he has not always been successful. His Life, Letters, and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote disappointed many, who had expected to find the political side of Lord Iddesleigh's character fully and appreciatively treated. And the novel, The World's Desire, which he collaborated with Mr. Rider Haggard, did not catch the public ear. In his translations from Homer, however, especially the Odyssey, which he brought out in conjunction with Butcher, he achieved an undoubted success.

The transition from Andrew Lang to his friend Mr. EDMUND GOSSE is easy and natural. They have both much in common, and their literary styles bear a certain resemblance to each other. Though his pen is undeniably the pen of a ready writer,

Mr. Gosse's official duties have throughout his career seriously handicapped him. His first office was in the Library of the British Museum, and there he would probably have remained had not a colleague mentioned in his evidence before a Royal Commission the very considerable range of his linguistic knowledge. It chanced that at that time the President of the Board of Trade was on the look-out for an efficient interpreter, more especially in the languages of Northern Europe,the languages which Mr. Gosse had made his particular study,—and the result was that in 1875 he was transferred to the Board of Trade. Happily this transfer only added to his interest in Scandinavian affairs, and his Ethical Condition of the Early Scandinavian Peoples, and Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe, testify to the attention which he has still continued to pay to the subject. As a poet he has achieved a considerable

success. His On Viol and Flute is a delightful volume of light verse, and those who were witnesses of the Masque of Painters, at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, will remember the graceful verses which he wrote for that spectacle. For some time he occupied the chair of English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in the winter of 1884-5 he visited America, and lectured at Boston, Baltimore, and New York on the same subject. Mr. Gosse is still a comparatively young man, and, it is to be hoped, with many years of good work before him.

In common with him Mr. Austin Dobson holds office in the public service, and owes his first introduction to literature to Mr. Anthony Trollope, in whose magazine, St. Paul's, Mr. Dobson's first writings appeared. Mr. Dobson lays claim to double attention from the public. In addition to being a graceful writer of vers de société, he possesses a wide knowledge of the literature of the last century. His monograph on Horace Walpole, and his memoir on Thomas Bewick and his pupils, are good specimens of his literary style, while his history of Four Frenchwomen-Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, the Princess de Lamballe, and Madame de Genlis-is sufficiently full to demonstrate that he has not confined his attention to the literary history of his own country.

But it is as a minor poet that he will be remembered, and it is probable that his *Proverbs in Porcelain* and his *Vignettes in Rhyme* will linger longest in the recollection of the public. His verses never rise beyond the level of vers de société, but his pieces are delightful specimens of their kind. He has a happy ear for metre, and has a very considerable command of words. But he has more than these—there is a vein of true poetry in many of his compositions, and there is a grace and lightness about them which at all times make them agreeable reading.

To many minds there is a peculiar interest attaching to the literature of the eighteenth century. The troublous times of the preceding hundred years had been fatal to literature, and had crushed the mental activities of the successors of Shakespeare, Bacon, and Spenser. The spirit of letters finds no space to breathe amid war's alarms and domestic tyrannies. Peace and quiet are the true foster-nurses of the muses, and it was during the years of peace which followed on the

accession of the House of Hanover that English writers took up the pen which had dropped from the hands of the poets and authors of the Elizabethan period. There is no more thorough student of and scholarly writer on this epoch than MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, whose History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, and his memoirs of Alexander Pope and of Samuel Johnson. are masterpieces of thoughtful treatment and of scholarly style. For some years Mr. Stephen devoted himself to editing the Dictionary of National Biography, a work which under his guidance has taken first rank among modern standard works of reference. In his choice of subjects he succeeded in including every one whom the most exacting critic could maintain to be entitled to the honour, and in his selection of contributors he exercised a wise discretion. From its scope the work was one which necessitated a careful economy of space, and on this point it was not to be expected that he and his contributors would always agree. Men who found their



AUSTIN DOBSON. (From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.)



MRS. MOLESWORTH.
(From a Photograph by Mendelssohn.)

rhetorical periods and happy turns of expression ruthlessly struck out in their "proofs," naturally considered the editor too trenchant in his excision and too inconsiderate of their feelings. But Mr. Stephen could at least claim absolute consistency in his erasures, and the result has been that the volumes have been kept within reasonable compass. Unhappily the strain of the work has been too much for Mr. Stephen's health, and he has been reluctantly compelled to vacate the editorial chair in favour of his able sub-editor and friend, Mr. Sidney Lee, who for the last two or three years has practically borne the entire burden.

In early life Mr. Leslie Stephen, in common with his brother Sir James Stephen, was a great Alpine climber, and sought health and relaxation in that playground of Europe about which he wrote so delightfully. It was at one of the earlier dinners of the Alpine Club, of which Mr. Leslie Stephen was a promoter, that Sir James made a speech on mountain climbing which will never be forgotten by those who heard it. In describing the fellow-feeling which existed among mountaineers, he said —"We all climb the same mountains, we sleep in the same chaléts, we are bitten by the same fleas, we see the same sunrises, and

we come down and tell the same lies." Though no longer a climber, Mr. Leslie Stephen is a great walker, and in his Sunday tramps has explored and re-explored every field and hedgerow for thirty miles and more round London. His visits to the reading-room are unfortunately not as frequent as at one time, but his tall figure is still a familiar object at the catalogue desk.

In Mr. George Saintsbury French literature generally, and English literature of the later part of the last century and the beginning of this, find an able and interesting exponent. His literary style is clear and incisive, and one which never allows the interest of the reader to flag for an instant. His Essays on English Literature, 1780—1860, and his Specimens of English Prose Style from Malory to Macaulay, are excellent reading, and are naturally devoid of the strong political bias which is observable in his Life of Lord Derby. In that work he writes as a Tory, and defines a Tory to be one "who would at the respective times and in the respective circumstances have opposed Catholic Emancipation, Reform, the Re-



LADY LINDSAY.
(From a Photograph by F. T. Palmer.)

peal of the Corn Laws, and the Irish legislation of Mr. Gladstone." He maintains the same political opinions in his occasional writings, and conspicuously, if report speaks truly, in the columns of the *Saturday Review*, in which paper he lends all his powers of reason and rhetoric to an uncompromising support of the Conservative cause.

In the lighter departments of literature writers abound. There probably never was a time when works of the imagination, whether in prose or verse, have appeared in such numbers as at present. To name even all those who have a claim to be considered would occupy more space than we can afford, but there are some whom it is impossible

not to mention. To speak of literary London without referring to Walter Besant would be a solecism. No one has written more vividly of London and its inhabitants than he; and to him has been reserved the unique privilege of seeing the dream which he dreamed (vide All Sorts and Conditions of Men) realized in a practical shape. Of quite another type of writer is Mr. I. M. Barrie. As an author of short stories and jeux d'esprit he is unrivalled. His school-boy articles which appeared in the St. James's Gazette are excellent specimens of genius, and so are the contents of A Window in Thrums. Pieces of description and certain scenes in The Little



ROBERT K. DOUGLAS,
Author of "Chinese Stories."

Minister are also quite equal to anything he has written; but taken as a work of art, that and his other novels seem to suggest that long-sustained works of fiction are less to his taste than shorter stories. Mrs. Walford, on the other hand, is a very skilful delineator of characters. Both the Baby's Grandmother and a Stiff-necked Generation are excellent specimens of well-planned novels. The incidents are natural, and the reader feels that her pages reflect a world which he knows

something about. Much the same may be said of the works of Mrs. Parr, who, as in the case of *Dorothy Fox*, possesses an undoubted power of depicting with taste and vividness various phases of society. "Miss Thackeray's" works are too well known to need speaking about. They are all clever, and bear traces of the genius which belongs to her name.

One of the features of London literature is the novel of domestic interest, and in this kind of fiction ladies certainly hold the pre-eminence. Three writers occur to me at once as representing this popular phase—Mrs. Molesworth, Mrs. Macquoid, and Lady Lindsay. All these have

written prolifically, and all have achieved substantial success.

In the field of poetry, apart from those who may be said to be candidates for the Laureateship, we have several notable writers, among whom Christina Rossetti holds a distinguished place. No one will deny to her the title of a true poetess. Her poems are entirely free from affectation, and are instinct with true genius. Her Goblin Market is especially remarkable, and cannot fail to remind the reader, in its conception and treatment, of the Ancient Mariner. On another level stand Miss Ingelow and Mr. Roden Noel. both of whom deserve

honourable place among contemporary poets. Miss Ingelow's High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire is a very powerful ballad —full of life and of breadth of treatment. Mr. Roden Noel's forte, on the other hand, lies in minute description and in pathos. In his hands a mere trifle becomes a matter of interest and fruitful of song; and no one can have read the lines on the death of his son without being affected by the deep and true pathos of the lines.

A YOUNG MUTINEER.

L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XIII.

"HERE is a letter from Jasper, Hilda darling," said Aunt Marjorie, coming into Judy's bedroom two or three days after the events mentioned in the last chapter. "I know the handwriting, dear. How strong and manly it looks. I do love a manly hand, don't you?"

Hilda did not reply. She rose from her seat by Judy's side, and taking her husband's letter, walked to the window, and, standing with her back to the room, opened it eagerly. Her face was a little pale and worn, and her eyes had tired lines under them. The only one, however, who was likely to notice any change in her was Judy, and she was careful never to let the little girl see her in a strong light. Judy was now fast recovering—each day her spirits rose, her appetite improved, her strength grew greater. She was to be moved into Hilda's old boudoir to-day, and Babs was importantly moving the beloved china animals, arranging flowers, and getting the room ready for the great event.

Aunt Marjorie, after her usual fashion, fussed over Judy while Hilda read her letter. It was brief, but somehow it gave the young wife unexpected hope and pleasure—

"MY DEAREST WIFE,

"Pray forgive me for not writing sooner, but I have been exceedingly busy since I returned to town, and have dined each night with Rivers at his club. I send a hasty line now to say that you can bring Judy back to Philippa Terrace whenever she is strong enough to be moved, as I have given Shoolbred full directions with regard to furnishing the spare room, and have just had a letter from him to say the goods will be delivered to-day.

"Pray don't tire yourself more than is necessary. And believe me,

"Your affectionate husband,
"Jasper Quentyns."

"Judy," said Hilda—she turned eagerly, the old lovely colour mantling her cheeks, and the brightness of hope filling her eyes. "Isn't Jasper good, Judy? I have just heard from him—he says the furniture is coming for your room to-day. We can go back to town as soon as ever Doctor Harvey thinks you strong enough to be moved, my pet."

"Well, that won't be this week," interrupted Aunt Marjorie. "It would be the sheerest madness. Has Jasper proposed such a thing, Hilda? If so, I can only say how like a man. In about a fortnight, this dear child may be the better for change of air. . . . I have no doubt too that Doctor Harvey will be pleased to have a London opinion about her. There may be a weakness of the heart's action. I never am easy about people who faint off suddenly. Now, Judy, why do you flush up? you know you oughtn't to listen when Auntie talks to Hilda about you. Go on reading your pretty story-book, my love. Yes, Hilda, I should like the child to see a first-class physician. You know your mother's heart was not strong. He will doubtless order cod-liver oil, but for my part I prefer cream."

"I know something better than cream for Judy—don't I, my pet?" said Hilda, turning to her little sister with her bright smile.

"And so do I," replied Judy. "Oh, Hilda, to think of living with you in your own little house! Hilda, I'm too happy—I'm so happy that my heart aches. It aches with pleasure."

Judy's thin arms were flung round her sister's neck. Her lips pressed Hilda's soft young cheek, her eyes looked into Hilda's. It seemed to them both at that moment that soul answered to soul.

"Now what nonsense this is," said Aunt Marjorie in her fussy tones. "Judy, I hope Hilda is not going to encourage you in silly sentimental talk of that kind. You say your heart aches with pleasure. Really, my dear, I have no patience to listen to you. I should like to know what a child like you

knows about heartaches—you, who have been brought up in what I may call the very lap of luxury. For, Hilda, I have made it the object of my life ever since poverty came to us, to prevent even the slightest shadow of its wings touching the children. They have had their excellent governess, and their warm school-room, and snug bedroom. I cut down one of my own fur cloaks to give them really nice winter jackets, and I took special care that the school-room table should be as liberal as ever. It is impossible, therefore, for me to understand Judy's silly words about her heart aching."

Aunt Marjorie left the room, and Judy still softly rubbed her cheek against Hilda's.

"But my heart did ache," she said after a pause—"it aches with joy now, and it did ache—oh, it kept crying, it felt starved without you, Hilda."

"I understand—yes, I understand," replied Hilda.

"You don't mind what Aunt Marjorie says then?"

"Not about you, my own little love."

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"Hilda, I did really try very, very hard not to fret."

"The effort was too much for you, my Judy; but never mind, the pain and the parting are all over now. Isn't it kind of your new brother—isn't it kind of dear, dear Jasper, to get the nice little room furnished and ready for you?"

"Yes, Hilda. Has he gone in debt for the furniture? You told me long ago that the room would have been furnished and that I should have come to you, but there was no money left, and Jasper would not go in debt. Has he really gone in debt now, just to please me?"

"No, my love, no—we have managed. You must not ask inquisitive questions. All is right now, and we shall be very happy together."

Doctor Harvey was highly pleased when he heard that his little patient was going to London with her sister. He was a man with plenty of observation, and he could read between the lines much better than poor obtuse old Aunt Marjoric.

"You are the right physician for your little sister, Mrs. Quentyns," he said. "I prophesy that Miss Judy will become perfectly strong and well in a short time under your care. Yes, there will be nothing to prevent her travelling to town on Saturlay next if you really wish it. The weather is extraordinarily mild for the time of year, and a

change will do Judy more good than anything else,"

Hilda wrote a joyful letter to her husband that day.

"You are to expect us both on Saturday," she said. "Oh, Jasper, how happy your letter has made me. How good—how really good you are. Please forgive me if I was a little hasty with you the other evening. I know you will never regret, darling husband, helping me to keep both my vows—the vow I made to you, and the vow I made mother. No one ever had a more loving wife than I shall prove to you, and no one ever had a dearer little sister than you will find my Judy when you really know her."

"Her Judy indeed!" murmured Quentyns, when he read his wife's letter at his breakfast-table on the following morning. "Tiresome little piece—she'll never be my Judy, however much she may be Hilda's. Well, I suppose I must make the best of a bad job, but if I had known beforehand that that wretched sentimental child was to be tacked on to us, I'd have thought twice. . . . No, I wouldn't though, I love Hilda well enough to bear some inconvenience for her sake; but if she thinks this step will really add to our happiness, she'll soon find her mistake. Fancy her asking me to sell her engagement ring! I can never get over that. Things can't be quite the same again—it's impossible. Well, well, more than one friend has told me I'd wake from my dream of bliss some day. I have, with a vengeance—it has been something of a shock too. Heigho! I am not going to look like defeat, anyhow. Of course, too, I'll be just the same to Hilda outwardly. Ah, there's Susan-I'd better speak to her and get her to tell cook. This is Thursday—they'll be here in two days."

"Susan," as the neat parlour-maid entered the room, "I have had a letter from your mistress. She is coming home on Saturday, and will bring little Miss Merton with her. Have the things come from Shoolbred's yet?"

"The furniture, sir, for the spare room? Yes, it arrived yesterday, and the man is coming to lay down the carpet and put up the curtains this morning."

"Well, Susan, you get the room ready, and have the bed well aired, and tell me if there's anything more wanted—the child has been ill, and she'll require every comfort. Mrs. Quentyns will wish the room to look as nice as possible. I know nothing about these matters—see to it, Susan, will you?"

"Yes, sir; you may depend on me and cook to do everything right——"

"And tell cook about your mistress. Let me see, they'll be home between five and six on Saturday evening. I shan't dine at home to-night, and if a telegram comes for me, I want you to wire to my city address. This is it."

Quentyns left the house, and Susan and the cook spent a busy day in dusting, polishing, sweeping, and cleaning.

The little spare room looked very sweet and bright with the simple tasty furniture which Quentyns had chosen. The small bed was inviting in its white draperies. The furniture, painted in artistic greens, had a cool and young effect. The room looked like a child's room, and Susan and cook were in cestasies over its appearance.

"Master 'are taste and no mistake," said cook.
"But why don't he come and look for 'isself at all we have done, Susan? So natty as everything looks, and the furniture master's taste and all. Won't missis be pleased! But why don't he come and say what he thinks of how we has put the things, Susan?"

"Never you mind," said Susan; "master knows as the arranging of furniture is woman's province—there's no fussing in him, and that's what I likes him for."

Saturday arrived in due time, and the little house in Philippa Terrace was in apple-pie order.

As Quentyns was leaving for town that morning, Susan waylaid him—

"What hour shall I tell my missis that we may expect you home, sir?" she asked. "Mrs. Quentyns and the little lady will be here by six, and the very first thing my missis will ask is, when you are coming in."

"Say," began Quentyns—he paused. "I'll write a line," he said; "you can give it to your mistress. I shan't be in to dinner to-night, and cook had better prepare tea for Mrs. Quentyns and Miss Merton, with fish or chops or something of that sort. I'll write a line—I'm glad you reminded me, Susan."

Quentyns went into his little study, and wrote a few hasty words.

"Dear Hilda, I have some important work to

get through to-night, and shall not be back early. I have the latch-key, so no one need sit up. I shall dine at the club with Rivers. Go to bed early if you are tired.

"Your affectionate husband."

This letter was handed to Hilda on her arrival. She was too excited and too interested in getting Judy into the house, and showing her all the pleasant arrangements made for her comfort, to read it at first; but when her tired little sister was safe in bed, and Hilda had seen her enjoying a cup of tea, with some toast and a new-laid country egg, then she took Jasper's note out of her pocket.

She was in her own room, and she hesitated for a moment before she opened it. She had a kind of premonition that there was pain in it. Her home-coming had made her happy, and even while she was opening the envelope of Jasper's letter she was listening for the click of his latch-key in the hall-door lock.

He was always home in good time on Saturdays, and surely he would make extra haste to-night in order to give his wife and his little sister a hearty welcome.

Hilda's was the most forgiving nature in the world. During that scene in the conservatory at Little Staunton she had lost her temper with her husband, but she felt quite sure now that her hasty words must be forgotten. As she forgave absolutely, so would he. Why had he written to her therefore? Why was he not here? She pulled the note out of its envelope, and read the few words that it contained.

It is not too much to say that her heart sank down, down, very low indeed in her breast. She became conscious for the first time in her life of that heart-hunger, that absolute starved sort of ache which had so nearly wrecked Judy's little life. This was the first pang of pain, but the ache was to go on and become worse presently.

Hilda was a very patient sort of woman, however, and it did not occur to her to cry out or make a fuss. She read the note twice, then put it into her pocket and went down-stairs.

"Tell cook that I don't want any dinner," she said to Susan; "I will have my tea up-stairs with Miss Judy. Tell her not to get dinner, as Mr. Quentyns is obliged to be out this evening."

"Hilda," called Judy's weak little voice from out

of her luxurious white bed; "Hilda, do come here for a minute."

Hilda went immediately into the room.

"I am so happy and so sleepy," said Judy. "I'm like a bird in a nest—oh, I am so snug. Jasper will be coming in presently, won't he, Hilda? and you'll want to be with him. I shan't need you at all to-night, Hilda darling; I'm going to sleep very soon, and I just sent for you now to say that you mustn't come up to me after dinner—you must stay with Jasper and let him amuse you. I am sure you want lots of amusement after all the dull nursing you have had. Go and put on your pretty dinner-dress now, Hilda, and then come and look at me and say good-night. I am so awfully happy, and I just want one kiss from you before I go to sleep."

"But you don't want to go to sleep yet, little puss," said Hilda, in her cheerfullest tone; "at least I hope you don't until I have had my tea. I want to have my tea with you, darling, so I hope you don't mind putting up with my company for a little longer."

"As if I could mind—you know better. But, Hilda, if you have tea now you won't be hungry for your dinner."

Judy puckered her dark brows with anxiety.

"I'm not going to have dinner."

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"You aren't—not really! then what will Jasper say?"

"I've had a letter from Jasper, darling; he is obliged to be out late on business, and won't dine at home to-night. Ah, here comes Susan with another new-laid egg for me, and some fresh toast. Now I am going to have a delightful little supper in your company, Judy, and then I shall settle you for the night."

Hilda talked faster than was her wont; there was an additional rose-colour in her pretty checks, and a brighter light than usual in her soft brown eyes. She laughed and jested and made merry over her egg and toast.

"How pretty you look," said Judy, with a heartwhole sigh of admiration and content.

She saw nothing wrong, and a few minutes later Hilda kissed her and left the room.

She was still wearing her heavy travelling-dress, but after a moment's reflection she went into her bedroom, and quickly changed it for a pale silk dress of the softest shade of rose. This dress was a special favourite of her husband's; he used to compare her to a rosebud in it, and said that no colour more truly matched the soft tender bloom of her young face.

Hilda put on the rose silk now, arranged her dark hair picturesquely, and going down-stairs to the little drawing-room, occupied herself for an hour or more in giving it some of those delicate touches which make the difference between the mistress of the house being at home and away.

It was a very warm evening for the time of year, but Hilda had a fire lit in the grate. The shaded lamp shed a softened golden glow in its accustomed corner of the room, and Jasper's favourite chair was placed ready for his reception; then Hilda sank down into her own easy-chair, and taking up a book, tried to read.

Susan came presently into the room.

"Oh, Susan," said her mistress, "I was about to ring for you. It has struck ten o'clock; you and cook are to go to bed, please; I will wait up for Mr. Quentyns."

"If you please, ma'am," said Susan.

She stopped and hesitated.

"Yes, Susan?" answered Mrs. Quentyns, in a gentle interrogative tone.

"If you please, ma'am, master has been very late coming home when you was in the country—not till past midnight most nights."

"Thank you, Susan; but Mr. Quentyns will probably be in earlier to-night, and I wish to remain up. Go to bed, and tell cook to do the same. Oh, and please, I wish Miss Judy to have a cup of tea brought to her room at eight to-morrow morning. Good-night, Susan."

The parlour-maid withdrew.

"And don't she look beautiful as a pictur," she muttered under her breath. "Pore young lady, I doubt if she's pleased with master, though. Him staying away and all on the first night as she comes back. I wouldn't set up for him of I were her—no, that I wouldn't; I wouldn't make so little of myself; but she's proud, too, is Mrs. Quentyns, and she don't let on, no, not a bit. Well, I respect her for that, but I misdoubt me if all is right atween that pair."

Susan went up-stairs to confide her suspicions to cook. They talked in low whispers together, and wondered what the mystery could be which was keeping Quentyns from his pretty wife's side.

In the meantime, in the silent house the moments for the one anxious watcher went slowly by. Her novel was not interesting—she let it fall on her knees, and looking at the little clock on the mantelpiece, counted the moments until eleven should strike. She quite expected that Jasper would be home at eleven. It did not enter for a moment into her calculations that he could be absent on this first night of her return beyond that hour. When the eleven musical strokes sounded on the little clock, and were echoed in many deeper booms from without, she got up, and opening the drawing-room door, stepped out into the little hall.

Footsteps kept passing and passing in the street. Cabs kept rolling up to other doors and rolling away again. Jasper must surely arrive at any moment.

Hilda softly opened the hall door, and standing on the steps, looked up and down the gas-lit street. If Jasper were walking home he would see her. The lamp-light from within threw her slim figure into strong relief. A man passing by stopped for an instant to look at her.

Hilda shut the hall door hastily in fear and distress. The man had looked as if he might say something rude. She returned to her little drawing-room, and sitting down by the dying fire, stared fixedly into its embers until her eyes were full of tears.

Between twelve and one Quentyns let himself softly into the house with his latch-key. He was immediately attracted by the light in the drawing-room, the door of which was slightly ajar. He came into the room at once, to find Hilda lying back in her easy-chair, fast asleep. She was looking pale—all her pretty roses had fled. Quentyns' first impulse was to fold her in his arms in an embrace of absolute love and reconciliation.

What a pity it is that we don't oftener yield to our first impulses, for they are as a rule whispered to us by our good angels.

Quentyns bent forward, and lightly, very lightly, touched the sleeper's soft hair with his big hand. That touch was a caress, but it startled Hilda, who woke up with a cry.

"Oh, Jasper," she said, looking at him with alarm in her eyes, "you—you are home! I didn't mean to go to sleep, and—what is it, Jasper?"

"Kiss me, Hilda; I am glad you have returned," said Quentyns. "But another night, if I should

happen to be late, you must not sit up for me—I hate being waited for."

CHAPTER XIV.

JASPER QUENTYNS was quite certain that he was behaving admirably under circumstances of a specially trying nature.

Judy's advent in the house gave him no small annoyance. Hilda's behaviour about Judy, her fit of sudden passion, above all the relinquishing of her engagement ring, had cut him to the quick. He was proud, sensitive, and jealous; when, therefore, he could smile at Judy and chat in light and pleasant tones to his wife, when he could remark on the furniture in the new spare room, and make many suggestions for the comfort of the little sister-in-law whom he detested, he was under the impression that his conduct was not only exemplary but Christian.

It is true that he went out a good deal in the evenings, not taking Hilda with him as had been his original intention, but leaving her at home to enjoy the society of the child who had brought the first cloud into his home.

"I am going to dine out to-night, Hilda," he would say. "A man I know particularly well has asked me. Afterwards he and I may go to the theatre together. You won't mind of course being left, as you have Judy with you?"

"Oh no, dear," she replied, on the first of these occasions; and when Jasper came to say something of this sort two or three times a week, Hilda's invariable gentle answer was always that she did not mind.

Jasper was kind—kindness itself, and if she did feel just a trifle afraid of him, and if she could not help knowing all over her heart that the sun did not shine now for her, that there was a cloud between her husband and herself, which she could neither brush away nor penetrate, she made no outward sign of being anything different from the cheery and affectionate Hilda of old. There were subjects now, however, which she shrank from touching on in Jasper's presence. One of them was her engagement ring, another the furniture in Judy's room. That ring she had been told by more than one connoisseur was worth at least fifty pounds, and Hilda was certain that the simple

furniture which made Judy's little room so bower-like and youthful could not have cost anything approaching that sum. Still Jasper said nothing about giving her change out of the money which he had spent, and Hilda feared to broach the subject of the ring to him. Another topic which by a sort of instinct she refrained from was Judy herself. When Jasper was in the house Hilda was always glad when Judy retired to her own room. When the gay little voice, happy now, and clear and sweet as a lark's, was heard singing snatches of merry songs all over the house, Hilda would carefully close the door of the room in which her husband was sitting.

"Not now, Judy darling," she would say, when the child bounded eagerly into their presence. "Jasper is just going out—when he is out I will attend to you. Go on with your drawing in the dining-room until I come to you, Judy."

Judy would go away at once obedient and happy, but Hilda's face would flush with anxiety, and her eyes would not meet her husband's. So between these two young people there was that wall of reserve which is the sad beginning of love's departure; but Hilda, being the weaker of the two and having less to occupy her thoughts, suffered more than Jasper.

On a certain evening when Judy had been a happy resident of No. 10, Philippa Terrace for over a month, Quentyns was about to leave his office and to return home, when his friend Tom Rivers entered his room.

"Have you any engagement for to-night, Quentyns?" he asked abruptly.

"None," said Jasper, visible relief on his face, for he was beginning to dislike the evenings which he spent with a wife who always had a sense of constraint over her. He knew too that Judy was banished from the room on his account. "I am at your service, Tom," said Jasper. "Do you want me to go anywhere with you?"

Rivers was a great deal older than Quentyns, he was a very clever and practical man of the world. He looked now full at Jasper. He had not failed to observe the eager relief on his friend's face when he asked if he had any engagement. To a certain extent Jasper had made Rivers his confidant. He had told him that Hilda's little sister who had been so ill, and had given them all such a fright, was staying now at Philippa Terrace.

Rivers shrewdly guessed that Hilda's little sister was scarcely a welcome guest, as far as Quentyns was concerned. Rivers had taken a fancy to pretty Mrs. Quentyns. With a quick mental survey he saw again the picture of the young wife on the night when he had dined at Philippa Terrace.

"She did not look perfectly happy," he mentally soliloquized. "I hope Quentyns is good to her. I seldom saw a more charming face than hers, but with such eyes, so full of expression, so full of that sort of dumb, dog-like affectionateness, she must, she would suffer horribly if there came a cloud between her husband and her. Quentyns is the best of fellows, but he can be dogged and obstinate—I hope to goodness there's nothing up in that pretty little home of theirs."

Aloud, Rivers said abruptly, "I had thought of asking you to dine at the club with me, and then go to see Irving in *Henry VIII*.,—a friend has given me two stalls,—but on second thoughts I can dispose of those tickets. What I should really like best is to come home with you, Quentyns, and have the pleasure of another chat with your wife. I want to hear you both sing—I seldom listened to two voices better suited to go together. May I invite myself to dinner to-night, Jasper?"

"Oh, certainly," said Jasper, after a moment's awkward hesitation. "I'll just wire to Hilda if you don't mind."

"Not at all," said Rivers; "but remember, I am coming to take pot luck."

Jasper ran off to the nearest telegraph office.

Rivers saw that his proposal was anything but welcome, but for that very reason he was determined to carry it out.

An hour later he found himself standing in the pretty drawing-room in Philippa Terrace, talking to the most charming little girl he had ever had the pleasure of meeting.

Quentyns had run up at once to his room, and Hilda had not yet put in an appearance, but Judy, who was sitting on the sofa reading *Sylvie and Bruno*, jumped up at once and came forward in her shy but self-possessed little way to meet her sister's guest.

"How do you do?" she said. "Where would you like to sit?"

"I prefer standing, thank you," said Rivers. He smiled at Judy and held out his hand. "So you are the young mutineer?" he said suddenly.

Judy's big eyes looked up at him in surprise—she was dressed in a green silk frock, with a broad golden-brown sash round her waist. Her dress was cut rather low in the neck, and she had several rows of golden-brown beads round her throat. The quaint dress suited the quaint but earnest little face.

"What do you mean by calling me such a queer

name?" said Judy.

"I am a great friend of your brother-in-law's," said Rivers, now dropping into a chair and drawing the child towards him, "and he has told me all about you—you mutinated when Mrs. Quentyns went away—it was very wrong of you, very wrong indeed."

"You can't judge anything about it," said Judy, the sensitive colour coming into her face; "you are on Jasper's side, so you can't know."

"Of course I'm on Jasper's side, he's an excellent fellow, and a great friend of mine."

"I don't like him," said Judy; "it isn't to be expected that I should."

"Of course not; you wouldn't be a mutineer if you did."

"I wish you wouldn't call me by that horrid name," said Judy. "I can't quite understand what it means, but I'm sure it's disagreeable."

"A mutineer is always a disagreeable person," continued Rivers, looking with his pleasant eyes full at the child. "He is in a state of rebellion, you know. People aren't nice when they rebel against the inevitable."

"What's the inevitable?" asked Judy.

"The Inevitable!" repeated Rivers. "The Inevitable," he continued gravely, "is what has to be met because it cannot be avoided. The Inevitable stands directly in a person's path; he can't go round it, he can't jump over it, he has just to meet it bravely, and make the best friend he possibly can of it."

"Oh," said Judy, "that sounds like a fairy tale. Babs and I love fairy tales, particularly the old, old ones—the Jack the Giant Killer sort—you understand."

"Jack the Giant Killer had lots of Inevitables to meet," pursued Rivers.

"Yes, of course," said Judy; "now I know what you mean as far as dear Jack was concerned, but I don't know what you mean about me."

"Well, you see, Miss Judy—you don't mind my calling Jasper's little sister Miss Judy?"

"Oh, don't talk of him," said Judy, a frown between her brows.

"But I must if I'm to explain my meaning to you, for he's the Inevitable."

"Now what *do* you mean?—you're the most puzzling sort of grown-up person I ever met!"

"And you're the most intelligent sort of little person I ever met. Now let me explain matters to you. Your sister is very pretty, isn't she?"

"Pretty?" said Judy meditatively—"pretty is such a common sort of word—if you call flowers pretty, Hilda is, I suppose, but she's much, much more than pretty."

"I understand. I'm quite sure I understand you perfectly. And your sister is good too, and sweet?"

"Oh, yes." Judy's eyes filled with tears, she blinked her eyelashes and looked out of the window.

"Well, now," said Rivers, and his voice was quite tender, for Judy's manner and attitude touched him wonderfully. "Well, now, you see it was inevitable that some man should love a woman like your sister, and want to make her his wife, and want to take her altogether to himself. It was inevitable, also, that a woman with a gentle heart like Mrs. Quentyns should love this man in return and want to devote her life to him."

"Don't!" said Judy, suddenly; "I understand you now, I don't want you to say another word." She crossed over to the window and stood there with her back to Rivers, looking gravely out.

Hilda came down in her rose-coloured silk, and Rivers, when he looked at her, did not wonder that Judy compared her to the flowers.

Hilda was unfeignedly glad to see her husband's friend, and they had a pleasanter evening than any since Judy's advent in Philippa Terrace. Rivers paid a great deal of attention to the smallest and youngest member of the party, and not only completely won Hilda's heart by so doing, but induced Quentyns to look at his little sister-in-law with new eyes, and to discover for the first time, that under certain conditions that wistful little face could be both lovely and charming.

"Remember about the Inevitable," said Rivers, as he bade the child good-night.

"What did Mr. Rivers mean, Judy?" said Hilda. "Oh, Judy, what flushed cheeks!—I did wrong to let you sit up, but you seemed so happy—you seemed to take such a fancy to Mr. Rivers."

"He was disagreeable to me—very disagreeable," said Judy, "but I liked him."

"And what did he mean by reminding you of the inevitable?" continued Hilda.

"It was in that way he was disagreeable," replied Judy. "I can't explain, Hilda darling; good-night—I am going to bed now."

That evening in their own room Hilda came suddenly to her husband's side.

"Jasper, don't you think you might forget about it now?" she said timidly.

"Forget about what, Hilda?" He had been genial and pleasant until she began to speak, now his face stiffened in every outline, and the look came over it which always took poor Hilda's courage away.

"We were so happy to-night," she began in a faltering voice—"we had quite the best evening we have had since—"here she hesitated.

"Since Judy came," pursued Jasper. "Yes, that goes without saying, there were four of us—even the dearest friends are dull when there are three, and of course Rivers is capital company, he's quite the best fellow all round I ever met."

"Oh, yes," said Hilda, a little impatiently, "but I don't want to talk of him. Jasper dear, let us forget, let us—oh, let us be as we were before."

Tears choked her voice, she turned her head away.

"I am so tired," she said suddenly; "I am the sort of girl who wants sunshine, I am so tired of being without it."

"When you talk in that metaphorical style I fuil to understand you," said Quentyns. "There's not the least cloud between us that I am aware of, and if you are not in the sunshine, Hilda, I am afraid it is your own fault. I have done everything in my power to meet your wishes. You profess great love for me, and great love for your sister, and now you have us both, what can you possibly want besides?"

"Only your forgiveness, your complete and full forgiveness."

"I have nothing to forgive, my dear. You do your best—no one can do better than their best."

"No," said poor Hilda, with a sigh. She did not add any more.

"I trust you are not going to turn into a fanciful sort of woman," said Quentyns, half-an-hour later. "If there's a person in the world who irritates me it's a woman with whims, a woman who has a grievance."

"Oh no, Jasper, I won't, I won't have a grievance," she replied, humbly.

CHAPTER XV.

JUDY'S life was sunshine, and therefore Judy got quickly well; she was like the birds and the flowers—give her sunshine enough, and she would sing like the birds and bloom like the flowers. Hilda was her sun, and now she was always basking herself in the beloved presence. Her cup of happiness was full, and such contentment reigned in her little heart, that no moment was dull to her, and time never hung heavy on her hands.

Hilda was just as sweet and loving as of old, and really now that she lived in the house with him, Jasper, her bête noire, the awful big brother-in-law who had come and stolen her treasure away, seemed to make but little difference in her life; it was almost nicer being with Hilda in London than being with Hilda at the old Rectory—she seemed to get more undivided attention from her sister than when that sister was the Rector's right hand in his busy life, and when Judy had to learn lessons with Babs, and walk with stupid, non-comprehending Miss Mills.

Now Judy learned rapidly, for Hilda was her teacher; and how delightful that lunch was which was also Judy's early dinner, when she and her sister sat *tête-à-tête*, and talked always, always of old times.

If visitors dropped in at tea-time Judy could afford, in her generous happiness, to give them a little of her fascinating Hilda's attention, for so often now there were heavenly evenings to follow, when that *bête noire* the brother-in-law was not coming home, and the two sisters could be alone.

Judy loved the cosy sort of tea-dinners which began those evenings, and then the long talk afterwards in the lengthening twilight, when she sat on a stool at Hilda's feet, with her head pressed up against Hilda's arm, and her happy heart beating close to the other heart, which was all her world.

On those evenings too Hilda came up-stairs and tucked her up in her white bed, and said, Now I lay me down to sleep to her, just as she used in the old nursery at home, after mother died.

It was an understood thing, although no words had passed between the two—it was an understood thing, that on the evenings when Jasper was at home Hilda should not come up-stairs to Judy. This seemed a perfectly fair and just arrangement, they were both in full accord on the subject; but Judy could not help loving those days when she might have her sister all to herself the best.

On the morning after Rivers had dined in Philippa Terrace, as Jasper was preparing to go out as usual, Hilda ran into the little hall to give him a last word; she left the door of the dining-room ajar, which was not her invariable custom, and Judy, sitting at the breakfast-table, found herself in the position of an eaves-dropper.

"You are coming back to dinner to-night?" asked the wife.

Jasper had been visited with some slight qualms of compunction that morning, as he noticed how much paler Hilda's face was than when first he had married her, so he put his arm round her neck now, and looking at her with something of his old tenderness, said gently—

"Do you really wish it?"

"Jasper, how can you doubt?" she replied. "All the moments you are away from me are long and wearisome."

"Long and wearisome," repeated Judy softly to herself in the breakfast parlour. Some of the colour fled out of her face now; she lost her appetite for the bread-and-butter and marmalade which she was eating.

"You don't find three trumpery," pursued Jasper. Then he added with a little sigh, "I wish I didn't; but I'll come home, Hilda, if you wish it. Goodbye, my dear. Stay, stop a moment; suppose I take you to the play to-night. Judy won't mind going to bed a little earlier than usual."

Just at that moment Hilda started and looked round; she heard a slight noise, and wondered if Susan were coming up-stairs. The sound which disturbed her was made by Judy, who, awaking suddenly to the knowledge that she was an eavesdropper, had risen from the breakfast-table and gently closed the dining-room door.

"Of course Judy doesn't mind being left," said Hilda in a joyful tone. "I should love to go out somewhere with you, Jasper, I really do want a little bit of change."

"Very well, my love; I'll take tickets for

something amusing, and be home to dinner at six."

Quentyns went out, and Hilda danced back to the dining-room. Her husband had been kind with something of the old tender kindness, and her heart leaped up like a flower answering to the sun.

Judy was standing by the window looking out.

"Isn't it a lovely day, pet?" said Hilda, coming up to her. "Suppose we give ourselves a holiday, and go to the Academy together. I have not been yet, and you have never been in all your life, puss. You know how you love pictures; fancy room after room full of pictures—all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent; all colours in them; all sorts of subjects depicted on the canvases. There's a treat for my little artist—shall I give it her?"

"Yes, Hilda, I'd like to go with you very much."

"Are you tired, dear? your face is so grave."

"No, darling, I'm not at all tired."

"Well, we'll give ourselves a holiday. Run up and put on your pretty green cloak, and that big black hat with the green velvet. I want you to look as picturesque as possible. I want to be proud of you."

Judy suddenly flew to Hilda, clasped her arms round her neck, gave her a passionate hug, and then rushed out of the room.

"What is the matter with the child?" thought the elder sister for a brief moment; "she was so bright yesterday, and even this morning, but now she is dull, although she tries to hide it. I wonder if I ought to give her some more of her tonic. Well, well, whether Judy is grave or gay, I cannot help feeling very happy at the thought of going out with Jasper once more."

Hilda gave all directions with regard to the nice little dinner which was to precede the play. She found a story-book which Judy had not yet read, and left it in the drawing-room ready for her entertainment when she was away; then, dressed in her best, she went out with her little sister, and, calling a hansom from the nearest stand, drove to Burlington House.

As usual the great exhibition was crowded with all sorts and conditions of men—the fashionable, the studious, the artistic, the ignorant, were all to be found there. Judy had a passion for art. She was an artist by nature, down to the tips of her sensitive little fingers. No sooner did she find herself in the midst of all the pictures, than what-

ever cloud made her a little graver than usual took to itself wings and flew away.

Her pertinent remarks, hereager criticism, shrewd, observant, often strangely to the point, aroused the attention of some of the bystanders; they smiled as the pretty child and the beautiful girl walked slowly by together. Judy's intelligent face was commented on, the pathetic eager wistful eyes seemed to make their way to more than one heart. Hilda, thinking of her evening with Jasper, was quite her old self, and people thought what a happy pair the two were.

In the third room they suddenly came face to face with Rivers.

"What a bit of luck," he said, going up at once to the two. "Now, Mrs. Quentyns, I shall insist upon taking you to lunch somewhere. Ah, Miss Judy, how are you; what do you think of our national picture fair?"

"Some of the pictures are lovely," she replied.

"Some!" he retorted, raising his brows. "You don't mean to say you are setting yourself up as a critic."

"Judy is an artist by nature," said Hilda for her.
"Hark to her remarks with regard to the two dogs in that picture."

"They are meant to move, but they are perfectly still," said Judy; "if I drew them I'd"—she puckered her brows—"oh, I'd see that they were gambolling about."

A young man who was standing not far off turned away with a red face, he happened to be the unfortunate artist. Bitter hatred of Judy filled his heart, for some of the people who were standing near tittered aloud, and remarked for the first time that the dogs were wooden.

Rivers walked with Mrs. Quentyns and Judy through the different rooms; he was an art connoisseur himself, and even dabbled in paint in a dilettante sort of fashion. He drew Judy on to make remarks, laughed and quizzed her for some ideas which he considered in advance of the times,

for others which were altogether too antiquated for him to pass unchallenged.

"Oh, how Stanmore would like to hear you," he remarked, naming one of the pet artists of the New Art School. "Why, Judy, you are a democrat, we should have no Academy if we listened to you, you little rebel; but then, I forgot, of course you are a mutineer—you are true to your character through everything."

Hilda searcely listened as the young man and the child chatted and laughed together, her heart was dwelling altogether in the future. She fancied herself even now driving to the play by her husband's side, she saw the pretty dress she meant to wear, in her mind was reflected as in a picture the image of her fair self, and the image also of the man who was still in her heart lover as well as husband. No matter for the present cloud, he was still her lover. She wondered if he would give her another tender glance as they drove together to the play, and if as they sat side by side when the curtain was up, and the actors were moving about on the stage, he would touch her hand with his, and show her in that way that she was forgiven.

"If he would only understand that I must keep both my vows," she murmured, "if I could only get him to really comprehend that much, much as I love my Judy, I would really rather be alone with him—that is, I would rather be alone with him, if it makes him unhappy to have my sweet little Judy in the house. But how happy she is since I brought her home, how gay her voice sounds now."

"I said you were a mutineer," laughed Rivers.
"I know by your manner that you will never put up with the inevitable."

"Don't!" said Judy; Hilda was looking at a lovely landscape, a friend she knew slightly came up and spoke to her. "Don't!" said Judy, turning and looking full at the young man; her eyes were grave, her childish face grew suddenly white and drawn. "Perhaps I am going to give up being a mutineer," she murmured.

(To be continue:1.)



S PRING flowers! What happy memories these two little words conjure up! Memories of merry parties of boys and girls meeting for country rambles, over hill and dale, or through wood and field, to see what the awakening season has brought to new life. No matter how hard the preceding winter has been, or how dull and grey the skies, or chill the air of the last few months, one day of bright spring sunshine sends to the winds all thought of the dreary past, and makes us feel as if spring-time always had been and must ever be. Even in the heart of the busy town it makes its gladness felt, and the dingy little sparrows whose

lives are spent among the smoky chimneytops chirp out as gaily as their more favoured brethren of the woods.

But it is to those who dwell in the country that

the glories of spring-life come in all their beauty. Even in the cold of winter the dainty snowdrop has raised its courageous little head, and as one by one the delicate white bells pierce through the snow, and rise above the damp cold ground, they tell us of the old but ever new miracle that will soon



"The beautiful primrose in its woody copse."

transform the face of the earth. The snowdrop is quickly followed by the more showy golden crocus, so often called "twelve o'clock" by children, because it follows the sun, and opens out quite flat as he reaches the meridian in

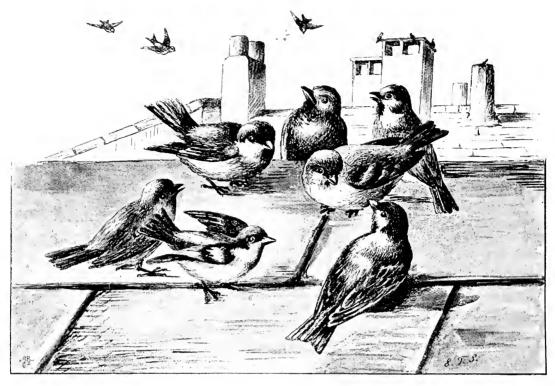
reaches the meridian in order to catch as many of his rays as possible. A graceful flower is the yellow crocus, and notwithstanding the rivalry of his more aristocratic cousins of many colours, his hardy constitution and bright good-humoured face will enable him always to hold his own amongst them.

But as we write, the time of the crocuses is over. Spring steps quickly on, and sheds her flowers on either side as she passes. The wood anemones come betimes, wherever an inviting corner offers them shelter beneath the spreading oak or more lowly hazel bush. Nothing is more lovely than a wood carpeted with these flowers—the wind-flower of the poets. The name befits them well, for so delicate are they, that it requires great care to bring home a basketful without their withering by the way. Better leave them in their natural home, creeping around the foot of some old tree, or keeping guard over the robin's nest, so cunningly placed near the ground, and concealing it from the too curious eye. If you must take away a few, step lightly over the dry crackling leaves and sticks, through which the rosytinted flowers make their way, or your heavy foot will crush a dozen as you stoop to gather one; and even then pluck gently, lest with the flower you pull up the long creeping root that contains the next year's store of buds. If the anemone were not so common, we should cherish it in our greenhouses, by the side of the oxalis and other flowers we tend so carefully in the spring; but no cultivation could make it more beautiful than we find it in its native woods. As its last lingering flowers die away, the primrose and wood-violet begin to take their place, and then follow all the riches of April and May.

But before the primroses appear other flowers claim our attention. Come with us into this field. Formerly it was a marl-pit, and the geologists tell us that in the days literally "before the Flood," a glacier came slowly down from the northern seas, and got stranded here, and as he slowly melted away, he left behind him, in the muddy deposit, stones and bits of rock of many kinds, which he had picked up on his journey. However that may be, the clayey ground around the pit in which these various stones are found, offers a tempting soil to the colt's-foot, whose bright yellow heads upon their juicy pink stems beckon to us from afar. The Latin name of the colt's-foot—*Tussilago*—reminds us how, in find and former times, the flowers were used as a cure for

coughs. We must be content to gather the flowers only now. The leaves do not appear until the seeds of the former are quite ripe and dispersed to the winds.

In the hedgerow, or on the road-side, we may find another early friend, and one less hard to please than the colt's-foot: it is the yellow ficary.



" In the heart of the busy town."

While the sun is still bright overhead, many a tuft of these cheerful little stars will show itself. The brilliant yellow flowers look somewhat like a buttercup, when seen from a distance; but a nearer examination shows them to have their petals pointed instead of rounded, and they are more numerous than those of the buttercup. Each flower raises its head on its own particular stem as a rule, though sometimes we find two or three together, and the nest of glossy leaves from which the buds spring shines in the sunlight as no buttercup leaves would do. It is one of the faithful flowers that greet the traveller in foreign lands, like the daisy or the wall-polypody, and carries him back in an instant to the old home, and to the holiday rambles of his youth. Above the ficary rises the willow with its soft, downy palms. The pretty catkins of the hazel catch the eye long before we discover the tiny crimson pistil buds, either above or below on the same stem, the promise of the summer's fruit. Further on we see a bush so white with flower that you might take it for a may-bush, did not the absence of leaves tell you that it is the wild sloe. The little wren perched therein does not trouble himself about the

want of leaves, as he sends out his joyous notes of thankfulness from his snowy bower.

But the beautiful spring grows stronger and stronger, and daily brings forth new treasures from her store-house. In the lanes and woods far enough removed from towns to escape devastation, the primroses are opening out in their beauty-first a little bud here and there, then two or three flowers, and then a whole tuft of delicate blossoms. Few wild-flowers are more beautiful than the primrose in its woody copse. Perchance a straggling stitchwort mounts guard over it, or a patch of wood violets protects it round about; and if a ray of sunshine comes upon it as we approach, we shall have before us a little picture of quiet nature, too beautiful to be soon forgotten. Or let us look for it in the open field, and hear the glad shouts of the village children, as they turn out on a holiday afternoon to fill their baskets with the well-known treasures. The meadow is alive with them as they run hither and thither, heedless of paths and sign-posts, some disappearing in the dry ditches, others mounting the hedge-banks, one calling to another as each thinks he or she has found the most beautiful flowers of all. Sometimes an elder sister or brother turns back to help a wee toddler, who cannot keep up with the rest, until another shout is heard, and off the elders rush to see what has been found. This time it is indeed a treasure-trove. Here in a hedge-bank, at the foot of an oak-tree, is a cluster of cowslips such as one does not often see. Not only the yellow cowslip is there, finest of its kind, but also beautiful red-tipped clusters, overtopping their paler sisters, and attracting attention by their crimson borders. The children crowd eagerly around the fortunate finder, and then peer about in every corner to see if no more red-tipped flowers are there. But in vain! Cowslips there are in abundance in the next field, more even than in the first, for they do not always associate kindly with their cousins the primroses; but the kingly plant with crimsonbordered flowers remains the only one of his kind, and is carried off in triumph to grace the garden of his captor. Let us hope he will be as happy there as in the field.

If we are in Devonshire we may come upon the thick clusters of the daffodil. These heavy

flowers rise boldly upon their tall flat stems, above the thick grass among which they generally grow. They seem able to protect themselves. But a careless sheep browsing, or a lambkin skipping past, treads upon and breaks the stems, and the poor flowers fall, unable, like the knight of old, to raise themselves again, on account of the heaviness of their accourtement. There they lie, sadly on the ground. The periwinkles look out from the hedge-bank and shed a tear over them, and the buttercups and daisies receive them in their arms, and so we must leave them to their fate.

"Buttercups and daisies! Oh! the pretty flowers!"

So sings the poet, and he does well. They are the playthings of our childhood, the companions

of some of our happiest hours.

Hardy plants are they also, and
to be found far from home, and
when we come across them in
another land, the sight of their
familiar faces brings back sweet
memories of days long past and gone.

They may be in company with the many-coloured anemone of the Mediterranean shores, or with the varied narcissus of the plains, or with the gentian that grows upon the mountains; but the golden "bouton d'or" and the crimson-tipped daisy retain their charm everywhere, and are beloved by the child of the south as they are by the

children of the north.

It is worth noticing, by those who love flowers enough to try to paint them, that the blossoms of simplest form and colour come with the early spring. The snowdrop heads the list. Then comes the crocus, than which nothing is easier to represent as to form, or more engaging in colour. It is a sensitive flower also, and easily persuaded to open its petals to the light of the lamp if sunlight fails. The anemones follow quickly, so lightly touched with

pink, that you only perceive it when they are half shut.

After them we have the primrose and violet. The white narcissus and blue periwinkle are lovely both in form and colour, and not difficult to draw or to

paint, but the narcissus perhaps is rarely found in England except in gardens. Sometimes in the south of Europe you may come upon a whole field of these beautiful flowers. First the small yellow narcissus opens its clusters of bright little cups, while the frost is yet in the ground. Then, when winter has really departed, comes the large white narcissus of the poets, with crimson-edged eye, and it is often accompanied by the large periwinkle, whose blue flowers form a beautiful contrast to its snowy whiteness. Nature seems to lead the artist by gradual and gentle steps from colour to colour, and from form to form, until the full glories of summer are thrown in profusion at his feet.

We have said nothing of the blue-bell of the woods, nor of the gorse of the open heaths, nor of the hooded lords and ladies, whose glossy leaves appear in our hedge-banks before the bushes eclipse them by their summer green. We have only mentioned flowers that are known to all who will open their eyes to see. Yet how often it happens that these beautiful gifts, so freely bestowed, are neglected or misused by those who profess to love what is beautiful. Very often, on returning from a country walk, have we seen flung aside flowers that have been gathered merely to pass an idle moment. Children naturally love flowers, and it is an instinct which, if well directed, may be turned to the highest and noblest uses. Flowers are the emblems of all that is pure and perfect, delicate and loving. They



are given to all alike, to the poor as much as to the rich, and the more we know and study them, the more may they become the means of raising our thoughts above the daily routine of life,—often also above its cares and sorrows,—in loving gratitude to Him who gave them to clothe rock and mountain and hillside, which without them would be barren and dreary. The bare rocks would tell us of the power of their Creator, but dressed in their beautiful apparel, they tell us of His Fatherly love. The poet has well said—

"Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to all,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man, to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him."
E. MONTPELLIER.



CAN THIS BE LOVE?

MRS. PARR,

Author of 'Dumps,' 'Dorothy Fox.'

XIX.

TUESDAY had come. Dinner was served, and as Vivian let his eyes go round the table, seldom had he felt more complete satisfaction than with the guests he saw seated there.

One of their county magnates had been secured for his mother, a much-talked-of artist for Delia, a very celebrated French woman for himself, and Maynard Rodney for Stella.

These last two were very well pleased at finding themselves told off for one another, and they chatted together gaily, and joined in the general conversation, until a moment came when all the rest were engrossed in a fresh discussion; then Rodney, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, said—

"How is the parrot?"

"Parrot! My parrot, do you mean? Oh, but how did you know I had one? You've not heard him I hope—have you?"

"No, that pleasure is to come, as yet I have only seen him."

Stella looked at him with surprise.

"But how-where have you seen him?"

"Now shall I keep this secret a dark mystery or shall I tell you?"

"Tell me, please—do."

He looked at her appealing face, and then said-

"Well, on Friday evening, being impelled by the force of circumstances to take a walk down this road, I saw a cab pass me which presently stopped, and out stepped a handsome young sailor, who handed out a parrot, a lady, and a magnificent bunch of wonderful flowers which, before taking his leave, he presented to her."

"That is to me—I was that lady. How funny now that you should happen to be passing there at that very moment. I wonder though that I did not see you."

"You were far too occupied;" he did not say that he had drawn back purposely to escape recognition. "You hadn't a twentieth part of the glance of an eye to spare for me."

"The young sailor was my brother—the same one," with a little hesitation, "that you saw at the theatre. He brought the parrot home from abroad for me."

"I hope you appreciate the attention?"

"I do; for it must have been a terrible trouble, and it was very kind of him to think of me, only—"

"Ah! I was waiting for that 'only.'"

"Why?"

"I'll tell you my 'why' later; let me hear your 'why' now."

"Well," she said, "the truth is, the bird is so naughty; the things he says—dreadful! I couldn't repeat them. As long as I stand speaking to him he sings and whistles, and is quite good, but the instant I turn to go—oh dear! worse than shocking; and the odd thing is, I do believe it is because he has taken a fancy to me."

"In that case we must all begin to swear most horribly. I shall make my expressions bloodcurdling."

She gave a little rippling laugh.

"Only take care not to be worse behaved than Polly—remember, he does not begin until I turn my back on him.

"Seriously though," she went on, looking as if this question was really with her an important one, "I do not know what I shall do with him. They tell me if I talk to him, and have him constantly in the room with me, that he will soon forget all he has picked up on board ship; but to have him in any of the rooms we sit in is impossible. Viv—Mr. Stapleton wouldn't endure the sight of a parrot; he says birds in cages are so inartistic."

"Really! I don't know that they ever struck me in that light." Rodney's tone was slightly withering.

"I dare say though the poor things themselves wish that every one thought so."

"Yes, I can fancy it would be a popular idea in

the feathered animal kingdom; but, however prejudiced he may be, he would surely give way in this case. If you eared for the bird he would be obliged to—to make a pet of it."

"No, I fear not; the very sight of it would be sure to irritate him. Marraine—that is, Mrs. Stapleton, I mean—suggested, if we could think of nothing better, sending it to the Zoo, because they would be certain to take care of it there."

"Oh, but you mustn't do that."

"It would be a pity, wouldn't it? and because of Edgar it would grieve me. Of course I should try that he didn't know, but I should always feel the treachery to the poor boy. He has very little pay, but he saved enough money to buy the bird and to buy a cage for it for me; and then—to send it away as if it was of no value to me. . . ."

As she spoke the tender eyes looked as if they had tears behind them, and a little tremor in the voice went straight to the listener's heart.

"Let me have it," he said, "to keep for a time for you. I will return it a model bird, saying nothing that isn't 'prunes and prisms'; you have no idea how clever I am with parrots."

"Not really?"

"Yes, really; we each have our talent, you know."

"Now you are fishing for flattery. I have read nearly all your books."

"You have? How I should like to know what you think of them. Don't tell me that you were delighted—that you never read any books you liked so much before. Those are the stock phrases kept to give to authors."

Here a necessity arose for them to join in the general conversation; they continued talking for some time, and then having drifted back again, Stella said—

"I am obliged to tell you that I did enjoy reading your books immensely; the only thing I wished was that they hadn't been quite so sad."

"But life is sad, is it not?"

"Yes; to many I fear very sad."

"But not to you? You are quite happy?"

"I don't know. Can we any of us say we are quite happy, that there is nothing about us that we would have changed?"

"If you cannot answer that question how can 1? I expected to hear you say that, like the princess in a fairy tale, you were happy as the day is long. Young, beautiful, rich, everybody loving you, and, according to those who mind other people's business more than their own, one, not very far from us, wishing to devote himself entirely to you."

"But suppose that with all that you felt there was something—you didn't know what—that prevented you from positively saying you were quite happy? What could that be?"

"Ah, what indeed?"

"But you, more than most people, ought to know, because in your books you put into words what many can only feel. If it was the case of one of your heroines now, how would you treat it—what would you say of her?"

"Possibly that it was heart-hunger—a complaint very common to us all—an unsatisfied want that many have, and yet are ignorant of having."

"Heart-hunger," she said softly. "I shall remember that and think it over. I have enjoyed this talking with you, it is like your books, they set one thinking."

"Don't turn my head too completely."

"That is not possible, you are so used to having praise from everybody."

"And yet a word from one person will sometimes make us more vain than the flattery of everybody."

Stella looked up. Had their eyes met? Possibly, for they both turned hastily away and neither spoke to the other. Why should she feel this conscious little turnult of feeling, which was not agitation or vexation, or indeed like anything she had ever felt before? She tried to recover herself by endeavouring to plunge into the conversation around her, but before she had grasped the subject she heard "Stella," and she saw that the ladies were rising.

"I can quite understand your being engrossed, dear," said Mrs. Stapleton, kindly.

"Yes, you two have been talking to each other very earnestly," and Vivian smiled good-humouredly. "You have quite monopolised Mr. Rodney, Stella."

"Miss Clarkson and I discovered we had a taste in common," said Rodney.

"A great many, I should say, but what was the particular one in question?"

"I am devoted to parrots."

"To parrots!" exclaimed Vivian in horror,

while the other men roared with laughter. "Well then, cure yourself, I beg of you, by asking to be shown a specimen we have had brought here. If he's not 'a devil, and an ostrich, and an orphan child in one,' I don't know where you'll find him. His ear-splitting voice pursued me the entire way down-stairs yelling, 'I'm off on the spree, I'm off on the spree.'"

"Come along, Stella," said Delia, "let us go up-stairs and see if he has gone."

"I sincerely hope not," said Rodney, venturing a look at Stella as the girls stood aside to let the elder women pass out of the room. "I have asked that I may be entrusted with his education. I am quite looking forward to the improvement I shall effect in his moral tone. Shall I take him away to-night with me, Miss Clarkson?"

"My dear fellow, you've gone clean stark staring mad," said Vivian as they returned to the table.

"Have I? I shouldn't wonder. I suppose we all of us go mad some time or other."

"Perhaps; but hardly on parrots."

"Oh, possibly the parrot is the symbol, not the object."

XX.

When the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room, Vivian took his seat by the chair of Madame Simon; Sir Charles Donnithorne and the young artist continued a conversation which they had already begun; Stella and Delia were standing together on the balcony; Mrs. Stapleton, looking at Maynard Rodney, made a sign that there was a place vacant next her.

"I have hardly had a word with you," she said, "and I wanted so much to tell you how greatly Stella and I enjoy your books. She has been reading some of them to me."

"You make me very happy by telling me so."

"Ah, but how happy you must be to feel what pleasure you give, that is indeed worth working for; and my son tells me that you work very hard."

"I am obliged to—necessity is a great spur."

"Be very thankful for the necessity; depend on it, those are happiest who have to work."

"I know that theory is usually held by those who can afford to be idle."

"Because experience has taught them to speak with authority. Take, for example, my own son,

I am convinced that if he had been forced to earn his living he would have made a great name by now."

"Would that have made him more happy?"

"Most certainly, because, as he says, he feels the divine afflatus within him is as the talent that was kept wrapped in the napkin. Oh, when he hears of the success of men who have not a quarter of his ability, I can see how bitterly it galls him. You know he has the most utter contempt for money."

"Perhaps because he has never known the want of it. I fear it is in human nature to set most store upon that we do not possess."

"Ah, now you are giving me a glimpse of that cloven foot of pessimism which is the one thing I cannot agree with in your books."

"Oh, my small remark will not carry such a big word as that. If you could see into the bottom of my heart I believe you would find it had its root in envy—a jaundiced eye caused by looking at a home of refinement and luxury, with plenty of leisure to indulge individual tastes and inclinations, and, above all to me, surrounded by an atmosphere of love and affection."

She gave a little inclination of her head as she said smilingly—

"You draw a charming picture."

"It was meant as the background of a portrait."

"Oh yes, in the situation I recognise my son. It is true; he has every good thing in life to make him a happy man. Since he was so high he has been my sole care. His father died when he was a child, and from that time in my heart Vivian has had no rival."

"No?" Involuntarily Rodney's eyes seemed to stray towards the balcony.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Stapleton, "you mean Stella. Your quick grasp of things makes you see how dear she is to me."

"I can quite fancy it would not be a difficult task to grow fond of her."

"No indeed, she has the very sweetest nature in the world, full of goodness and sympathy, and such a tender heart. I had to threaten to hide your last story away, she was so distressed over it."

"Does she like romantic stories?"

"I suppose she does, although I often tell her that there really is no romance in her."

"In what way?"

"Well, as regards love now. But there, I don't know that she is singular in that, all you young people are very much the same—so prosaic, so matter-of-fact in all you say or do. If it is a question of engagement—oh, yes, we're engaged, we intend to marry each other some day; but all those little tender preliminaries, which, take the word of an old woman, are not only sweet at the time, but sweet to look back upon, are out of date, old-fashioned. If I but chance to mention them, Vivian, and Stella too, laugh at me."

Rodney was quite aware that there could be no reason for such a thrill of pleasure to run through him, yet "his bosom's lord," hitherto heavy within him, leaped up to "sit more lightly on its throne." Down-stairs, after Stella had left the table, as well as here, he had told himself twenty times over that he would not come to the house again, and even this time, while in it, he would avoid having any conversation with her in which others did not join. He was very unflinching in this decision, but it happened at this moment that Vivian proposed showing some costume engravings to Madame Simon.

"Shall we not descend and look at them in your charming study?" she said; and as they rose to go down, Mrs. Stapleton asked Sir Charles if he had ever seen the room.

"Never."

"Then let us all go."

Maynard Rodney's mentor told him to follow, but inclination, usually a temporiser, suggested that as this was the last opportunity, and he was so firmly resolved not to put himself again in the way of danger, could he not afford to treat resolution? and that he had listened to the voice of the charmer was shown by his saying—

"Then I will bring Miss Clarkson?"

"Do," said Mrs. Stapleton; "she complains of feeling the heat this evening. It is that which makes her sit out on the balcony, although I am far from sure that it is quite wise."

Rodney went across the drawing-room to where an angle brought Stella into view. She was standing with her elbows leaning on the cushioned cope of the balustrade, her hands supporting her chin. Suddenly, with the instinct that some one was drawing near, she turned her head; he quickly joined her.

"Why were you standing there?" she said.

"I was looking at you,"—he was doing that still—"not seeing you as you are here, but as I first saw you."

"Saw me-where?"

"The name of the place I cannot tell you. I had been paying a visit to an old friend, and I was walking to the station; I did not care for the road, so at venture I pushed my way down through a thicket of trees to a path I had seen below, and the last bit of scramble brought me close to an old bridge, over which was leaning—much as you are leaning now—a young girl."

"Oh, I know," she said, in a voice of glad surprise—"Peuffaire. I remember you now distinctly, I can see you exactly as you stood; the noise of the bushes had startled me, I looked round, and you took off your hat to me."

"And you bowed."

"And then you went on."

"Yes, but I looked back, and saw you still standing there, and I carried your image along with me all the way, weaving as I went a little story."

"Did you give it a name?"

"Yes, 'Waiting.'"

"Waiting! but that is the story that is just out. I read it yesterday. It made me cry so, that Marraine threatened to hide the magazine away."

"What made you cry?"

"The girl—it was so sad waiting for the love that never came."

"And the man seeking but not able to find her."

"But they neither of them knew."

"And is not that often the case? The heart craves for some one we have never seen. It lies within us dead, only to be quickened by that affinity which it is said we each possess."

"I wonder," she murmured, "how would one know whether one had met that affinity?"

"I should know," he said.

"Something would tell you?"

"Yes, there must be pains and pleasures at the birth of love that can never be felt at any other time."

They were silent for a few minutes, until Stella said—

"You make me feel as if love was something very sacred—almost solemn."

"I think it is-that is why we should guard

so strictly against any mistake in its bestowal. Unless we are sure, beyond doubt, that he or she who asks for our heart is that heart's elected one, we commit an injury on another and an outrage on ourselves." Then fearing he had been led to say more than was expedient, he added in an altered tone—"But we have drifted into a very sentimental conversation. A bachelor laying down the law about love is like an old maid forcing her advice on a mother as to the way she should bring up her children."

"But you are not going to be a bachelor for ever?"

"I think so, unless, like Benedick, I live to be a married man, which is not likely, for wives are a very expensive luxury."

"Not necessarily."

"I don't know. Think of the hats and bonnets and all the pretty gowns you wear; I should want to see my wife dressed prettily, and the masculine of toilette is toil."

"But if it were the affinity," she said, giving him a little smile, "you would not mind toiling for her?"

"Not if she would be satisfied with what the bended nib of one poor pen could give her."

"One does not need to be rich to be happy."

"No; still there are certain things which, if you have become used to, it is very hard to forego."

"I dare say; and yet I have never felt as if I should be afraid or ashamed of actual poverty."

"It must be very difficult for any one to realise, born and bred as you have been in luxury."

"But I was not born and bred in luxury," she said simply. And Rodney felt the hot blood rush to his face, as if he blushed at the trap he had laid for her. "My family are not at all in the same rank of life that apparently I am. I thought you would guess that by having seen them at the theatre."

He did not answer, and she went on to say-

"There is really a touch of romance in my little history—it would not make at all a bad story. Shall I give it to you as the plot for a novel?"

"But you have not more than reached the first volume."

"Well, you would not have me finish myself off so that you might end the story. I will start you, and then you must exert your imagination."

"I am all curiosity, please begin."

"Well then, once upon a time—— That is the proper way, is it not?"

"Quite the proper way strictly classical."

"—there was a little girl —— But stay, perhaps I had better begin with the young man."

"Oh, a young man is there?" in a rather disappointed tone.

"But he's a very important character. Poor fellow! he ought to have had all the money which the rich uncle left to the little girl."

"Ah, yes, that's what these sort of poor young men always say."

"But I don't know that he does say so; it is I who say it. I have never seen him, I do not even know his real name; but I mean to find it out, and all about him, as soon as I come of age, and have the power to make him some substantial compensation for the hardship I have caused him."

"I shouldn't trouble—dead very probably by this time."

"How very unjust you are to him."

"He doesn't interest me; I want to hear all about the little girl."

"But I meant to make him the hero of the story."

"How the hero?"

"Well, we must have a romance of some sort. As you say, there are three volumes to be got through, so I thought the thing would be to make the little girl ——"

"But you have told me nothing about her yet."

"Now that comes of putting me out just as I was beginning. The little girl and the poor young man had the same rich uncle."

"What, between them?"

"Yes; only he had promised all his money to the young man, when suddenly, because he offended him, he made a fresh will, and gave it instead to the little girl, and then he died almost immediately, and the poor young man was left without a penny; and the little girl—because the will said so—was taken from her father and mother, to be brought up by those who would see that she was trained and educated properly. Now doesn't that make a very good beginning for a story—quite enough I should say to fill one volume?"

"Quite; but there are to be three, so you will have to tell me more."

"That will be making up the whole story for you."

"Why not let it be a joint production; we will collaborate together; only the little girl must be given to me—I wash my hands of that young man."

"Very well; but remember, I intend him to be

the hero of the story. I shall introduce them to each other in the beginning of the second volume."

"When she offers him the compensation?"

"Oh, nothing half so prosaic: he will either save her when a boat upsets, or stop the horses of the carriage when they are running away—at all events he will fall desperately in love with her; so now consider, what will you make her do?"

"She will have disposed of her heart before they meet."

"Then with you will lie the very delicate task of making her get her heart back again. I will so far give in to you that they may go on misunderstanding each other until the middle of the third volume, but I will not give my consent to a bad ending."

"Then I must resign the ending into your hands, with me the final act is always tragedy."

"But I want them to be happy. Oh! and they must be too. Of course just now I cannot quite see how it will come about, but in some way, when he is in the very depths of despair, I shall make him discover that as he has loved her, so she all the time has loved him—that each is the other's affinity."

A deep-drawn sigh escaped from Rodney.

"Ah! it does not please you?" she said.

"On the contrary; the Utopian fate of that young man fills me with supreme envy."

"Now you are laughing at me."

"Laughing at you!"

He stopped, and Stella raising her eyes to his let them fall before the look he had turned on her. An instant passed, perhaps more, for in those troubled moments the count of time seems lost—neither spoke or moved. Then a sound of voices broke the spell. Stella felt her hand, which rested on the balustrade, pressed as if in parting.

"No, I wish I could laugh."

And already he had turned away, and was walking towards Mrs. Stapleton, who said,

"You couldn't induce her to come?"

"Impossible; but I was just about to seek you, as unfortunately another engagement is carrying me away."

"I am sorry. I wanted to renew the pleasant talk we were having together." Then stepping through the open doors to the landing she called, "Vivian, Mr. Rodney is obliged to leave us."

"Oh, please don't trouble, I shall find him in the hall."

"Yes, they are sitting there discussing some of the pottery."

Rodney made his adieux, and then went down and repeated the same to Vivian.

Differing from most London houses, the hall was large enough to be furnished, and comfortable settees enabled you to admire the wealth of artistic treasures. A short narrower passage separated it from the street door, which a curtain—to be drawn at will—altogether hid from view. Rodney was just about to pass through this curtained aperture, when a voice said,

"Sneaking away without the parrot, I perceive." It was Delia Trevor. Rodney turned and looked at her, not at once grasping what was meant.

"Oh, I'm not at all surprised," she added, laughingly. "I felt sure you would, and I win a pair of gloves. Stella was so certain that Mr. Rodney meant all he said."

"She was quite right-I do."

"When you say it, perhaps."

"That is cruel."

"Who is cruel?" said Mrs. Stapleton from above. She was leaning over the banister; Sir Charles had just left her to talk to Stella. "What is that saucy girl saying, Mr. Rodney?"

"Mr. Rodney is so disappointed that he is not taking Stella's parrot away with him, aunty."

"Oh, but do you really mean that offer to be taken seriously, Mr. Rodney?"

"Certainly I do; the question is, how am I to get possession? I fear you would think it was conferring too great an honour on me to propose your coming to tea."

"But we should enjoy it immensely."

"Would Wednesday at five o'clock suit you?"

"Perfectly. On Wednesday then—Delia, Stella, the parrot and myself. You see I am going to inflict the whole party on you."

"A thousand thanks, you make me most happy."

Yet a few minutes later, the door having closed on him, he said between his teeth—

"Fool that I am—fool—fool."



SIR NOEL PATON.

KINETON PARKES.

CIR NOEL PATON and Mr. Holman Hunt share the distinction of being the greatest of our living painters of religious subjects. More than this, it is not an exaggeration to say, that these two have treated religion more religiously than have any of the painters of the British school. We have no Raphael nor Michelangelo enshrined in the annals of our school of painting, for the religious feeling of our race has been of a more austere character than that of Italy, and it was not until this comparatively late period, that the fervour of deep feeling suggested to our great artists the motives for their works. These two men have not, like their continental predecessors, painted Madonnas, Holy Families, Saints, and such-like: these things, the outer trappings of religion, have not appealed to them. If late in point of time, they have yet waited until the reality of Christianity could move them; waited until its accessories had been removed and its essentials seen.

While connected by the fact that they are both painters of religious subjects firstly, yet the methods

of Sir Noel Paton and Mr. Holman Hunt are wholly different. For a very sufficient reason, Mr. Hunt's pictures approach religion from the realistic side; but in Sir Noel Paton's we have the ideal and the allegorical. In Mr. Hunt's 'Scapegoat' we have the presentation of a fact, and a very real and startling presentation; in Sir Noel Paton's 'Man with the Muck-rake' we have the presentation of an idea; and furthermore, in the latter we have an allegory in pigments derived from an allegory in prose. England developed her literature much earlier than her art, and the consequence is that we have our Bunyan in painting with us to-day, in the person of Sir Noel Paton, while his literary prototype has long since passed from us. are many things in common between the two: a certain austerity allied to hope in their outlook upon religion; a certain fancy governing and relieving this austerity, and withal, a highly poetic method of treatment which has already secured the fame of the quondam prisoner of Bedford jail, and will likely enough secure to the subject of this

brief sketch a place on the same generous scroll, whereon are inscribed the names of those whose memory we are proud to treasure.

Joseph Noel Paton, born December 13, 1821, was the son of Joseph Neil Paton, a muchesteemed designer for the damask manufactures for which Dunfermline is famous. His mother was blood and integrity of character on the other, and intense national feeling in each case, it is not a matter of surprise that Noel Paton should have produced works of art which individually and collectively exhibit these characteristics, and in his life exhibited only the nobler qualities of the race, to one of the best and oldest branches of which he



FIREPLACE, STUDIO, 33 GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

Catherine MacDiarmid, descended on the maternal side from the Celtic kings who from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries occupied the Scottish throne, and whose descendants fought side by side in the protracted struggles of the Jacobites. Intelligence and taste on the one hand, and this old

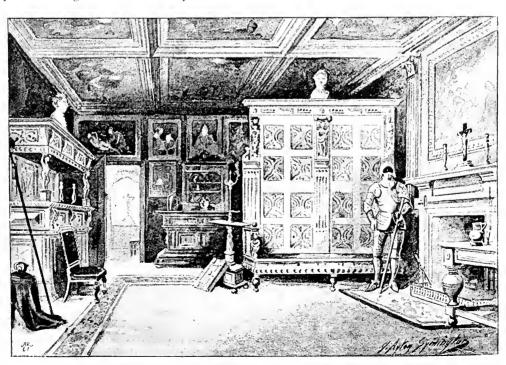
is kin. But there is another aspect from which we may regard his career and his work—that which is concerned with the surroundings of his childhood and youth, and which undoubtedly contributed to the formation of his character, although I am inclined to think its immediate influence upon his

work has been somewhat over-estimated. As a fellow of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, Noel Paton's father had formed a considerable collection of Scottish antiquities and books, and with these the boy was surrounded. Moreover, Dunfermline itself contained several monuments of great historical interest; and Wooers'-Alley, our artist's home from earliest childhood, is itself a spot of great natural beauty, and crowded with legendary story. And here were to be found too the ruins of the Abbey of Dunfermline and the Palace where Scotland's kings had often dwelt, and where David II., James I., and Charles I. were born. In the ruined abbey lie the remains of Malcolm Canmore, the Sainted Queen Margaret, and Robert the Bruce, all ancestors of young Paton through his mother. All this inevitably told upon the child's mind, and as he grew up amongst it all, he naturally fell to romancing, both in verse and with pencil, his subjects ready to hand.

When, however, we look at the work which during the passing of the years he has come to acceraplish, we cannot but be struck by the fact, that these early associations afforded him but comparatively few subjects. How unlike Scott! Sir Walter himself had no closer attachment to the history and the legends of his country than had

Sir Noel; but with what a different result! And this in no spirit of disparagement, but only to point out that Sir Noel's genius sought elsewhere for its motives, and fortunately in no misguided spirit, for however fine his pictures might have been had he chosen his subjects more largely from Scottish history than he has done, they could only have been painted at the expense of some others which we now have, and would not care to lose; for Sir Noel's life, though ample, has been a busy and a fruitful one.

We have touched thus briefly upon two aspects of Sir Noel Paton's genius as a painter; there is still another and at first sight a contradiction of the previous ones. I refer to his fairy pictures. It is evident that the impulse which prompted him to the execution of these, is very different from those which prompted the religious and the legendary work, and while these two latter are due to the facts of his birth, parentage, and early influences, I think we must seek farther afield for an explanation of those delightful elve-pictures which from time to time have come from his studio. The earliest of them, the 'Quarrel' and the 'Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania,' give us a clue. From his earliest years he had been familiar with the ancient ballad literature of Scot-



THE ANTIQUE ROOM, WOOERS'-ALLEY, DUNFERMLINE.



land, but there is very little doubt that Shakspere supplied Sir Noel with his subjects here and elsewhere in the fairy series, as well as for such pictures as 'Caliban listening to the Music.'

And lastly, there are two other aspects under which Sir Noel Paton must be looked at-those of poet and of sculptor. He has published two volumes of poetry: one, called by the same title as that of another poet-painter and fellow-countryman, William Bell Scott, Poems by a Painter, issued in 1861, and now exceedingly searce; and Spindrift, published by Blackwoods in 1867, a copy of which very rarely appears in the second-hand catalogues. Poems by a Painter 1 have not seen, but Spindrift has been one of the things I have cherished for some years now. It is dedicated to the author's wife, and its dominant note is sad, as is indeed the dominant note of his paintings, except the fairy pieces. The longest poem in the book is 'Perdita,' which occupies the first sixty pages, and is followed by a number of others, among which several good sonnets may be found. The following has something very strong about it, which will commend it to the student of this form of verse.

Like a slain warrior's targe, the waning moon
Above the shadowy shoulder of the hill
Decumbent lies. Unseen, the shoreward rill
Moans like a sorrowing soul its suppliant rune,
To the serene, unheeding heaven of June.
One far-off owl is gibbering, and with shrill
Keening, a bat swoops nigh. All else is still:

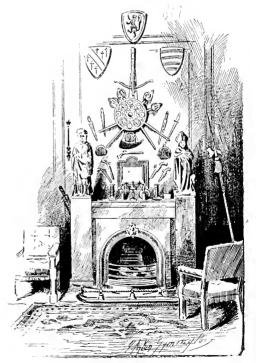
Even the dim sea, with long star-shadows strewn, Forbears its wonted murmur: while my breath Awed by the mighty silence is subdued As is a mourner's in the house of death.

And such to me this midnight solitude, Where every thought comes as a ghost, to blast The living Now with grave-dews of the Past.

The volume is not wholly sombre by any means. Some of its contents sound a note of gladness here and there, and one may chance upon a sweet song such as 'Under the Lattice,' where a note of positive joy is sometimes struck. Most exquisite of all Sir Noel Paton's songs, however, is one not to be found in *Spindrift*, but which I included in my anthology of poems by painters called *The Painter Poets*.

With the sunshine and the swallows and the flowers
She is coming, my beloved, o'er the sea,
And I sit alone and count the weary hours
Till she cometh in her beauty back to me,
And my heart will not be quiet,
But in a purple riot

Keeps ever madly beating
At the thought of that sweet meeting
When she cometh with the summer o'er the sea;—
All the sweetness of the south
On the roses of her mouth,
All the fervour of its skies
In her gentle northern eyes,
As she cometh, my beloved, home to me.



DINING-ROOM, 33 GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

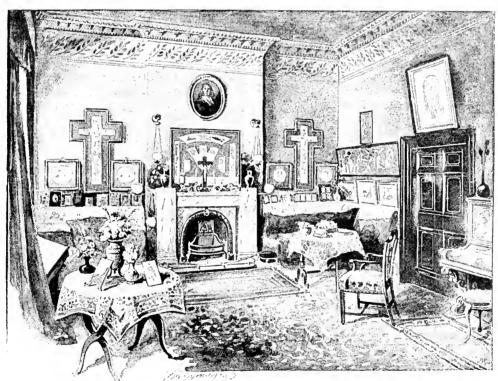
No more o' nights the shiv'ring north complains,
But blithe birds twitter in the crimson dawn;
No more the fairy frost-flowers fret the panes,
But snowdrops gleam by garden path and lawn;
And at times a white cloud wingeth
From the south-land up and bringeth
A warm wind odour-laden
From the bowers of that fair Aiden
Where she lingers by the blue Tyrrhenian sea;
And I turn my lips to meet

And I turn my lips to meet
Its kisses, faint and sweet,
For I know from hers they've brought
The message, rapture fraught—
"I am coming, Love, with summer, home to thee."

As a sculptor, Sir Noel has distinguished himself, his finest work in this direction being 'The Lion and Typhon,' of which he made a model, which was selected as a memorial to William Wallace,

without which the highest gifts are so often squandered. Sir Noel's life has been an even one, but by no means uninteresting, for the record of his career furnishes a wholesome lesson, which is not always to be found in the lives of great artists. The incidents of this life are those connected with the painting of his pictures, and their subsequent exhibition and destination; and in addition, the bestowal of the various honours, which have from time to time indicated the regard which is felt by his countrymen for him and for his work.

It would be a somewhat difficult matter to treat such details as these at any length, but the record must be of some considerable use and interest, however barely it may be told. Immediately his school-days were over, we find young Paton



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

but never executed in more durable form for that purpose,—the Wallace Tower having been erected instead.

As to the career of Sir Noel Paton, there are but few incidents to relate. It has been a career which has been uniformly successful, the force of his work at once making the worth of it felt. To his genius is added the capacity for work,

actively engaged under his father in the production of designs for the damask manufacturers of Dunfermline. In 1838 he made his first serious essay in art, in a water-colour drawing of the 'Combat between Bothwell and Balfour,' from *Old Mortality*. This was followed up next year by his first picture in oil, from *The Legend of Montrose*, 'Annot Lyle playing,' and in this year he removed to Paisley, as

chief designer for the Messrs. Sharp of that town. Three years was the period devoted to this work, and we next find him studying at the Royal Academy Schools under George Jones, R.A., who evinced much friendly interest in his progress. Having already done some gratuitous illustrations for *The Renfrewshire Annual*, he now produced some drawings and etchings illustrative of Shakspere's *Tempest*, Milton's *Comus*, Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, Mr. S. C. Hall's *Book of British Ballads*, Mrs. Hall's *Midsummer's Eve*, and the now forgotten poem, *Silent Love*.

His first exhibited picture was 'Ruth gleaning,' which was in the Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition of 1844; and to this year is ascribed the pictures 'Rachel weeping for her Children,' and a 'Holy Family.' In 1845 he somewhat ambitiously, as it then appeared, entered into the Westminster Hall Cartoons Competition; but the attempt was fully justified by the result, for the youngest of the competitors carried away a £200 prize—one of the three offered—with his 'Spirit of Religion,' the other successful competitors being Armitage and Tenniel. To the following year belongs the Cartoon called 'The Seizure of Roger Mortimer.' In 1847 he again exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy, his pictures being the first of the fairyseries, 'The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania,' and 'Puck and the Fairy.' In the same year he exhibited 'The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania,' purchased by the Royal Scottish Academy, and now in the Scottish National Gallery; and with it a lifesize picture of 'Christ bearing the Cross.' Both these were submitted to the Westminster Hall Commissioners, who again awarded him a prize, this time of £300. The members of the Royal Scottish Academy now elected him an Associate of their body, and three years afterwards an Academician. To 1848 belong the pictures 'The Meeting of Zephyrus and Aurora,' and 'Silenus surprised by Ægle'; to 1849, 'Theodore and Honoria,' and 'Puck's Soirée Musicale'; to 1851, 'Thomas the Rymer,' 'The Father Confessor,' 'The Death of Paola and Francesca da Rimini,' and 'Nimrod the Mighty Hunter'; and this year he also made a sketch for a large picture full of figures of 'Vanity Fair,' from the Pilgrim's Progress, but which has never been carried out; to 1852, 'Dante meditating the Episode of Francesca,' 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' and the piece of sculpture 'Christ blessing the

Little Children'; to 1854, 'The Dead Lady,' a most affecting picture, 'Faust and Marguerite reading,' and 'Dante and Beatrice in the Lunar Sphere,' and others; to 1855, 'The Pursuit of Pleasure,' which was exhibited in Edinburgh, and was received with the warmest expressions of delight by all who saw it there for the first time.

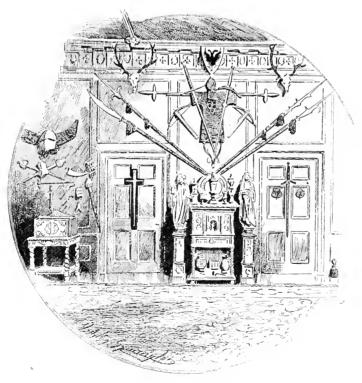
In 1856, one of his most important works was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, and by the force of its pathos evoked a universal meed of praise from the press; Mr. Ruskin, then as hereafter the great art critic, did not spare his eulogies. The time was a memorable one, and the picture commemorated a phase of that time. It was called 'Home,' and represented the meeting of a Guardsman home from the Crimea, with his wife and mother. The soldier's face is full of the privation and the sorrow and the hopeless longing which we now know our brave soldiers suffered at that time; and he has lost an arm. It is a triumph in its way, and will speak to the heart of many an one for whom one of the religious or fairy pictures from the same brush would have no meaning. The Queen, being unable to obtain the original picture, which had been previously disposed of, commanded its painter to prepare a replica for the collection at Royal Windsor, where it now is. In 1857, 'Hesperus' was painted, and in addition, two Highland landscape studies in water-colour, the only pictures in this direction Sir Noel has painted.

In 1858 our artist married a daughter of Alex. Ferrier, Esq., of Bloomhill, Dumbartonshire, and finally settled down in Edinburgh, where he has formed a collection of ancient arms and armour of great interest. 'In Memoriam' was the great picture of this year, and celebrated an incident in the Indian Mutiny, as 'Home' had done one of the Crimean War. It is intensely dramatic, and contains a considerable number of figures, the chief of which is a 78th Highlander, who bursts into the cell in which a number of European women and children are confined, bringing them the good tidings of their safety. To this year belong also 'The Bluidy Tryste,' 'Oberon and Titania,' 'Oberon and the Scamaid,' and 'Silenus singing,' and a number of other works. In 1859 he made the model for the Wallace monument mentioned before; and in 1861 did six small pictures as illustrations for The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow. 'The Entombment' and 'Gethsemane' are two works

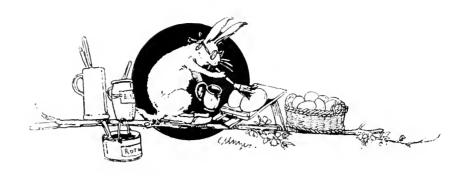
belonging to this period, also the famous picture 'Dawn: Luther at Erfurt,' which is one of the artist's best known works, and which gained at Manchester the Heyward Gold Medal. In 1862, Poems by a Painter appeared. To 1863 belong the series of twenty illustrations for Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, commissioned by the Art Union, and a small picture of 'The Queen in the Death-Chamber of the Prince Consort.' In 1865 he was appointed Queen's Limner for Scotland, and painted 'Fact and Fancy,' and 'The Death-Barge of King Arthur,' the latter a composition of much power and more decorative feeling than others of his works. The following year saw the exhibition of 'Mors Janua Vitæ,' one of a series of later religious pictures which have been exhibited in most of the large towns of the kingdom; and also of a slight subject called 'I wonder who lived in there,' which created great interest at the Royal Academy. It arose from an incident in the artist's own study, where his little son, regarding a closed helmet, asked his father the question which gives the name

to the picture. On April 12, 1867, he was knighted; Spindrift appeared, and the elaborate picture, 'A Fairy Raid.' In 1868, 'Caliban listening to the Music' was exhibited; in 1871, 'Faith and Reason'; in 1873, 'Christ and Mary at the Sepulchre,' and 'Oskold and the Elle-Maids'; in 1874, 'Satan watching the Sleep of Christ'; in 1875, 'The Man of Sorrows'; and in 1876, 'The Spirit of Twilight,' 'Christ the Great Shepherd'; and this year Edinburgh University conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D In 1877, the celebrated 'Man with the Muck-rake' was exhibited; in 1879, 'A Dream of Latmos,' now in the National Gallery, Victoria, 'Thy Will be done,' and subsequently 'Lux in Tenebris,' 'In Die Malo,' 'Beate Mundo Corde,' and 'The Choice'-all of these latter being too well known to need description.

With them we close the necessarily imperfect list of his works, but with the hope that ere long this accomplished artist, sculptor, and poet, and genial man and friend, will give to the world still other examples of the arts he practises.



DINING-ROOM, 33 GEORGE SQUARE, EDINBURGH



A TALE OF PETS.

E. CONDER GREY.

OST of those who have kept pets of any kind will agree that their end is most frequently sad. As if to balance the pleasure derived from their pretty ways, fond expressions, confiding looks, and quaint turns, they usually pass away under circumstances that leave for a time a sting of pain, only gradually dulled and dimmed as time passes on. The writer has had his own share of these experiences, and he proposes to give in short some account of one or two of his favourites, and the manner of their loss or death.

First of all there was Dick, a shaggy little Aberdeenshire terrier, who was brought up to London with the family by steamer from Dundee. He had been taught many tricks by me—to leap through hoops in succession, to shut the door behind him, to fetch and carry, to beg walking on his hind feet, to "trust," and many other little exercises. He was very affectionate to his own people, though he would sometimes be snappish with strangers, and had very decided likes and dislikes. If he once showed favour for any one, he never changed; if he did not at the first take to anybody, he would never come round. As our neighbours in London soon became aware of the "accomplishments" of Dick, and the youngsters were very keen to see him, I have sometimes come home and found quite a little gathering of children round the door, desirous to get a glimpse of him, and more than once I have been asked by a little chubby-faced, curlyhaired boy on the street, "Will oo let me tum sum day and see oo's Dick dance?"-that being sometimes their notion of his begging performances.

But poor Dick got to be too well known. One day when out with me he disappeared suddenly as we were passing a corner public-house, and though I went quickly back the moment I missed him, and looked all about, no trace of him could I find; then I went suddenly home, thinking it possible he might have gone on before me, without my observing him; but alas! he was not there. Out I went again, looking up and down, but no trace of Dick; and very miserable and sore at heart I was, not knowing what to do to find him. Sitting disconsolate in the evening, what was my joy suddenly to hear a scratch and whine at the front-door; and rushing there I found my favourite in the most torn and distressed condition, a rope round his neck broken short off, the hair on his shoulders and his neck here and there roughly torn. He had evidently managed, probably by "turning up rough," as the saying is, to escape after a struggle from the thieves before they had conveyed him too far away for him to find his way back.

We were now much more careful of him, allowing him to go less freely out: and indeed we tried to keep him tied up in a little hutch in the backgarden; but, not having been used to this early enough, he whined and howled, and so annoyed the neighbours, that we had reluctantly to relieve him. In about six weeks after the first seizure, he disappeared again, having rushed out at the front-door when it was opened to some one; and though I advertised, went to many places, and

inquired everywhere I could think of, we never saw our favourite again. Often and often, when walking London streets, I have seen at a distance a little dog that vaguely recalled Dick, and have turned and gone in pursuit, not seldom falling into a run, in the hope of finding him; alas! only to be disappointed on getting closer. I am sure I must have walked scores of miles altogether thus; it was just as though I had lost some relative, some child I was fond of. Had we even had the assurance that our much-loved "Dick" was in good hands, and happy, even though he had forgotten us, it would have been a satisfaction; but to disappear in the way he did was sometimes felt to be worse than if he had died before our eyes, for then at least we should have had the satisfaction of burying him, and knowing that he was at rest.

Some time after Dick disappeared, I got a present of a little "collie" dog. He was really a cross between a "collie" and a terrier, but was in appearance more of a "collie" than a terrier, carrying his bushy tail very proudly indeed. But in spirit he was a terrier to the core. He soon became greatly attached to us all. He was, however, rather pugnacious and quarrelsome, and full of jealousy towards other dogs, if any attention was paid by us to them. He was a sworn foe of cats, and though he had for his very best friend our tabby cat, "Spitz," who from kittenhood was brought up along with him, was incessantly on the watch for them. Very funny it was to see "Roughy," so we called him, "go" for his own eat, and then, when Spitz got near enough to be recognized, pull up short, raise his tail and give a hurried lick at her nose with his tongue, and turn back towards the house, the cat alongside or close behind, with her tail in the air also.

The beginning of the end with poor "Roughy" arose from his war with the cats. Nothing would keep him from jumping upon the garden-walls and running along after them; but, unfortunately, one day something caught his foot, and he fell over, and hurt his back. All was done for him that could be done, and he seemed for a time to get better; but as soon as he was let out into the back-garden the hunt of the cats was renewed. Nothing could make him desist from it. He regarded it as a duty from which he must not shrink. Owing to a little stiffness left as a result of the hurt, he was not so nimble as usual, and

one day a daring Tom managed to strike him with the claw in one of his eyes, which finally led to complete loss of sight in that eye. But terrierlike, untamed and adventurous "Roughy" remained. He would still "go" for the cats, and too often got the worst of it now through his blindness and stiffness combined. I got a little woollen coat lined with soft material made for him to shield his back from contact with rough surfaces; but at length the second eye began to fail also, and there was nothing for poor "Roughy" but to take it easy at last. By and by he became so weak that he lay for most part of the day near the fire or in the sun, the tabby beside him, purring and often exhibiting the utmost sympathy and tenderness towards him. They were greatly attached to each other, and now came out the proof of it. In the breakfast-parlour was a spot where the warm sunlight through the window lay on a particular patch of the carpet on the floor, long before the sun warmed up any other part accessible to the animals. I have spoken of the little coat I had made for the dog, tied with strings under his chin as well as in front of his hind legs. The tabby used to watch till the sun had come full on this patch; then with her mouth she would take hold of the string-end in front, and guide the dog from the kitchen to the patch of sunlight, where they would lie together—the cat purring satisfaction as she lay. This went on for some months, and then the dog had to get a dose of poison, and be laid in a little grave at the very back of the garden under a plane-tree; and the cat for many days after used to go and look into the parlour, and then, when the sun came on the favourite patch, come back into the kitchen and mew and mew, as though to tell that she missed the charge she used to have.

One other anecdote—this time of a retriever named Brin. While he was still little more than a puppy, a friend made me a present of a very small toy-terrier pup, fresh from its mother. It was still so small that it was unable to mount the steps leading from the kitchen-door to the garden; the lower floor of the house we then lived in being sunk, as many London houses are. It was a determined little thing, the toy-terrier pup, and would at first struggle in vain to follow Brin, who soon got very attached to it, and so fell completely into the habit of turning back, and with

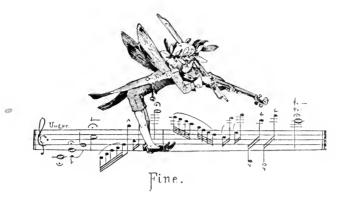
his mouth seizing it by the neck to lift it up, which he would patiently do step by step, and then in sheer joy of the achievement would jump and bark round about it, prior to proceeding to a downright bout of play with it in the garden. So dependent did the little thing become on this aid, that it declined to try to mount these steps even after it had grown stronger, and would stand and tremble and whine at the foot till Brin came back, as usual, to lift it up. This it continued to do long after it was quite able to have with a very little effort mounted the steps.

This poor little toy-terrier died from the effects of poison, which some mischievous person, we supposed, had thrown in passing into our garden. Brin about the same time we nearly lost through his having bolted and swallowed a piece of sponge that had been soaked in aniseed; but a skilful veterinary, happily applied to in time, brought him round for us.

Another of our favourites was a little canary, which we named "Pink." He came to us when only about six weeks old—a tiny thing; but before he had been with us a week he was keen for the luxury of a bathe, and a pretty sight it was to see him in the little tin bath we bought him, and also after when he fluttered about from point to point to dry his feathers. He was made free of the room at certain hours, and soon was familiar with every corner of it; would come at call and eat crumbs out of our hands, being very fond of sweet cake, but did not despise crumbs of ordinary bread. If you were out of the room for any time, how he would welcome you back again with his cheerful "tweet, tweet," and the tail flirting up and down for pleasure at the sight! He would come on our heads, on our knees, and had a peculiar fancy for resting on the writer's slippers, where he would give a gentle peck or two on ascending, as though to let you know that he was there; for he was so light that you did not detect his presence by the weight. When I was engaged in writing with papers about me, he was very fond of coming on the table before me, and pecking at the corners of my papers; before he did so generally turning on me his small black eye, with the prettiest air of inquiry whether I would allow him to indulge his curiosity. He was a most mannerly little fellow.

He was fond of pulling our hair sometimes; and would come on the back of your chair, and nestle in your neck, and then all of a sudden surprise you by smartly pulling a hair with his beak. I do believe he felt a certain humour in the slight start that was the inevitable accompaniment or result. He never came out so well as when you were alone with him; then it seemed as though all his desire was to make talk with you; and he would sit and listen for many minutes on end, as you whispered to him, and then answer with a "tweet, tweet." He was very fond of carrying small bits of wool and thread up into his cage, and knitting them together as though experimenting in nest-building, and liked much to pull threads out of the carpet. He much disliked any new object in the room at first, and would not for a time go near it; then suddenly, as though he had all at once convinced himself that it could not injure him, would begin to perch upon it, and for a time rather to affect it, as though to show you that he was not only reconciled to it, but liked it. He soon made free with the flowers though, and was inclined to peck off bits of the green leaves, and discovered a great liking for the green fly which sometimes came on them, and would sit for many minutes at a time enjoying them.

The peculiar look of interest, inquiry, and curiosity he put on when suddenly you showed him something new and strange was very pretty to see. In short, the study of his nice ways, varied expressions, and little devices by which he tried to show his fondness for you, and complete trust in you, was becoming a sweet relief in life, when an accident of the most unaccountable kind suddenly ended his brief, bright existence, when he was just about a year old. He was trod on by me when I did not know that he was out of his eage; and I should not like to say how much of light went out of life-for a time, at all events-by the sad and sudden ending of our little yellow feathered friend, who, in so much, as it seemed, had come to understand and to trust us. We grieved the more at his sad end, because it seemed as though he was a martyr to the beautiful trust and affection which we had been so concerned to develop in him, and of which we daily at the last beheld the growing tokens with so much pride and pleasure.



CHARACTERS OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THEIR WORKS.

ERNST PAUER.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Fall composers Robert Schumann is decidedly the most poetic; every one of his pieces has a poetic background, which ought to be known in order to understand fully and correctly the composer's intention. Of his character but little is to be said, but that little is of the very best. Already as a boy he showed an extremely kind disposition: sincerely attached to his parents, his brothers and sisters, he likewise exhibited the warmest gratitude to his teachers, was fond of his school-fellows, and ever ready to assist them in their amusements. He showed a remarkable aptitude in describing on the keyboard the manners and peculiarities of his playmates, and wrote also little robber-plays, which, with his own incidental music, were performed in his father's house by him and his schoolfellows. Thus it seemed that poetry and music were dividing the boy's soul between them. Later on he entered the College of his native town, Zwickau, and after some years of rather doubtful industry he was sent to the University of Leipzig. Having lost his father, his kind and excellent mother and a somewhat indifferently disposed guardian were now the sole but somewhat weak guides of his education. Schumann never cared for the study of the law, and after repeated supplications, he was at last allowed to become

TIT.

a musician. He was already twenty years old when he received the first proper musical tuition. Schumann showed at that time, and indeed throughout his life, a strong independence of thought, a decided individuality, and an unreserved



ROBERT SCHUMANN

sympathy with all that was good, high-principled, lofty, and genial; not less genuine was his enthusiastic admiration of the great composers (foremost of whom were Bach and Beethoven), and the beauty, completeness, and refinement of his excellently written essays on musical matters have never been surpassed. There never existed a more disinterested musician than Schumann,— Mozart perhaps excepted,—for wherever he found talent, he knew how to encourage it; wherever he could praise he praised; whilst his reproof was expressed with such innate kindness, and in so delicate and gentle a manner, that it never could give offence. Schumann's friends were highly distinguished men; he detested to mix with low and vulgar people, and lived-so to say-in a world of his own. Schumann was eminently unpractical, and his letters from Vienna and all his transactions with publishers show an entire absence of practical knowledge of the world. His love and devotion to Clara Wieck, his future wife, and the happiness he found through her, are the only bright rays in the otherwise sombre course of his later life. A terrible malady—deep melancholia loomed in the distance, and he seemed to have a presentiment of that mental darkness which awaited him. Throughout his life Schumann was of a natural, almost child-like simplicity, wonderful modesty, and at the same time of a very retiring disposition. He would listen to other people's conversation, and the only sign of his interest would be a nod of the head or a gentle smile—but rarely would a word of his own drop in. In order to sum up the characteristic features of Schumann, we may say that he was high-principled, strictly moral, modest, devoted to his friends, appreciating all that was good and noble. On the other hand, he was entirely unpractical, and this is indeed the only blemish of his otherwise spotless and excellent character.

With regard to his works and their characteristic expression, it may be said that they form an epoch in the annals of musical history; and with especial regard to his piano works, it is certain that their great influence may be ascribed to their peculiar intellectual richness and romantic tendency. With respect to technical execution, they demand far greater abilities than the pieces of Mendelssohn. Schumann bestowed the same care on the development of his intellectual expressions that Mendels-

sohn devoted to the plastic perfection of the outward form. Thus it is natural that Schumann obtains a deeper and firmer hold on the mind of the thinking and appreciative musician than Mendelssohn. A single hearing will sometimes be sufficient to impress us with the beauties of a piece of Mendelssohn; not so with Schumanneach time we repeat one of his pieces, new points of beauty or interest reveal themselves. Among the arts, music may be considered as the radiant exponent of intellectual wealth. The immediate or fundamental beauties of music are certainly melody and harmony; but a melody may be constructed in a manner especially calculated to please the less cultivated ear; and on the other hand, it may be so written that its real and intrinsic charm is only detected by the possessor of refined musical taste. And it is in the higher kind—this hidden or subtle kind of melody—that Schumann excels. True, in some instances he might be accused of monotony, of heaviness, and of a certain gloom. But these are idiosyncrasies inseparable from his original style; just as great painters have been accused of eccentricities which, taken alone, might have appeared faults. But withal it cannot be denied that this peculiar style of Schumann has a great charm for the musician. His music is full of a tender, sincere, and warm expression; his harmonies are everywhere noble, and though highly original, and even sometimes startling in their combination, very pure and even natural; his defects, on the other hand, consist in too frequent repetition of small phrases, too great a tendency to interweave and cross the middle voices. He seems sometimes to produce a series of Gordian knots which he does not untie. This speciality (it has even been called mannerism) originates with Schumann in a scantiness of direct melodious inventive power. The principal strength of his music is to be found in the harmony. This weakness in inventing broad and lasting melodies, imbued with such vitality and substance as those of Beethoven or Mozart, is however a common fault in all composers after Schubert. Schubert's successors excel in musical phrases which, presented and handled with extraordinary ingenuity, and often with exquisite taste, sound to the uninitiated like real melody, but after all they are only substitutes for it. But it may be regarded as a great merit of Schumann's, that he was able THE TOTAL STREET OF THE INDICATE.

in his works to exhibit so many points of striking originality and undeniable beauty. He understood how to touch a chord which had not yet been sounded by preceding composers; he presents tone-pictures, thoroughly unlike any we had before, and when it is considered that he came after Beethoven and Schubert, and had Mendelssohn and Chopin as contemporaries, it is indeed no slight thing that we can frankly award him the

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

praise of having composed original and beautiful

CHOPIN was the only son of a Frenchman, who

settled in the neighbourhood of Warsaw, and married a Polish lady. Both Chopin's parents were well educated, possessed a refined taste, and withheld from their genial son everything which approached vulgarity or commonplace. Already as a boy Chopin was distinguished by his polite and gentle manners; his family life was a very happy one. When he grew up he was greatly patronized by the ladies of the Polish aristocracy, and thus it came that his playmates were mostly the sons of noble Polish families, and that he adopted unconsciously the manners and the behaviour of a grand seig-

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works.

neur, manners which he retained throughout his whole life. The partition of the kingdom of Poland into Russian, Austrian, and Prussian provinces rendered the Poles unhappy and restless. This feeling of restlessness and discontent, coupled with unhappiness and indecision, was also experienced by Chopin. When he bade farewell to the sympathetic circles of Warsaw, in which he was loved, admired, petted, and spoiled, and came to Vienna, bitter disappointment awaited him in the Austrian capital. In Vienna the Poles

were mistrusted and treated with indifference; for these reasons Chopin felt ill at ease in Vienna, although his great talent and excellent playing were fully recognized and warmly praised by several influential connoisseurs. Unfortunately his first public performance was not a successful one, and thus he was disgusted and left Vienna for Paris, where he remained until his death. Here the Polish emigrants, mostly aristocrats, had formed a regular colony, and received the genial Polish musician with open arms. It was in Paris that he made the acquaintance of Madame Dudevant—the famous authoress Georges Sand. The enormous influence exercised by this woman on the

weak, rather feminine disposition and character of Chopin was baneful in the highest degree. Chopin became irritable, irresolute, touchy, and melancholy, and at last unhappy and discontented with the world and himself. In some respects Chopin possessed a good and noble character; but in most things he lacked energy, vigour, and elasticity of mind. He shunned the society of men, particularly of musicians, but liked the admiration paid to him by his female pupils and ladies in general. As a teacher he would at times exasperate his pupils by his punctiliousness and almost exaggerated exactitude; indeed he could not be called a



FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.

man of great mind, and thus it is almost incomprehensible that he could write such energetic, powerful, at times even heroic music. The rule that the character of the musical work originates in the personal character of the composer does therefore not apply in Chopin's case.

Chopin has certainly extended the field of musical expression. The time in which form and expression were identical has long gone by. The art of music is undoubtedly the art of the poetry of

sound; but we detect in its historical development phases which are quite analogous with the development of the general intellectual life. Granted that this foundation of poetry is accepted or recognized, we find in the musical art three distinct features, namely, a symbolical, a classical, and a mere individual romantic tendency. The form of the different pieces represents the idea of the outward structure; the form requires the immediate recognition of natural laws, and represents therefore the universal principle, or the principle of the great and entire world. Opposed to this principle is the individual feeling of the composer. Where the personal taste and individual feeling of the composer have submitted themselves to the entire recognition of their general laws and principles, and where individual tendencies have been subordinated to the demands of the general laws of art, the composers have produced strictly classical works; for we find all the necessary rules observed, and are yet able to recognize the individual feeling of the composer. Such are the works of all the great classical composers. In other composers, and most particularly in Chopin, we recognize on the other hand the tendency to put the personal feeling in the foreground, and to give it a more prominent expression than was hitherto deemed fitting. For this reason Chopin's works occupy a much narrower field than the works of other composers, for he accepted only those forms which were in accordance with his own personality. And this may account for our finding him succeed much better in the smaller forms, and more particularly in those forms which had a direct connection with his nationality, the Polonaises and the Mazurkas; but as he had also a disposition towards a certain sentimental (the word to be taken in the best sense), dreaming, and melancholy expression, we find him likewise very happy in the form so favourable to this tendency—the Nocturne; whilst in his Preludes, Impromptus, Ballades he gives us intellectual works suffused with the noblest sentiment.

Chopin continually blends and mixes the major with the minor modes. Of this charming effect we already find indications in Carl Maria von Weber's works; but with him this tendency originates in the dramatic principle, whereas with Chopin it originates in his Polish nationality. The sudden flashes of chivalrous enthusiasm, the outburst of joy at the hopeful prospect of deliverance from the hated yoke of merciless oppression; on the other hand, the feeling of deep and mournful resignation and despondency, passionate sorrow at a deplorable fate, these are-so to say-the salient traits of Polish character, and these, mingled together in a hundred weird forms, are truthfully represented in Chopin's music. With regard to originality, it may safely be asserted, he is supreme: his pieces are rich in most excellent qualities; they exhibit beautiful, noble, and grand harmonies; the modulations are new and exquisite, the melodies elegant, sweet, quaint, and fascinating; in point of graceful, refined, almost ethereal ornamentation he is unrivalled. Chopin will at all times be one of the most interesting composers; none of his many imitators ever succeeded in rivalling him in gracefulness and subtlety of expression. He has a style of his own, his popularity is ever increasing, and the musical public has to thank him for many fine, poetical, and highly interesting works; for melodies that will charm for many years to come; for harmonies of exquisite beauty, nobility of euphony; and as in all his compositions he depends only on his own resources, and is always himself alone, nowhere influenced by another, we must feel admiration for an individuality so full of grace, nobility, and interest.

THE ROSE OF LOVE.

E. Neselt.

VERY far away—in the land where there is no east wind—there is a beautiful garden, where the flowers bloom all the year round. No one from our earth has ever been there, though many folk have tried to find it. Sometimes two people fall asleep hand in hand, under beech-trees in autumn, or by the great sea, and they dream that they have found the enchanted garden. The dream is very pretty while it lasts, but it is not pleasant when you wake up, because after that dream even the waving beech-trees and the blue sea seem stupid and ugly, and one never afterwards can see anything beautiful without saying: "Ah, yes, but how much more beautiful the enchanted garden was."

In the very middle of this garden there grows a beautiful red rose-tree, and now and then one of the roses from it finds its way to this earth of ours. The garden is the garden of Perfect Happiness, and the roses are the roses of Immortal Love.

In that garden there lives a fairy whose name I cannot tell you, because it is such a beautiful name that if you once heard it you would never care to listen to any other music, and that would be a pity. She herself is more beautiful than anything else in the world. No one has ever really seen her, but sometimes people see her shadow, and her shadow is like a ray of gold sunshine. And some say they have heard her voice, and those who have heard it can never again hear anything base or mean; for her voice is a melody that kills all discord.

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Now one day this fairy, passing through her garden, noticed that the red rose-tree had twenty-eight roses on it.

"Twenty-seven is a better number," she said, "three times three—I think I can spare the twenty-eighth." So she plucked it.

It was a large red velvety rose, with a stiff thorny stalk and red-green shiny leaves—the kind of rose people sometimes long for at Christmas, and cannot get for love or money—the kind of rose that grows in old-fashioned garden-borders; it has never grown in a hot-house yet, and it never will.

But of course the rose of Immortal Love, besides being enchanted, is far more beautiful than even the roses that grew in the old border at home, when we were young.

The fairy picked the twenty-eighth rose and kissed it, and it became a hundred times more lovely than before. Then she spread out her wide, gauzy, rainbow-coloured wings, and flew all the way to earth to find some one to give it to. She carried the rose in her hand, and wherever she passed people smiled and stood up straight, and said—

"Ah, how good the sun is to-day."

She went first to a king's palace, into a cool courtyard by a marble basin where a fountain played. The king's daughter sat by the edge of the marble basin, and her long white fingers splashed in the cool water and made another little fountain. The chancellor's son lay at her feet and looked up at her, and it seemed to him that there was nothing in the world more good to do—because he loved her.

"How good the sunshine is," said the king's daughter.

"It turns those brown eyes of yours to gold," answered the chancellor's son.

"It shines more brightly this summer than ever before."

"We know why, do we not, my lady dear?"

And they looked in each other's eyes and smiled. And the fairy, poised on her bright light wings, looked in the eyes of the king's daughter, and smiled for very joy at what she saw there.

"The rose," she said to herself, "is for these."

But as she spoke she turned to the chancellor's son, and in his blue eyes she read, in and through and under the real love that burnt there, a pale fire of ambition.

"She is the king's daughter," said the fairy to herself, "and you love her—oh yes, you love her. But would your love ever have been allowed to grow if she had been a miller's daughter? No—oh no! the rose of immortal love is not for you."

And as the fairy flew away the king's daughter sighed, and said wearily—

"What ails the day? there is no colour left in the sky, and your eyes are grey, not blue!"

With the red rose in her hand the fairy flew south till she came to a shady olive-garden, where red anemones grew among lush green grass. The splendid sapphire of the sea gleamed in the gold sun, and on the terrace on the cliffs grew white-flowered myrtles, and orange-trees hung with gold fruit, and the pale drifted rose-leaves lay in heaps along the marble of the terrace.

"Shall I leave my rose here among all the other roses?" The fairy paused to listen to the talk of the two who leaned on the marble balustrade, and looked out over the bay to the rosy snow of the distant mountains.

"It is not for long now," the woman was saying, "they say I cannot live till the olive-gathering. Do you regret nothing?"

"Nothing, nothing—oh my heart's heart," the man answered, drawing her closely to him.

And as he spoke he remembered how he had given up ambition and hope, and the old gay life among his fellows in his far northern land, and had come with this woman to tend her, and smooth her last steps on this rough earth, because of the love he bore her. He had been a great man in his own country, one who had the world at his feet, and he knew that if he should ever go back his place in that world would be filled, and there would be no room for him. He knew too that the woman beside him, frail, white, and fading like a white rose whose day is over, had now grown so dear to him, that when she had left him he would have no heart to go back to his own world. He would only care to stay near her grave till his time came to be laid beside her.

He clasped her frail hands in his and repeated passionately—

"No, I regret nothing—how can I, when my life is here?"

But deep in his eyes, even as he kissed his poor love, the fairy read his secret thought—

"No, I regret nothing, but there are not many men who would have done it."

The fairy sighed and flew away, and the dying woman shivered in the disenchanted noontide and said—"It grows cold—let us go in."

Then, travelling northward, the fairy passed by

many lovers, but in none of their hearts had love made a home meet for the red, red rose. Vanity, and selfishness, and greed, and evil temper, and the like weeds grew in so many, many hearts, and where these are the deathless rose cannot be. At last in an English lane the bright light wings paused, and the beautiful fairy hovered over twolovers who lay on the dusty grass by the wayside. The search had been long, and it was hot August now. The road was very white and very dry, and the hawthorn bushes and virgin's bower in the hedge were powdered with white dust. The hot sun shone down on the dry leaves, and there was no sound but the hum of grasshoppers, and now and then a rustle from the hedge as some fieldmouse peeped through the grass to see how soon it would be cool enough to come out a little.

Lying asleep in the shadow of the hedge lay the lovers. They were only two tramps; their clothes were ragged and worn, and their bare feet were dusty with travel, and bleeding here and there with the roughness of the road. But as they lay sleeping his arm was thrown protectingly across her shoulders, and his head lay close against her arm. His face could not be seen, but on her face was such a look of content that the great rose-fairy herself smiled to behold it. The woman was tired and poor. They had wandered far; they had no work, often they had no food, yet as they slept the woman smiled, because the sun was bright, and he she loved was near her.

The fairy drew the red rose across the sleeping face, and the woman smiled still more peacefully. A dewdrop from the rose slipped on to her lips, and she dreamed that her lover kissed her.

"Their love has not been tried by the fire of absence," said the fairy; "it is so easy to love truly when you are together. They have been together ever since they began to love each other, and yet——"

She lingered, for of all she had met these two were the most worthy to wear the rose. She stooped to lay it on the sleeping breast. At that moment hurried footsteps came down the lane, and a girl turned the corner.

She had a smart hat with feathers and a muslin gown, but the hat was pushed far back from her forehead, and her gown was dusty and crumpled; her face was hot and red with running. She did not look at all pretty; indeed most people would

have called her plain even at the best of times. She lived in the great smoky city, and worked in a big factory on most days, but to-day she had a holiday. She came down the lane looking to left and right, and holding her hand to her side because she had been running, and the basket she carried was heavy, and her beart hurt her.

As she came near the tramp's wife wakened and sat up, and the girl stopped.

"You haven't seen a young man go by?" she asked anxiously; "a fair young man in a light suit, and a violet tie, most likely?"

"No, dearie," said the tramp-woman; "but I've bin asleep. He might'a passed an' me not known it."

"I was to meet him by the wood near the station at ten this morning," the girl went on, "and it's two now, and it do seem a bit hard on us. It ain't as though we had so many holidays."

"It is hard," said the other—"very. But there's a wood t'other side of the station; perhaps you're sweetheart's waiting there, dear. I hope you'll find him."

"Thank you," the girl said, and ran on.

The man rubbed his eyes and leaned upon his elbow.

"I expect he'll catch it when she does find him."

"Yes, poor chap," said his wife.

"It's a good thing there's no fear of us missing each other."

"Yes."

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Then they laughed, not unkindly; but the fairy knew, as she watched them take the road again, hand in hand, that the red, red rose is not for those lovers who can even think of being angry with each other.

A bee who had been listening to the talk flew away to the other wood, and on to the shoulder of a young man in a light-checked suit, with a violet tie, and a red carnation in his buttonhole. He too was very hot and dusty, and he came from the great city. He was a clerk in a warehouse, and this was one of the four holidays in the year when such folk can get away from the grime and smoke of cities, and see how beautiful God's green world is. The bee whispered to him,

"Why not try the other wood?"

"Of course," he said; "now why didn't I think of that before?"

The reason he hadn't thought of it before was because the bee had only just suggested the idea to him; but he did not know it was the bee's voice he heard, he actually thought it was the voice of common sense! So he turned and went towards the other wood, and just by the railway-station, on the very hottest and dustiest bit of the road, he saw his sweetheart coming.

The rose-fairy was hovering near, not to be seen of mortal eyes. After what she had heard the tramps say she felt a little anxious about the meeting of these two poor sweethearts, who on this one of their rare holidays had spent four hours apart that might have been spent together. What would they say? How would they look? Would they be angry with each other for the mistake?

As soon as they caught sight of each other they began to run, and when they met they just kissed each other on both cheeks, and walked off into the woods hand in hand! Not a reproach—not a word of blame from either!

"It's all right now, but what a four hours we've had. Oh, my dear, my dear."

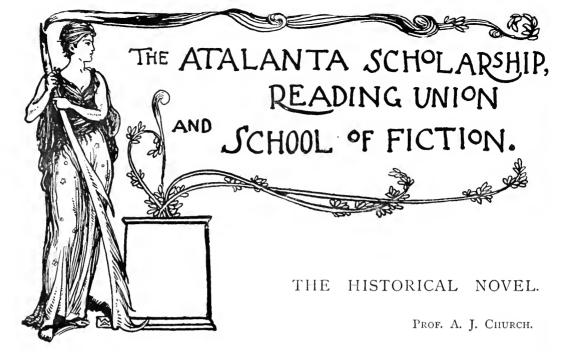
"Yes, haven't we? But it's over now, my darling."

They were sitting side by side on a heap of bracken with the picnic-basket beside them. They had had their lunch, and had explained to each other with many kisses and much mutual pity how they had managed to miss each other. Then they grew silent, and sat hand in hand looking at the deep green of the underwood.

Just then it was that the fairy bent down over them and laid the invisible rose on the bosom of the muslin frock. A thorn pierced the gown, for the rose of immortal love is not a thornless one; but before she could cry out,

"Oh, my dear," said the young man suddenly, "how beautiful you are! There is no one in the world so beautiful as you!"

The rose glowed on her bosom and that made her beautiful, though it was invisible. It makes her beautiful even now, when her hair is white with many years and many sorrows, and her husband still sees her as she is—beautiful with immortal beauty, because of the red, red rose she wears upon her heart.



I MUST confess to having experienced a certain feeling of astonishment, not unmixed with alarm, when the editors of Atalanta asked me to write a paper on the "Historical Novel" for the "School of Fiction." The phrase had an impressive sound. It reminded me of Ivanhoe and Quentin Durward, of Hypatia and Westward Ho! It seemed idle to think of such humble ventures as I had launched upon the world, in connection with the masterpieces of Scott and Kingsley. However, the commands of editors have to be obeyed, and I comforted myself by reflecting that the very humility and limitation of my experiences might make them useful to the pupils of the school.

The editors tell me to be practical. I will try to be so. But I am afraid that I shall have to be, at the same time, somewhat egotistic. If I can give any useful lessons, these must be drawn from my own practice.

To begin at the beginning—what is the best size for the historical novel?—or, as we had better perhaps call it, historical tale? All my own have been of the one volume kind, varying from fifty thousand to eighty thousand words, to employ the prosaic but useful measurement now in vogue among editors and publishers. And now, as my readers, or, if I may presume to call them so, my pupils, desire, I suppose, to carn their bread, or at least their butter, by writing, some business con-

siderations may profitably come in. The demand for books in this country comes either from the circulating libraries or from private purchasers. It is the first of these only that, as a rule, buy the three or two volumed novel. There are a few exceptions, as, for example, Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Robert Elsmere. Hence novels are commonly published at a fictitious price—a price, I mean, that bears no practical relation to the cost of production, but is adapted to the circumstances of a temporary and limited demand. Some two score of writers. not of the first rank, have a public of readers sufficiently large to make such a demand on the libraries, that, at the fictitious price above described, a remunerative sale is obtained. A certain number just pay their way. A very large part cost their authors sums more or less considerable. Now for the private purchaser. In the matter of buying books, the average Englishman, and still more the average Englishwoman, is parsimonious in the extreme. His or her purchases in this direction are commonly limited to a Bible, a Prayer-book, a book of devotion, possibly a volume of some popular author whom it is fashionable to have on one's drawing-room table. Still the average Englishman is not a stingy creature. He is generous in giving. Hence the books which he would not think of buying for himself, he will buy to give to others. Hence the institution of "Christmas

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Books." After all, there is no present so easy, so convenient, so harmless, and so cheap as a book. Five shillings, and less, a sum for which one could not buy the cheapest of cheap jewellery, will purchase a quite respectable-looking volume. And as Christmas is the time for giving presents, so Christmas is the time for selling books. It is a fact which any publisher dealing in this kind of ware will confirm, that books of precisely the same character and merit, published in May and October (for the Christmas book has to be finished in July, or even earlier, to be published in October), have a very different sale. And a book, to be sold in any numbers, must be a single volume. Of course publishers have overstocked the market. The supply of late years has enormously increased, and now surpasses any possible demand. Still the fact remains, that the most hopeful prospect for a young writer is to produce a one-volumed tale that will take its chance among the crowd of "Christmas books." And here, I think, the "historical tale" has a somewhat better chance of success than most of its competitors. The father, the mother, the uncle, the aunt, who is choosing a present of this kind, will often give a preference to a book that behind its first and obvious purpose of amusing, has, or is supposed to have, another more or less latent purpose of instructing. There is also a very important demand for school prizes, and the "historical tale" has a manifest fitness for supplying this.

The dimensions of the book, then, being settled, the next question is, what shall be the subject? Greek and Roman history supply a large choice. And they have this advantage, that the authorities which have to be consulted are limited in number and extent. If I am writing a tale of the Athenian expedition against Syracuse, for instance, I know that there is only one contemporary authority, Thucydides, unless we are to except an early orator who tells the story, probably false by the way, of the mutilation of the Hermae. Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, and Cornelius Nepos may also be consulted as secondary authorities. Acquainted with these, one cannot be confronted with any neglected authors. Similarly, for a tale of the days of Nero, we have Seneca and the elder Pliny contemporary, and Tacitus nearly so, Suetonius and Plutarch a generation further off, and Dio Cassius more remote, but one who had access to good sources

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of information. Here again the limits are narrow. Still I could not recommend any one not well provided with classical scholarship to choose such a theme. There are numberless pitfalls. Even authors of ability and repute are apt to fall into some of them. I have seldom, for instance, read a story of Roman life in which the names were not all confusion.

Something of the same kind of technical knowledge would be wanted for a tale of Egyptian or Assyrian life. In these cases the interest is remote, and the preliminary knowledge required in the reader rare. Where nine people know something about Miltiades, or Pericles, or Alexander, Julius Cæsar, or Trajan, or Belisarius, scarcely one has even heard of Rameses II., or Amenophis III., or Queen Hatasu.

Jewish history has a fascination; but the risk of falling below the standard of dignity required is vast.

I suppose the general impulse will be to take some subject from modern, preferably from English history; nor do I doubt that on the whole this will be the best course for most of those for whom I am writing. The authorities are accessible, and with proper industry can be mastered. Besides industry, however, there must be facility of access. Private libraries do not contain the necessary books. And I must warn my readers that to make sure of adequate acquaintance with any period of English history a very large amount of reading is needed. And if the acquaintance is not adequate, there are plenty of experts—and experts are commonly impatient of such frivolities as tales—ready to point out the fact.

Epochs of special interest, as, e.g., the War of the Roses, the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament, the Revolution of 1688, the Jacobite rebellion, the Napoleonic wars, offer special attractions. As a rule, the more recent the time the easier it is to give an air of reality to the story.

It will often be found a good plan to take some locality with which the writer may happen to be well acquainted, to make this the scene of the story, and to group the characters and incidents about some distinguished person connected with the place. The story of Wyclif, for instance, in his latter days, might have the scene laid at Lutterworth.

Here comes in the question, How far is the distinguished person to take a part in the story? The answer will depend a good deal upon who he

is. A great soldier can be clearly introduced much more freely than a great poet. The speech of the man of action need not have anything very remarkable about it. It will suffice if it be concise and vigorous. A poet, on the contrary, must not be allowed to talk common-places. As a matter of fact, poets often do so talk—"non semper arcum"—but they must not do so in a tale-writer's pages. If I were to write a story of Stratford-on-Avon, I should not venture to do more than let Shakespere be seen in his garden.

This suggests the question, Should the story be told in the first person or the third? The first person is the more difficult to manage. Heroines, for instance, who tell their own stories are often, I have observed, sadly self-conscious and affected. They commonly begin by depreciating their own good looks, and then go on to tell us of the conquests which their plain faces make. Young heroes find it equally difficult to speak of themselves without either bragging or "'umbleness." On the other hand, the first person, if tolerably well managed, allows greater freedom. I may be permitted to illustrate this by an experience of my own. I once wrote a tale of which the hero is a young Royalist gentleman who fought for Charles I. This book being sent for review to one of the critical journals, came by some ill chance into the hands of an historical expert, who has a strong leaning to the Parliamentary side. The expert was pleased to say that I did not understand the nature of the struggle between Charles and his Parliament. He may have been right, but there was nothing in the book to show that I did not understand, for I had purposely made the young Cavalier tell his own story. A serene omniscient person writing in his study at Oxford doubtless knows all about it, about the belli causas et vitia et modos; but a hot-headed young man, who is supposed to give the impressions of the moment, fresh from exchanging blows with some equally hotheaded young Roundhead, being neither serene nor omniscient, is likely to know very little. The real mistake would have been to make him farseeing and philosophical. The author will not escape the critics, at least if these are of the purblind expert sort, but he will have a good answer to them. And he will be able also to give a peculiar liveliness and a spirit to his narrative. I remember a story, by the author of the Schönberg Cotta Family, unless my memory deceives me, in which the tale is told in letters by two persons alternately, these belonging to the factions opposing. But letters are not a happy vehicle for fiction, though they have been employed by more than one great master.

From the matter it is an easy transition to the question of style. In style it is impossible to be consistent or logical. If I write a tale of the first Jacobite Rebellion, I naturally make my characters talk as people talked in the early years of the eighteenth century. For this there are models in abundance, a few of the best kind. The Spectator papers, for instance, give a writer exactly what he wants in this respect. And if he wishes to see how admirably they can be imitated, let him study Thackeray's Esmond, one of the very finest masterpieces of style that is to be found in English literature. Go a century back, and the task, if not quite so easy, is not difficult. The Authorized Version of the Bible is at hand for serious writing, and there are pamphlets and plays for what is lighter. A century more alters the case. Sir Thomas More's Utopia is available, but to model your style strictly on the Utopia would be to make it too archaic. This is, of course, even more true of time still earlier. The characters in a tale of Wat Tyler's rebellion would be half unintelligible if they talked in the English of their day, supposing that English could be reproduced, in itself no easy matter. One has to take a standard that is really arbitrary, but still practically keeps the mean between the modern and the archaic. For pure dignified English it is impossible to have a better model than the Authorized Version, and it may be used even for times earlier than the seventeenth century.

The notion of "whitewashing" some well-known historical character is attractive to a writer, but it commonly makes a book somewhat tiresome. Writing up this or that theological or ecclesiastical view is still more to be avoided. This, however, will not prevent the employment of dramatic presentation of partisan views.

You cannot be too careful about accessories, even of the most trifling character. I remember making the deplorable blunder of introducing forks among the belongings of an Oxford student of the fifteenth century. They were not used till long after that time. With this eminently practical caution I will conclude my advice.

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

Sketch the outline of a Plot for an Historical Story. Lay the scene in whichever period you prefer, and indicate to what extent real personages and incidents will be introduced.

Papers must contain not more than 500 words, and must be forwarded to the Superintendent, R. U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., on or before April 25.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

T

1. Quote fourteen consecutive lines from a well-known poet, which contain the names of twenty trees.

2. State where the passage occurs, and the original source from which the idea was borrowed.

H.

Explain the reference in the following lines:—
 Vales, soft Elysian,
 Like those in the vision
 Of Mirza, when, dreaming,
 He saw the long hollow dell,

Ile saw the long hollow dell, Touched by the prophet's spell Into an ocean swell

With its isles teeming."

2. Give author and work where they may be found.

HI.

State if you know anything about the following characters:—
1. Edwin and Angelina; 2. The bonny Earl of Murray;
3. Chibiabos; 4. The Lady Frances Flummery; 5. Mrs. Jarley; 6. Sancho Panza.

IV.

Give the author of these lines, and say to whom they refer:—

The daughter of debate, that discord ay did sowe,
Shal reape no gaine where former rule hath taught stil
peace to growe."

V

What was the real name of "the One-Eyed Servant"?

VI.

Who were known as "the Great Twin Brethren"?

VII.

Have we any clue as to the respective partialities of the herring, the mackerel, and the oyster?

VIII.

Give the author and work where the following lines may be found:-

- 1. "Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm."
- 2. "None but the brave deserves the fair."
- 3. "Come, and trip it as ye go On the light fantastic toe."
- 4. "Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain, And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."
- 5. "My salad days, When I was green in judgment."
- 6. "O reader! had you in your mind Such stores as silent thought can bring? O gentle reader! you would find A tale in everything."

The above questions begin a new Series. Reply-Papers must be forwarded on or before 15th April. They should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should have the words Search Questions written on the cover. Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded Half-Yearly.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (MARCH).

I.

"At my approach there came out of the cabin a pig, a calf, a lamb, a kid, and two geese, . . . followed by turkeys, cocks, hens, chickens, a dog, a cat, a kitten, a beggar-man, a beggar-woman with a pipe in her mouth, children innumerable, and a stout girl with a pitch-fork in her hand."

(Nies Edgawerth's Engle

(Miss Edgeworth's Ennui.)

11.

1. The Silent Isle; 2. the Isle of Shouting; 3. the Isle of Flowers; 4. the Isle of Fruits; 5. the Isle of Fire; 6. the Bounteous Isle; 7. the Isle of Witches; 8. the Isle of the Double Towers; 9. the Isle of a Saint; 10. the Isle of Finn,—which was where he started from.

(Tennyson's The Voyage of Macldune.)

III.

I. "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."
(Milton, Lycidas.)

2. "Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."

(Prior, Henry and Emma.)
3. "To love her was a liberal education."

(Steele, in The Tatler.)

IV.

Byron's Dying Gladiator, in Childe Harold.

V.

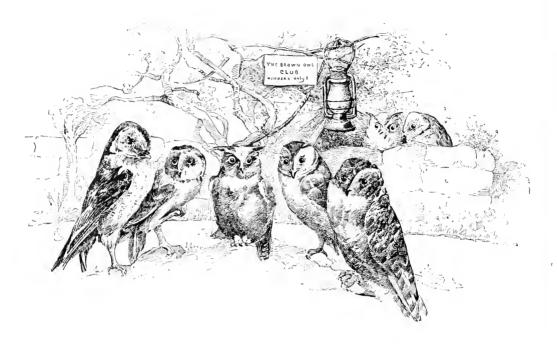
1. Spenser's Prothalamion. 2. Tennyson's Mariana in the South. 3. The Ballad of the Nut-Browne Mayde.

VI.

Bregenz. See Adelaide Anne Proctor's poem, A Legend of Bregenz, where the "Maid" rides on the "white charger" to carry the news that will save her native town.

VII.

1. Mary Howitt, An Old Man's Story. 2. Alexander Smith, Barbara. 3. Coleridge, Lewti; or the Circassian Love-Chant.



OUR CLUB.

"Come over and help us."

THERE are a hundred ways at the present time in which girls can help each other, but not one that is more useful or of greater interest than the work that is being carried on nightly in all our great towns by clubs for working girls. I do not intend to treat the subject generally, but I wish to give an account of the one Club of which, as a worker in it, I know something, and, if I can, to rouse your sympathy in the subject, and to turn your thoughts to a work that lies not far from the homes of many of you, and ought to lie close to the hearts of all.

I know well that there are special difficulties about undertaking work in girls' clubs. It is night work of necessity, and parents and guardians object to that. In certain localities, and among certain classes of girls, it is very rough work, and as these girls live far from the healthier and brighter parts of the town where it is our good fortune to have our homes, a long journey is often added to the two or three hours spent in the club. The workers must be regular, therefore they have to brave most

kinds of weather. The worse the night the more surely is there a large attendance. Before you think of being a worker you must make up your mind to endure some discomfort, and be sure that your parents know the kind of work you are going to undertake.

I suppose our Club is the type of many others. Our rules are those of the large association to which we belong, but the working out of them must differ a little in every club, owing to the various localities in which they are placed and the contrasts among the girls themselves. Some clubs can arrange regular classes on each night, in which all the girls take part. Though ours in this respect are much improved, we have never been able to enforce this unanimity. We have never had any real difficulty about the subscription of one halfpenny weekly, and we have made it a rule that an obstinate defaulter should be refused admittance; but in some clubs, where the rate of wages is even smaller than in ours, this tiny sum is found to be too great a tax. Our girls think us very mean

sometimes for making a fuss about a halfpenny, but we hope in time to teach them all the principle that is involved in the payments.

At present our Club is open every night of the week except Monday, which we are obliged to keep closed for want of workers. On several other nights we are short of workers, but we manage to keep them open as best we can. On Sundays a Bible class is held by the regular worker, which is attended mainly by the quieter members of the Club. From time to time the other workers go down and take a few of the girls to church. On Tuesdays there is a writing-class and a singingelass. On Wednesdays, musical drill. On Thursdays are held the monthly meetings of the Snowdrop and Temperance Guilds, alternating with a Bible-class for the whole Club. On Fridays there is a class for plain sewing and dress making, and on Saturdays, musical drill again. drill is very popular, and has been found the only attraction strong enough to draw the girls away in any numbers from the low places of entertainment they frequent on a Saturday night.

We have an attendance of about thirty girls a night. In our present room we could manage fifty, if we had the requisite amount of workers. Our full staff now consists of four Workers a night. One is the responsible head, a place taken every night by the regular worker, except on Tuesdays, when the secretary undertakes it, and the three others to mark and superintend the occupations of the evenings. We have besides six or seven Helpers, elected from among themselves once a month by the girls, to make the cocoa, which in our Club is provided free of charge, to take charge of the wool-eupboard, to set the room for prayers, and give out the hymn-books, and to help the workers in various ways. They are not always worthy of their name, but the plan has been fairly successful.

Our members are chiefly factory girls. We have box-makers, tailoresses, fur-pickers, girls at work in large printing shops. They earn from about seven shillings to ten shillings a week, and when they were first caught were of the roughest type. The steady work of four or five years has now done much for them, and we rarely have the scenes that were of nightly occurrence when the Club first opened. Sometimes their every-day animosities are fought out in our presence, but no general

disorder prevails now in the Club. Of course we have great difficulties, but we are helped by the real dread among our members of being expelled even for a short time. Not long ago a girl who had disgraced the Club chose rather than to be expelled to stand up at prayers and make a public apology.

Our two guilds, the Temperance Guild and the Snowdrop Guild, the latter for purity of life and language, hold monthly meetings for the members, and a general meeting once a quarter, at which the whole Club and all the workers are invited to be present. The secretary undertakes the Snowdrop Guild, to which only the picked girls of the Club are admitted, and two workers are responsible for the Temperance Guild. The members of both guilds are visited by their workers, and the regular worker or the secretary visits the other girls in cases of want or sickness, or temptation. Seven of our girls are at present attending a Confirmation Class, and we hope three or four of them will be fit to be confirmed soon. It is a great effort for them to join this class or either of the guilds, as any desire to lead a more religious life is always the signal for much chaff and jeering from the wilder girls.

We have a savings bank in connection with the Club which is much patronized, though I am afraid the money is not left in for very long. It is often saved to buy clothes for the girls at our Bank Holiday sales of garments made by the girls for themselves in the Club, which they buy at a very small cost. We have a holiday fund, and several of the girls manage to have a fortnight's change in the summer. We are also fortunate in having next door to our Club a little house, the property of the secretary, for the use of the workers. Here the visiting workers can rest and be refreshed, the secretary and the regular worker sometimes pass the night, and many meetings are arranged between the girls and the workers which would not be possible otherwise. Of course there are few clubs that would have such an advantage as this house is to our work. I mention it as rather a special feature of our Club. We hope soon to start a monthly meeting for the late members of our Club who have married and left us, and a weekly drill class for little girls to train them gradually into our ways, until they are of an age to be admitted to the Club.

I wish I had space to tell you something about our girls. They are each one of them a study in themselves, and that makes both the interest and the difficulty of managing them. But it would be better still if, after reading this account, some one or two of you might be tempted to come and judge of us for yourselves. I would not promise you a quiet evening, for the presence of strangers sometimes disturbs the discipline; but if you will become one of us you will find that we have our softer moments. Our girls will show off sometimes like their more fortunate sisters.

We honestly try as much as lies in our power to take care of those girls who come to us. We give special thought to each case as it comes before our monthly committee, of which each worker is a member. We try to deal justly and not to be influenced by any personal feelings we may have towards the girls. We are often disappointed, but as we look back to the work of past years, when we think of what our girls were, and what they are, when we know that two and a half hours of every day, when they might be in much mischief and temptation, they are spending in orderly, reasonable, and womanly occupations, we feel that perhaps our time and energy, even with our many failures, is not altogether thrown away. I wish that with a stronger voice of pleading than mine one of our girls could stand by you at night, and say as the man of Macedonia did of old to St. Paul, "Come over and help us."

ELEANOR BAIRDSMITH.

IMPRESSIONS OF A DÉBUTANTE.

I HAVE been having a perfect feast of pictures, and though I know nothing about Art (spelt with a big A!), I have just revelled in them.

It gave me such a curious sensation to turn out of the mud and griminess of Regent Street, with its carriages and omnibuses rolling ceaselessly to and fro, and its passers-by in conventional costumes so essentially nineteenth century, into the quiet little gallery on the right-hand side, where the very air seemed full of Arthurian legends, and Burne-Jones's glorious creations looked down upon me from every wall. I reproached myself bitterly for having left dear Malory's Morte d'Arthur in the country; but it is so difficult to make a good

choice of one's pet books to bring to London. And I felt as if I could stand for hours gazing at the Sir Tristrams and Merlins looking down on me with their deep searching eyes. Burne-Jones certainly has one peculiarity which the merest passer-by cannot fail to notice, and that is, that not one of the faces on his canvases really smiles. Even his sweet little portrait of Philip Comyns Carr seems all brimming with earnestness and soul, as if he too saw far beyond this sordid world, and would force the chattering crowd around him to awake to their duties and infinite possibilities.

One picture seemed strangely familiar to me; and then at last I remembered it had formed the frontispiece for our Christmas *Atalanta*.

I think the pictures meant more to me, because I have just finished reading a little novel of Mrs. Russell Barrington's called *Lina's Picture*. No modern book has fascinated me so much for a long time, and the "sky" in it haunts me wherever I go. Thinking it well to see all the pictures I could before I get more busy, I determined to visit the Old Masters at Burlington House.

And first, to my joy, I accomplished what has been my dream for three years past—I visited the Gibson Gallery, which hardly any one seems to know. On the right as you go into Burlington House there is a door, and if you are neither too early nor too late, nor go at the wrong time of year,—and do not mind climbing up three flights of stairs!—you can, on passing through that door, see the most charming collection of gems, by all the great masters, free of charge. I suppose it is rather sweeping to say "all," but there are Watts's, and Sir Joshuas, and Orchardsons, and Hogarths, besides the chair in which most of the celebrities of the last century sat to be painted.

Having taken a cursory look round, and firmly determined to go there again, I plunged down the staircase and into the familiar galleries next door. It is not the slightest use to go and see that Exhibition once, you ought to go every day for a week at least! I do wish one could arrange some system of hiring masterpieces to live with one for a short time each. One never really appreciates a picture till one has lived with it, and really the Murillos and Rembrandts would alone absorb all one's attention. But imagine my joy, when in the last room I discovered a whole series of Blake's drawings. You know I have become a fervent admirer

of his ever since I became possessed of a little volume of his poems in my favourite Canterbury Poets' edition. This series illustrates Dante's Purgatorio, and most people turn away from them, merely saying, "Oh! how horrible, let's go and look at Lady Waterford's." But there is an originality and power of imagination about them which is often to my mind lacking in more finished work.

Talking of work, I have not yet discovered anything practical I should be allowed to do, so I'm just attending a course of lectures on Dante at Dora's house, and reading him up between-times, but I find it very hard to act up to Lewis Morris' dictum, that

"Knowledge is a steep which few may climb, While Duty is a path that all may tread,"

when the said Duty takes the form of writing uninteresting notes, or keeping stupid visiting-lists, when I want to be reading the *Paradiso!*

UNA DE GREY.

HAVE received a letter, the subject of which must interest all readers of the Magazine. I trust those who can aid this loving work will give it a hearty response.

96,

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DEAR MADAM,—In former years you have very kindly allowed me in the pages of Atalanta to speak a word for our Flower Mission to Young Women in London Workrooms, which has been productive of a considerable amount of interest and help from some of your numerous readers. As the season begins, may I again remind them of our needs; we can really do with any number of flowers for the thousands upon thousands of young women and girls who surround us. They are already eagerly anticipating the coming of the spring-time with its wealth of blossoms, and though their eyes cannot feast themselves upon carpets of primroses and daffodils, yet each one is hoping week by week to have her tiny share in the profusion of Nature's gifts, not bought with hard-earned pence, but given by loving hearts, who delight to send these cheery messengers to their less-favoured sisters.

It is a Flower Mission, and so with the flowers we send the Bible message, some word from the

Scriptures written or illuminated on a card called a "flower-holder." These are to be obtained at $7\frac{1}{2}d$. and 1s. $1\frac{1}{2}d$. per hundred, post free, from the Bible Flower Mission, 110 Cannon Street, E.C. Odds and ends of wool are also most useful to us for tying up the bunches. Who will help us in any of these ways?

The flowers should arrive early on Wednesday mornings, addressed to the Honorary Secretary, Central Institute, 316 Regent Street, London, W.

Yours truly,

Janetta G. Weatherley, Hon. Sec. of Y. W. C. A. Flower Mission.

OME time ago an Atalanta Branch of the Selborne Society was started in connection with this Magazine. It is earnestly to be hoped that the members retain their first enthusiasm; the objects of the Society ought specially to appeal to all lovers of Nature. In these days of ugly bricks and mortar, every effort to cherish the beautiful should be encouraged. The late Secretary of the Atalanta Branch has transferred her duties to Miss V. G. Parsons, Twyford Lodge, East Grinstead, to whom all letters and inquiries should be addressed.

THE following letter appropriately emphasizes the above remarks:—

Society for the Protection of Birds.

DEAR "BROWN OWL,"

May I be allowed, through the medium of your columns, to ask all who read the "Appeal for the Birds to their Natural Friends," in the March number of *Atalanta* (p. 464), to join the above Society?

It was formed four years ago, to try to prevent the very great destruction of birds that takes place for ornamental purposes.

The Society for the Protection of Birds now numbers over 6500 (six thousand five hundred) members, and the rules are—

1.—That Members shall discourage the wanton destruction of birds, and interest themselves generally in their protection.

2.—That Lady Members shall refrain from wearing the feathers of any birds not killed for purposes of food, the ostrich only excepted.

3.—That each Local Secretary shall subscribe One Shilling a year, and each ordinary Member pay twopence (postage free) for Card of Membership.

I beg to enclose a copy of the last Report, and one or two leaflets we have published, and shall be very glad to hear from intending members, and to give them all information.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

HANNAH POLAND.

Maida Hill, Warwick Road, London, W.

THERE is a sad dearth of new books during the present month, but one which I have long wished to notice is the second in the series of *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*, edited by Alfred H. Miles (Hutchinson & Co.). The book deals with the work of the Women Poets of the Nineteenth Century, and those represented are included in the period from Joanna Baillie to Mathilde Blind, but the Editor promises to reserve another volume for the works of later writers.

Such a book as this might well find a place in many a girl's book-shelf, for the selections from the different poets are not only made with extreme care and good taste, but a short biography and some critical remarks of value accompany the specimens given of every writer.

Some of the poems quoted are by authors whose names are perhaps more familiar than their works. In other cases the poems themselves have become household words, whereas the poets who

gave them birth have slipped into oblivion. But masterpieces of well-known poets are also among the selection, and are none the less welcome for being treasured and loved in many hearts for many days.

THE following verses by Sara Coleridge, which form the *L'Envoy* to her *Phantasmion*, are well worth quoting.

"Go, little book, and sing of love and beauty,
To tempt the worldling into fairy-land;
Tell him that airy dreams are sacred duty,
Bring better wealth than aught his toils command—
Toils fraught with mickle harm.

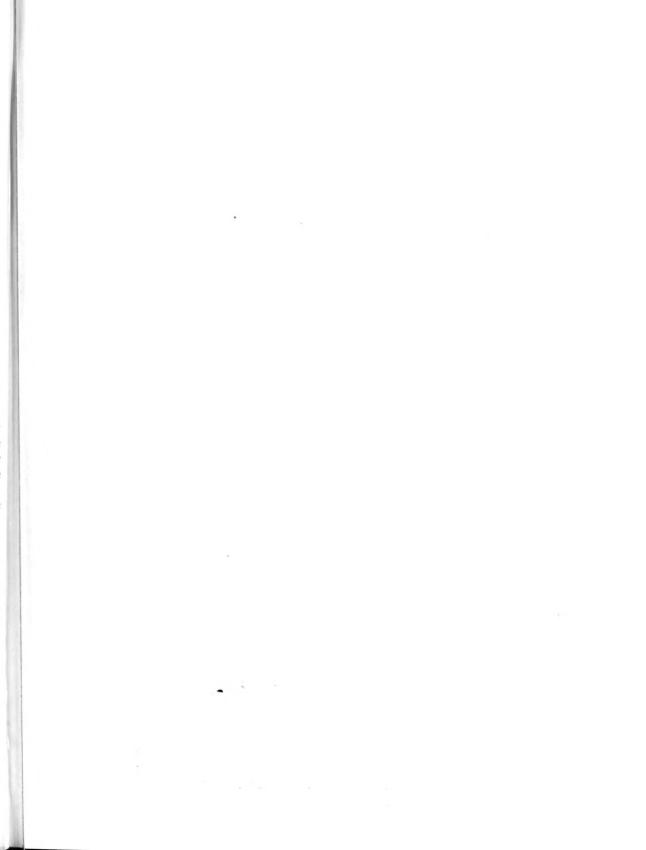
"But if thou meet some spirit high and tender,
On blessed works and noblest love intent,
Tell him that airy dreams of Nature's splendour,
With graver thoughts and hallowed musings
blent,
Prove no too earthly charm."

E are glad to be able to announce that two Exhibitions of the value of £20 each, tenable for three years, have been placed at the disposal of the Magazine, to be competed for by Members of the Atalanta Reading-Union. The Winners must take up one of the courses of Study for the Honours Examination offered by the University of Oxford to Women.

Full particulars will be announced in our May number.

L. T. Meade.







WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG.



MEMORS OF HIS ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PART I.—THE LORD ADVOCATE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BASS.

I HAD no thought where they were taking me; only looked here and there for the appearance of a ship; and there ran the while in my head a word of Ransome's—the twenty-pounders. If I were to be exposed a second time to that same former danger of the plantations, I judged it must turn ill with me; there was no second Alan, and no second shipwreck and spare yard to be expected now; and I saw myself hoe tobacco under the whip's lash. The thought chilled me; the air was sharp upon the water, the stretchers of the boat drenched with a cold dew; and I shivered in my place beside the steersman. This was the dark man whom I have called hitherto the Lowlander; his name was Dale, ordinarily called Black Andie.

Feeling the thrill of my shiver, he very kindly handed me a rough jacket full of fish-scales, with which I was glad to cover myself.

"I thank you for this kindness," said I, "and will make so free as to repay it with a warning. You take a high responsibility in this affair. You are not like these ignorant, barbarous Highlanders, but know what the law is and the risks of those that break it."

"I am no just exactly what ye would ca' an extremist for the law," says he, "at the best of times; but in this business I act with a good warranty."

"What are you going to do with me?" I asked.

"Nac harm," said he, "nae harm ava'. Ye'll hae strong freens, I'm thinking. Ye'll be richt eneuch yet."

There began to fall a greyness on the face of the sea; little dabs of pink, like coals of slow fire, came

in the east; and at the same time the geese awakened, and began crying about the top of the Bass. It is just the one erag of rock, as everybody knows, but great enough to carve a city from. The sea was extremely little, but there went a hollow plowter round the base of it. With the growing of the dawn I could see it clearer and clearer; the straight craigs painted like a morning frost, the sloping top of it green with grass, the clan of white geese that cried about the sides, and the black, broken buildings of the prison sitting close on the sea's edge.

At the sight the truth came in upon me in a clap.

"It's no there you're taking me?" I cried.

"Just to the Bass, mannie," said he. "Whaur the auld sants were afore ye, and I misdoubt if ye have come so fairly by your precson."

"But none dwells there now," I cried; "the place is long a ruin."

"It'll be the mair pleisand a change for the solan geese, then," quoth Andie dryly.

The day coming slowly brighter, I observed on the bilge, among the big stones with which fisher-folk ballast their boats, several kegs and baskets, and a provision of fuel. All these were discharged upon the crag. Andie, myself, and my three Highlanders (I call them mine, although it was the other way about), landed along with them. The sun was not yet up when the boat moved away again, the noise of the oars upon the thole-pins echoing from the cliffs, and left us in our singular seclusion.

Andie Dale was the Prefect (as I would jocularly call him) of the Bass, being at once the shepherd and the gamekeeper of that small and rich estate. He had to mind the dozen or so of sheep that fed and fattened on the grass of the sloping part of it, like beasts grazing the roof of a cathedral. had charge besides of the solan geese that roosted in the crags; and from these an extraordinary income is derived. The young are dainty eating, as much as two shillings a-piece being a common price, and paid willingly by epicures; even the grown birds are valuable for their oil and feathers; and a part of the minister's stipend of North Berwick is paid to this day in solan geese, which makes it (in some folk's eyes) a parish to be coveted. To perform these several businesses, as well as to protect the geese from peachers, Andie had frequent occasion to sleep and pass days together on the crag; and we found the man at home there like a farmer in his steading. Bidding us all shoulder some of the packages, a matter in which I made haste to bear a hand, he led us in by a locked gate, which was the only admission to the island, and through the ruins of the fortress, to the governor's house. There we saw, by the ashes in the chimney and a standing bed-place in one corner, that he made his usual occupation.

The bed he now offered me to use, saying he supposed I would set up to be gentry.

"My gentrice has nothing to do with where I lie," said I. "I bless God I have lain hard ere now, and can do the same again with thankfulness. While I am here, Mr. Andie, if that be your name, I will do my part and take my place beside the rest of you; and I ask you on the other hand to spare me your mockery, which I own I like ill."

He grumbled a little at this speech, but seemed upon reflection to approve it. Indeed, he was a long-headed, sensible man, and a good Whig and Presbyterian; read daily in a pocket Bible, and was both able and eager to converse seriously on religion, leaning more than a little towards the Cameronian doctrines. His morals were of a more doubtful colour. I found he was deep in the free trade, and used the ruins of Tantallon for a magazine of smuggled merchandise. As for a gauger, I do not believe he valued the life of one at half-a-farthing. But that part of the coast of Lothian is to this day as wild a place, and the commons there as rough a crew as any in Scotland. Of some of the most impious of their doings it chanced I was to have a taste (or glimpse) during the time of my imprisonment.

It came on one day to blow a gale from the north-east. The wind screamed and the sea beat about our crag without remission. A huge cavern is pierced into the Bass from the sea-front, and the sound of the waves booming within was like the sounding of some creature's bowels. Set as we were in the midst of this uproar, with the constant dreadful spectacle of bursting seas before our eyes, we all fell into what seemed a fever of excitement, moving swiftly and uselessly about in a continual change of place and occupation. Night was come when this uneasiness took me, when I sat by the cheek of a warm fire, and must have me to the summit of the Bass. It is to be supposed that

Andie was no more at quiet than myself, for he very readily consented to be my guide and companion in this daft-like enterprise. This was no doubt a particular good fortune to myself: had I gone alone I must surely have been blown away, or fallen in the darkness from the cliffs; and even with Andie's knowledge and our conjoint strength, I think it a wonder that ever we reached the top or even managed to get back again. There was very little to see when we got there, and less light to see it by; and when the gusts came, it seemed the eyes would be blown or washed out of our Yet upon the left I could observe the beacon-fire on the May Isle to blaze up with extraordinary flashes like a burning war-ship, die down till I could have supposed it was extinguished, and with the next gowl of wind, flame forth again out of the blackness. On the other hand, where the Lothian coast should have appeared, we perceived a second light which seemed to move very much in the style of a ship's riding lantern, heaving on the waves. I asked of Andie what this was.

"Yon'll be the Pagans o' Scon'll," says he, and explained it would be a lantern made fast to a cow's horns, then again lashed to the creature's knee, and the whole driven to and fro on the cliff-tops to be a decoy to ships.

"Why, that is wrecking!" I exclaimed.

He owned it, and told me the lads of Scovil, Auldadam, Castleton of Tantallon, and the country round about, were much addicted to this horrid practice, for the which he expressed a distaste as violent as my own. "But of course," he added, "aince the ship's ashore, I would be naething but a fule if I didnae see to get my ain share of her alongst the neebours."

A second incident of this imprisonment is made memorable by a consequence it had long after. There was a warship at this time stationed in the Firth, the *Scahorse*, Captain Palliser. It chanced she was cruising in the month of September, plying between Fife and Lothian, and sounding for sunk dangers. Early one fine morning she was seen about two miles to east of us, where she lowered a boat, and seemed to examine the Wildfire Rocks and Satan's Bush, famous dangers of that coast. And presently, after having got her boat again, she came before the wind and was headed directly for the Bass. This was very troublesome to Andie

and the Highlanders; the whole business of my sequestration was designed for privacy, and here, with a navy captain perhaps blundering ashore, it looked to become public enough, if it were nothing I was in a minority of one; I was no Alan to fall upon so many, and I was far from sure that a warship was the best likely to improve my condition. All which considered, I gave Andie my parole of good behaviour and obedience, and was had briskly to the summit of the rock, where we all lay down, at the cliff's edge, in different places of observation and concealment. The Seahorse came straight on till I thought she would have struck, and we (looking giddily down) could see the ship's company at their quarters and hear the leadsman singing at the lead. Then she suddenly wore and let fly a volley of I know not how many great guns. The rock was shaken with the thunder of the sound, the smoke flowed over our heads, and the geese rose in number beyond computation or belief. To hear their screaming and to see the twinkling of their wings, made a most inimitable curiosity; and I suppose it was after this somewhat childish pleasure that Captain Palliser had come so near the Bass. He was to pay dear for it in time. During his approach I had the opportunity to make a remark upon the rigging of that ship by which I ever after knew it miles away; and this was the means (under Providence) of my averting from a friend a great calamity, and inflicting on Captain Palliser himself a sensible disappointment.

All the time of my stay on the rock we lived well. We had small ale and brandy, and oatmeal of which we made our porridge night and morn-At times a boat came from Castleton and brought us a quarter of mutton, for the sheep upon the rock we must not touch, these being specially fed to market. The geese were unfortunately out of season, and we let them be. We fished ourselves, and yet more often made the geese to fish for us: observing one when he had made a capture and scaring him from his prey ere he had swallowed it. A part of our fuel even was supplied us by these singular fowl, for in the building of their nest they employ all manner of material, and among others, sticks of trees. In one old nest that I examined I found the rags of a man's red coat built in, about the colour of a soldier's but finer in the stuff; in another was a part of the face of a

great eight day clock, the figures of the dial still to be distinguished.

The strange nature of this place, and the curiosities with which it abounded, held me busy and amused. Escape being impossible, I was allowed my entire liberty, and continually explored the surface of the isle wherever it might support the foot of man. The old garden of the prison was still to be observed, with flowers and pot-herbs running wild, and some ripe cherries on a bush. A little lower stood a chapel or a hermit's cell; who built or dwelt in it, none may know, and the thought of its age made a ground of many meditations. The prison too, where I now bivouacked with Highland cattle-thieves, was a place full of history, both human and divine. I thought it strange so many saints and martyrs should have gone by there so recently, and left not so much as a leaf out of their Bibles, or a name carved upon the wall, while the rough soldier lads that mounted guard upon the battlements had filled the neighbourhood with their mementoes—broken tobaccopipes for the most part, and that in a surprising plenty, but also metal buttons from their coats. There were times when I thought I could have heard the pious sound of psalms out of the martyrs' dungeons, and seen the soldiers tramp the ramparts with their glinting pipes, and the dawn rising behind them out of the North Sea.

No doubt it was a good deal Andie and his tales that put these fancies in my head. He was extraordinarily well acquainted with the story of the rock in all particulars, down to the names of private soldiers, his father having served there in that same capacity. He was gifted besides with a natural genius for narration, so that the people seemed to speak and the things to be done before your face. This gift of his and my assiduity to listen brought us the more close together. I could not honestly deny but what I liked him; I soon saw that he liked me; and indeed, from the first I had set myself out to capture his good-will. An odd circumstance (to be told presently) effected this beyond my expectation; but even in early days we made a friendly pair to be a prisoner and his gaoler.

I should trifle with my conscience if I pretended my stay upon the Bass was wholly disagreeable. It seemed to me a safe place, as though I was escaped there out of my troubles. No harm was to be

offered me; a material impossibility, rock and the deep sea, prevented me from fresh attempts; I felt I had my life safe and my honour safe, and there were times when I allowed myself to gloat on them like stolen waters. At other times my thoughts were very different. I recalled how strong I had expressed myself both to Rankeillor and to Stewart; I reflected that my captivity upon the Bass, in view of a great part of the coasts of Fife and Lothian, was a thing I should be thought more likely to have invented than endured; and in the eyes of these two gentlemen, at least, I must pass for a boaster and a coward. Now I would take this lightly enough; tell myself that so long as I stood well with Catriona Drummond, the opinion of the rest of man was but moonshine and spilled water; and thence pass off into those meditations of a lover which are so delightful to himself and must always appear so surprisingly idle to a reader. But anon the fear would take me otherwise; I would be shaken with a perfect panic of self-esteem, and these supposed hard judgments appear an injustice impossible to be supported. With that another train of thought would be presented, and I had scarce begun to be concerned about men's judgments of myself, than I was haunted with the remembrance of James Stewart in his dungeon and the lamentations of his wife. Then, indeed, passion began to work in me; I could not forgive myself to sit there idle; it seemed (if I were a man at all) that I could fly or swim out of my place of safety; and it was in such humours and to amuse my selfreproaches that I would set the more particularly to win the good side of Andie Dale.

At last, when we two were alone on the summit of the rock on a bright morning, I put in some hint about a bribe. He looked at me, cast back his head, and laughed out loud.

"Ay, you're funny, Mr. Dale," said I, "but perhaps if you'll glance an eye upon that paper you may change your note."

The stupid Highlanders had taken from me at the time of my seizure nothing but hard money, and the paper I now showed Andie was an acknowledgment from the British Linen Company for a considerable sum.

He read it. "Troth, and ye're nane sae ill aff," said he.

"I thought that would maybe vary your opinions," said I.

"Hout!" said he, "it shows me ye can bribe; but I'm no to be bribit."

"We'll see about that yet awhile," says I. "And first, I'll show you that I know what I am talking. You have orders to detain me here till after Thursday, 21st September."

"Ye're no altogether wrong either," says Andie.
"I'm to let ye gang, bar orders contrair, on Saturday, the 23rd."

I could not but feel there was something extremely insidious in this arrangement. That I was to reappear precisely in time to be too late would cast the more discredit on my tale, if I were minded to tell one; and this screwed me to fighting point.

"Now then, Andie, you that kens the world, listen to me, and think while ye listen," said I. "I know there are great folks in the business, and I make no doubt you have their names to go upon. I have seen some of them myself since this affair began, and said my say into their faces too. what kind of a crime would this be that I had committed? or what kind of a process is this that I am fallen under? To be apprehended by some ragged John-Highwaymen on August 30th, carried to a rickle of old stones that is now neither fort nor gaol (whatever it once was), but just the gamekeeper's lodge of the Bass Rock, and set free again, September 23rd, as secretly as I was first arrested does that sound like law to you? or does it sound like justice? or does it not sound honestly like a piece of some low dirty intrigue, of which the very folk that meddle with it are ashamed?"

"I canna gainsay ye, Shaws. It looks unco underhand," says Andie. "And werenae the folk guid sound Whigs and true-blue Presbyterians, I would hae seen them ayont Jordan and Jeroozlem or I would have set hand to it."

"The Master of Lovat'll be a braw Whig," says I, "and a grand Presbyterian."

"I ken naething by him," said he, "I hae nae trokings wi' Lovats."

"No, it'll be Prestongrange that you'll be dealing with," said I.

"Ah, but I'll no tell ye that," said Andie.

"Little need when I ken," was my retort.

"There's just the ae thing ye can be fairly sure of, Shaws," says Andie. "And that is that (try as ye please) I'm no dealing wi' yoursel'; nor yet I amnae goin' to," he added.

"Well, Andie, I see I'll have to speak out plain with you," I replied. And I told him so much as I thought needful of the facts.

He heard me out with serious interest, and when I had done, seemed to consider a little with himself.

"Shaws," said he at last, "I'll deal with the naked hand. It's a queer tale, and no very creditable, the way you tell it; and I'm far frae hinting that is other than the way that ye believe it. As for yoursel', ye seem to me rather a dacent-like young man. But me, that's aulder and mair judeecious, see perhaps a wee bit forrit in the job than what ye can dae. And here is the maitter clear and plain to ye. There'll be nae skaith to yoursel' if I keep ye here; far frae that, I think ye'll be a hantle better by it. There'll be nae skaith to the kintry—just ae mair Hielantman hangit—Gude kens, a guid riddance! On the ither hand, it would be considerable skaith to me if I would let you free. Sae, speaking as a guid Whig, an honest freen' to you, and an anxious freen' to my ainsel', the plain fact is that I think ye'll just have to bide here wi' Andie an' the solans."

"Andie," said I, laying my hand upon his knee, "this Hielantman's innocent."

"Ay, it's a peety about that," said he. "But ye see, in this warld, the way God made it, we cannae just get a'thing that we want."

CHAPTER XV.

BLACK ANDIE'S TALE OF TOD LAPRAIK.

I have yet said little of the Highlanders. They were all three of the followers of James More, which bound the accusation very tight about their master's neck. All understood a word or two of English; but Neil was the only one who judged he had enough of it for general converse, in which (when once he got embarked) his company was often tempted to the contrary opinion. They were tractable, simple creatures; showed much more courtesy than might have been expected from their raggedness and their uncouth appearance, and fell spontaneously to be like three servants for Andie and myself.

Dwelling in that isolated place, in the old falling ruins of a prison, and among endless strange sounds of the sea and the sea-birds, I thought I

perceived in them early the effects of superstitious fear. When there was nothing doing they would either lie and sleep-for which their appetite appeared insatiable-or Neil would entertain the others with stories which seemed always of a terrifying strain. If neither of these delights were within reach—if perhaps two were sleeping and the third could find no means to follow their example -I would see him sit and listen and look about him in a progression of uneasiness, starting, his face blanching, his hands clutched, a man strung like a bow. The nature of these fears I had never an occasion to find out, but the sight of them was catching, and the nature of the place that we were in was favourable to alarms. I can find no word for it in English, but Andie had an expression for it in the Scots from which he never varied.

"Ay," he would say, "it's an unco place, the Bass,"

It is so I always think of it. It was an unco place by night, unco by day; and there were unco sounds, of the calling of the solans, and the flash of the sea, and the rock echoes that hung continually in our ears. It was chiefly so in moderate weather. When the waves were anyway great they roared about the rock like thunder and the drums of armies, dreadful but merry to hear; as it was in the calm days that a man could daunt himself with listening—not a Highlandman only, as I several times experimented on myself; so many still, hollow noises haunted and reverberated in the porches of the rock.

This brings me to a story I heard, and a scene I took part in, which quite changed our terms of living, and had a great effect on my departure. It chanced one night I fell in a muse beside the fire and (that little air of Alan's coming back to my memory) began to whistle. A hand was laid upon my arm, and the voice of Neil bade me to stop, for it was not "canny musics."

"Not canny?" I asked. "How can that be?"

"Na," said he; "it will be made by a bogle and her wanting ta heid upon his body."

"Well," said I, "there can be no bogles here, Neil; for it's not likely they would fast themselves to frighten solan gecse."

"Ay?" says Andie, "is that what you think of it? But I'll can tell ye there's been waur nor bogles here."

"What's waur than bogles, Andie?" said I.

"Warlocks," said he. "Or a warlock at the least of it. And that's a queer tale, too," he added, smiling. "And if ye would like, I'll tell it ye."

To be sure we were all of the one mind, and even the Highlander that had the least English of the three set himself to listen with all his might.

THE TALE OF TOD LAPRAIK.

My faither, Tam Dale, peace to his banes, was a wild, sploring lad in his young days, wi' little wisdom and less grace. He was fond of a lass and fond of a glass, and fond of a randan; but I could never hear tell that he was muckle use for honest employment. Frae ae thing to anither, he 'listed at last for a sodger, and was in the garrison of this fort, which was the first way that ony of the Dales cam to set foot upon the Bass. Sorrow upon that service! The governor brewed his ain ale; it seems it was the warst conceivable. The rock was proveesioned frae the shore with vivers; the thing was ill-guided, and there were whiles when they had to fish and shoot solans for their diet. To crown a' this was the Days of the Persecution. The perishin' cauld chalmers were all occupeed wi' sants and martyrs, the saut of the yearth, of which it wasnae worthy. And though Tam Dale carried a firelock there, a single sodger, and liked a lass and a glass, as I was sayin', the mind of the man was mair just than set with his position. He had glints of the glory of the Kirk; there were whiles when his dander rose to see the Lord's sants misguided, and shame covered him that he should be haulding a can'le (or carrying a firelock) in so black a business. There were nights of it when he was here on sentry, the place a' wheest, the frosts o' winter maybe riving in the wa's, and he would hear ane o' the prisoners strike up a psalm, and the rest join in, and the blessed sounds rising from the different chalmers-or dungeons, I would raither say-so that this auld craig in the sea was like a pairt of heev'n. Black shame was on his saul; his sins hove up before him muckle as the Bass, and above a', that chief sin, that he should have a hand in hagging and hashing at Christ's Kirk. But the truth is that he resisted the spirit. Day cam; there were

the rousing compainions, and his guid resolves depairtit.

In thir days, dwalled upon the Bass a man of God, Peden the Prophet was his name. Ye'll have heard tell of Prophet Peden. There was never the wale of him sinsyne, and it's a question wi' mony if 'there ever was his like afore. He was wild 's a peat-hag, fearsome to look at, fearsome to hear, his face like the day of judgment. The voice of him was like a solan's and dinnle'd in folks' lugs, and the words of him like coals of fire.

Now there was a lass on the rock, and I think she had little to do, for it was nae place for decent weemen; but it seems she was bonny, and her and Tam Dale were very well agreed. It befell that Peden was in the gairden his lane at the praying, when Tam and the lass cam by; and what should the lassie do but mock with laughter at the sant's He rose and lookit at the twa o' them, and Tam's knees knoitered thegither at the look of him. But whan he spak, it was mair in sorrow than in anger-"Poor thing, poor thing!" says he, and it was the lass he lookit at, "I hear you skirl and laugh," he says, "but the Lord has a deid shot prepared for you, and at that surprising judgment ye shall skirl but the ae time!" Shortly thereafter she was daundering on the craigs wi' twa-three sodgers, and it was a blawy day. There cam a gowst of wind, caught her by the coats, and awa' wi' her bag and baggage. And it was remarked by the sodgers that she gied but the ae skirl.

Nae doubt this judgment had some weicht upon Tam Dale; but it passed again, and him none the better. Ae day he was flyting wi' anither sodgerlad. "Deil hae me!" quo' Tam, for he was a profane swearer; and there was Peden glowering at him gash an' waefu'; Peden wi' his lang chafts an' huntin' een, the maud happed about his kist, and the hand of him held out wi' the black nails upon the finger-nebs-for he had nae care of the body—"Fy, fy, poor man!" cries he, "the poor fool man! Deil hae me, quo' he; an' I see the deil at his oxter." The conviction of guilt and grace cam in on Tam like the deep sea; he flang down the pike that was in his hands-"I will nae mair lift arms against the cause o' Christ!" says he, and was as gude 's word. There was a sair fyke in the beginning, but the governor, seeing him resolved, gied him his discharge, and he went and

dwallt and married in North Berwick, and had aye a gude name with honest folk frae that day on.

It was in the year seeventeen hunner and sax that the Bass cam in the hands o' the Da'rymples, and there was twa men soucht the chairge of it. Baith were weel qualified, for they had baith been sodgers in the garrison, and kent the gate to handle solans, and the seasons and values of them. Forby that they were baith—or they baith seemed—earnest professors and men of comely conversation. The first of them was just Tam Dale, my faither. The second was ane Lapraik, whom the folk ca'd Tod Lapraik maistly, but whether for his name or his nature I could never hear tell. Weel, Tam gaed to see Lapraik upon this business, and took me, that was a toddlin' laddie, by the hand. Tod had his dwallin' in the lang loan benorth the kirkyaird. It's a dark uncanny loan, forby that the kirk has aye had an ill name since the days o' James the Saxt and the deevil's cantrips played therein when the Queen was on the seas; and as for Tod's house, it was in the mirkest end, and was little liked by some that kenned the best. The door was on the sneck that day, and me and my faither gaed straucht in. Tod was a wabster to his trade; his loom stood in the but. There he sat, a muckle, fat, white hash of a man like creish, in a kind of a holy smile that gart me scunner. The hand of him aye cawed the shuttle, but his een was steeked. We cried to him by his name, we skirled in the deid lug of him, we shook him by the shou'ther. Nae mainner o' service! There he sat, an' cawed the shuttle and smiled like creish.

"God be guid to us," says Tam Dale, "this is no canny!"

He had jimp said the word, when Tod Lapraik came to himsel'.

"Is this you, Tam?" says he. "Haich, man! I'm blythe to see ye. I whiles fa' into a bit dwam like this," he says; "it's frac the stamach."

Weel, they began to crack about the Bass and which of them twa was to get the warding o't, and by little and little cam to very ill words, and twined in anger. I mind weel, that as my faither and me gaed hame again, he cam ower and ower the same expression, how little he likit Tod Lapraik and his dwams.

"Dwam!" says he. "I think folk hae brunt for dwams like yon."

Aweel, my faither got the Bass and Tod had to go wantin'. It was remembered sinsyne what way he had ta'en the thing. "Tam," says he, "ye hae gotten the better o' me aince mair, and I hope," says he, "ye'll find at least a' that ye expeckit at the Bass." Which have since been thought remarkable expressions. At last the time came for Tam Dale to take young solans. This was a business he was well used wi', he had been a craigsman frae a laddie, and trustit nane but himsel'. So there was he hingin' by a line an' speldering on the craig faces, whaur it's hieest and steighest. Fower tenty lads were on the tap, hauldin' the line and mindin' for his signals. But whaur Tam hung there was naething but the craig and the sea below, and the solans skirling and flying. It was a braw spring morn, and Tam whustled as he claught in the young geese. Mony's the time I heard him tell of this experience, and ave the swat ran upon the man.

It chanced, ye see, that Tam keeked up, and he was awaur of a muckle solan, and the solan pyking at the line. He thocht this by-ordinar and outside the creature's habits. He minded that ropes was unco saft things, and the solan's neb and the Bass Rock unco hard, and that twa hunner feet were raither mair than he would care to fa'.

"Shoo!" says Tam "Awa', bird! Shoo, awa' wi' ye!" says he.

The solan keekit down into Tam's face, and there was something unco in the creature's e'e. Just the ae keek it gied, and back to the rope. But now it wroucht and warslet like a thing dementit. There never was the solan made that wroucht as that solan wroucht; and it seemed to understand its employ brawly, birzing the saft rope between the neb of it and a crunkled jag o rock.

There gaed a cauld stend o' fear into Tam's heart. "This thing is nae bird," thinks he. His een turnt backward in his heid and the day gaed black about him. "If I get a dwam here," he thought, "it's by wi' Tam Dale." And he signalled for the lads to pu' him up.

And it seemed the solan understood about signals. For nae sooner was the signal made than he let be the rope, spried his wings, squawked out loud, took a turn flying, and dashed straucht at Tam Dale's een. Tam had a knife, he gart the cauld steel glitter. And it seemed the solan understood about knives, for nae suner did the

steel glint in the sun than he gied the ae squawk, but laigher, like a body disappointit, and flegged off about the roundness of the craig, and Tam saw him nae mair. And as sune as that thing was gone, Tam's heid drapt upon his shouther, and they pu'd him up like a deid corp, dadding on the craig.

A dram of brandy (which he went never without) brought him to his mind, or what was left of it. Up he sat.

"Rin, Geordie, rin to the boat, mak' sure of the boat, man, rin!" he cries, "or yon solan'll have it awa'," says he.

The fower lads stared at ither, an' tried to whilly wha him to be quiet. But naething would satisfy Tam Dale, till ane o' them had startit on aheid to stand sentry on the boat. The ithers askit if he was for down again.

"Na," says he, "and niether you nor me," says he, "and as sune as I can win to stand on my twa feet we'll be aff frae this craig o' Sawtan."

Sure eneuch, nae time was lost, and that was ower muckle; for before they won to North Berwick Tam was in a crying fever. He lay a' the simmer; and wha was sae kind as come speiring for him, but Tod Lapraik! Folk thocht afterwards that every time Tod cam near the house the fever had worsened. I kenna for that; but what I ken the best, that was the end of it.

It was about this time o' the year, my grand-faither was out at the white fishing, and like a bairn, I but to gang wi' him. We had a grand take, I mind, and the way that the fish lay broucht us near in by the Bass, whaur we forgaithered wi' anither boat that belanged to anither man, Sandie Fletcher in Castleton. He's no lang deid niether, or ye could spier at himsel'. Weel, Sandie hailed.

"What's you on the Bass?" says he.

"On the Bass!" says grandfaither.

"Ay," says Sandie, "on the green side o't."

"Whatten kind of a thing?" says grandfaither.
"There cannae be naething on the Bass but just the sheep."

"It looks unco like a body," quo' Sandie, who was nearer in.

"A body!" says we, and we nane of us likit that. For there was nae boat that could have brought a man, and the key o' the prison yett hung over my faither's heid at hame, in the press bed.

We keept the twa boats close for company, and

crap in nearer hand. Grandfaither had a glass, for he had been a sailor, and the captain of a smack, and had lost her on the sands of Tay. And when we took the glass to it, sure eneuch there was a man. He was in a crunkle o' green brae, a wee below the chaipel, a' by his lee lane, and lowped and flang and danced like a daft quean at a waddin'.

"It's Tod," says grandfaither, and passed the glass to Sandie.

"Ay, it's him," says Sandie.

"Or ane in the likeness o' him," says grand-faither.

"Sma' is the differ," quo' Sandie. "De'il or warlock, I'll try the gun at him," quo' he, and broucht up a fowling-piece that he aye carried, for Sandie was a notable famous shot in all that country.

"Haud your hand, Sandie," says grandfaither; "we maun see clearer first," says he, "or this may be dear day's wark to the baith of us."

"Hout!" says Sandie, "this is the Lord's judgments surely," says he.

"Maybe ay, and maybe no," says my grand-faither, worthy man! "But have you a mind of the Procurator Fiscal, that I think ye'll have forgaithered wi' before," says he.

This was ower true, and Sandie was a wee thing set ajee. "Aweel, Edie," says he, "and what would be your way of it?"

"Ou, just this," says grandfaither. "Let me that has the fastest boat gang back to North Berwick, and let you bide here and keep an eye on yon. If I cannae find Lapraik, I'll join ye, and the twa of us'll have a crack wi' him. But if Lapraik's at home, I'll rin up the flag at the harbour, and ye can try Thon Thing wi' the gun."

Aweel, so it was agreed between them twa. I was just a bairn, an' clum in Sandie's boat, whaur I thoucht I would see the best of the employ. My grandsire gied Sandie a siller tester to pit in his gun wi' the leid draps, bein' mair deidly again bogles. And then the ae boat set aff for North Berwick, an' the tither lay whaur it was and watched the wanchancy thing on the brae-side.

A' the time we lay there it lowped and flang and capered and span like a teetotum, and whiles we could hear it skelloch as it span. I hae seen lassies, the daft queans, that would lowp and dance a' winter's nicht, and still be lowping and dancing

when the winter's day cam in. But there would be folk there to hauld them company, and the lads to egg them on; and this thing was its lee-lane. And there would be a fiddler diddling his elbock in the chimney-side; and this thing had nae music but the skirling of the solans. And the lassies were bits o' young things wi' the reid life dinnling and stending in their members; and this was a muckle, fat, creishy man, and him fa'n in the vale o' years. Say what ye like, I maun say what I believe. It was joy was in the creature's heart; the joy o' hell, I daursay: joy whatever. Mony a time I have askit mysel', why witches and warlocks should sell their sauls (whilk are their maist dear possessions) and be auld, duddy, wrunklt wives or auld, feckless, doddered men; and then I mind upon Tod Lapraik dancing a' they hours by his lane in the black glory of his heart.

Weel, at the hinder end, we saw the wee flag yirk up to the mast-heid upon the harbour rocks. That was a' Sandie waited fur. He up wi' the gun, took a deleeberate aim, an' pu'd the trigger. There cam' a bang, and then ae waefu' skirl frae the Bass. And there were we rubbin' our een and lookin' at ither like daft folk. Far wi' the bang and the skirl the thing had clean disappeared. The sun glintit, the wund blew, and there was the bare yaird whaur the Wonder had been lowping and flinging but ae second sync.

The hale way hame I roared and grat wi' the terror of that dispensation. The grawn folk were nane sae muckle better; there was little said in Sandie's boat but just the name of God; and when we won in by the pier, the harbour rocks were fair black wi' the folk waitin' us. It seems they had fund Lapraik in ane of his dwams, cawing the shuttle and smiling. Ae lad they sent to hoist the flag, and the rest abode there in the wabster's house. You may be sure they liked it little; but it was a means of grace to severals, that stood there praying in to themsel's (fur nane cared to pray out loud), and looking on the awesome thing as it cawed the shuttle. Syne, upon a suddenty, and wi' the ae dreidfu' skelloch, Tod sprang up frae his hinderlands and fell forrit on the wab, a bluidy corp.

When the corp was examined the leid draps hadnae played buff upon the warlock's body; sorrow a leid drap was to be fund, but there was grandfaither's siller tester in the puddock's heart of him."

Andie had scarce done when there befell a mighty silly affair that had its consequence. Neil, as I have said, was himself a great narrator. I have heard since that he knew all the stories in the Highlands; and thought much of himself, and was thought much of by others, on the strength of it. Now Andie's tale reminded him of one he had already heard.

"She would ken that story afore," he said. "She was the story of Uistean More M'Gillie Phadrig and the Gavar Vore."

"It is no sic a thing," cried Andie. "It is the story of my faither (now wi' God) and Tod Lapraik. And the same in your beard," says he; "and keep the tongue of ye inside your Hielant chafts!"

In dealing with Highlanders it will be found, and has been shown in history, how well it goes with Lowland gentlefolk; but the thing appears scarce feasible for Lowland commons. I had already remarked that Andie was continually on the point of quarrelling with our three MacGregors, and now, sure enough, it was to come.

"This will be no words to use to shentlemans," says Neil.

"Shentlemans!" cried Andie. "Shentlemans, ye Hielant stot! If God would give ye the grace to see yoursel' the way that ithers see ye, ye would throw your denner up."

Then came some kind of Gaelic oath from Neil, and the black knife was in his hand that moment.

There was no time to think, and I caught the Highlander by the leg and had him down, and his armed hand pinned out, before I knew what I was doing. His comrades sprang to rescue him. Andie and I were without weapons, the Gregara three to two. It seemed we were beyond salvation, when Neil screamed in his own tongue, ordering the others back, and made his submission to myself in a manner the most abject, even giving me up his knife, which (upon a repetition of his promises) I returned to him on the morrow.

Two things I saw plain: the first, that I must not build too high on Andie, who had shrunk against the wall and stood there, as pale as death, till the affair was over; the second, the strength of my own position with the Highlanders, who must have received extraordinary charges to be tender of my safety. But if I thought Andie came not very well out in courage, I had no fault to find with him upon the account of gratitude. It was not so much that he troubled me with thanks, as that his whole mind and manner appeared changed; and as he preserved ever after a great timidity of our companions, he and I were yet more constantly together.

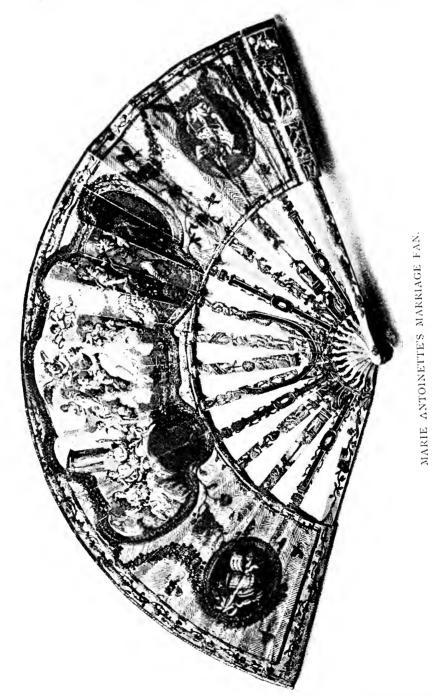
(To be continued.)

THE LAST WORK.

THE twilight deepens, and the quiet room
Grows darker to the old man's weary eyes—
Two wintry casements, dim with age, from which
His artist soul looks forth and bids farewell
To this, the last of all his many works.
The last—and is it so? His palsied hand
With one last effort grasps the falling brush,
His form unbends, the faded eyes grow bright,
A gleam of hope flits o'er his furrowed face
Like evening sunlight o'er a ploughèd field;
But, like the sunlight, all too quickly fades,
And leaves behind but deeper, sadder gloom.

"And must I leave thee?" so these words of old Rose to the old man's lips. "It seems not long Since first I knew thee, yet was e'er a time I knew thee not, for thou didst grow with me As did my strength—ay, faster. They have said That thou wert more to me than life itself: And yet, my Art, what have I done for thee? My strength is gone, and I am failing fast, My brains refuse to think, my trembling hands To hold the freighted brush, ev'n at early morn. And oft—how oft!—my eyes, that never failed To tell me when I erred, do play me false, And mix up so the colours to my sight That all appear as one. And now, alas! I do not hear. The nightingale's sweet voice, That nightly poured rich melody between My unbarred casement as I worked, is mute; And dearer voices, those I loved to hear Make tender havoe of the old man's work, Draw near me now when they would speak to me, And loving fingers touch me ere I see. They say sometimes I dream more than I used. It may be so; but oftentimes, methinks, 'Tis but the shadow of eternal sleep That falls on me. And now farewell-My life, my love, my all, I long for rest."

Even as he spoke, from out the dark'ning room. There grew a radiant form, that, bending o'er. The old man's chair, took with a gentle touch. The falling brush from his unconscious hand. She kissed the withered face, the silv'ry hair, Then closed the tired eyes, and vanished. And when they came, wond'ring he stayed so long, They found that he was dead.





MRS. PARR.

"Assist, ye nine, your loftiest notes employ, Say what celestial skill contrived the toy; Say how this instrument of love began, And in immortal strains display the Fan."

The Fan. GAY, 1716.

O article of dress in present use has an origin so ancient as the fan, and to this day, at shops dealing in Eastern produce, may be purchased the palm-leaf fans in all respects similar to those figured on monuments daving centuries before the Christian era.

Fans were in use, in these ancient times, in Egypt, India, China, and Greece. They were in shape round, half-circular, octagonal, elliptic, made of wood, bamboo, silk, gold, ivory, the feathers of birds, the leaves of plants. But however they might vary in form, they could none of them be folded, and it was not until the sixteenth century that the folding-fan—the fan proper—the fan of our own day—came into general use.

Tradition says that we owe its invention to the Japanese, and that the earliest representation of a folding fan is to be found in the hands of the Japanese God of Happiness. About the year 900 of our era it was taken to China; from there, during the fifteenth century, it was carried to Portugal, to Spain, and to Italy, from which last country it travelled into France with the Italian perfumers who followed in the train of Catherine de Medicis. Up to this date, fans made of feathers, especially of peacocks' and ostrich feathers, had been worn by women of high rank. The handles of ivory or

gold were often worked and jewelled; they were of considerable value, costing £,40 and upwards, and were hung suspended by a chain from the elaborate girdle then worn round the waist. In Aubrev's notes, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, mention is made of a curious use to which fans of this kind were put in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. "The gentlewomen," he says, "had prodigious fans, such as are to be seen in old pictures, and they had handles at least half a yard long; and with these their daughters were oftentimes corrected;" on which Mr. George Augustus Sala, in his entertaining preface to the Catalogue of the Fan-makers' Exhibition in 1878, remarks, "That Sir Thomas More should have employed as an implement of chastisement on his daughters for their offence of running him into debt with the milliner, so ostensibly harmless a thing as a fan made of peacocks' feathers, has been adduced as a proof of his kindheartedness. But Aubrey's significant allusion to the yard-handles makes it desirable to know which end was used by the learned and amiable Chancellor when he corrected the Misses More."

Aubrey goes on to say—"Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, rode the circuit with such a fan. Sir William Dugdale told me he was an eye-witness of it. The Earl of Manchester also used such a fan."

Queen Elizabeth was an admirer of fans, and in the inventory of her wardrobe, twenty-seven fans were enumerated. Mention is made in the Sydney papers of a New Year's gift made to her of a fan, the handle of which was studded with diamonds. In the portrait of her at Ditchley, painted about 1592, she has a fan of modern shape, suspended by a pink riband from her waist.

During the seventeenth century the use of the fan spread throughout the whole of Europe. The traveller Coryat, writing in 1608, describes the charming fans to be bought in Spain and Italy, for a sum of no greater value than a groat—fourpence of English money. These fans were apparently of the form now in use, and were looked on by him as a curious novelty.

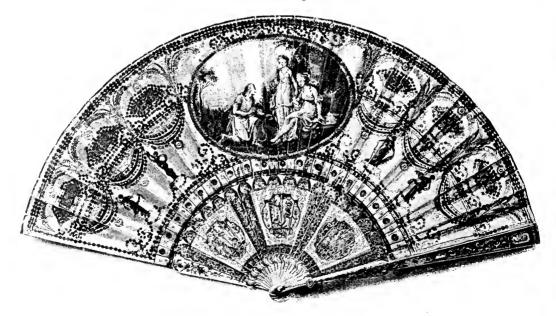
In France, the fan trade developed slowly, and it was not until 1676 that, after many endeavours and much petitioning, Louis XIV. confirmed the edict establishing the corporation or guild of master fan-makers. From this time the fan became indispensable to every woman of fashion, although it was left to the Louis Quinze period to produce those exquisite examples with their delicately-carved mounts in pearl or ivory, or their charming paintings by Watteau and Boucher, which have never been surpassed and seldom equalled.

It may simplify the descriptions of the several

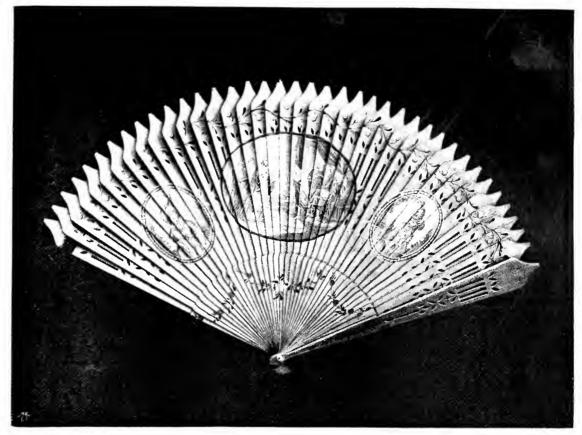
changes made in the fan at different periods, if a list is given of the technical terms used when speaking of the various parts both in England and in France. A fan is composed of two parts, the stick (la monture), and the mount (la feuille). The stick consists of a varying number of blades (brins), which fold in between two guards (panaches). The shoulder (gorge) is the height of the fan from the lower edge of the mount to the end of the handle (la tête), through which passes the pin (rivure).

The number of blades in the fan varied in France from four in the early part of the sixteenth century, to eighteen and twenty-one during the epoch of the Grand Monarque, when they spread out in one continuous surface of ivory, tortoise-shell, or mother-of-pearl, with rich decorations of gold and silver. The shoulder low, left a large mount for bold treatment of design and bright colouring. These mounts were of leather, chicken-skin, silk, or paper.

A fan which about this time became fashionable, was the *éventail brisé*, a name given for the reason that the fan was entirely composed of the sticks, and had no mount. These sticks were painted, carved, or, in the case of the most highly prized, decorated in the style known as Vernis Martin. Martin was a coach-painter or varnisher in the reign of Louis XIV., who discovered a varnish



ENGLISH FAN BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN



BARTOLOZZI REVERSIBLE FAN

remarkable for being brilliant, hard, and lasting; this he used for coating over different painted objects whether in wood or ivory, such as carriages, snuff-boxes, sedan-chairs, and fans. The secret was lost when he died. He has had many imitators, but no successful rivals. In the present day a fine specimen of a Vernis Martin fan will fetch from £50 to £100. Her Majesty has a splendid specimen which once belonged to Marie Antoinette. This unfortunate queen possessed a large collection of fans, some of which were sold at Mr. Walker's celebrated sale in 1882, notably her bridal fan attributed to Fragonard.

A fashionable fan introduced about this time was called the "cabriolet." Its distinguishing feature is that the mount is in two parts; the lower and narrower one half-way up the stick, the other at the top in the usual place. A specimen sold in 1882 for £36 10s. Another example with similar designs was exhibited at

South Kensington in 1870, by the Countess de Chambrun.

Among other specimens in Mr. Walker's collection was the bridal fan of Louis XV.'s queen, Maria Leczinski, painted on skin by Boucher. The blades and guards are of mother-of-pearl exquisitely carved. In the centre is a portrait of the queen as Venus. This exquisite example fetched £75.

During Louis XVI.'s reign, silk mounts enriched with gold and silver spangles became the rage. Owing to this fashion, the art of preparing kid's-skin, which was then termed chicken-skin, in a peculiar manner, was entirely lost. The finest of these skins were brought from Italy.

Spanish fans are usually remarkable for elaborately carved sticks, in mother-of-pearl, ivory, or horn, richly decorated with gold. The mounts are highly-coloured paintings of scenes of love and gallantry. Dutch fans again have a marked character. In the writer's possession is a Dutch

This Day is published,

By Jonathan Pinchbeck, Fan maker, at the Fan and Crown in New Round-Court in the Strand, and fold he from Wholef the and Retail, 2ny 4-1735

HE Bath Medley: Being an accurate and curious Draught



an accurate and curious Draught of the Pump Room at Bath, and most of the known Company who frequent it, adorn'd with the Portraitures of her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia and other illustrious Personages who honour'd that Place with chair Presence the last Season; where-

in the Topicks of Discourse and Conversation of the Companies are impartially confidered, their different Behaviours, Airs, Artificles, &c. indictionly repreferred; the Forgery of the Peut's hinred at, and the Intrigues of the famous B— N— and others fully exploded. Taken from the Life, and fittely define ated in above fifty Hieroglyphical Figures.

N. B. A fourious pyratical Copy of this Fan is lately published, which is not like the tlace in should represent and may eatily be discovered from the Original by its having Pillars to support the Musick Gallery, and in the Middle is wrote The BATH MEDLEY.

fan which belonged to a daughter of Bishop Burnet, who in 1688 came to England with William of Orange. It was bequeathed by Dr. Thomas Burnet, his great-grandson, to its late owner, and is preserved in its original case of black shagreen.

With the Revolutionary era, sandal and cedarwood fans cut in fretwork came into fashion. These éventails brisés were mounted with medallions engraved by Bartolozzi and others, or with scenes such as the taking of the Bastille, portraits of La Fayette, &c.

The Incroyables and the Merveilleuses displayed themselves on the promenades and boulevards with almost imperceptible fans, made of painted and bespangled gauze and In her Dictionnaire des Etiquettes, Madame de Genlis says—"In the days when we blushed and we wished to hide our embarrassment and timidity, we carried large fans, which were at once a countenance and a veil, for by agitating one's fan one hid oneself. Now that we blush little and are no longer intimidated, we have no desire to hide ourselves, and we only carry fans that are imperceptible."

So far we have purposely avoided all mention of the history of this graceful toyso aptly termed "the woman's sceptre"—in our own country.

Driven by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes to seek refuge in England, the French fan-makers soon settled down there to carry on their industry. During the reign of Queen Anne the fan-makers obtained a Charter of Incorporation, with powers to seize and destroy within the city boundaries all fans not of British manufacture. From this period the fashion of the fan rapidly increased. Gay wrote a poem—The Fan. Addison says, "Women are armed with fans as men with swords." The size was so much expanded that Sir Roger de Coverley is made to declare that he would allow the widow he courted "the profits of a windmill for her fans."

The London Magazine for 1744 speaks of fans "even two feet wide," and the writer has no doubt that by help of a proper contrivance, "a lady will soon screen herself and her family against all the inclemencies of

the weather." In the early part of the eighteenth century fans may be said to record and chronicle the fashions, follies, and passing events of the day. There were fortune-telling fans; fans with the notorious Lady Townshend's riddles and charades; programme fans for balls made of asses' skin; fans with portraits, caricatures, scenes from popular plays. In the writer's possession is a fan with a paper mount of Bartholomew Fair in 1721. A figure with a star on his breast is Sir Robert Walpole, then Prime Minister. Two children are looking through a peep-show at the

(raftsman - Sept. 1733



The Loyal NASSAU FAN Dedicated to her Royal Highness Princels ANNE, By her Highnels's

Most humble and Devoted Servant RICHARD HYLTON

RICHARD HYLTON,
In this Fan's represented the Portraitures of his Highness William Prince of Orange and Nassu, &c.
and her Royal Figuress Princess Anne, (done from the original Paintings of Van Dyke and Hysing) in an Orbit, supported by Cupids, adorn'd with other emblematical Ornaments, disposed in a cutious and beautiful Manner

Just Heaven does Anne 2.2.

tious and beautiful Manner

Just Heaven does Anne and Nassau joyn,

To glad great George and Caroline.

To be had of the Maker, "R. Hylton at the Golden Fan in Great
George-stifett, Hanover-Square, and at Mis Haiwood's China and
Fan Shop at the West End of St. Paul's

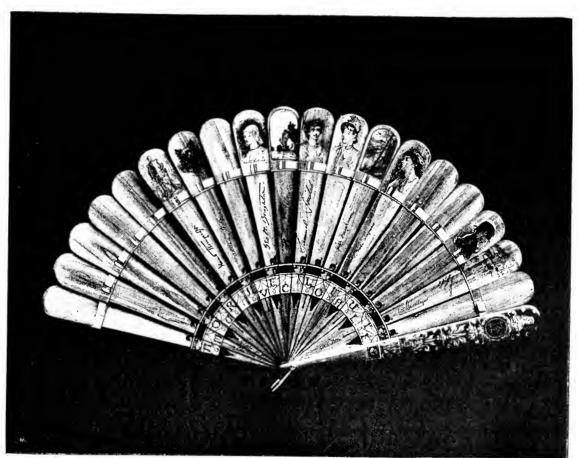
N. B. This is to inform that ingenious Gentleman (who calls
himself) the Proprieter of a Nassau Fan, that he his been guilty of
a very gross Error, and has prejectived himself by informing the Pablick that he knows no Difference between a Pan which is much like
the Frontspiece of a Halfpeinry Ballad, and one that's done in a curious Manner by one of the best Hands in England.

siege of Gibraltar. Fawkes the famous conjuror is there. The earliest representation of an English harlequin is copied from this fan mount, which, says Hone in his *Everyday Book*, "is exceedingly curious, and indispensable to every collector of manners."

Fans were so indispensable at church that suitable ones were provided engraved with Bible texts, scenes, and portraits of popular preachers; but these do not always seem to have met the taste of

'Harlequin and Columbine,' 'The Rake's Progres,,' 'The Humours of Change Alley,' 'The Judgment of Paris,' and 'Vauxhall Gardens.'

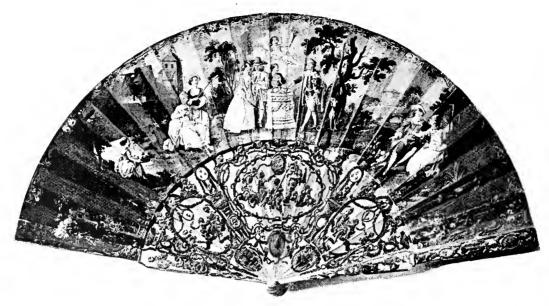
There is a fan-mount in the loan collection of the South Kensington Museum, of George 111. with his family visiting the Royal Academy. Near to this is the Wyatt permanent collection, with some specimens of interest, notably one with the mount a landscape, and figures very beautifully embroidered in coloured silks.



MRS. PARR'S FAN.

the ladies, and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1753, a writer says, "It seems quite necessary to do a piece of justice to the ladies, who have lately contrived to improve the service of the Church by so inconsiderable an implement as a fan-mount. I subjoin a list of designs displayed in a certain church of the metropolis by way of screens to so many pretty faces." Among the list we read of

After a long decadence the year 1829 saw a revival of the fashion for fans, and the resurrection was then due to a chance circumstance. It happened that a very magnificent costume-ball was to be given at the Tuilleries, for which Madame la Duchesse de Berri was arranging a Louis Quinze quadrille. To make the dress perfect, fans of the period must be carried; but where were such



MARIA LECZINSKI BRIDAL FAN BY BOUCHER.

fans to be obtained? Suddenly a luckily-inspired courtier remembered having seen some old fans in a shop-window in the Rue Caumartin. Search was speedily made, and they were found to belong to a perfumer named Vanier, who collected such things as an amateur. The whole collection was carried off to the Palace. At the ball these fans created quite a sensation. Every one wanted to possess one; the rage for fans had set in.

From that date, although its growth has been gradual and the taste has often languished, the favour of certain exclusive circles has never permitted the fan to die; but notwithstanding the advance of modern art and invention, the delicacy, skill, and taste of past times have never been surpassed. One of the many graceful fancies of our artistic day is the autograph fan-a revival of a fashion known to the Chinese. M. Achille Poussiègle tells us in his Voyage en Chine de M. et Md. Bourboulon, that open fans made of ivory or paper "are used as autograph albums; and it is on one of these white fans that a Chinaman begs his friend to leave a sentence, drawing, or some characters which shall recall the absent to his memory. These album-fans, to which great or noted men affix their seals, become of great value." About 1866 some of these fans were sold in London. They were from the Negroni collection, and were said

to have belonged to emperors and empresses of China.

The reproductions here given of these signmanuals of talent may suggest other modes of securing mementoes of friends, painters, poets, musicians, authors—many in the dawn, many in the fullness of their glory.

As in the past, so in the present day, artists of the greatest note have not disdained to adorn these charming playthings. Gérôme and Hamon painted fans for the Empress Eugenie—for as in the beginning France seemed singled out as the adopted home of the fan, that home she still continues to be.

In his notes to the catalogue of the Fan Exhibition at the South Kensington Museum in 1870, Mr. Redgrave stated that there were then no English fan-makers living; and twenty years do not seem to have advanced matters, for in the Introduction of the Third Competitive Exhibition of Fans, held at Drapers' Hall in 1870, Mr. Barrington Nash echoes the same reproach. Feather fans, he tells us, have for some years been a speciality, and a source of considerable income to some London manufacturers; but for elegant and artistically painted fans we must go to Paris and elsewhere. This is a great falling off from the days of George II., when Goupy was celebrated as

a fan painter, and the art itself was so remunerative that, according to Nollekens, the family of the well-known "Athenian Stuart" apprenticed him to Goupy, thinking "that by so doing they were making his fortune."

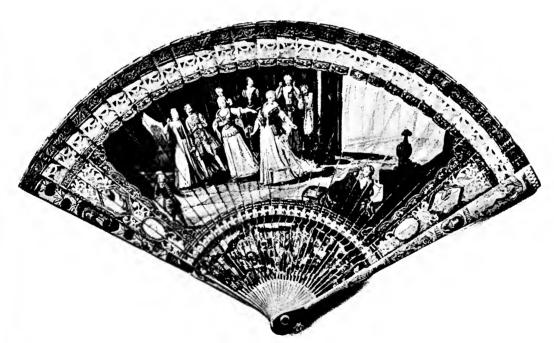
We give two fan-makers' advertisements in facsimile: one the Nassau fan, the other of the Bath Medley.

"The consumption of cheap fans in England," says Mr. Barrington Nash, "is beyond any conceivable computation. The fan departments in several of our largest drapery establishments purchase foreign-made fans to the amount of from £2000 to £6000 per annum each, and at least from £80,000 to £100,000 are paid to foreign houses for fans by the colonial establishments having agents in the city of London. Surely these

facts should give sufficient impetus to a branch of industry so essentially suited to the delicate style and deft handling of women."

Those who visited the different competitive exhibitions held at Drapers' Hall, by the Fanmakers' Company, with the laudable desire of reviving this industry, can bear testimony to the talent displayed.

Modern fans still command high prices. In the present day £100 is not unfrequently paid in Paris for one. At the Kensington Museum may be seen a carved ivory fan with three painted medallions of a tournament, for which, in 1867, £80 was paid; and one need go no further than the house of Duvelleroy in Regent Street, to see to what models of perfection these toys of luxury can be brought.



BLIND MAN'S BUFF, FRENCH 1720.

A YOUNG MUTINEER.

L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER XVI.

RS. QUENTYNS and Judy enjoyed their lunch. Afterwards Rivers took them into the Park; but Hilda, remembering that the hours were flying, and that she must be dressed and ready to receive her husband before six, was restless, and bidding the young man a hasty good-bye, she drove home with Judy.

"I am so glad you are going to the play," said the little girl. "Why don't you often go—why don't you constantly go out in the evening?"

"If I did, Judy, what a dull time you'd have."

"You're quite mistaken, Hilda; I shouldn't be dull at all. You don't know how I like storybooks; and then Susan is such a nice girl. She has got brothers and sisters at home, and she tells me about them when you are out. I am never lonely; I couldn't possibly be sad in the same house with you. If I saw you once or twice a day it would be enough for me—it would really."

"My dear little pet," laughed Hilda, "how solemnly you are talking, what a frightfully earnest tone has got into your voice, and how you are puckering your poor little forehead. I have only one thing to say in reply to your generous wish to leave me so much by myself, namely, that I should find it extremely inconvenient and extremely lonely to have you in the house and only see you twice a day."

"But suppose I weren't with you at all, Hilda—suppose I were still at the Rectory?"

"That would be different," said Hilda, in a light tone; "you would be in your natural home, and I——"

"But you would be lonely if I were away from you, Hilda; do say you'd be fearfully lonely!"

The passion in Judy's voice was unnoticed by Hilda.

"I'd miss you, of course, my pet," she said; then a sudden change came into her voice: "I do

declare that stupid driver is taking us wrong," she exclaimed. "Oh, if he goes up that way it will be such a round that I shall be late for dinner. Poke your parasol through the little window in the roof, Judy, and stop him, do."

Judy obeyed, the driver received his directions in due course, and a moment or two later Hilda and Judy were standing in the little hall at Philippa Terrace. To their surprise Quentyns came forward to meet them.

"Why, Jasper, you have come back early," said the wife. "It isn't five yet, but I—I can dress in no time. Have you got the tickets?—where are we going?"

"Come into the drawing-room, I want to say a word to you," said Quentyns.

"Run up-stairs and take your things off, Judy," said Hilda. She followed her husband into the little drawing-room and shut the door. "Well?" she said. Her voice was still gay, but a little, just a little, of the old fear was creeping back into her heart.

"I'm ever so sorry, Hilda, to disappoint you," said Quentyns, "but when I went to town this morning I absolutely forgot an engagement I made a week ago. I have to go down with two or three men to Richmond. We are to dine at the Star and Garter, and afterwards Philip Danvers has asked me to go home with him. The Danvers' are charming people—have a beautiful house on the river, and everything in the best possible style. I should rather like to cultivate them. It is never a good plan to throw over friends who may be influential; still, if you really wish it, Hilda, I'll come home to night and make some sort of excuse to Danvers—wire to him that I am ill or something of the kind. Of course it is too late for me to get tickets for the play, but if you would like me to stay at home, I-l'll do it-so there!"

Hilda's face, which had been white, was now flushed.

"Why didn't you tell me this morning?" she said. "Why did you forget? I spent a day full of hope, and now -now—" Her eyes filled with sudden tears, she bit her lips and turned away.

Her action, which seemed almost pettish, annoyed Quentyns.

"You needn't cry," he said. "I never supposed you could be so childish. Do you think I forgot on purpose? I was looking forward to my time at Richmond, but it slipped my memory that this was the day. You needn't cry, however, for if you have suddenly taken such a frantic desire for my society, it is at your service. I shall go out and wire to Danvers, and be back again in half-anhour."

After all, Mrs. Quentyns had plenty of self-control. The annoyance and distress in her voice had altogether left it when she spoke again.

"Of course you must go, Jasper," she said. "You don't suppose for a quarter of an instant that I shall stand in your way. Let me go up-stairs with you and help you to put the things you want into a bag. And you will want some tea before you start. I'll ring and tell Susan to prepare it. Now come along, dear; I'm glad of course that you're having this pleasure."

Hilda's manner was once more quite cheerful as she ran up-stairs. Quentyns, however, whose conscience was smiting him, although he didn't know it, could not help acting more or less like a bear with a sore head.

"I shouldn't have accepted the invitation," he said, "upon my word I shouldn't, did I not know that you would have Judy to keep you company. You know I haven't that passion for children you have, and——"

The door was closed behind the two.

"Don't say any more," said Hilda, in a frightened sort of voice. "I told you I was glad that you were to have the pleasure. Now which bag will you take? Will the small Gladstone be large enough?"

Ten minutes later Quentyns had left the house in a hansom, and Hilda went up to Judy's room.

"Come down-stairs, darling," she said, "we are to have another long evening all to ourselves. What a good thing I've got my sweet little sister to stay at home with me. Judy, this was to be a festive night, and I had quite a festive dinner prepared. Suppose we keep the occasion, although

we are only to be by ourselves. You shall dine with me to-night, Judy, and we'll both dress for dinner. You shall wear white, for you look so sweet in white, and I'll do the same."

"Have you got the old India muslin dress that you used to wear at the Rectory before—before there was a Jasper?" said Judy, in a queer, steady kind of little voice. "If you have that old India muslin that father loved and Aunt Marjorie loved, and that Babs and I used always to say you looked like an angel in, will you put it on to-night, Hilda? — will you wear that dress once again?"

"It's a queer thing," replied Hilda; "but I did not throw the old muslin away. I think I can poke it out of some depths somewhere; and it is so soft, that if I shake it out and hang it up for about half-an-hour, it will be quite presentable. You funny Judy, why do you wish to see me in that dress?"

"You were all mine when you wore that dress last," said Judy.

"I am always yours, my dearest. But don't let us talk sentiment, let us make ourselves smart, and then come down-stairs and be happy. We'll imagine that we are at a very gay party, heaps and heaps of other people in the room; but we two, as is sometimes the case, are more or less alone in the crowd. We are so completely one, that other people scarcely affect us. We can talk together, and whisper old secrets about the garden, and Babs, and the animals, and the organ in the church, and the funny chorister-boy who would never sing in tune; we can talk of all these things, although there are throngs and throngs around us, for in a crowd those who love each other often find the best sort of solitude. Come down, Judy, come down, and let's be happy!"

"How flushed you are, Hilda; are you well?"

"Yes; I never felt better."

"You look awfully pretty; you look quite lovely."

"What a dear little flatterer you are. And does it really matter whether I look pretty or not? Aunt Marjorie would scold you, child, for praising my looks to my face; she would say you were encouraging vanity."

"And I should tell her to her face that I was not," answered Judy stoutly. "It's right to look beautiful; it's copying the flowers. Now run and put on your India muslin dress, Hilda."

Hilda left the room, and half-an-hour later the two sisters met in the little drawing-room. There were fresh flowers in the vases; and a great bowl of primroses, which Aunt Marjorie had sent from the Rectory, was placed on the little table in the square bay-window.

Judy in her white dress stood near the flowers. She took up one, and in an absent sort of fashion pulled it to pieces. Susan announced dinner, and the sisters dined together in great state, and with apparent enjoyment. Hilda joked about everything, and Judy, catching up her spirit, did likewise.

"Let us imagine just for to-night that I am grown-up," she said; "treat me as if I were your grown sister—not your little sister, Hilda."

Hilda felt in the humour to comply with any request Judy made.

"We will have our coffee in the drawing-room," she said. "Black coffee for me, please, Susan, but bring in a little jug of cream for Miss Judy's.—Now, dearest," turning to the child, "don't forget that the play is going on; we have dined out with numbers, oh, numbers of guests, and now we are in the large assembly-room, alone in the crowd, happy because we are together."

Judy had thrown herself back into a deep armchair in the little drawing-room while Hilda was speaking; her eyes had a sort of starry radiance about them, her cheeks were slightly flushed, her cloudy soft brown hair was thrown back from her white brow.

Hilda moved about the room; she was restless notwithstanding the enforced calm she was putting upon herself. Judy smiled when Hilda spoke, but in her heart certain words kept repeating themselves—they had repeated themselves like a sort of mournful echo in that poor little heart all day.

"All the moments you are away from me are long and wearisome," Hilda had said to her husband. "All the moments."

And then he had said to her-

"You don't find three trumpery. I wish I didn't!"

"So I'm trumpery," thought Judy to herself.
"I'm three. And all the moments while Hilda is away from Jasper are long and wearisome. Poor Hilda! poor darling! how well she hid it all from me; how good, how very good she has been to

me; but I'm glad I know. It was a lucky, a very lucky thing that the door of the breakfast-room was slightly open this morning, and so I was able to hear Jasper's words."

"How silent you are, dearest," said Hilda, looking at the child.

"I beg your pardon," said Judy, jumping up. "I was thinking."

"Think aloud then, sweet. Let me share your pretty thoughts."

"But they are not pretty, Hilda; and I think I'd rather no one shared them. Now let us talk about old times—about the dear old times before there was a Jasper."

"Judy," said Hilda, "there is just one thing I should like to say to you. Even if it gives you pain, I ought to remind you, my darling, that Jasper is my husband; that I love him, oh! Judy, Judy, my heart aches with love to him. My heart aches because I love my husband so much."

Judy clenched her hands; a great wave of crimson swept over her face. Hilda had hidden her own face in her hands, and did not notice the child's agitation. Presently the little sister's hand softly touched her forehead.

"And you're lonely to-night, poor Hilda, because your Jasper is away?"

"Yes, Judy, it's true. I'm afraid even to tell you how lonely I am."

"And you've been trying to seem cheerful just to please me."

"And to please myself too," said Hilda, starting up and wiping the tears from her eyes. "There, we won't talk about it any more; we'll go on pretending that we are having an awfully jolly time."

"You're very brave, Hilda," said Judy; "and when people are brave, things generally come right. Now, may I sit on your knee, just as if I were a baby instead of a tall girl with long legs? I won't make you unhappy, Hilda darling. When there's an inevitable I must face it, I must, and you will see that I will. Jack the Giant Killer shan't beat me over difficulties when I've made up my mind."

"Judy, your face is flushed, and your eyes are too bright; that strong coffee was bad for you, you won't sleep to night."

"I dare say I shall not sleep; but what does it matter? Now let us talk of old times."

"Only for a few moments, dear; you look so excited, that I shall not rest until I see you safely in bed."

Judy laughed, and declared stoutly that she never felt better.

Half-an-hour afterwards she went up to her pretty little bedroom, Hilda promising to follow her in about a quarter of an hour.

When the elder sister entered the room, she found Judy standing by her bed in her frilled night-dress.

"You will get cold, love—do get into bed," said Hilda.

"I want to say my prayers to you, if you don't mind," said Judy, "just as I used when I was a very little girl."

"Of course, darling, if you wish it."

Hilda sat down, and the little sister knelt at her knee.

The old baby prayers were said aloud, but suddenly, in the midst of them, Judy bent her head and murmured something which Hilda could not hear.

She jumped up a moment later and put her arms round her sister's neck.

"You won't be lonely long, Hilda," she said. "It will be all right; you'll see it will be as right as possible. I am glad you are fond of Jasper. I am really, really, awfully glad."

"Good-night, my darling," said Hilda, kissing her. She went out of the room with tears in her eyes.

"Poor little Judy, how little she knows," thought the elder sister; "how very little she knows what a cloud there is between Jasper and me. Oh, if it goes on much longer, I think my heart will break!"

In the meantime, in her pretty white bed, Judy was murmuring an old text to herself—

"He that taketh not up his cross and followeth after Me, cannot be My disciple."

Once, long ago, the Rector had explained this text, or rather given a shadow of its meaning to the child.

"Followeth after Me," she murmured, and a vision came to her of One who, in the great cause of Love, had taken up His cross, even to death.

She wiped the tears from her eyes, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE next morning Judy was down specially early to breakfast.

Her cheeks were slightly more flushed than usual, and her eyes to any one who watched them closely had a determined, almost hard expression in them. Hilda, however, was too much occupied with her own sad thoughts to take any special notice of the child.

"You look well, Judy," she said, giving her a quick glance. "Now come to breakfast, dear, I've a good deal to do afterwards."

"Are you going out?" asked Judy.

"No, I'm going to be busy all the morning over my accounts; they've got into the most disgraceful muddle, and I want to put them straight. I shall be in the drawing room, for I keep all my household books in the davenport there. I mean to give you a holiday, but perhaps you won't mind reading some of your history to yourself, and doing a few sums."

"Of course not," said Judy brightly. "Shall I make you some toast? this in the toast-rack is so soft and flabby—do let me, Hilda."

"If you like, dear, you may. It is lucky there is a fire, but I must tell cook to discontinue them, the weather is getting so warm."

Judy was an adept at making toast, and it was an old fashion at the Rectory that Hilda's toast should be made by her, on those blissful red-letter days when the elder sister had tea with the little ones in the nursery.

Judy wondered as she delicately browned that toast, and scorched her own little cheeks, if Hilda would remember the old days, and the toast which she used to make her; but Mrs. Quentyns seemed to be in a sort of brown study that morning, and thanked the child absently when the crisp hot toast was put on her plate.

"Jasper will be home quite early to-day, won't he?" inquired Judy.

"I don't know-yes, I suppose so."

"I'm sure he'll be home early," repeated Judy with confidence; "perhaps he'll take you to the play to-night, and perhaps you'll be awfully happy."

"Oh, don't talk about it, Judy," said Hilda, in a weary voice; "we must all make up our minds to face the fact that there's a great deal *more* than

mere happiness in the world. What is happiness? it's only a small part of life."

"I don't think it is going to be a small part of your life, Hilda; but now I'm not going to idle you any more, for you want to get to your accounts."

Judy ran out of the room. As she was going slowly up-stairs, she paused once to say softly to herself—

"It's all happening beautifully; I ought to be glad. Of course I am glad. 'He that taketh not up his cross.' I'm glad that text keeps running in my head, it makes me so nice and strong."

Susan was doing out Judy's room when the little girl ran into it. Judy was fond of Susan, and Susan of her, and the girl stopped her work now to listen to the child's eager words.

"Susan, do you think Mrs. Quentyns would let you come out with me for a little this morning, for about an hour or an hour and a half?"

"Well, miss," said Susan, "it ain't Monday, which is the day to get ready for the laundry, nor yet Wednesday, when I turns out the drawing-room, nor Friday, which is silver day—there's nothing special for Thursday; I should think I could go with you, Miss Judy, and it will be a treat to take you about. Is it Madame Tussaud's you has a hankering for, miss?"

"No, no, Susan, I'm not going to any exhibition; it's a secret—I'll tell you when we're out."

"The Doré Gallery, perhaps?" suggested Susan.

"No, it's nothing of that sort; I'll tell you when we're out."

"Very well, miss, I'm proud to be at your service whatever it is."

"I'll run down now and ask my sister if you may come with me, Susan."

Judy threw her arms round Hilda as she was coming up from the kitchen premises.

"Hilda, the day is so fine!"

"No, Judy, you mustn't tempt me to go out, I really have to get those accounts straight, they quite weigh on my mind."

"So you shall, darling; but I was wondering if after I've read my history and done my sums, and a little bit of writing I want to get through—if you'd let Susan—if you'd let Susan take me out."

"Susan!" repeated Hilda, "but I can go with you myself this afternoon."

"I know, only I do so want a run on this fine morning, and Susan says it's not laundry day, nor drawing-room day, nor silver day; it's Thursday, which is nothing special; she can come; may she, Hilda?—do say yes."

"It's not like you, Judy," said Hilda, "to be in this impatient state. I would rather you did not propose plans to the servants without first consulting me, it rather puts them out of their place; but as you have done it, and as you are the best of dear little girls, I suppose I must say yes on this occasion. If Susan hurries with her work, she may take you out, but of course you won't be very long away, will you?"

To this question Judy made no reply. She gave Hilda a tight clasp and a fierce kiss, and rushed off.

"Susan, you're to hurry with your work, for you may come," she shouted, almost boisterously, to the parlour-maid, and then she ran down to the diningroom and shut the door behind her.

"It's happening beautifully," she murmured again; "how lucky that I never spent godmother's sovereign. And now to write my letter to Hilda. I'm not going to waste my time crying, there'll be time enough for that by and by—that's if I want to cry, perhaps I shan't. When I think of how very happy Hilda will be, perhaps my heart will sing. But now for the letter—Hilda mustn't find it too soon; I'll put it under her pin-cushion, then perhaps she won't see it for some hours after I've gone, but now I must write it."

Judy took out her own blotting-book, placed a sheet of paper before her, and began laboriously, with small fingers which rapidly got ink-stained, to put a few words on the paper.

"DARLING HILDA,

"You'll be s'prised when you get this. I'm going home. I'm quite well now; I'm not going to fret, but I'm going to be *really* happy. Goodbye, Hilda; I love you awfully.

"JUDY."

This little note was put into an envelope, and sealed with some precious red wax, and before she left the house Judy found an opportunity to put it under Hilda's pin-cushion.

"It doesn't tell her a bit what I think, nor what I feel," murmured the poor child. "But it's best for her just to suppose that I want to go home. She'll be happy all the sooner if she thinks that."

Susan was rather elated at escaping house-work, and at being allowed to go out so early in the morning. She was specially fond of Judy, and would do anything in the world for her. Principally on Judy's account, but also in the hope that the baker might happen to see her as she passed his shop, she put on her very smartest hat and her best jacket, and waited in the hall for Judy's appearance.

Hilda came out of the drawing-room to see the two as they went off.

"You had better take an omnibus, and get out at Kensington Gardens," she said to the maid. "I shall expect you back in time to get lunch ready, Susan. Judy, pet, give me a kiss before you go."

Judy had lost her roses now, her face was pale, and there were dark shadows under her big eyes. Her little voice, however, had a very stout, determined tone about it.

"Good-bye, Hilda," she said; "one kiss—two, three kisses, Hilda; it is good of you to let us out,—and we are going to be so jolly. Good-bye, darling Hilda."

"Good-bye, Judy," said Hilda.

She kissed the child, but in a pre-occupied manner—the cloud which weighed on her heart was oppressing her, and dulling her usually keen perceptions where Judy was concerned.

"It's all the better," thought the little girl, "it's easier to say good-bye when she's not extra loving."

Hilda went back to her accounts, and Judy and Susan walked down the terrace, and turning the corner were lost to view.

They had gone on a little way, and Susan was about to hail a passing omnibus, when Judy suddenly put her hand on the servant's arm.

"Susan," she said, "I am going to tell you the secret now; you'll be *sure* to keep it?"

"Well, of course, miss, I'll do my best—I hope I ain't one of the blabbing sort."

"I don't think you are, Susan—you look as if a person could trust you. I'm going to trust you with a most important thing."

"Very well, miss—I'll be proud I'm sure; but hadn't we better stop that bus—there's the conductor looking at us?"

"Does that omnibus go in the direction of Waterloo Station?" asked Judy.

"Waterloo—bless you, Miss Judy—I don't

know whether it do or not. I don't s'pose so for a quarter of a minute. Waterloo is miles from here—that I do know. But it's nothing to us where Waterloo is, miss, it's to Kensington Gardens we're going, and the bus has gone on now, so there's no good our worrying ourselves about it. Another will pass us in a minute. There are plenty half empty at this hour of the day."

"I wish you would stop talking, Susan, and let me explain what I mean," said Judy, almost fretfully. "It's to Waterloo I want to go, not to Kensington Gardens. Do you hear me—do you understand what I'm saying?"

"I suppose you're joking me, Miss Judy. My missis said we were to go to Kensington Gardens."

"Please, Susan, stop for a minute. I want to say something very important. I am going home. That's the secret. I am going home to Aunt Marjorie and to father, and my little sister Babs, and the way home is by Waterloo, so I must get there. Now do you understand? That's the secret—I am going home to-day."

Judy's face was so pale, and her words so intensely earnest, that Susan saw at last that the secret was no joking matter, but something real and hard to bear.

"Now I wonder what the little dear is up to," she said under her breath.

"You know, Miss Judy, pet," she replied aloud in as soothing a voice as she could command, "that you don't really mean to run away like that, —for it is-running away to go back to your home, and never say a word to Mrs. Quentyns, and she so wrapped up in you, and your room furnished so prettily and all."

Judy had to gulp down a sob before she answered Susan.

"I didn't expect you to understand me," she said with a dignity which made a quick impression on the maid. "I'm not running away, and I'm doing right, not wrong. You don't suppose it's always very pleasant to do right, but sometimes one can't think about what's pleasant. I wouldn't have asked you to help me at all, Susan, but I don't know how to get to Waterloo Station. Of course I came from there with my sister, but I didn't notice the road we took, nor anything about it. I know we were a long time in a cab, so I suppose the station is a good way from Philippa Terrace. What you have got to do now, is to obey me, and

not to ask any questions. I really know what I'm about, and I promise that you shan't get into any trouble."

But to Judy's surprise Susan was firm.

"I won't have hand nor part in the matter," she said; "I was told to take you to Kensington Gardens, miss, and it's there we've got to go, or we'll turn round and go back to Philippa Terrace."

For a moment or two Judy felt afraid that all her plans were in jeopardy. She might of course call a cab on her own account, and trust the driver to take her safely to her destination; but brave as she was, she had scarcely courage for this extreme step; besides, the driver of the hansom might take it into his head to listen to Susan's strong objections, and even if he did obey Judy, Susan would go back to Philippa Terrace, and tell Hilda everything, and then Hilda would follow Judy to Waterloo, and prevent her going home at all.

The strongest feeling in the child's mind was a desire to be safe back at the Rectory before Hilda knew anything about her determination.

"Then she can't bring me back," thought Judy.
"She'll have nothing for it but to make herself quite happy with Jasper again."

Suddenly an idea came to her.

"I won't argue with you any more, Susan," she said. "I suppose you think you are doing right, and if you do, of course I can't expect you to act in any other way. If you knew everything that is in my heart, I am quite sure you would help me; but as you don't, I must think of some other way out of my trouble. You know Mr. Rivers, don't you—the gentleman who dined at Philippa Terrace two nights ago?"

"Yes, miss, of course."

"My sister and I took lunch with him yesterday," continued Judy. "He is a very nice gentleman; he's a great friend of Mr. Quentyns'."

"Oh, yes, miss, I'm aware," replied the maid.

"He lives in chambers," continued Judy. "I don't in the least know what chambers means; but he asked me to go and see him some day and to have lunch with him. He wrote his address on a piece of paper and gave it to me, and I have it in my purse. My sister said I might certainly lunch with Mr. Rivers. Now, Susan, I intend to go to him to-day. So please call a hansom, and I shall drive there at once. You can come or not as you

please. If you prefer it you can go home; but of course I'd rather you came with me."

Susan deliberated. Certainly Miss Judy was in a very queer condition, and it would be as much as her place was worth to take her to Waterloo; but to drive with her to the chambers of that nice gentleman who was, she knew, one of her master's greatest friends, seemed a shifting of responsibility on to another person's shoulders which was quite a way out of the dilemma, for not for worlds would Susan do anything really to hurt the child's feelings.

"All right, miss," she said after a pause; "even that seems queer enough, but Mr. Rivers can explain matters himself to my missis. Here's a nice 'ansom with a steady horse. Stop, driver, please, stop! Draw up here by the lamp-post. Now, miss, shall I get in first and give you a hand?"

"No, Susan; I can get into a hansom without any one helping me."

"Drive to No. 10, Johnson's Court, Lincoln's Inn Fields," said Judy in a clear voice to the man, and then she and Susan found themselves bowling away farther and farther from West Kensington, from Judy's pretty bedroom, from Hilda and her love.

In an incredibly short space of time they arrived at their destination; the driver pulled up his horse at No. 10, Johnson's Court, with an *esprit* which Judy would have much admired had her thoughts been less pre-occupied.

She jumped out with alacrity, declining Susan's assistance, and asked the man what his fare was. He named a sum which Susan took into her head to consider exorbitant, and which she loudly objected to Judy's paying; but the little girl gave it without a moment's hesitation, and the next instant was running up the stairs to Rivers' chambers.

What might have happened had that gentleman been out no one can say; Judy's heroic impulse might after all have come to nothing, and Jasper might still have had to complain of that three which means trumpery, invading his house; but it so happened that Rivers was in, and, busy man that he was, comparatively disengaged. When Judy inquired for him he was standing in his clerk's room giving some directions. At the sound of her voice he looked up, and with a start and smile of delight came forward to welcome her.

"I am very glad to see you," he said; "how kind of you to remember your promise."

Then seeing by her face that Judy's poor little heart was very full, he took her into his private room, and desired Susan to wait in the clerk's office.

"Now, Jack the Giant Killer, what is it?" said Rivers; "what's the matter?"

"I told you," said Judy'; "I told you yesterday, that *perhaps* I was going to stop being a mutineer. Well, I have stopped. I thought you'd like to know."

"So I do, Judy," said Rivers. "I am proud to have the acquaintance of a little girl who has such immense control over herself. I should like to hear how you have contrived to get out of the state of rebellion into the state of submission. I know of course that you have been killing a giant, but I am interested in the process."

"I'm killing the giant by going home," said Judy, standing very erect by Rivers' table, and pushing back her shady hat from her white forehead. "I am going home, back to Little Staunton Rectory. I see what you mean, that it's better—better for Jasper and Hilda, to be without—without me. I pretended not to understand you the other night, but I don't pretend any longer now; and yesterday evening, when Hilda and I were all alone, for Jasper had gone away down to Richmond, I—I made up my mind. Hilda doesn't know anything about it."

"Sit down, Judy," said Rivers. "I cannot tell you how I respect you."

"I'd rather stand, please," said Judy. "Hilda doesn't know," she continued, "and she mustn't know until I am safe back at the Rectory. Susan—you know Susan, she's Hilda's parlour-maid; well, Susan came out with me this morning, and I coaxed her very hard to take me to Waterloo, but she refused. I don't quite know how to get there by myself, so now I want to know if you will take me?"

"Certainly I will," said Rivers; "what is more, I'll go with you to the Rectory. I have nothing special to do to-day, and it will be quite a pleasure to spend a little time in your company. Do you know anything about the trains, and what is the name of the station we have to go to?"

Judy named the one nearest to the Rectory.

"You had better sit down for a moment," pur-

sued Rivers. "I have an A B C here, so I can tell you in a moment which is the best train to take. Now, what is the matter?"

"Only, Mr. Rivers, Hilda must not know anything—anything about it until I am safe home. Can this be managed?"

"I have very little doubt that it can. I shall go out now and speak to Susan and send her away. Thank you, Judy, for coming to me; I will do anything for you, because you are brave, and I respect and admire all brave people."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Susan came home and told her mistress that Judy was spending the day with Mr. Rivers.

"What an extraordinary thing for the child to do," said Hilda.

"She said, ma'am, that Mr. Rivers asked her to lunch, and that you knew about it."

"Yes; but why did she not say something to me when she was going out? It is so unlike Miss Judy to keep a thing of that sort to herself."

Susan made no reply. She was no longer responsible, and was only too anxious not to betray the child.

"Mr. Rivers says he'll take the best care of her, ma'am," she said, after a pause.

"Well, go and take off your hat, Susan, and get lunch," said Hilda, feeling still more puzzled, but not earing to pursue her inquiries any further.

She had a sense of aggrievement and a feeling of added loneliness as she sat down to her solitary meal. She missed Judy, and wondered at her sudden want of confidence; but soon the deeper trouble which Jasper's conduct had caused returned to worry her, and she forgot her little sister in the sadness of her thoughts.

She spent a long and very lonely afternoon indoors, for she had not the heart to go out, and besides, she expected Judy home every minute.

She thought it likely that Rivers would take the child somewhere after lunch, but surely he would bring her back to Philippa Terrace in time for tea. Hilda ordered some cakes, which she knew were special favourites of Judy's, to be ready for this meal; and then she sat in her pretty little drawing-room, and tried to divert her thoughts over the pages of the latest novel which had arrived from Mudie's.

It was either not especially interesting, or Hilda found it difficult to concentrate her attention. She flung the book on her knee, and sat absorbed in what Judy and Babs called a brown study. She was startled out of her meditations by Susan bringing in the tea-tray and the little kettle and spirit-lamp.

"Did Mr. Rivers say when he would bring Miss Judy home?" she asked of the maid.

Susan coloured and hesitated slightly in her reply. "No, ma'am; he said nothing at all about coming home," she answered.

Hilda noticed her hesitation, but did not wish to question her further. After the servant left the room, however, she began for the first time to feel both impatient and uneasy with regard to her little sister.

"If Judy is not here by six o'clock," she said to herself, "I will go to Lincoln's Inn Fields in search of her. How impatient she was to go out this morning; and how very odd of her to insist on going to Mr. Rivers', and to say nothing at all to me about it; and then how queer—how more than queer—her not having yet returned. My sweet little Judy, the most thoughtful child who ever breathed, it is unlike her to cause me anxiety of this sort!"

Hilda did not care for the little meal which was generally so lively when Judy was present. Immediately afterwards she ran up-stairs to put on her bonnet and jacket; and as she was going out, left a message with Susan.

"If Miss Judy and Mr. Rivers come," she said, "please say that I have gone to Lincoln's Inn Fields, as I felt anxious about the child being so long away."

"Yes, ma'am," said the servant.

"Whistle for a hansom for me, please, Susan."

Susan did so; and half-an-hour afterwards Hilda was making inquiries at Rivers' chambers with regard to his whereabouts. The clerks there could give her no definite information. Mr. Rivers had gone out with a little lady soon after twelve o'clock, and had told them not to expect him back that day.

"I shall find Judy at Philippa Terrace when I go back," thought Mrs. Quentyns. "It was thoughtless of her not to tell me how long she would be out—it was wonderfully unlike her. Still, of course, she will be at home now."

But when Hilda returned no Judy was there to greet her; but her husband's face was seen looking somewhat impatiently out at the drawing-room window. He came at once to help his wife out of the cab, and entered the house with her.

"Where were you?" he asked. "It is nearly time for dinner."

"I won't be a moment getting dressed, Jasper; but—but—I am anxious about Judy."

Quentyns had meant to be specially nice and kind to Hilda after his evening's pleasure, but he felt it impossible now to keep the glib, sarcastic words back.

"I might have known, when I saw that fretful look on your face, that Judy was the cause. What is her latest transgression?"

"Oh, there is a telegraph-boy," said Hilda eagerly. "What—what—oh, is there anything wrong?"

She rushed to the hall-door herself, before Jasper could prevent her. Susan, coming into the hall to answer the imperative double knock, was sent back to the kitchen regions, in a cross voice, by her master.

"Really, Hilda," began Quentyns, "your impetuosity is most undignified. I must say that these kind of scenes are— Now, what is the matter, my love—tears again? A coming home of this sort is not the most cheerful sort of thing, you must allow."

"Oh, Jasper, Jasper, I'm not even listening to you," said poor Hilda. "What can be the matter? what can be wrong? Here is a telegram from Mr. Rivers. He says—see what he says.

"Little Staunton Rectory. Have brought Judy home. Will call to see you soon after ten this evening."

"A telegram from Rivers!" repeated Jasper.

His voice grew thoughtful; he did not like Rivers, of all men, to be mixed up in his domestic affairs. Rivers, at least, must keep him on a pedestal, and know nothing of his weaknesses—of that infirmity of temper which he struggled against, and yet, in Judy's presence, could not conquer. He forgot all about Judy herself in his wonder as to how Rivers had got mixed up in the matter.

Hilda had seated herself on the sofa, and, still holding the open telegram in her hand, was trying furtively to wipe away her fast-falling tears.

"I wish you'd stop crying, Hilda," said her husband. "There's nothing to alarm you in this telegram—nothing whatever. If Judy is with a man like Tom Rivers, she's as safe as child can be."

"But she has gone home, Jasper; she has gone home to the Rectory, without even telling me."

"Well, my dear, it's impossible for me to explain away the vagaries of that most eccentric child. I presume, however, that Rivers has a key to the mystery, and as he says he will call here after ten o'clock, we shall know all about it then. No amount of discussion can explain it in advance. So, Hilda, perhaps you will go up-stairs and get ready for dinner. I'm frightfully hungry."

Hilda rose wearily and left the room at once.

"I think I can guess something—just something of what it means," she said to herself. "My little Judy—my brave little Judy!"

Judy's letter was lying hidden all this time under the large pin-cushion on Hilda's dressing-table, but as it was not seen, its contents, which would have explained a good deal, were of course not known.

The dinner which followed this unhappy beginning of the evening was as dismal and constrained as if poor "trumpery" were still present.

Quentyns, like most men who work hard all day, was particular about this meal, and to-night of all nights cook had not sent up the soup to his satisfaction, nor the *entrée* seasoned to his taste. It was all one to Hilda just now what she ate, but Quentyns pushed his plate impatiently away, and kept on referring to the excellent dinner he had had the night before at the Star and Garter. He spoke of his evening as delightful, and of the house of the new friend where he had slept, as altogether irreproachable.

Hilda felt that he was talking at her all the time, but she had not the heart to reply to him. The dismal little meal came to a mournful end, and the two went into the drawing-room to wait for Rivers' arrival. Quentyns became absorbed in the contents of a novel which had failed to entertain Hilda, and Hilda herself sat with her needle-work near the pretty shaded lamp. She was embroidering a handkerchief for Judy, and she put in specially exquisite stitches now, as her thoughts centred in dull wonder and pain round the child.

About half-past ten a hansom was heard to bowl

up rapidly, and stop with a quick jerk at the door. A moment later Rivers entered the drawing-room. He came up at once to Hilda with the air of a man who has a message to deliver.

"Judy hopes you got her note long ere this, Mrs. Quentyns."

"Her note—no; I have not received any," replied Hilda.

"She wrote to you this morning, and put the note under the pin-cushion in your room."

"How romantic and Judy-like," said Quentyns, suddenly. "Quite the correct thing, according to the old-fashioned novels. When the heroine clopes she always leaves a note under the pin-cushion."

"How do you do, Jasper? I did not notice you until this moment," said Rivers. He gave the other man a sharp glance, which suddenly made him feel queer and small. "The only thing oldfashioned that I notice about Judy," he said, "is her noble unselfishness. She has gone home because—because—I think you can both guess why; an explanation would only be disagreeable. She begged me to tell you, Mrs. Quentyns, that she meant to be really perfectly happy at home, and she hoped you and Jasper would follow her example here. Poor little Giant Killer! she slew an enormous giant to-day, and there are few people I respect as I do that dear little soul. I saw her safely to the Rectory, as when she came to me, I thought it best to humour what was more a noble inspiration than a child's whim. I will say goodnight now."

Hilda and Jasper both felt strangely tongue-tied. Jasper saw his friend into his hansom, and came back to his wife. Hilda was standing by the mantel-piece; her face was hidden in her hands. Quentyns came up and stood silent by her side. He was still feeling small and uncomfortable. Rivers, without saying much, had held up a mirror to him, and the sight he had got of himself had been ugly. Judy would have had her revenge had she seen him then.

"Jasper," said Hilda suddenly, "I know why Judy went away."

"So do I, Hilda. I'll own to you, my dear, that I'm ashamed, and that I feel that I in a measure drove her to it."

"She did quite right to go," said Hilda, firmly. "I could never, never have sent her away, but she did right to go."

"Do you mean to tell me, Hilda, that you can live without her?"

"With you," she said, laying her hand timidly on his arm, and looking into his face with her sweet eves shining.

That look conquered him; the next moment he had his arms round her.

"Jasper," said Hilda, "I have never forgiven myself for that fit of temper at the Rectory, and for for giving up my engagement ring."

" It was my fault," said Quentyns.

"No, no, it was mine."

"Have you missed the ring, Hilda?"

"Missed it!" she held up her slender finger; "my heart has been empty without it," she said.

"I will put it on again for you; of course I never sold it."

"But—but—the furniture?"

"When I saw that you must have Judy with you, I went in debt for the furniture; but never mind, it was paid for only yesterday, and I have the receipt in my pocket; now I am going up-stairs to fetch the ring."

CHAPTER XIX.

MILDRED ANSTRUTHER was paying a visit at the Rectory when, during the early afternoon of that same day, Rivers and Judy walked in. Rivers was a very striking-looking man, and all the Rectory people were so devoured with curiosity about him, and so interested in all he said and did—in his reasons for coming down to Little Staunton, and in his remarks about the Quentyns's—that Judy's own return to the family circle passed into utter insignificance. She was there—they had none of them expected her, and as she chose to come back, she was welcome of course.

It was a lovely day, and the whole party were out in the garden, when Rivers and his little charge entered their midst.

Judy wore her green cloak and pretty black shady hat. There was a new sort of picturesqueness about her, which Aunt Marjorie noticed in an abstracted way; she put it down to "the polish which even a short residence in the metropolis always gives"; she had not the faintest idea that it was due to the dignity which a noble action can inspire.

Judy greeted every one quite in her old manner, and was rather glad that she was not fussed over, but taken quite as a matter of course.

Aunt Marjorie was too anxious about the cream for Rivers' tea to give serious thoughts to any one else just then. But when the young man had departed to catch the return train to London, then a few questions were asked of Judy.

"I thought you were going to live with Hilda," said Mildred, looking curiously at the child.

Mildred was standing a little apart from the others, and Judy, whose face was pale, for the suffering of her self-sacrifice was still causing her heart to ache horribly, looked full at her, and said in a low voice—

"That turned out to be a mistake, so I've come home."

"You brave little darling!" said Mildred, understanding everything like a flash; she stooped and kissed Judy on her forehead.

Babs came rushing into the midst of the group.

"Judy, Judy, I want you," she cried.

"What is it?" asked Judy.

"There's a butterfly coming out of one of the chrysalises in the butterfly-case; come quick—he's moving his tail backwards and forwards—he'll soon be out; come quick and see him."

The dull look left Judy's eyes; they sparkled with a sudden, swift, childish joy.

She took Babs' hand, and they rushed away, right round to the back of the house where the butterfly-case stood.

"Let's take him out, poor darling," she said; "let's put him on a leaf, and watch him as he gets out of his prison."

Her eyes grew brighter and brighter; she bent low to watch the resurrection which was going on-

After all the chrysalis and the butterfly were emblems. They were good omens to Judy that Love and Hope were not dead.



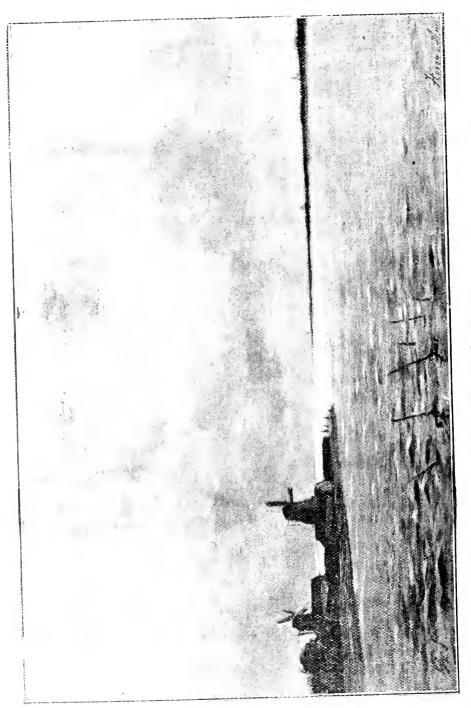
"And the women and children watched day by day For the ship and the men to come home again."

THE LIFE-LAMP.

E. NESBIT AND OSWALD BARRON.

THERE was a wife in a Holland port—
Her man, the skipper, was outward bound:
The parting time was sad and short
Before he quitted the mooring-ground.

Down came the bride to the wet quay-side—
"And shall we part in the rain?" she said.
"I shall bear your child to a lonely house,
And know you not for living or dead."



" The dravy flats were solden or grey With the yellow sun or the drifting rain."

"Whate'er betide, come sun or rain, Come good or ill, I must away, For where should I be skipper again, If I should fail to sail to-day?"

She heard the thrashing of the gear,
She heard the churning of the screw;
The mist hung grey on the water-way,
And in the wake the black smoke flew.

The puddles splashed her weary feet,
She wandered from the parting-place,
And sadly, sadly down the street,
And sadly home she turned her face.

It was sorrow to look on stool and book,
On the posted bed and cupboard tall,
The chest that kept the bride-linen,
The blue Delft ware upon the wall.

Chill, chill and grey, day crept by day,
Night after night fell dark and wild;
And by night and day did she weep, and pray
That he might live to see his child.

Between the grey and the red of the day,

When the night turns pale at the touch of
morn,

She saw his face, like a dead man's face,
And with the sunrise his child was born.

It was to Cornelys she spake,
In his house beside the water-gate—
"Now what shall I do for my man's sake?
For I know that he is near his fate."

The fell old warlock answered her—
"My mirror shows me sea and sky;
And his ship between the gold and green,
Draws nearer his good hour to die.

"If you shall give me your bridal dower—
The golden pins and silver comb—
Then will I show the thing I know,
And you shall save him and bring him home."

"See, I have brought the bridal dower— The gold gear and the silver too— This is the one—the accepted hour, So tell me quickly what I shall do." "See, here be seven lamps and one, I moulded them with a mickle toil; A fearsome ferly is this I have done, For they be filled with a mortal oil.

"And if the one lamp flicker and wane,
Take haste and heed, or ever it die,
To feed the fire of that lamp's desire
With oil of the seven set thereby."

She has brought them to the apple loft,
And barred the door with lock and chain;
The seven lamps burnt yellow and soft,
The one lamp flickered red with pain.

Through crack and seam the sea-wind blew,
The sputtering lamp was like to die:
She poured the oil of the second thereto,
And the flame grew golden and leaped up high.

And one by one, and day by day,

The seven lamps the one lamp fed;
Until at the end it burned alone,

And the circle of seven stood black and dead.

She sang and smiled to the cradled child,

That rocked beside the ingle-stone;

And oft she stole to the head of the stair,

Where the one lamp reeked and burned alone.

The dreary flats were golden or grey
With the yellow sun or the drifting rain,
And the women and children watched day by
day
For the ship and the men to come home

But many a day is fled away

With rain and wind and snow and shine,
Ere the children watching upon the shore
See the smoke smirch the far sea-line.

again.

And there are feet come up the street,
As the folk go out to meet the men,
And there rises a cry to the upper room
Where she is sitting alone within.

She ran to the window over the street, "And, neighbours, why do you weep?" she said.

"Oh! kind hearts sever, and the men come never From the cruel sea that keeps our dead.

R R 2

"Pete and Jan, and Maria's man,
And Dirck Van Horn, the Councillor's son,
And the three sons of the widow woman—
The pest has taken them, one by one.

"Cooped in the ship, they died in the grip Of the Yellow Death that followed the sail; But Christ our Lord was with him aboard, And your man is here to tell the tale."

"Now Christ be praised, O my husband dear,
That the spell I wrought was so strong to save,
That I fed the fire of thy life's desire
With the seven lamps that Cornelys gave."

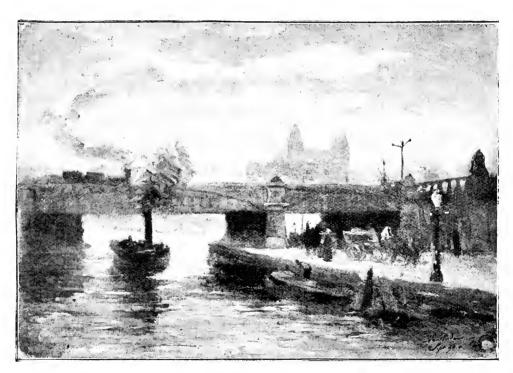
He gave no look to the cradle nook,

He heeded not for her waiting lips;
He turned his face before he spake

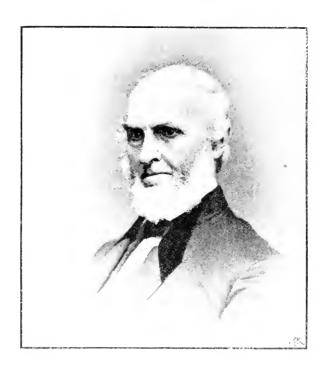
Towards the sea and the masts of ships.

"I would mine eyes had failed of sight,
And mine ears had ceased their hearkening,
And the cod and the eel had picked me white,
Or ever you worked this cursed thing.

"Woe worth the ring of our marrying,
And woe is me for my seamen dead;
And woe is me for this life of mine,
That their seven lives have nourished!"



"The mist hung grey on the water-way, And in the wake the black smoke flew."



"GOOD GENIUS."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THEN we think of the indigenous American literature of the last half-century—as distinct from that earlier growth which was simply transplanted from English soil,—what are the names which rise at once to the memory? Emerson, Thoreau, Longfellow, Lowell, Mrs. Stowe, and Whittier! It is these who have found their place in the world's heart, and it is significant that, in their country's great struggle under the incubus of slavery, they were all on the side of the slave! It is worthy of grave critical consideration that wrong and cruelty of any kind-against man or beastcannot find poets or story-tellers worthy of note or remembrance! None of these judged the untutored and squalid slave as too "rude" or "painful" for their "art." Probably they thought less about themselves and their own art than about God and

nature, and thus snatched that "grace beyond the reach of Art" so often sternly withheld from those who pose self-consciously before Art's shrine! They were, though as different as possible in other ways, alike in that they wrote because they had something to say, and not merely because so many thousands of "words" would earn so many guineas! Some of them, at least, were genuine individualities filling purposeful places in practical life, not like the evil genius in the wonderful Russian parable 'Ivan the Fool,' shut up to do "brain-work," and merely beating his head against his prison walls! Nordid they think themselves martyrs when sincerity and moral activity seemed to shut them out from fame and profit. All of them would have agreed with John Greenleaf Whittier, when, in 1857, in the midst of seemingly fruitless conflict, he wrote

his Last Walk in Autumn, with its exultant verse, as of a soul grown strong in battling with bracing tempests—

"Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie
Unmindful on its flowery strand
Of God's occasions drifting by.
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than in the lap of sensual ease forego
The god-like power to do, the god-like aim to
know"

In these papers we have tried to look at genius in its personal relations rather than in its artistic productions. But in the case of the Quaker poet who is our present subject, we find ourselves confronted with such an unity of genius and character, that his work itself is simply the expression of both. His poems do not consciously tell us much about himself, yet when we read them in conjunction with their dates and with the bare facts of his life, they become the most striking of autobiographies.

Whittier was born in 1807, on a little homestead in Haverbill, Massachusetts—the home which he has immortalized in *Snowbound*, and which the hand of reverent love now maintains exactly as he describes it in that poem.

His parents were "Friends," those Christians whose distinguishing doctrine of the supremacy of the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, binds them into practical tenderness and respect for every human being, and withholds them from all forms of force. A "Friend" may have the sternest views of right and wrong, he may detect the beginnings of things evil where most suspect none; but he holds these views for himself: though he is ready to state and explain them, he seeks to impose them on nobody; his strongest "testimony" concerning aught lies in his own practice: his strongest protest against evil is to withdraw himself from any participation therein. Therefore, Whittier was born in a well-disciplined, peaceful home, and undoubtedly he had a happy and healthful boyhood, all the more so that his surroundings were plain and hardy, and that his mental and spiritual appetite was not forced or even encouraged into alien pastures, but rather left free to seek and assimilate such food as was most convenient.

To the very last the poet cherished the tenderest memory of his old home. In 1890, he wrote some verses to celebrate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the city of Haverhill, and thus he sings—

"More dear as years on years advance We prize the old inheritance, And feel as far and wide we roam. That all we seek we leave at home!

The singer of a farewell rhyme, Upon whose outmost verge of time The shades of night are falling down, I pray God bless the dear old town!"

A special feature in Whittier's early home seems to have been its ready hospitality to "the stranger." In a little sketch entitled Yankee Gipsies, he gossips pleasantly concerning the guises in which "the stranger" used to appear at the humble farm-house in the agricultural country. Some strangers were mere tramps, exigent and ungrateful: others were, at least, more picturesque. He remembered one, known as the "still woman," who neither asked questions nor answered any, but took what was offered her, and went her way. "A silent impassive face, frozen rigid by some great wrong or sin." Then there were commoner types, the sham herbalist, the inveterate liar, the "drinking" minister, the dark-browed foreigners from Southern Europe. One of these latter, Whittier tells us, was so fierce of aspect that the poet's mother had refused him entry. Her son found her standing, remorseful, saying to herself—"What if a son of mine was in a strange land?" The boy instantly volunteered to go after the wanderer, whom he brought back, and made welcome at the family table and by the family hearth. The stranger, partly by gesture, partly in broken English, told the story of his faroff home and his own life, gave the good wife a recipe for making bread of chestnuts, and departed next morning, pouring out a flood of grateful thanks, and leaving his hosts to marvel at their own ill-founded fears!

Once, these kind people, "not forgetful to entertain strangers," did verily receive an angel unawares. For it was an old Scotch pedlar, who first made the future poet acquainted with the poems of Robert Burns, and indeed, one may say, with the secret alchemy by which beauty and romance are distilled from common life and common things. After the old man had partaken of his bread and cheese and cider, he sang, Bonny Doon, Highland Mary, and Auld Lang Syne. The poet himself tells us

that long years afterwards he heard the same songs given by a famous singer, "but the skilful performance of the artist lacked the novel charm of the gaberlunzie's singing in the old farm-house kitchen." Soon afterwards, possibly as a result of conversations growing from this event, the boy received a copy of Burns' poems from his schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, who remained his life-long friend, and to whom, full thirty years later, he addressed cheery, loving verses, in remembrance of happy days when—

"In that smoked and dingy room, Where the district gave thee rule O'er its ragged winter school, Thou didst teach the mysteries Of the weary A, B, C's."

From the time of the Scotch pedlar and the songs of Burns, there are rumours of stray verses coming from Whittier's pen, and occasionally accidentally seen by his school-fellows. Memories of these early days may be found in his later poems, The Barefoot Boy, My Playmate, and the sweet idyl In School Days, written in 1870, which was commended by so fastidious a critic as Matthew Arnold for the "inestimable virtue of concreteness." Whittier soon felt desirous of further education than the "winter school" had given, and to meet the expense, he learned from his father's farm-labourer how to make shoes, and practised that honest industry till he had accomplished his purpose. Of course, by the time Whittier had achieved his great fame and influence, such an incident as this only added to the romance and interest of his career. The successful man often likes even to exaggerate the lowliness of his beginnings. But Whittier was a man of only thirty-seven, a struggling editor, in the very thick of anti-slavery warfare, where the insolent foe loved to hurl such epithets as "peasant-bred" or "country-cobbler," when he dared to take his stand on the honest dignity of the pursuit which had served him so well. He gave the world, among his Labour Songs, that of The Shoemakers.

"Let foplings sneer, let fools deride —
Ye heed no idle scorner:
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,
And duty done, your honour.
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,
The jury Time empanels,
And leave to truth each noble name
Which glorifies your annals.

"Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet.
In strong and hearty German,
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit.
And the rare good sense of Sherman;
Still from his book, a mystic seer
The soul of Behmen teaches,
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leathern breeches."

Whittier was always keen to see the insult conveyed in the exaggerated interest shown in literary work as done by "ploughboys" or "factorygirls." "As if," said he, "the compatibility of mental cultivation with bodily labour, and the equality and brotherhood of the human family, were still open questions, depending for their decision very much on the production of positive proof that essays may be written and carpets woven by the same set of fingers!"

Whittier's literary work really began with poetry sent to the local paper, edited by William Lloyd Garrison. The first scrap printed seems to have been inspired by thoughts of some of the "wanderers" of whom he has told us. It is called The Exile's Departure. This was a note to which Whittier's heart ever responded. As he wrote long afterwards—"A stranger in a strange land is always to me an object of sympathy and interest. . . . It is no light thing to abandon one's own country and household gods. Touch ing and beautiful was the injunction of the prophet of the Hebrews, 'Ye shall not oppress the stranger: for we know the heart of the stranger, seeing that we were strangers in the land of Egypt." Whittier's own sympathy had a deeper origin; he had never left his native land, nor even travelled fur in it. But his was the deeper loneliness of those who are strangers and pilgrims on earth: in the world, but not of it. This first production was followed in the same year by verses on The Deity, The Vale of the Merrimae, and Benevolence. These verses are not included among Whittier's poems. They appear only in an appendix to one of the volumes of his collected verse.

With William Lloyd Garrison, Whittier was long associated, both in literary labour and in antislavery effort, though on the latter subject they were not quite at one as to the best means towards the desired end. It is interesting to find that Joshua Coffin, Whittier's schoolmaster, was one of the twelve persons who, with William Lloyd Garrison, formed the first anti-slavery society in New England.

From this time until the close of the American Civil War, Whittier threw himself heart and soul into anti-slavery work. His father was dead, and he and his mother and sisters, left Haverhill, and took up their abode at Amesbury. Their means were narrow. The brother edited newspapers in the unpopular cause, and for that very reason could hope for no success in general literature. That Whittier wrote splendid prose is, we find, scarcely known in this country; yet his collected prose writings fill three solid volumes. In 1833, when he was a young man of twenty-six, he brought out at his own expense a pamphlet called "Justice and Expediency, or, Slavery considered with a view to its rightful and effectual remedy-Abolition." He quoted on its title-page Lord Brougham's strong indictment of "the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man." In this brochure Whittier dealt searchingly with the various palliatives proposed by timorous folk who wished to serve God and Mammon, and he called on his fellow-countrymen to care only for Righteousness and Judgment, and to give heed to the words of William Penn, the great statesman of Pennsylvania-"Let us not betake us to the common arts and stratagems of nations, but fear God and put away the evil which provokes Him, and trust not in man but in the living God, and it shall go well for us."

In the same year, Whittier was a delegate to the first national anti-slavery convention at Philadelphia. Two years later he was in the Massachusetts legislature, ever pursuing the same object. The lives of some of his friends were hunted for, and he concealed them. His printing-office was sacked and burned. He was mobbed in the streets. On one occasion in Concord, he and an English antislavery friend seem to have been in absolute danger of limb and life. Missiles were freely hurled at them, and when they sought refuge in a house, their assailants were only kept from following them by its master snatching a weapon from the foremost, and declaring that none should enter alive save over his dead body! Eventually Whittier and his friend escaped from the rear of the house in the darkness. His quaint sense of humour did not desert him on these occasions. Having lost his own hat in the scuffle, a young Unitarian minister tendered his as a substitute. "The hat did not unsettle my principles," said the poet drily, "and

I wish I could thank the owner for manifesting his faith—by his works!"

All through these stormy times Whittier was busy with literary production. Besides discharging his editorial duties and writing an occasional poem, he brought out at this period Margaret Smith's Journal, a beautiful story descriptive of a young woman's life in early New England times. One is struck by the fairness with which alien views and standpoints are dramatically set forth. To this period also belong the charming Summer with Dr. Singletary; sundry tales and sketches; a set of Old Portraits, dealing chiefly with people associated with the early "Friends"; many historical and critical papers, and a few dealing with matters of the Inner Life. It was hard work for the head, and harder work still for the heart! In Whittier's case it laid the foundation of ill-health, which persisted till his life's end.

For a while all this sacrifice seemed worse than wasted. A bill was passed excluding from the United States Post-office "all papers written or printed touching the subject of slavery." Then came the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill, which, as we shall hear in Mrs. Stowe's history, brought its own Nemesis by creating her *Uncle Tom*. These events wrung from Whittier's heart poems such as *The Slave Ships, The Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother, The Slaves of Martinique, A Sabbath Scene, The Christian Slave*, and many others, that will survive as records of the evil which they undoubtedly helped to sweep away. Through all, he kept his faith alive, declaring—

"God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime,
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time"!

Of one of these anti-slavery poems, *The Branded Hand*, written in 1846, it is said that it made a great impression in the South. In one instance the owner of several hundred slaves carried a copy of this poem in his pocket for years, occasionally substituting a fresh copy for the worn-out one. This man said he was always hoping for the moral courage to free his slaves, and that *The Branded Hand* kept his conscience active. But he never acted out his conviction, and his slaves found their

freedom only with the rest during the Civil War. There were many other instances that Whittier's poems at least reached the hearts of individual slaveholders. But words which can so influence are always liable also to be hated and feared. A Dr. Crandall was thrown into a Southern prison, charged with "circulating incendiary literature," because he had given away a few of our poet's anti-slavery papers! He died in the confinement; it is to him that Whittier refers in his Astrica in the Capitol—

"Beside me gloomed the prison cell, Where wasted one in slow decline For uttering simple words of mine, And loving freedom all too well."

One does not bear wrongs like these without wear and tear of brain and spirit!

In 1858, on the very eve of the Civil War, Whittier's mother died. Then came the struggle between the North and South—the struggle which had its origin in the determination of the latter to uphold its "peculiar institutions" at any cost, and to resist the most remote indication that changes were coming which might endanger these. Whittier himself was both by creed and nature a man of peace. He would have been content to call upon the North to do its own duty and to let the South go, believing that the slave would soon find his freedom in the slaveholders' severance from that Union which had hitherto upheld them in their wrong. To the Quaker poet, to go to war was to do evil that good might come. But he knew that others could not see, eye to eye, with him, and his quick insight instantly perceived the special functions of the "men of peace" at such a season. It was for them to help the widow and the orphan, to tend the wounded and needy, and above all, said he -

"The eager steps to guide
Of millions on a path untried;
The slave is ours!
Ours by traditions dear and old,
Which make the race
Our wards to cherish and uphold,
And cast their freedom in the mould
Of Christian grace."

Before the war ended, Whittier wrote the noble ballad of *Barbara Frietchie*. He wrote it as the story was told at the time; and despite the utmost that cavillers have tried to bring against its facts,

they stand, in the main, unassailable. Vet indeed it would not matter much if they did not; for if there is a fiction which perverts facts, there is also a truth which rises above them. Could that ballad have been written without the existence of a Barbara Frietchie, it would have sufficed to create her somewhere, under another name, but doing something equally brave!

Since Whittier's death, Senator Coffin (a relative of his old schoolmaster) has revealed that Whittier's poem, A Strong Fortress is our God, was read by Senator Chase at a Cabinet meeting in Washington, and that Abraham Lincoln was greatly pleased and stirred thereby. Some of its verses ran—

"Then waste no blows on lesser foes,
In strife unworthy freemen;
God lifts to-day the veil, and shows
The features of the demon!
O, North and South—
Its victims both
Can ye not cry,
Let slavery die!'
And union find in freedom?

Above the maddening cry for blood,
Above the wild war drumming,
Let Freedom's voice be heard; with good
The evil overcoming,
Give prayer and purse
To slay the Curse,
Whose wrong we share,
Whose shame we bear,
Whose end shall gladden heaven!

These verses are fully believed to have done much to hasten the President's edict of emancipation.

The war came to an end in 1865. The slave was free!

The triumph of the Union was, however, soon saddened by the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. On that occasion Whittier spoke with no uncertain voice. In this terrible deed he saw but the final revelation of slavery as the mother of crime. But he deprecated all passionate vengeance. "Hatred," said he, "has no place beside the calm and awful dignity of justice." He called on the North to consider its own ways, and the share they had, though in more subtle form, in all the evil. "Much is said of executing justice upon rebels: little of justice to loyal black men. The golden rule of the Sermon on the Mount is not applied to them. . . . Wherever God's children are despised, insulted, and abused, on account

of their colour, there is the real assassin of the President still at large."

Among Whittier's treasures was found the key of the last slave prison in the South. It had been presented to him as a fitting memento of his labours in the cause of freedom.

If it is delightful to us to feel that we may now turn down the page of our poet's heroic struggle, what must it have been to himself? As the dust of this long encounter with wrong clears away, and we see what manner of man he really was, we understand how much he must have suffered in a conflict so alien to his calm and sunny nature.

As he himself wrote—"I, mercifully spared to see the last fetter fall, have learned many lessons of distrust of myself and charity for others. In the great moral miracle of our age, I find no place for self-exultation. It is not of man, but of God. With a feeling of awful reverence and gratitude, I recognize the fact that He has permitted to me to be in some degree instrumental in a work of which I was not worthy, and that the folly and inexperience, as well as the wrath of man, have been made to praise Him."

Before this victory was fairly won, Whittier was a man nigh sixty years of age. And just as he was set free for domestic joy and rest, his home stood empty. His mother and one sister were already gone. His sister Elizabeth died at the time. It is said that *Sn wbound*, the lovely poem of New England life, by which he stamped his name for ever on the heart of his country, was written to beguile her hours of mortal sickness. Fame, in its full sweetness, came to him only when those who would most have rejoiced in it were gone.

Elizabeth Whittier herself was a gifted and attractive woman, whose companionship was the solace of her unwedded brother's life. He says she "had an almost morbid dread of spiritual and intellectual egotism," and though she had no mean gift of verse, her brother thought her extreme self distrust prevented her doing herself justice in this direction. Among the fragments of her work which have been preserved, are two very sweet poems. In one, called the Wedding Veil, a happy young bride throws her veil over the silvering hair of an aged maiden, who relates the story, and to whom Elizabeth Whittier gives her own household name of "Bessie." The girl sees with

regret that her thoughtless act has touched some sacred chord, and the elder woman says --

"Her tender love unlocked my heart; 'Mid falling tears at last I said—'Forsworn indeed to me that veil, Because I only love the dead!'"

Then the girl

"Stood one moment statue-still,
And musing, spake, in undertone—
'The living love may colder grow,
The dead is safe with God alone!'"

In the other scrap we are called to consider the example of the Bedouin, who stands at his tent-door, and calls aloud for the needy wayfarer to enter.

"For gifts, in His name, of food and rest The tents of Islam of God are blest; Thou, who hast faith in the Christ above, Shall the Koran teach thee the Law of Love? O Christian, open thy heart and door, Cry east and west to the wandering poor— 'Whoever thou art, whose need is great, In the name of Christ, the Compassionate And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"

In the hour of victory, crowned with the poet's laurel, and then left lonely, no murmur seems to have escaped Whittier's lips, though one is conscious of the pathetic minor key in his verses, My Triumph—

"O living friends who love me! O dear ones, gone above me! Careless of other fame I leave to you my name.

"Hide it from idle praises, Save it from evil phrases: Why, when dear lips that spake it Are dumb, should strangers wake it?"

Those who have themselves felt the sinking of the solitary heart, will enter into the yearning spirit of the poet's pathetic faith—

"That in the paths untrod,
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted."

After his sister's death, and especially after the marriage of a niece who lived with him for some time, the poet did not always reside at Amesbury, but spent much of his time with relatives in Danvers, near Boston, and sometimes stayed in that city itself.

Time went on—long, quiet years. Whittier had many dear and valuable friends, but he paid the penalty of long life in seeing most of them "called

away" before him. It is a sign of his out-reaching nature, that many of his sweetest poems are to be found among his "memorial verses." Each of these (as has been remarked by one who loved the poet and knew many of those of whom he wrote) brings straight before one the life work and very personality of him whom it commemorates. When he wrote these memorials, the poet was not moralizing over "life," nor musing over "loss," but he was beholding, as in a vision, the very soul of the friend who was gone, as it rose from earth, moulded by its past acts and surroundings.

Among the poet's most valued friends—and one long spared to him—was Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, herself a thoughtful writer, an earnest anti-slavery woman, and well-reported-of for every good work. She was a few years older than the poet, and they had many memories in common. In their later years they often met in Boston, and exchanged their recollections, with tears in eyes and smiles on lips. Mrs. Child always dressed with extreme simplicity, wearing the cheapest materials as long as possible, that she might bestow her slender surplus in charity and in aid of good causes. Once when she had called on Whittier at the house of a common friend, he sat musing after her departure, and then soliloquized in his humorous way.

"It must be so,—I can't be mistaken!"

"What must be so?" asked his hostess.

"Yes," he went on, "I am sure it must be so. I know I am right. Certainly, I've made no mistake," and at last solved the mystery by exclaiming with a triumphant air, "Yes, I know that our dear friend Lydia Maria Child has = a new bonnet!"

On another occasion he said, "Liddy's bunnets" (quaintly using the rural New England pronunciation) "aren't always in the fashion, but "—with a sly glance at some modish ladies—"we don't like her any the less for that!"

She seems to have been a woman in whose nature courage and sweetness were beautifully balanced. Her husband used to say, after more than forty years of wedded existence—

"There's nothing half so sweet in life As Love's old dream."

After they had been married nearly a quarter of a century they retired to the little village of Wayland, where they spent many years "entirely alone, without any domestic, mutually serving each other, and dependent upon each other for intellectual companionship." One who knew her says, "Numberless are the lives that have gathered their onward impulse from her helping hand. . . . Her frugality, with its motive of wider benevolence, was in itself a homily and a benediction."

Lowell, the poet, who greatly admired her, brought her character into his *Fable for Critics*, with a pretty play upon her name—

"What a wealth would it bring to the narrow and sour

Could they be as a Child but for one little hour!

Whittier calls her -

"The worthiest of our narrowing circle" – apostrophizing her as—

"O woman greatly loved,"

in certain tender verses which he wrote in response to "Liddy's" yearning recollections of their mutual friend, the shy, scholarly Loring—

"I feel the unutterable longing, Thy hunger of the heart is mine: I reach and grope for hands in darkness,

My car grows sharp for voice or sign.

"Still on the lips of all we question.

The finger of God's silence lies:

Will the lest hand, in our by folders.

Will the lost hands in ours be folded?
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?
Of friend, no growl beyond this countries.

"O friend, no proof beyond this yearning. This outreach of our hearts we need: God will not mock the hope fle giveth. No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Another friend of his, who survives him, is the poetess, Lucy Larcom. But she, though now an elderly woman, was much younger than he was. As long ago as 1853, he first introduced her work to his publisher, speaking of it with the highest commendation, and disclosing that its author was "a novice in writing and bookmaking, and with no ambition to print; and were I not perfectly certain that her little collection is worthy of type, I would be the last to encourage her to take even this small step to publicity." It is noteworthy that her list book lay beside his Bible in his death-chamber, along with an unpublished letter saying that he thought her latest was also her best.

Bayard Taylor, like himself, of Quaker breeding, was another beloved friend of many years. Whittier always remained true to the "Friends," He planted trees round the meeting-house in Amesbury. He adhered to the Friends' old-fashioned modes of speech, using them not alone within the

"Society," but also to the outer world. He loved their old custom of sitting in silent worship, and hoped they would never indulge in much speaking. It is said that many of his verses "came" to him in that solemn hush. He was not disposed to encourage the introduction of singing into the Friends' meeting. As, of course, it must always be as spontaneous as the rest of their worship, it is ant not to be very melodious. One day a worthy Friend in the rear of the meeting-house burst into song. Whittier, hearing a noise, turned square round to see what was amiss, and then hastily covered his "hearing ear," as he called his more vigilant organ. As he passed out of meeting he said to a relative, "I couldn't stand it; but I wasn't polite! I'll hurry on and ask our musical friend to dinner."

He had a great dislike to anything in the way of grandiloquent, self-assertive preaching. Coming out of "meeting," after having been favoured with a discourse of this type, he asked the opinion of a companion concerning it, adding, "For my part, I'd rather listen to V——W—— in her palmiest days than to him"—V—— W—— being a simple-minded woman, who occasionally misquoted Scripture to the Friends, adding a few loving words of her own!

A striking story belongs to one of Whittier's lesser poems, *The Quaker Alumni*, written in 1860. It was read to the Friends' School at Newport by a cousin of the poet, and among the audience was a youthful Quaker lady, accompanied by a classmate, who had had the misfortune to lose his parents when he was very young, and to come into possession of a large property before his principles

and judgment were matured. His Quaker neighbours had taken a great interest in him, and his young companion had urged girlish arguments against wine-drinking, &c., which he always received with a good-humoured smile. When the poet's address reached the last stanza—

"In and out may the young life as steadily flow, As in broad Narragansett the tides come and go; And her sons and her daughters in prairie and town, Remember her honour and guard her renown,"

the girl turned to her old school-fellow, and repeated significantly—

"Remember her honour and guard her renown."

Then years slipped away. The young man gradually yielded to temptation in many ways, and led an "injurious life." At last his property was dissipated, and he found himself alone in a great European city, encumbered with a heavy load of debt. Simultaneously with the need for funds, a great temptation arose—and the means were at hand. Hitherto he had at least done nothing that would make him liable to the action of the law. As he was about to do the dreadful deed, his eye by chance fell on an ancient newspaper that had been used to pack his effects. It bore a fragment of the old school address, the very line—

"Remember her honour and guard her renown."

The pen fell from his hand as if he had been paralyzed. He shuddered at his escape, but in that moment of self-revelation, his conscience was roused, and from that time he walked in far different paths. He lived but for a few years after, and those years were spent in efforts to undo, as far as might be, the mistakes of his previous career.

(To be continued.)

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

MRS. PARR,

Author of 'Dumps,' 'Dorothy Fox.'

XXI.

THE guests gone, Vivian remained down-stairs to put away the engravings he had been showing to Madame Simon.

Stella the while was thinking how it would be possible to slip off to her own room without waiting to bid him good-night. She was troubled by a feeling that in some undefined way she had been disloyal to him. She wanted to think things over, and she felt that to sit down and discuss the events of the evening, and hear and repeat what this one and the other had said, was more than she could endure.

"Marraine," she said, affecting to suppress a yawn, "do you know I think I must say goodnight."

"Are you tired, darling?"

"I don't know that I am tired, but I am sleepy." Mrs. Stapleton looked at her a little anxiously.

"I wondered if you had felt quite yourself this evening. I did not like to interfere with your remaining out on the balcony, but I am not sure, with a thin evening dress, that it is quite wise."

"I'm all right, dear, indeed. It's only that I want to go to by-bye."

"Vivian will be up presently."

"Where is he? putting his prints away? That is certain to take some little time," and she bent down and kissed Mrs. Stapleton, who said—

"Then you'll find him in the study."

Stella did not answer, she gave a nod to Delia and went out of the room.

"Now you two girls don't sit up hair-brushing half the night," said Mrs. Stapleton to Delia. "You'll have plenty of time for gossiping tomorrow."

"But I'm not even going into her room, we settled that; I do believe she does feel tired, although she won't say so."

"Yet she was looking very well to-night."

"Yes, wasn't she? Mr. Barton thinks her awfully

pretty; and as to Mr. Rodney, well, if I was Vivian I should feel rather jealous of that young man."

"Jealous! My dear Delia, there is no jealousy in the love of these days."

"Hm! I'm not so sure of that, aunty, provided you're dealing with the right article; but I agree that this is an age of sham and imitation, and I don't see how love is to escape counterfeit any more than old lace and diamonds. Well, I'm off too," and she bent down to say good-night.

"Good-night, dear; I'll say good-night to Vivian for you."

"Oh, don't be afraid, I'm far too discreet to interrupt the billing and cooing in the study," and she ran off laughing; but half-way up-stairs, catching sight of Vivian coming from below, she called down,

"Bon soir, cousin, dormez-bien."

"Why, where are you off?" he answered.

"To lay my head upon the downy."

"Oh! what terrible creatures of habit you country folk are; to me there is nothing so detestable as going to bed with the lamb, except it is getting up with the lark."

"Beauty sleep to get, my friend. My fate is not sealed like some person's. Is she there?" stretching herself further over the banisters. "No? then good-night again," and away she ran.

"Was that Stella you were speaking to?" asked Mrs. Stapleton, as her son entered the drawing-room.

"No, I have not seen Stella."

Mrs. Stapleton's face spoke her surprise.

"Why, she has gone to bed! She complained of feeling sleepy. How very strange!"

"Well, upon my word, although 1 should have preferred to find her here, I cannot say that I see anything very remarkable in feeling sleepy and going to bed. If my confoundedly excitable brain allowed me to feel sleepy before the small hours of the morning, I should most decidedly follow her example."

"It wasn't that, dear, I meant: it was that she had not gone down to see you. I told her where you were and what was keeping you."

Apparently this fact was of no interest to Vivian, or he did not care to discuss it. He selected the chair in which he would feel most comfortable, and drew it over to a table on which lay some books and periodicals. After the fashion of some excellent women, Mrs. Stapleton waited until her son had selected a magazine, had found an article to interest him, and was just settling to enjoy it; then she said in a voice full of trouble—

"Vivian, you don't think that Stella could have been put out in any way by the attention you paid to Madame Simon?"

Vivian raised his head slowly and sat looking at her.

"Attention—I—paid—to—Madame—Simon!"

"Well, my dear, frankly, a great many girls might have felt annoyed at it; Madame Simon is what may be called young and, in a certain style, goodlooking, added to which she has the reputation of making herself very dangerously fascinating to those she takes a liking to, and one hardly needs two eyes to see how she regards you."

Vivian took a paper-knife and put it in the place where he had begun to read, then shutting the book and laying it down he said—

"Has Stella spoken of this to you?"

"No, but actions often say more than words, and I could not help noticing that she seemed to rather purposely withdraw from the conversation which you and Madame Simon led. Then when we came up-stairs she sat out on the balcony hardly speaking, and though Mr. Rodney tried all he could to induce her to join us in your study, he said it was impossible. I was quite surprised when she said she wanted to go to bed, but I had not the most remote idea that she would do so without going down to see you." Mrs. Stapleton paused, that due effect might be given to her words. Finding that her son made her no answer she continued—"You know, Vivian, that jealousy is a very curious thing, often quite beyond our own control. We would give the world not to show it, but we cannot help doing so. I know so much about the feeling, because in my day it was said that true love could not exist without jealousy, and I must say I think there is a great deal in it."

"Vou make me most devoutly thankful, mother,"
—Vivian was assuming his most cynical tone,—
"that I was not condemned to live in this day of
yours from which you are always quoting. If there
is one thing more than another which would make
me severe with Stella, it would be the suspicion
that in the very remotest degree she could harbour
against me the feeling of jealousy; for such a
vulgar weakness in her I should have no toleration."

"Still I think you should put it to yourself, how would you like to see some one paying her very marked attention? Delia only to-night said, 'If I was Vivian I should be quite jealous of Mr. Rodney's evident admiration of Stella.'"

Vivian lifted up his hands and went through a dumb show of tearing his hair.

"That's it," he said, "bring us both down to the vulgar level of the ordinary engaged couple, who are expected to sit in each other's pockets, to have no manners or conversation, and whose one idea is to snatch an opportunity to sneak off to another room where they may be freed from every one else's society; a very little of that, as I have told you before, would make me snap the very shadow of a fetter and fly the country."

"Oh, Vivian, you are so inconsistent," said Mrs. Stapleton aggrievedly. "You make it impossible to say a single word to you. From just a suggestion to fly off like this at a tangent."

"But consider what a suggestion! That because Stella and I have come to certain agreements with each other, I am to be cut off from all communication with every other woman; and in the case of a gifted creature like Madame Simon, with whose tastes and talents I am in perfect touch and sympathy, our intercourse is to be trammelled by the fear that I may be kindling jealousy in the breast of a girl who is barely out of the schoolroom. The very idea is so preposterous that it is not worth consideration; if I thought otherwise, I give you my word I would teach Stella a lesson that would not be easily forgotten."

"There is one thing you seem to have forgotten," said Mrs. Stapleton severely, "and that is, that Stella is no longer a child. She is in every way a woman, and a woman with very decided ideas and opinions of her own too."

"Opinions and ideas which I shall never interfere with, so long as they do not clash with mine; and when they do I think I can quite trust

to my own firm handling of the reins, to convince Stella of what most persons who know me are perfectly aware of, that where I mean to be master I am master."

Mrs. Stapleton felt that rising lump in her throat which warned her that the weakness of tears was not far off. She sat silent, and her son after a few minutes continued—

"You imagined she was going to take such a very high stand about her family, see what it has all ended in; on her return the other evening, what did she tell me—that until then she had never dreamed of the great social difference there was between us, and only that I would not permit her to put into words what I saw was in her mind, she would then and there have begged me to release myself from any engagement. The plain fact is this, my dear mother, that you allow your very soft heart to run away with your head, and when Stella displays any small weakness, instead of at once crushing it you sympathize with her."

"I don't call it a weakness to show me her love for you, Vivian."

"A very great weakness if it prevents her being able to see how much others appreciate me. You say that Delia spoke of Rodney's attentions to Stella. I could not be better pleased than by seeing men of his stamp admire her. I should have liked that she had shown a little more interest in Barton. He is a very rising man and might probably wish to paint her. It attracts notice to a woman's beauty seeing her portrait in the Academy."

"Well, my dear, I hope you will never have cause to regret this desire to foster in Stella a thirst for admiration. She is a sweet simple girl now, and I should deeply deplore her being turned into a professional beauty."

"Pray spare her the profanation of such a term; and I think I will retire to my own study, we are evidently at opposite poles of the earth to-night. It is not often, mother, that you so completely fail to understand your son."

And with the certainty that before he reached the door she would be entreating him to return, he gave her a cold "Good-night" and walked out of the room.

For the first time in his life Mrs. Stapleton allowed him to go without a remonstrance. She was sick at heart, and she was saying in spirit, "Poor child! poor child!"

A vague feeling possessed her, that as she had influenced the girl to love Vivian, so now she ought to warn her to consider well before she took the final step which would irrevocably bind her. A hundred thoughts, desires, resolves crowded into her mind, but not being a woman of firm purpose or fixed will, she let them one by one fade away and die out, until, finally exhausted by such unusual mental agitation, in a very miserable frame of mind she crept off to bed.

XXII.

With all of us our characters need unravelling. Sometimes this development of quality is the slow result of gradual growth, sometimes it is the rapid effect of unforeseen circumstance. Up to the present point Stella Clarkson had let herself be borne along by the wind of chance like thistledown. Suddenly this aimless drifting seemed arrested; she was brought to a standstill, pulled up, as it seemed to her, on the very brink of a precipice.

As with a melody which, though no longer heard, has such possession of us that, do or think as we may, its strains are still persistent, so was it with the words that Maynard Rodney had said; they haunted Stella, stirring and troubling her whole being by a new and undefined something that she wanted to put away from her.

A few days before, while reading to Mrs. Stapleton Lady Lee's Widowhood, a favourite novel with Marraine, Stella had been much amused at a passage, which described a kiss from Sir Joseph as having had no more effect on his lady than if "she flattened her nose against a pane of glass." Marraine had said she quite understood the comparison, and Stella had laughed at her sentimentality. Now the full meaning seemed to burst upon her, and, as she eyed askance her hand, each finger-tip tingled again, as when Maynard Rodney clasped them at parting.

"I must be a very wicked girl," she said; and she said it aloud, as if she wished to impress upon herself the fact; "bad, abandoned, or, knowing that I am the promised wife of one man, I should never be thinking like this of another." And then, unconsciously listening with the ears of her heart to the words that went on singing through

her brain, she began to ponder on the mystery with which he had invested love; how he had said that, until alive to its full meaning, one might be satisfied by its counterfeit. He had spoken, too, of the mingled pain and pleasure felt when love was born. Could that be?—and if so, where were the joys and pangs which should have troubled her when Vivian pleaded his suit? Still, natures might differ. With some affections were tumultuous; with others tranquil. Hers!—but here she stopped, unwilling to search too deeply down, and overcome by a profound sense of having in some way acted wrongly.

Candid and truthful by nature, it seemed terrible, even in thought, to her to fall away from the allegiance she owed to Vivian. To be open-eyed to his faults, to look on him as aught else but the perfect being she had always held him to be, was the uprooting of all those tenets which had been ingrafted in her from her very childhood. recalled the feeling of gratification it had given her to be preferred by Vivian; and though there arose the consciousness that this feeling, and much that followed in its train, had been fostered by Marraine, and owed its very birth to the affection she felt for her, she gauged the strength of her own character with sufficient precision, to see that she had allowed herself to drift into a position which neither force nor mere worldly interest would have made her accept.

It is perhaps a more difficult task than is sometimes admitted, to argue ourselves into a belief that wrong is right, bad is good, black is white; and yet, at one time or other of our lives most of us try to do it. Through the small hours of the night, and long after the dawn of morning, Stella lay trying to solve the problem of the real state of her feelings towards Vivian, but to the end the unknown truth remained undiscovered. Only one deduction had she drawn: that whatever mistake or failure might arise, the blame was entirely her own—hers to carry and to endure, and for this cause she must keep a strict watch on tongue and eye and ear-those outposts of the senses which so often draw and lead us into danger. luxury of tears she now refused herself, saying, as she brushed some drops away with that want of compromise so characteristic of youth-"I have no reason to cry, I mean to make him and myself happy." And after this she got up, and taking

out a photograph of Vivian, she impressed on it a very solemn kiss, and in a most humble state of mind she laid her head upon the pillow, this time to fall at once into a heavy sleep.

At the breakfast-table the next morning the two girls found themselves alone. Mrs. Stapleton did not feel well enough to join them. Delia was in her usual cheery spirits, and Stella did her best to accommodate her own more serious mood to her visitor's buoyancy. Their school-days were discussed, their old school fellows talked over—what had become of this girl and that? how such an one was married, and another about to be; until Delia said—"Do you know, I think it's great nonsense this not wanting people to know that you and Vivian are engaged. I don't believe you mind, Stella; do you?"

"Not in the least. Vivian wishes it; but I don't care."

"Now that's just what father said, that he was sure it was one of his fads, and it's so ridiculous, because he speaks as if you were to be married almost directly. Mother asked him what they'd think when you were getting your trousseau, and guess what his answer was."

Stella shook her head to intimate that such a guess was impossible.

"That in his opinion a trousseau was perfectly unnecessary. Pretty strong form that, don't you think? So far as I can see, that and the cake and the honeymoon are quite the best things in a wedding." Then seeing that Stella only smiled, she added, "Ah, well! I'm glad it's you he has chosen, you and not me."

"So am I; it would never have done for us two to have been rivals."

Delia was silent for a few moments, then she said, "By the way, what became of you last night? You did not stop long in the study."

"I did not go down to the study."

The words cost Stella an effort.

"Did not go down! Why, do you mean that you did not bid Vivian good-night?"

Stella bent over her cup, feeling that her face must be as red as a peony.

"I cannot think what could have been the matter with me last night," she began, in a tone of apology. "I felt I must run off to bed without wanting to say a word to anybody. Don't you know that sort of—a——"

"I know exactly, and then one doesn't want to be fussed over. Only I'm not sure I should feel that with a lover. I fancy it wouldn't be half bad with him."

"Oh—I don't know."

"No, I don't believe you do. Not with Vivian," and she made a little grimace of distaste. "Don't be angry, Stella; but positively it is impossible to conjure up the superfine Vivian in love. I don't say that he may not drop upon one knee, and perhaps go so far as to impress a kiss upon your marble brow; but anything beyond that—no. Well, that wouldn't suit me; I wonder it does you. I can't think what made you accept him."

"You seem to forget how talented and clever he is," said Stella, reproachfully.

"Excuse me, my dear, you don't get the chance given you here. When he is not blowing his own trumpet aunty is, and if they stop you begin. The rest of us are so grateful that he is our only genius. I verily believe that when he comes down to Stillmere father adds a clause of thankfulness to the family devotions that he has not been blessed with such a Solomon as Vivian. We can't live up to him; he puts on too many frills for us altogether."

"It's the æsthetic atmosphere, my love. I should grow quite fast and slangy if I lived here. At home I am a most well-conducted, ladylike young person, and that is why," she added irrelevantly, "I have my own doubts whether Vivian is so unutterably clever. Compare him with any one else you know. Mr. Roduey, now—he is a very clever man, they say. Well, is he like Vivian, I ask you?"

"That says nothing; they may both be very clever, and yet one quite the opposite of the other."

"Well, that certainly they are. Not that I have any reason to exalt Mr. Rodney; he hardly deigned to cast a look in my direction. When I did make a remark on anything he was saying, it was like the song, 'No catching the Speaker's Eye,' that was glued on the young lady he took in to dinner."

Stella shook her head.

"Oh, I forgive him," she continued; "only it did rather tickle me when aunty was so anxious about your not having come down to the study.

It couldn't have been so distractingly dull out on the balcony in the company of such a good-looking man." Then catching sight of a sudden expression which came into Stella's face, she jumped up and ran to her side, saying, "Did it tease it? It won't do so any more. Never mind! Besides, what's the good of having gone to school together if we can't be candid with each other. Why, you're crying, Stella." Stella hid her face more completely from view. "Yes, you are. Oh, I haven't said anything to wound you, have I? You know what a rattle-brain I am; but I wouldn't give you a moment's pain for the world, Stella. You believe that, don't you?"

"I really think I must be going to be ill," said poor Stella, drying her eyes. "It is so silly of me. I was never like this before."

"H'm! perhaps it is because you were never engaged before. I am speaking seriously now, for it's my belief you have been drawn into it principally because of your love for aunty. We all think the same. Uncle Sam says if he had thought you were to be persuaded into a husband he wouldn't have given Vivian a chance of proposing to you. Now that's what I call a downright benâ fide compliment from a confirmed old bachelor of sixty."

Stella was again smiling.

"Delia, dear," she said, "promise me not to say anything about my—stupidity, not even to think about it, or what could have caused it. I know in some things Vivian may be thought peculiar, but then I also know that I am rather the same, so that we are likely to suit each other better than perhaps our friends think we shall. Remember that I have known him very intimately for all the years I have lived here, and believe me there is much good in him which those who only see him occasionally would hardly give him credit for."

"Oh, Stella, please don't preach, or if you do, take some other text than Vivian. If ever he becomes your husband I'll try to"—and she feigned to be swallowing something with a great effort—"like him better, but so long as he's only my cousin do let me dislike him to my heart's desire."

"And you his favourite cousin too!" said Stella, reproachfully.

"For that very reason, then, I claim to enjoy some small amount of privilege."

A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

A. Hammond.

CIR HUMPHREY was sitting in his business on, behind a large table well furnished with writing materials, red books, and other volumes of reference, which gave it an important Sir Humphrey was a very young manindeed he had not long since come of age; and in spite of his having already left college—without taking a degree—and having been made a Justice of the Peace, might fairly have been said to be little more than a boy. Indeed, Vera Mainwaring, the rector's daughter, was never tired of urging on him, with a degree of insistence that he felt to be somewhat irksome, the fact that he was nothing more than a boy. He was sitting back in his big writing-chair—a chair that looked as if it had been made for a far more dignified man than helistening to a tale that was being poured out by his head-keeper, a man who was lavish in the matter of words and detail, and who, if not allowed to say what he had to say in his own way, was found to be totally incapable of saying it at

Sir Humphrey was evidently extremely anxious to get away; he east troubled glances at the clock on the mantel-piece, and drummed with his fingers on the leather-covered table, and made ineffectual attempts to help the keeper on with his narrative; for, although he wanted very much to close the interview, he did not possess sufficient assurance to allow him to dismiss that functionary with his tale unfinished. Besides, what the man had to say was important enough; and at any other time, Sir Humphrey, sportsman as he was, would have been more than willing to listen to it.

"I seed the snares, Sir Humphrey, as I was going through the Four Acre yesterday evening," the man was saying. "I noticed a run just in the corner of the wood by Price's Lane, and somethink indooced me to go up and examine the hedgerow. There, sure enough, I seed the noose—it didn't take much searching—and then I went round the wood, and wherever I seed a run, there I seed a

snare; and I thinks to myself, 'Its pretty plain where them hares gets to, and what's more,' I thinks, 'it's pretty plain to me who gets 'em.'" The antithetical charm of this sentence seemed to gratify the keeper, and he repeated it. "I know where they gets to, and to who they gets." But not being so pleased with his epigram in this amended form, he paused to consider it, and allowed Sir Humphrey to get in a word.

"And then you watched, Green, and saw Price go round at night. Yes!—Well, I'm glad we've caught the fellow at last. And now I can't stay any longer." And Sir Humphrey rose from his chair with the air of closing the interview.

"Then will you make out the warrant, Sir Humphrey? and I'll get Waters to arrest him; and he'll sleep to-night in Norton gaol."

"The warrant! Oh, bother!—No, I haven't time now. Come up after luncheon, and I'll have it ready for you."

"Now, Sir Humphrey, saving your presence!" expostulated the keeper in aggrieved tones, "you ain't a-going to let him slip through our hands again, sir."

"Oh, hang it!" cried the badgered baronet, who foresaw a further delay if he should have to listen to Green's remonstrances; and he got a form, and drew up the necessary warrant for the arrest of John Price, with which the keeper retired, well pleased with his morning's work.

Sir Humphrey breathed a deep sigh of relief as the door closed behind him, and went to the window, where he stood with his hands in his pockets, whistling an air, until Green had disappeared round the corner of the house; then he caught up his cap, and ran out across the stone floor of the big cool hall, through the open door, and into the sunny gardens.

"Thank goodness, I've got rid of him at last!" he said to himself, as he hurried down the sloping lawns, over the springy turf that lay yellow in the bright sunlight, and dewy cool in the pools of

shadow cast by the cedars. "I should have missed her in another minute, and she never will tell me where she is going."

Sir Humphrey's house stood on the top of a hill. The gardens sloped down on one side to a brook which was almost broad enough just here to have carned the title of river. On the other side of the brook, which was crossed by a pretty bridge of stone, stood the church, and the rectory, embowered in trees, and beyond this lay the one straggling village street with its red-roofed cottages.

As Sir Humphrey crossed the bridge, the figure of a girl appeared at the little iron gate, which divided the churchyard from the rectory garden. She was quite a young girl, of not more than sixteen, and her long hair, which was of a warm brown with a glint of the sun in it, fell in ripples down her back. She was very pretty, and dressed as she was this morning in a summer frock of white, and a broadbrimmed hat set gracefully on her glossy hair, she made a charming picture. So Sir Humphrey seemed to think at any rate, for his colour came and went as he advanced to meet her, and there was no mistaking the look in his eyes. The girl did not change colour in the least, but she greeted him kindly enough.

"I thought you were never coming, Humphrey," she said; "I waited at least five minutes for you."

"Oh, Vera! did you really!" cried Sir Humphrey, delighted; "and you said you never would wait for me. You are a dar——!"

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"Now, be careful!" interrupted the girl, holding up one delicate finger; "remember, I won't have any nonsense, or I shan't let you come at all."

"All right," said Sir Humphrey humbly, "only you do look so awfully pretty to-day, I really couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it! what nonsense!" answered the girl. "You *must* help it. I don't say silly things to you, as you do to me."

Sir Humphrey did not seem convinced by this original argument. "No, I wish you did," he responded, dolefully; "I don't believe you care for me a bit, Vera."

"What nonsense!" said Vera, again. "Why, I let you do all sorts of things for me. I would have let you carry my basket if you had asked me."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Humphrey. "I didn't see it; you see I was looking at you all the time. Do give it me."

"I don't know that I shall now," answered Vera, but she gave it to him, nevertheless. She looked provokingly fresh and charming with her slim girlish figure and beautiful hair. Humphrey eyed the young goddess wistfully as he walked beside her. She evidently had him completely under her thumb, and used her power unsparingly, as is the manner of her sex.

"Where are you going this morning?" he asked presently, "and what is in this basket?"

"I am going to see poor Mrs. Price," answered Vera; "and that is some soup I made cook give me for her."

"Price!" echoed Humphrey, stopping short. "Vera, you can't go to that rascal's cottage?"

Vera stopped too, and looked at him in surprise. "Why ever not?" she asked.

"Because I won't let you," said Humphrey, hotly; "the fellow is a thief and vagabond, and not fit for you to go near."

Vera tossed back her hair and said haughtily, "I was not aware, Sir Humphrey, that I had to ask your permission as to where I may or may not go."

"Don't be silly, Vera," said Humphrey; "you don't awe me in the least, and I say you shan't go to Price's cottage."

"And I say I will," replied Vera; "give me my basket."

"I shan't," said Humphrey.

"You shall," said Vera, and she seized hold of the handle, which Humphrey would not let go, and there they stood in the middle of the road as if they were about to struggle for it. The absurdity of the position struck them both at the same instant, and they burst out laughing together.

Vera recovered her seriousness first, and with it her ascendancy over her companion, who was quite incapable of opposing her in anything in cold blood. They continued on their way, Sir Humphrey still carrying the basket, which she had relinquished to him.

"Why don't you want me to go to Price's cottage?" she asked, not in the tone of one who would be in the least affected by the answer.

"Well," said Humphrey, "the fellow is a confirmed poacher, to begin with. If you pauperize his wife and children, it relieves him of the necessity of earning enough to keep them, and he sees no reason why he shouldn't supplement his income

of nothing a year by stealing and selling my hares and pheasants."

There was reason in this argument, but whoever yet came across a woman who was convinced by reason? If there are any such, Vera was not one of them.

"Well," she said, "if he does catch a few hares to feed his wife and family with when they are starving, I don't see that it does you much harm. You can't eat them quite all yourself, can you? Besides, I don't believe he is a regular poacher, if he is one at all; he is out of work now."

"Out of work!" repeated Humphrey. "Yes, of course he is out of work. When was he ever in work? Tell me that, Vera."

Vera couldn't, but she evaded the question.

"He has only been here a year," she said. She was always ready with some defence, however futile, to the weak points in her arguments, and Sir Humphrey felt that eventually he would undoubtedly get worsted. But he was not going to give in yet.

"You can't get over it," he said, "that a man who steals another man's game is a poacher; and poacher is only another name for thief."

"How do you know they are your hares, to begin with? You don't brand them with your initials, do you?"

"No, I don't; nor my coat of arms either," answered Humphrey.

"Very well, there you are," said Vera, triumphantly. "And supposing they do come off your land, you didn't make them, did you?"

"No," replied Humphrey, "and I don't believe Price did either."

"Now you are foolish," retorted Vera, who felt she was getting much the best of the argument. "I wonder people are so selfish as to grudge a poor man one little animal, especially when they are quite wild, and flying about anywhere."

"If you mean me when you say 'people,'" answered Sir Humphrey, "my particular breed of hare doesn't fly about at all; and I shouldn't grudge a poor man one little animal now and then; but when it comes to a good many hundred little animals in the course of the year it becomes a little too much."

"Well, of course it's of no use arguing with a man," said Vera; "but it does seem plain to me

that wild birds and animals are common property, and anybody ought to be able to catch them who wants to."

"It might seem plain to you, if you thought about it a little," answered Humphrey, "that birds and animals that I bring up at a great deal of trouble and expense on my own land are not exactly common property. Should you think it right for anybody who liked to kill your ducks and chickens for food?"

"Of course not," said Vera.

"Very well then. I don't see why you should consider my pheasant-coops common property, and draw the line at your hen-roosts. If every one left off preserving, there might be something in what you say; only in a few years there would be no more birds left, and I don't see that John Price and his starving family would be much better off than they are now."

When the pair had wrangled a little more, they came to Price's cottage. Whether because their conversation had left no room, or from moral cowardice, I am not prepared to say, but Humphrey had omitted to tell Vera that he had signed a warrant for the arrest of John Price on a charge of poaching. And so she was a good deal surprised and a little alarmed, when, as they clicked the latch of the garden-gate, a woman of dishevelled appearance came running out of the cottage with her apron to her eyes, and, ignoring Vera altogether, addressed an impassioned appeal to Humphrey to have mercy upon her husband.

"He didn't do it, Sir Humphrey, he didn't do it. A respectable working-man as ever lived, he would'nt lay a finger on what wasn't his'n."

Now Humphrey knew very well that he did do it, and that he was well known for habitually laying more than one finger on what "wasn't his'n," and he also knew that the course he himself had pursued was a perfectly just and reasonable one; and yet, such was his state of subjection to the charms and opinions of Miss Vera Mainwaring, that he felt quite ashamed of himself, as Mrs. Price poured out to that young lady a graphic story of how, not many minutes since, the village policeman had invaded the sanctity of a happy and united home, and torn from the bosom of his family the upright and God-fearing winner of its bread.

This Mrs. Price was a slovenly, dirty woman of

about forty, with a cringing, plausible manner that appeared to deceive even herself, for she must have known very well, if she had taken the trouble to think, that the picture she drew for her hearers' benefit was not likely to strike them with a sense of its inherent truthfulness. As she was talking, she led the way into the cottage, which was dirty and untidy. The whole stock of crockery, cutlery, and kitchen utensils appeared to be spread about the room unwashed, and there was very little in it besides, except several pairs of men's gaiters, always a bad sign in a labourer's cottage, and two little children, as untidy and dirty as everything else about the place.

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Vera listened to the narrative in displeased surprise. In spite of Mrs. Price's excursions in the regions of exaggeration, she was plausible enough to have deceived a far more experienced person than that young lady. And besides, if she had had very little sympathy with the woman herself, there were the poor little children to be thought of

Humphrey was sitting well forward in his chair sucking the handle of his stick. His attitude showed considerable embarrassment, which was not lessened when Vera turned on him a look of severe displeasure.

"What does all this mean, Humphrey?" she asked, "and why didn't you tell me of it?"

But although Humphrey was keenly alive to the censure of this arbitrary young lady, he felt that he must make some attempt to assert himself and his authority. He arose with the air of one putting an end to an interview.

"I can't talk it over here," he said, rather lamely; "there is no doubt of your husband being in the wrong, Mrs. Price, for he was watched. It isn't the first time either, and I must let matters take their course."

Then he walked out of the room with as much dignity as he could command. Vera, amazed at the defection of her hitherto submissive slave, was about to follow, but Mrs. Price held her back. She saw that her husband's only chance was through the intercession of this young lady, and she also saw that this chance was a very good one. She poured out a long, rambling entreaty into Vera's ear; she was possessed of considerable cunning, and knew exactly what to say, and the end of the interview was that Vera went out into the sunny

little cottage-garden, having pledged herself to gain the release of John Price.

Humphrey was waiting just outside the gate, knocking the stones about in the white dusty road with his stick. He had had time to rally his forces, and had lit a cigarette as a sort of badge of manhood. Vera began the duel by asking him to throw it away, which was a mistake, because it irritated him. He did so, however, and waited for what she might have to say further. They walked down the road in silence for a moment or two. Vera had not quite decided on her opening, but eventually began by using what is sometimes known as "bluff."

"It is a pity you should have made such a mistake," she said quietly, as if discussing a matter that was quite settled, "but I suppose it will be all right if you send over at once."

"Send over? Where to, and what for?" asked Sir Humphrey.

"Why to Norton, of course," answered Vera, in tones of calm surprise, "to get John Price set free. You are not going to have him kept in prison any longer, I suppose?"

"Why not?" asked Sir Humphrey.

This was a difficult question to answer. Vera changed her tactics. She became angry, and reproached Humphrey with inhumanity, selfishness, barbarity, and a large proportion of the seven cardinal sins. He was well able to withstand this style of attack. It invigorated him; he even became a little self-important.

"How can I as a magistrate overlook this sort of thing?" he asked.

"Magistrate! Pooh!" was Vera's reply, which left nothing more to be said on that head.

At last, however, she began to perceive that her adversary would not be moved by these means, and she changed her plans once more. She began to plead, a thing she never thought to have had to do to Sir Humphrey, whom she had hitherto commanded.

"Humphrey, I do so want you to get Price let off. I think you might when I ask you."

Sir Humphrey was vulnerable from this point of attack, but a spirit of obstinacy had been roused by Vera's former methods, which enabled him still to resist stoutly. She begged and prayed, becoming every minute less authoritative and more of a suppliant. She even said that she was sorry she had

called him names. Sir Humphrey, to whom this phase of his mistress's character was novel, felt in his heart that he could deny her nothing, so charming to him were all her ways; but he still held out, more for the sake of keeping her penitent than because he cared whether he gave way or not. Vera, in spite of her submissive tones, was getting angry and chagrined at not getting her own way more easily. She stamped her little foot, and tears of vexation came into her pretty eyes.

"I'll never speak to you again if you don't do what I ask you," she said, stopping still in the middle of the road.

"Yes, you will," said Humphrey, "but I'm not going to do what you ask me."

He felt a sort of diabolical pleasure in playing with the moods of the girl, so charming in her inconsistency. They went on in silence, Vera turning away to hide the tears of annoyance that would come. Humphrey's soul was melted to think that she was crying.

"Vera!"

No answer.

"Vera!" again, more gently, as he tried to take the little hand that hung down by her side.

She snatched it away, and turned to him a face of tearful indignation. It had been in Humphrey's mind to bargain for a kiss if he should do what she wanted, but she was too much in his power.

"Vera, dear, I will get Price let off."

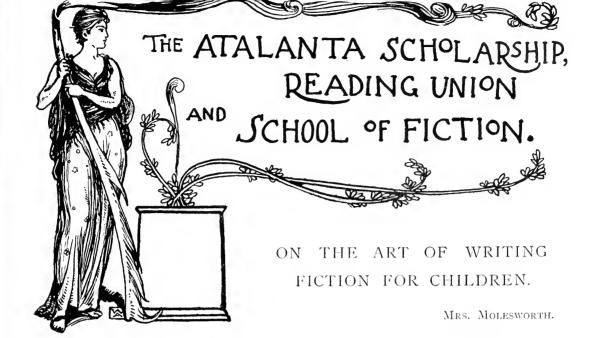
Vera had won, but Sir Humphrey did not mind defeat, and he got his kiss after all.



"Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger, tomes dancing from the east, and leads with her The flowery May, who from her green lap throws The yellow cowship and the pale primrose.

Itail, bounteous May, that dost inspire Mirth and youth, and warm desire; Woods and groves are of thy dressing, Itall and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song, And welcome thee, and wish thee long."—Millon.



THERE is, we are told, no royal road to learning. Is there a royal road to any good thing? Are not hard work, more or less drudgery, perseverance, self-control, and self-restraint the unavoidable travelling companions, the only trustworthy couriers through the journey to the country of success? I think so.

But the way is not always the same. None of the paths are "royal," in the sense of being smooth and flower-bestrewn; but beyond this, similarity no longer necessarily holds good. To literary success, even in its humbler departments, there are many and varying roads. Were it not so indeed, the thing itself would be infinitely less worthy of achievement. For if literary work is to be in any sense admirable, it must be individual and characteristic; it is not of the nature of manufactured goods; its essence must be of the author's personality.

I wish thus to preface the little I have to say of possible service to others on that branch of writing as to which I am credited with some experience—fiction for the young, more especially for children—because, underlying any information or advice I can give, is the very strongest belief in every writer taking his or her own path, trusting to his or her own intuitions. Yet these intuitions, if I may be forgiven an apparent paradox, must be those of a cultivated taste, a thoughtful intellect, an imagination all the more luxuriant from having been well

pruned. Therefore before beginning to write, even for childish minds, I would urge upon young authors to see well to their own mental possessions. You cannot "give" out of nothing, and if you would give of the best, with the best must you be furnished. Read the best books, study the best models, till in a sense they become your own. "Originality," if originality you have, will never be crushed by real study; and if the result of your self-training should be to prove to you, by comparison with its undoubted owners, that this incommunicable gift is *not* yours, the sooner, for yourself and for others, that you make the discovery the better, though you will have been far from a loser in the process of making it.

There is nothing "original" in this advice, I well know. But it seems to be not uncalled for in the present instance, because so many young writers, too modest to aspire very high, think they can "write for children." And often this is a mistake. Writing for children calls for a peculiar gift. It is not so much a question of taking up one's stand on the lower rungs of the literary ladder, as of standing on another ladder altogether—one which has its own steps, its higher and lower positions of excellence.

It is very difficult to define this gift. It is more than the love of children. Many people love children dearly who could not write for, or about them even, at all. It is to some extent the power of clothing your own personality with theirs, of seeing as they see, feeling as they feel, realizing the intensity of their hopes and fears, their unutterably pathetic sorrows, their sometimes even more pathetic joys, and yet—not becoming one of them: remaining yourself, in full possession of your matured judgment, your wider and deeper views. Never for one instant forgetting the exquisite delicacy of the instruments you are playing upon, the marvellous impressionableness of the little hearts and minds; never, in commonplace words, losing sight of what is in the best sense good for them. Yet all this so skilfully, so unobtrusively, that the presence of the teacher is never suspected. Not perhaps till your readers are parents and guardians themselves — possibly writers! — need they, nor should they, suspect how in every line, far more than their passing entertainment or amusement was considered, how scrupulous was the loving care with which, like a fairy gardener, you banished from the playground you were preparing for their enjoyment, all things unsightly, or terrifying, or in any sense hurtful-all false or exaggerated sentiment in any form.

And yet you must be true to nature. Save in an occasional flight to fairyland (and is true fairyland unreal after all?) children's stories should be real-true, that is to say, to what may be or are actual experiences in this always chequered, often sorrowful, world of ours. It would be very false love for children—it would be repellent to their own true instincts—to represent life to them as a garden of roses without thorns, a song with no jarring notes. But underlying the sad things, and the wrong things, and the perplexing things which must be touched upon in the little dramas, however simple, there must be belief in the brighter side —in goodness, happiness, and beauty—as the real background after all. And any one who does not feel down in the bottom of their hearts that this "optimism" is well-founded, had better leave writing for children alone.

It is not always those who are nearest childhood who are the best fitted to deal with it. There is a phase of melancholy and hopelessness which youth often has to pass through, and though much mingled with false sentimentality, it is a real enough thing while it lasts. It is those who have outgrown this, who while not closing their eyes to the dark and

sad side of things, yet have faith in the sunlight behind and beyond, who, to my mind, are the best story-tellers for the little ones, whose own experience of life is all to come.

Before passing on to a few questions of practical detail, I should like to dwell a little on a point which it seems to me is too often disregarded or confused. It is this -writing about children is by no means the same thing as writing for them. So much the contrary, indeed, that I could instance several story-books almost entirely about children which are far less advisable reading for them than others of which the characters are not children at all. This distinction is constantly overlooked and forgotten, and yet it is surely based on common sense? The very last thing a wise mother would allow would be the children's presence at any necessary consultation with doctor or teacher about their health, physical or mental. And the interest of many of the charming and delightful stories about children, which in our days have almost come to constitute a new department in literature, depends very greatly on the depicting and description of childish peculiarities and idiosyncrasies which it would not be wholesome for their compeers to discuss or realize. The questions too of judicious or injudicious management of little people on the part of their elders, of over-care or more culpable neglect, of misunderstanding of their complex and often strangely reserved and perplexing characters, must come much to the fore in this class of fiction. And though it would not be right, because it would not be sincere, to make of our stories for children a fool's paradise, where all the big people are perfect, and only the boys and girls in fault, still the obtruding or emphasizing parental mistakes and failings should surely be avoided when writing for the tender little ones, whose lovely belief in "mother" is the very breath and sunshine of their lives—and the greatest possible incentive to mother herself to be in some faint degree worthy of this exquisite trust.

Nor is this faith a false one. It is God-given, as a shelter and support to the infant character till the day comes when the man or woman must stand alone and see things with full-grown vision. And when that day comes, and the gradual discovery is realized that neither father nor mother, best of teachers or dearest of friends, is infallible, something else comes too; a still deeper faith,

which draws the bonds of the old childish love and trust yet closer, by the addition of that of understanding *sympathy*.

As to questions of "style" in writing for children, general rules hold good, with the addition of a few special ones. Your language should of course be the very best you can use. Good English, terse and clear, with perhaps a little more repetition, a little more making sure you are understood than is allowable in ordinary fiction. Keep to the rule of never using a long word where a short one will express your meaning as well; but do not be too slavishly afraid of using a long word—a word even which, but for the context, your young readers would fail to take in the meaning of. In such a case you can often skilfully lead up to the meaning, and children must learn new words. It does them no harm now and then to have to exercise their minds as to what the long or strange word can mean, and at worst they can always apply to some older friend for an explanation, and the effort will impress the new acquisition on their memory.

To help you to the acquirement of a good style in this branch of writing, as in others, I would like to repeat the advice I have often given privately. Drill yourself well by translating. It is capital training. You know what you have to say, and there is not for the moment the strain of inventing upon you. The facts and ideas are there ready cut and dry; your business is to clothe them fittingly and gracefully, and to this you can give your whole attention. Young writers are usually so full of what they want to say, that they give too little care to how they say it-ideas come tumbling over each other till the way is blocked, and precision and elegance are thrown to the winds. Translating is voted dull work by some -they want to see their own creations in form—but do believe me, unless you are willing to go through some dull work, some drudgery, the chances are small that you will succeed. It may seem to you that some writers you know have reached the position they occupy by sheer genius; but, not to repeat the well-known definition as to what genius really is, if you could retrace the whole steps trodden by these apparently exceptional beings, you would find, I think, that the "taking pains" has been there. They have been perhaps peculiarly well-drilled as children, accustomed to much brooding over the very best authors, but their present perfection of style has

not come all of itself, you may be sure, however dazzling the brilliance that undoubted genius throws over the materials supplied by long and careful cultivation.

It is a simple but valuable test of your writing to read it aloud when finished, even if you have no audience but yourself! In writing for children the criticism, which you may be pretty sure will not be too flattering, of a group of intelligent boys and girls is *in*valuable.

And now as to the subject matter itself. What is the best way of composing a story for children? "Should we think it all out first, and sketch it out, and jot down the heads, and the chapters, and—and—?" a hundred more "ands." "Should one wait till something strikes one, or should one draw from one's own experience, or—or—?" "or's" to match the "and's."

My dear young friends, I am afraid I cannot tell you. Everybody, it seems to me, has his or her own way, and as I said at the beginning of this little paper, I think it must be best so.

But if you care to listen I will tell you *my* own way—or ways, though by no means with any idea that you would do well to follow my example.

To me it seems, as a rule, that in writing stories for either old or young, the great thing is to make the acquaintance of your characters, and get to know them as well and intimately as you possibly can. Some of course take much more knowing than others; some are quickly read through; some are interesting because they are meant apparently not to be thoroughly known, and in this light you truthfully depict them, though this last class is hardly the type of character to be introduced into a story for children. I dare say you will think me very childish myself, when I tell you that I generally begin by finding names for all my personages. I marshal them before me and call the roll, to which each answers in turn, and then I feel I have my "troupe" complete, and I proceed to take them more in detail. I live with them as much as I can, often for weeks, before I have done more than write down their names. I listen to what they talk about to each other and in their own homes, not with the intention of writing it down, but by way of, as I said, getting to know them well. And by degrees I feel them becoming very real. I can say to myself sometimes, when sitting idly doing nothing in particular, "Now who shall I go to

see for a little-the So-and-so's, or little somebody?"—whatever the names may be that I have given; and so day by day I seem to be more in their lives, more able to tell how, in certain circumstances, my characters would comport them-And by degrees these circumstances stretch themselves out and take vague shape, which like the at first far-off and dimly perceived heights above one in climbing a mountain, grow distinct and defined as one approaches them more nearly. I seldom care to look very far ahead, though at the same time a certain grasp of the whole situation is, and has been, I think, there from the first. It never seems to me that my characters come into existence, like phantoms, merely for the time I want them. Rather do I feel that I am selecting certain incidents out of real lives. And this. especially in writing of children, seems to me to give substantiality and actuality to the little actors in the drama. I always feel as if somewhere the children I have learnt to love are living, growing into men and women like my own real sons and daughters. I always feel as if there were ever so much more to hear about them and to tell about them if I liked to tell, and my readers to hear.

But this general rule of first getting to know your characters is not without exceptions. There are instances in which the most trivial incident or impression suggests a whole story—a glance at a picture, the words of a song, a picturesque name, the wind in an old chimney—anything or nothing will sometimes "start" the whole, and then the characters you need have to be sought for and thought about, and in some sense chosen for their parts. And these often entirely unexpected suggestions of a story are very valuable, and should decidedly, when they occur, be "made a note of."

Remembrances of one's own childhood, not merely of surroundings and events, but of one's own inner childish life, one's ways of looking at things, one's queer perplexities and little suspected intensities of feeling, it is well to recall and dwell much upon. Not altogether or principally for the sake of recording them directly, for a literal autobiography of oneself even up to the age of twelve would be much fitter reading for a child-loving adult than for children themselves (the "best" and most amusing anecdotes about children are seldom such as it would be wise to relate to their compeers); but because these memories revive and quicken the sympathy, which as time goes on, and we grow away from our child-selves, cannot but to some extent be lost; such reminiscences put us "in touch" again with child-world. And constant, daily, unconstrained intercourse with children, even if the innocently egotistical inquiry, "Are you going to make a story about us?" may be honestly answered in the negative, is indirectly a great help and source of "inspiration."

But if you have any serious intention of making stories for children a part of your life-work, beware of "waiting for inspiration," as it is called. You must go at it steadily, nay, even plod at it, if you want to do good and consistent work, always remembering that your audience will be of the most critical, though all the better worth satisfying on that account. And rarely, if ever, does work carefully and lovingly done meet with a sweeter reward than comes to the writer of children's books when fresh young voices exclaim how interested they have been in perhaps the very story which had often filled its author with discouragement. "flattering unction" we may lay to our soulsneither Nellie nor Tom-assuredly not Tom-will say so if he and she do not really mean it!

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

Tell a short Story that will prove interesting to Children under the age of fourteen years.

Papers must contain not more than 500 words, and must be forwarded to the Superintendent, R. U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., on or before May 25.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

ī

In what books do the following characters appear?—
1. Diamond; 2. Mignon; 3. Rosamond Percy; 4. Mr. Donne and Mr. Sweeting; 5. "Valentine and Violet."

1.1

Who is the "Architect" who built "the House" spoken of by the poet in these lines?—

"She is skilful to elect Materials for her plan . . .

She threads dark Alpine forests, Or valleys by the sea, In many lands with painful steps. Ere she can find a tree.

She ransacks mines and ledges, And quarries every rock, To hew the famous adamant For each eternal block.

She lays her beams in music, In music every one, To the eadence of the whirling world Which dances round the sun,

That so they shall not be displaced By lapses or by wars, But for the love of happy souls Outlive the newest stars."

III.

Mention a well-known poem that contains the names of twenty-nine different fruits in the opening stanza.

IV.

Give the source of the following phrases:—
1. "A tedious brief scene . . . very tragical mirth."
2. "Flat burglary as ever was committed." 3. "Just as high as my heart." 4. "I have a good eye,—I can see a church by daylight." 5. "Thy exquisite reason, dear knight?" 6. "In my mind's eye."

V.

On what occasion were these words said?— "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

The above questions begin a new Series. Reply-Papers must be forwarded on or before 15th May. They should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., Atalanta, 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should have the words Search Questions written on the cover. Prizes of Two Guineas and One Guinea are awarded Half-Yearly.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS (APRIL).

I.

I. The lines occur in Spenser's Faerie Queene, Book I., Canto I., Stanzas 8 and 9.

2. This description of trees is expanded from Chancer's Assembly of Foules, 176.

H.

I. The reference is to the Paper in Addison's Spectator called The Vision of Mirza.

2. Whittier is the author of the lines, and the poem where they appear is called *To a Friend*; on her Return from Europe.

Ш.

1. See the Ballad in Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. 2. James Stewart, Earl of Murray, treacherously slain by the Earl of Huntley, Feb. 7, 1592. See old Scottish song called "The Bonny Earl of Murray" (Percy's Reliques, and other collections of verse). 3. Chibiabos was the friend "most beloved of Hiawatha, . . .

He the best of all musicians, He the sweetest of all singers."

4. "The Fashionable Authoress," as represented by Thackeray.

5. The owner of the famous Waxworks with whom

Little Nell and her grandfather travelled for some time (Old Curiosity Shop). 6. The servant of Don Quixote,

IV.

Queen Elizabeth wrote the lines; they refer to Mary, Oueen of Scots.

V.

A needle (Jean Ingelow's Stories told to a Child).

VI.

Castor and Pollux, who fought on the side of Rome at the Battle of Lake Regillus. (Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.)

IIY

"The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging song,
For they come of a gentle kind."
(Ballad of Red Harlaw in Scott's Antiquary.)

VIII.

1. Gray, The Bard. 2. Dryden, Alexander's Feast. 3. Milton, L'Allegro. 4. Pope, Rape of the Lock. 5. Shakespeare, Antony and Cleopatra. 6. Wordsworth, Simon Lec.



GARDENING FOR GIRLS.

ONSIDERING the very large number of our children who garden as a matter of course, it is curious to note how rare the practice is among girls from sixteen years old and upwards. There are perhaps several reasons, great and small, which stand in the way of gardening as an occupation for girls, but the minor difficulties are easily overcome if we could but succeed in ridding ourselves of the two main obstacles which are the real hindrances to the pursuit—want of training, and ignorance of the amount of pleasure to be derived from the occupation.

Let us first consider the absence of training. Girls out-grow gardening just as they out-grow dressing dolls or building brick houses. Children may be said to play at being gardeners, but childhood once out-grown, girls have no natural taste for digging and weeding when regarded merely in the light of a game. As they grow up they lose their love for taking a plant out of one corner and putting it into another, for sowing their initials in mustard and cress, or for building rockeries which are generally only partially successful because their owners have a tendency to plant ferns in the sun and stone-crops in the shade. There is an unlimited opportunity for "messing," an indisputable right to be dirty about children's gardens, which girls cease to value so highly as they grow older; indeed the very fact that they are beginning to care for their personal appearance stands in the way of some of them. The brothers, too, with whom they have been accustomed to play, go to school, and it is less amusing to "mess" by oneself. So they give it up, become engrossed in other things, and limit their practical acquaintance

with the garden to gathering the flowers, or sometimes even helping their elders in an occasional day's weeding or an odd evening's watering. These two latter occupations being, especially on a hot day, decidedly uninteresting, the girls learn to look upon gardening as a most wearisome means of getting tired, and, if you ask them, will constantly tell you they hate gardening because it is so troublesome, or will possibly quote the old saying, that to garden comfortably you must have "a castiron back with a hinge in it."

Now it is more than probable that it is the training which is here in fault. Girls who despise gardening as play would often take to it keenly enough if it were work; if they felt that the house depended on them for its supply of flowers, if they realized that any one would be the worse for their leaving the garden untended or unwatered, or, to put it more directly, the better for their care and interest.

For present purposes gardens may be divided into two main classes—those in which the gardener and his hirelings do all the work, or those in which the trouble falls on the mistress or master of the house. Now for a girl to take to gardening under the former circumstances is undoubtedly disheartening. Everything must of necessity be better done than she can do it, and she will feel no lack of flowers. The best we can recommend for her is that she should have some special nook or retreat untouched by any one else, where the flowers may grow according to her and their sweet will, and which will derive its charm, not so much from its intrinsic beauty as from the fact that it is her very own. But even so, if she be not a born gardener, she

will not do much, unless, as we shall see further on, she has some special object in view, which will incite her to grow flowers for the sake of having them. Born gardeners, however, are the exception rather than the rule, and very often if we inquire how such and such a girl came to take to the garden of which she is now so proud, we shall find that she did it originally because it had to be done, and ended by getting interested in it for its own sake.

The second class of gardens, in which the mother does most of the work, is much more common, and here another difficulty arises. A garden, like many other things, cannot have two masters, and there are not many girls who are content to occupy the position of gardener's hireling, and do what they are told and nothing else; they must be given a certain amount of responsibility. It is here that the training comes in: the mother or elder sister, or whoever looks after the garden, must be particularly careful how they ask for help in it; it must not be all weeding, watering, or raking, for this will only engender a dislike to the whole thing, and whether it is done or not, will then depend merely on how selfish or unselfish the girl may be. Nor must the girl's contribution to garden work consist, as we have known it to do, in a vigorous and unmerciful hunt for snails and slugs, who are doomed to an untimely death in a pot of salt water! She must rather be encouraged to sow, to plant, to take cuttings, to watch over her seedlings, and to pick off all unwanted buds. She should have certain plants under her special care, and it will soon be found that from an uninterested helper she is rapidly developing a real enthusiasm for gardening, and as rapidly finding herself amply rewarded.

But let not my readers imagine that it is necessarily always their elders' fault that they do not like gardening; that, had they been differently trained, they might have long since begun to love their gardens. For the reason that so many parents depute only simple and tiresome jobs, is that it is often very hard to depend on a girl to do anything thoroughly unless there is some one always by to remind her, or see that the thing is done; and no one who is very fond of flowers will care to risk the possible loss of a plant by confiding it to a careless deputy. But if the pupil be open to the kind of training described, it will not

be long before she begins to understand something of the pleasures of gardening pleasures which must certainly be experienced to be understood. Indeed, we shall find that though people can and do seem able to understand the enjoyment of dancing, riding, reading, and many other pursuits in which they are unable or unwilling to join, most of those who dislike gardening themselves, cannot be made to realize how much pleasure others find in it. First and foremost among its advantages for girls comes the fact that it gives them an object in going out. Many have but few opportunities for riding, cycling, or even for tennis, and are habitually obliged to take their out-door exercise in the form of a regular constitutional, either with or without an object. Now, no one will deny that gardening is a very healthy form of exercise, nor will any girl who cares about her garden go out in the listless, uninterested manner of the girl who has no such inducement, who is in no hurry to go out because she has nothing to do when she gets there. This bed will want planting or weeding; those carnations should be tied up and staked; these seedlings must be thinned, and those cuttings are ready for re-potting. The result of having these varied occupations in view will be that the girl will be eager to go out, and happy and busy during the whole time of her recreation. Then comes the pleasure she will have in the flowers when grown. How eagerly she will watch for the coming up of that precious double primrose which some one gave her last year; with what watchfulness will she count the buds already visible on her "William Alan Richardson," and how delighted she will be when she can gather for her friends large bunches of the chrysanthemums over which she has been watching for months, and which are now repaying her by masses of beautiful blooms.

There is another kind of pleasure which she will also derive from gardening if she only sets her mind to it, and that is the pleasure of giving. Even if she is not actually mistress of the garden, she may easily be allowed some patches of soil where she can grow all the most useful plants for cutting, so that she may be able to keep some poor neighbours supplied with fragrant flowers, or even send up baskets to the nearest hospital or flower mission. Flower missions have become so common that it seems hardly necessary to point out the delight they give to many poor souls who

never see the country; and there are few ways of helping and cheering those of our sisters who are obliged to live lives of sternest toil in foul and crowded slums, which are so free from any taint of pauperizing, and yet which give such intense pleasure, as procuring them a supply of flowers. Perhaps we who spend our lives among country sights and sounds, to whom the possession of flowers is as much a matter of course as the recurrence of our daily meals, can hardly estimate the value set upon them by the dwellers in our great cities, where the eye is never feasted on fields of waving corn or stretches of dewy grass.

And besides all this, there is the girl's own keen enjoyment in going round the garden and seeing the seeds begin to thrust their tiny green heads above ground; the pride experienced when her peas are ready for staking before any one else's, and the pleasure of an increasingly intimate acquaintance with the actual beauties of the flowers themselves. For we never study any flower so carefully as that one which we have watched from infancy, and few things teach us the beauties of the most commonplace things better than does a visit to the garden in the early morning, when the dew-drops are sparkling in the sun, and the flowers displaying all their richest and freshest colouring.

One black spot, however, there is in gardening, and we cannot deny or palliate it. It must of necessity encourage the destructive qualities; nor can we expect any girls to take a keen delight in seeking out the slugs which are destroying the young dahlias, or in interfering with the ravages which the green fly is perpetrating on the rose trees. Talking of noxious insects, the following quaint directions for the destruction of earwigs may be found interesting, if not altogether pleasing; it seems to have been an Elizabethan method. "Some have used old shooes or hoofes, which being turned down on stickes ends set into the ground, will soon draw into them many earwickes, which by care and diligence may soon be destroyed, if every morning and evening one take the hoofes off the stickes, and, knocking them against the ground in a plain allie, shake out all the earwickes that are crept into them, which quickly with one's foot may be trode to pieces."

But with the exception of this drawback there is nothing but profit and pleasure to be found by girls who garden. In speaking of profit, let it be understood that we mean moral, not pecuniary profit; the latter may be had also, but not easily by girls of small experience, and on whose time there are many prior claims. To discuss the best way of obtaining pecuniary profit would also take us far beyond our subject, which was intended to deal only with gardening as a recreation.

One of the first lessons learnt is the value of experience, in other words, the superiority of practice to theory, and there are few more profitable ways of learning this lesson, because here, if nowhere else, the consequences are generally confined to the perpetrator: whoever makes the mistake pays for it. If a girl prunes her rose tree so severely one year that it does not bear the following season, no one will regret it as much as she will, with her failure always before her eyes; yet at the same time it is the sort of failure which is not disheartening because eternally irrevocable, as the tree will probably recover eventually. It may of course happen that the retribution falls on others also, as in the case of careless gooseberry pruning; but we may confidently affirm that, if the pruner be a member of a large family, she is likely to receive warnings enough to prevent a repetition of that mistake! Perseverance will also be learnt: if she fails with one plant, she may try again with another. Indeed she will soon find that there are many experiments, nay many failures for one success, and that is a valuable lesson, learn it how and when we may. She may get some information from books and a good deal from other people, but no knowledge will remain in her mind like that which comes from making a mistake whose consequences will remain before her eyes for a whole season.

Again, gardening is a particularly healthy kind of labour, giving scope for the exercise of taste, making forethought a necessity, and encouraging those instincts of order and arrangement which in so many girls are merely lying dormant, ready to be called into activity at the first opportunity. The competition of amateur gardeners is one of the most innocent forms of rivalry, and there is generally a friendly feeling existent at the bottom of the pride which boasts the earliest crops of peas or the most beautiful show of roses.

The community of interests which gardening gives to girls will also generally lead them into little kindnesses and thought for others, and will

make them feel an innocent pride and pleasure in being able to give cuttings of this, or roots of the other, to some less fortunate friend. Then the very desire, already mentioned, to keep some of their poorer friends supplied with flowers, will call out a girl's kindly feelings towards those for whom she works, and will make her take time and trouble to arrange such a succession of flowers, that her friends need never miss thom for long.

From its varied nature, which brings all the muscles into activity, gardening helps a girl's physical development, while necessitating a good deal of out-of-door life; and we all recognize the superiority of any physical exercise which has the stimulus of pleasure and interest. It also tends to reconcile us to many atmospheric conditions, at which we are often sorely inclined to grumble; for be it rain or sun, it is sure to be good for something. Summer or winter, spring or autumn, the girl who really cares about her garden will have an added interest in her home; she will be satisfied with less external excitement, she will be less dependent on society for her pleasure; and if it be her lot to live in a very quiet place, she will be much less likely to find it dull. It is a pleasure which, beginning in childhood, will last to extreme old age; and it is worthy of remark, that there are no women who seem on the whole so healthily content as those who devote a large amount of their time and thought to the In the words of Lord Bacon—"God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man."

True, he does not mention women nor yet girls; but then we must remember that in Lord Bacon's time neither were of much account.

II. R. Vernon.

IMPRESSIONS OF A DÉBUTANTE.

HAVE been spending a delightful time in that much-abused place, Ireland! It really is one of the most charming places in the world. I tried to read up some of its history before I went there, and got through part of Froude's English in Ireland, which I found very interesting, but somewhat lengthy; and then a lecture I heard two or three years ago from Professor

Morley at Queen's College suddenly came back to my mind, and I rushed off to Mudie and demanded all Miss Edgeworth's Irish novels.

If you want to know something about Irish manners and customs, read *The Absentee*. It gives a splendid picture of Irish life and character, and all the essential parts are as true at the end of the nineteenth century as they were at the beginning. Of course I read Major Le Caron's book too, and made myself acquainted with the main points of the Home Rule Bill, for though I never mean to shine as that most horrible production – the political lady—I knew I should be quite out of it the other side of the water if I was not "up to date" in these matters.

I think the journey is without exception the most unpleasant one I know. It is so short that there is no time to go properly to sleep either in the train or on board the boat; however, it is well worth all the trouble when you get there.

You might quite easily imagine yourself in a foreign town when you get alongside the quay in "dear dirty Dublin," for unless you are a native I defy you to make sense of the brogue at first. But there is no mistaking Irish warm-heartedness and Irish hospitality. The very beggats as you go along the streets call down blessings from every saint in the calendar on your head, and make you blush by promising you several husbands!

It was a dear old castle in the north where we first stayed, and everything is supposed to be almost English in its neatness. All this particular part was colonized by Scotchmen a few centuries back, and of course they are all Orange to the backbone. I think what struck me most was the want of population, and I longed to engage some of the London unemployed to pull down the poor, wretched, disused stores and cabins.

Of course it is much worse in the south, everything is so untidy, and I am sure the bad fairy must have attended at the christening of the Emerald Isle, and given as her gift Perpetual Change. Wherever the people have got the better of this curse, they have prospered. I am always going to get Irish pocket-handkerchiefs in future; this is the result of going over one of the big linen manufactories in Belfast.

I am so pleased, for I discovered that actually in one of the southern towns they choose a queen

in one of the High Schools every May Day, with all kinds of pretty ceremonies, according to Ruskin's idea. All the parents and various friends of the girls are invited to see it, and then "Her Majesty," as she is called, chooses her maidens, who do her bidding through her year of office. Ah! there is a great deal of poetry and heroworship in Irish hearts, which we stiff English often do not understand. Why, oh! why does not some one write a popular Irish History, or some enterprising publisher illustrate Froude or Lecky's two last volumes, as Macmillan is illustrating Green's History of England? Many thoughts crowded into my mind as I leaned over the rail on the deek of the steamer which bore me back to England.

"And as I watch'd the line of light that play'd
Along the smooth wave t'ward the burning west,
I long'd to tread that golden path of rays,
And think' twould lead to some bright isle of rest."

But, dear Thomas Moore, there never will be peace so long as one century strives to undo the work of the last.

UNA DE GREY.

0 0 4

THE following arrangements have been made with regard to the two Exhibitions at Oxford referred to in the April number.

- 1. The Exhibitions are of the value of £20 each, tenable for three years.
- 2. The winning competitor must take up her residence at Oxford, in a boarding-house selected by the giver of the Exhibitions, and follow the course of study prescribed by the University.
- 3. The competition is limited to members of the Reading-Union.
- 4. Candidates must be under the age of 25 years, and over 18 years on the 1st of October, 1893.
- 5. The successful candidates must begin their work at Oxford in October, 1893.
- 6. Intending competitors must send in their names, ages, and addresses before May 21st, to the Superintendent R. U., marked on cover, Oxford Scholarships.
- 7. Candidates must write an Essay on the following subject—

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

- 8. Essays must contain not more than 2000 words. They must be written on one side only of the paper, contain full name and age of competitor, and be forwarded to the Superintendent R. U. by June 1st, 1893.
- 9. The Essays will be read, and the Prizes awarded, by Professor R. K. Douglas.

I HAVE been asked to say a few words with regard to the great Zenana Mission of India, the object of its existence, and the need there is for it.

Familiar as the word Zenana is, it is just possible that every one may not know exactly what it means. The Zenana is that portion of an Indian gentleman's house set apart for the women. As a rule it is a mud-wall building, bare and uninviting. The rooms are cheerless, and the place is far more suggestive of a prison than a home. Forty millions of women are shut up in these Zenanas. They have no interest in life, no social ties, no family life, no intellectual life, no religious life.

The object of the Society is to give these women religion, to extend their mental horizon, and to give them help in time of need and sickness. A large staff of English Lady-Missionaries have free access to their homes. There are day and Sunday schools, where they can be taught to read and write; at present there are one hundred and eleven millions of women in India who can do neither. The Zenana Medical Mission has saved thousands of lives. A woman or a girl may die in a zenana before a man-doctor is allowed to attend her; but now fully-qualified lady-doctors do much for these poor creatures, and have started hospitals and dispensaries in various centres. Last year over 7000 patients were treated; but the need for more funds, in order to start hospitals in new districts, is most urgent. At present there is only one missionary to about a quarter of a million of the inhabitants of India.

There is no space to tell here of the sufferings of the child-widows; but some of the pamphlets supplied by the Society would furnish revelations which ought to inspire many of our own women and girls to help forward the noble work of the Society. All information can be obtained from the Zenana Mission, 2, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

L. T. Meade.





I. Lan. K.A. fina.

THE SQUIRES DAUGHTER.

1 sed by fermion of the Larim Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, W.)



MEMOIRS OF HIS ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PART I. THE LORD ADVOCATE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MISSING WITNESS.

N the seventeenth, the day I was trysted with the Writer, I had much rebellion against fate. The thought of him waiting in the King's Arms, and of what he would think, and what he would say when next we met, tormented and oppressed me. The truth was unbelievable, so much I had to grant, and it seemed cruel hard I should be posted as a liar and a coward, and have never consciously omitted what it was possible that I should do. I repeated this form of words with a kind of bitter relish, and re-examined in that light the steps of my behaviour. It seems I had behaved to James Stewart as a brother might; all the past was a picture that I could be proud of, and there was

only the present to consider. I could not swim the sea, nor yet fly in the air, but there was always Andie. I had done him a service, he liked me; I had a lever there to work on; if it were just for decency, I must try once more with Andie.

It was late afternoon; there was no sound in all the Bass but the lap and bubble of a very quiet sea; and my four companions were all crept apart, the four Macgregors higher on the rock, and Andie with his Bible to a sunny place among the ruins; there I found him in deep sleep, and, as soon as he was awake, appealed to him with some fervour of manner and a good show of argument.

"If I thought it was to do guid to ye, Shaws!" said he, staring at me over his spectacles.

"It's to save another," said I, "and to redeem my word. What would be more good than that?

Do ye no mind the Scripture, Andie? And you with the book upon your lap! What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world!"

"Ay," said he, "that's grand for you. But where do I come in? I have my word to redeem the same's yoursel". And what are ye asking me to do, but just to sell it ye for siller?"

"Andie! have I named the name of siller?" cried I.

"Ou, the name's naething," said he: "the thing is there, whatever. It just comes to this; if I am to service ye the way that you propose, I'll lose my liflihood. Then it's clear ye'll have to make it up to me, and a pickle mair, for your ain credit like. And what's that but just a bribe? And if even I was certain of the bribe! But by a' that I can learn, it's far frae that; and if you were to hang where would I be? Na: the thing's no possible. And just awa' wi' ye like a bonny lad! and let Andie read his chapter."

I remember I was at bottom a good deal gratified with this result; and the next humour I fell into was one (I had near said) of gratitude to Prestongrange, who had saved me, in this violent, illegal manner, out of the midst of my dangers, temptations, and perplexities. But this was both too flimsy and too cowardly to last me long, and the remembrance of James began to succeed to the possession of my spirits. The 21st, the day set for the trial, I passed in such misery of mind, as I can scarcely recall to have endured, save perhaps upon Isle Earraid only. Much of the time I lay on a brae-side betwixt sleep and waking, my body motionless, my mind full of violent thoughts. Sometimes I slept indeed; but the court-house of Inverary and the prisoner glancing on all sides to find his missing witness, followed me in slumber, and I would wake again with a start to darkness of spirit and distress of body. I thought Andie seemed to observe me, but I paid him little heed. Verily, my bread was bitter to me, and my days a burthen.

Early the next morning (Friday 22nd) a boat came with provisions, and Andie placed a packet in my hand. The cover was without address, but sealed with a Government seal. It enclosed two notes. "Mr. Balfour can now see for himself it is too late to meddle. His conduct will be observed and his discretion rewarded." So ran the first, which seemed to be laboriously writ with the left hand. There was certainly nothing in these ex-

pressions to compromise the writer, even if that person could be found: the seal, which formidably served instead of signature, was affixed to a separate sheet on which there was no scratch of writing; and I had to confess that (so far) my adversaries knew what they were doing, and to digest as well as I was able the threat which peeped under the promise.

But the second enclosure was by far the more It was in a lady's hand of writ. "Maister Davit Balfour is informed a friend was speiring for him, and her eyes were of the grey," it ran--and seemed so extraordinary a piece to come to my hands at such a moment and under cover of a Government seal, that I stood stupid. Catriona's grev eyes shone in my remembrance. I thought, with a bound of pleasure, she must be the friend. But who should the writer be to have her billet thus enclosed with Prestongrange's? And of all wonders, why was it thought needful to give me this pleasing but most inconsequential intelligence upon the Bass? For the writer, I could hit upon none possible except Miss Grant. Her family, I remembered, had remarked on Catriona's eyes, and even named her for their colour; and she herself had been much in the habit to address me with a broad pronunciation, by way of a sniff, I supposed, at my rusticity. No doubt, besides, but she lived in the same house as this letter came from. So there remained but one step to be accounted for; and that was how Prestongrange should have permitted her at all in an affair so secret, or let her daft-like billet go in the same cover with his own. But even here I had a glimmering. For, first of all, there was something rather alarming about the young lady, and papa might be more under her domination than I knew. And second, there was the man's continual policy to be remembered, how his conduct had been continually mingled with caresses, and he had scarce even, in the midst of so much contention, laid aside a mask of friendship. He must conceive that my imprisonment had incensed me. Perhaps this little jesting, friendly message was intended to disarm my rancour?

I will be honest—and I think it did. I felt a sudden warmth towards that beautiful Miss Grant, that she should stoop to so much interest in my affairs. The summoning up of Catriona moved me of itself to milder and more cowardly counsels. If the Advocate knew of her and of our acquaintance

—if I should please him by some of that "discretion" at which his letter pointed—to what might not this lead? In vain is the net spread in the sight of any forel, the Scripture says. Well, fowls must be wiser than folk! For I thought I perceived the policy, and yet fell in with it.

I was in this frame, my heart beating, the grey eyes plain before me like two stars, when Andie broke in upon my musing.

"I see ye hae gotten guid news," said he.

I found him looking curiously in my face: with that, there came before me like a vision of James Stewart and the court of Inverary; and my mind turned at once upon its hinges like a door. Trials, I reflected, sometimes draw out longer than is looked for. Even if I came to Inverary just too late, something might yet be attempted in the interests of James and in those of my own character, the best would be accomplished. In a moment, it seemed without thought. I had a plan devised.

"Andie," said I, "is it still to be to-morrow?" He told me nothing was changed.

"Was anything said about the hour?" I asked. He told me it was to be two o'clock afternoon.

"An' about the place?" I pursued.

"Whatten place?" says Andie.

"The place I'm to be landed at," said L

He owned there was nothing as to that.

"Very well, then," I said, "this shall be mine to arrange. The wind is in the east, my road lies westward; keep your boat, I hire it; let us work up the Forth all day; and land me at two o'clock to-morrow at the westmost we'll can have reached."

"Ve daft callant!" he cried, "ye would try for Inverary after a'!"

"Just that, Andie," says I.

"Weel, ye're ill to beat!" says he, "And I was kind o' sorry for ye a' day yesterday," he added. "Ye see, I was never entirely sure till then, which way of it ye really wantit."

Here was a spur to a lame horse!

"A word in your ear, Andie," said L. "This plan of mine has another advantage yet. We can leave these Hielandmen behind us on the rock, and one of your boats from the Castleton can bring them off to-morrow. Von Neil has a queer eye when he regards you; maybe, if I was once out of the gate there might be knives again; these redshanks are unco grudgeful. And if there should

come to be any question, here is your excuse. Our lives were in danger by these savages; being answerable for my safety, you chose the part to bring me from their neighbourhood and detain me the rest of the time on board your boat; and do you, Andie!" says I, with a smile, "I think it was very wisely chosen."

"The truth is I have nae goo for Neil," says Andie, "nor he for me, I'm thinking; and I would like ill to come to my hands wi' the man. Tam Austen will make a better hand of it with the cattle onyway." (For this man, Austen, came from Fife, where the Gaelic is still spoken.) "Ay, ay!" says Andie, "Tam'll can deal with them the best. And troth! the mair I think of it, the less I see what way we would be required. The place—ay, feggs! they had forgot the place. Eh, Shaws, ye're a lang-heided chield when ye like! Forby that I'm owing ye my life," he added, with more solemnity, and offered me his hand upon the bargain.

Whereupon, with scarce more words, we stepped suddenly on board the boat, cast off, and set the lug. The Gregara were then busy upon breakfast, for the cookery was their usual part; but, one of them stepping to the battlements, our flight was observed before we were twenty fathoms from the rock; and the three of them ran about the ruins and the landing-shelf, for all the world like ants about a broken nest, hailing and crying on us to return. We were still in both the lee and the shadow of the rock, which last lay broad upon the waters, but presently came forth in almost the same moment into the wind and sunshine; the sail filled, the boat heeled to the gunwale, and we swept immediately beyond sound of the men's voices. To the terrors they endured upon the rock, where they were now deserted without the countenance of any civilized person or so much as the protection of a Bible, no limit can be set: nor had they any brandy left to be their consolation, for even in the haste and secreey of our departure Andie had managed to remove it.

It was our first care to set Austen ashore in a cove by the Glentiethy Rocks, so that the deliverance of our maroons might be duly seen to the next day; thence we kept away up Firth. The breeze, which was then so spirited, swiftly declined, but never wholly failed us. All day we kept moving, though often not much more; and it was

after dark ere we were up with the Queenferry. To keep the letter of Andie's engagement (or what was left of it) I must remain on board, but I thought no harm to communicate with the shore in writing. On Prestongrange's cover, where the Government seal must have a good deal surprised my correspondent, I writ, by the boat's lantern, a few necessary words, and Andie carried them to Rankeillor. In about an hour he came aboard again, with a purse of money and the assurance that a good horse should be standing saddled for me by two to-morrow at Clackmannan Pool. This done, and the boat riding by her stone anchor, we lay down to sleep under the sail.

We were in the Pool the next day long ere two; and there was nothing left for me but sit and wait. I felt little alacrity upon my errand. I would have been glad of any passable excuse to lay it down; but none being to be found, my uneasiness was no less great than if I had been running to some desired pleasure. But shortly after one the horse was at the waterside, and I could see a man walking it to and fro till I should land, which vastly swelled my impatience. Andie ran the moment of my liberation very fine, showing himself a man of his bare word, but scarce serving his employers with a heaped measure; and by about fifty seconds after two I was in the saddle and on the full stretch for Stirling. In a little more than an hour I had passed that town, and was already mounting Alan Water side, when the weather broke in a small tempest. The rain blinded me, the wind had nearly beat me from the saddle, and the first darkness of the night surprised me in a wilderness still some way east of Balwhidder, not very sure of my direction, and mounted on a horse that began already to be weary.

In the press of my hurry, and to be spared the delay and annoyance of a guide, I had followed (so far as it was possible for any horseman (the line of my journey with Alan. This I did with open eyes, foreseeing a great risk in it, which the tempest had now brought to a reality. The last that I knew of where I was, I think it must have been about Uam Var: the hour perhaps six at night. I must still think it great good fortune that I got about eleven to my destination, the house of Duncan Dhu. Where I had wandered in the interval perhaps the horse could tell. I know we were thrice down, and once over the saddle and for a moment carried

away in a roaring burn. Steed and rider were bemired up to the eyes.

From Duncan I had news of the trial. It was followed in all these Highland regions with religious interest; news of it spread from Inverary as swift as men could travel; and I was rejoiced to learn that, up to a late hour that Saturday, it was not yet concluded; and all men began to suppose it must spread over to Monday. Under the spur of this intelligence I would not sit to eat; but, Duncan having agreed to be my guide, took the road again on foot, with a piece in my hand and munching as I went. Duncan brought with him a flask of usquebaugh and a hand-lantern; which last enlightened us just so long as we could find houses where to rekindle it, for the thing leaked outrageously and blew out with every gust. The more part of the night we walked blindfolded among sheets of rain, and day found us aimless on the mountains. Hard by we found a hut on a burn-side, where we got a bit and a direction; and, a little before the end of the sermon, came to the kirk doors of Inverary.

The rain had somewhat washed the upper parts of me, but I was still bogged as high as to the knees: I streamed water; I was so weary I could hardly limp, and my face was like a ghost's. For all which (being persuaded the chief point for me was to make myself immediately public) I set the door open, entered that church with the dirty Duncan at my tails, and finding a vacant place hard by, sat down.

"Thirteenthly, my brethren, and my parenthesis, the law itself must be regarded as a means of grace," the minister was saying, in the voice of one delighting to pursue an argument.

The sermon was in English on account of the assize. The judges were present with their armed attendants, the halberts glittered in a corner by the door, and the seats were thronged beyond custom, with the array of lawyers. The text was in Romans v. 13—the minister a skilled hand; and the whole of that able churchful—from Argyle, and my Lords Elchies and Kilkerran, down to the halbertmen that came in their attendance—was sunk with gathered brows in a profound critical attention. The minister himself, and a sprinkling of those about the door observed our entrance at the moment and immediately forgot the same; the rest either did not hear or would not heed; and I sat

there amongst my friends and enemies unremarked.

The first that I singled out was Prestongrange. He sat well forward, like an eager horseman in the saddle, his lips moving with relish, his eyes glued on the minister: the doctrine was clearly to his mind. Charles Stewart, on the other hand, was half asleep, and looked harassed and pale. As for Simon Fraser, he appeared like a blot, and almost a scandal, in the midst of that attentive congregation, digging his hands in his pockets, shifting his legs, clearing his throat, rolling up his bald evebrows and shooting out his eyes to right and left, now with a yawn, now with a secret smile. At times, too, he would take the Bible in front of him, run it through, seem to read a bit, run it through again, and stop and vawn prodigiously: the whole as if for exercise.

In the course of this restlessness his eye alighted on myself. He sat a second stupefied, then tore a half leaf out of the Bible, scrawled upon it with a pencil, and passed it with a whispered word to his next neighbour. The note came to Prestongrange, who gave me but the one look: thence it voyaged to the hands of Mr. Erskine: thence again to Argyle, where he sat between the other two lords of session, and his grace turned and fixed me with an arrogant eye. The last of those interested to observe my presence was Charlie Stewart, and he too began to pencil and hand about despatches, none of which I was able to trace to their destination in the crowd.

But the passage of these notes had aroused notice; all who were in the secret (or supposed themselves to be so) were whispering information — the rest questions; and the minister himself seemed quite discountenanced by the fluttering in the church? and sudden stir and whispering. His voice changed, he plainly faltered, nor did he again recover the easy conviction and full_tone of his delivery. It would be a 'puzzle to him till his dying day, why a sermon that had gone with triumph through four parts, should thus miscarry in the fifth.

As for me, I continued to sit there, very wet and weary, and a good deal anxious as to what should happen next, but greatly exulting in my success.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MEMORIAL

Thi last word of the blessing was scarce out of the minister's mouth before Stewart had me by the arm. We were first to be forth of the church, and he made such extraordinary expedition that we were safe within the four walls of a house before the street had begun to be thronged with the home-going congregation.

"Am I yet in time?" I asked.

"Ay and no," said he. "The case is over; the jury is enclosed, and will be so kind as let us ken their view of it to-morrow in the morning, the same as I could have told it to my own self three days ago before the play began. The thing has been public from the start. The panel kent it, "re may do rehat ye will for me," whispers he two days ago. "I ken my fate by what the Duke of Argyle has just said to Mr. Mackintosh." Oh, its been a scandal!

The great Argyle he gaed before, He gart the cannons and guns to roar,

and the very macer cried, 'Cruachan!' But now that I have got you again I'll never despair. The oak shall go over the myrtle yet; we'll ding the Campbells yet in their own town. Praise God that I should see the day!"

He was leaping with the excitement, emptied out his mails upon the floor that I might have a change of clothes, and incommoded me with his assistance as I changed. What remained to be done, or how I was to do it, was what he never told me nor, I believe, so much as thought of. "We'll ding the Campbells yet!" that was still his overcome. And it was forced home upon my mind how this, that had the externals of a sober process of law, was in its essence a clan battle between savage clans. I thought my friend the Writer none of the least savage. Who, that had only seen him at a counsel's back before the Lord Ordinary or following a golf-ball and laying down his clubs on Bruntsfield links, could have recognised for the same person this voluble and violent clansman?

James Stewart's counsel were four in number— Sheriff Brown of Colstoun and Miller, Mr. Robert Macintosh and Mr. Stewart of Stewart Hall. These were covenanted to dine with the Writer after sermon, and I was very obligingly included of the party. No sooner the cloth lifted, and the first bowl very artfully compounded by Sheriff Miller, than we fell to the subject in hand. I made a short narration of my seizure and captivity, and was then examined and re-examined upon the circumstance of the murder. It will be remembered this was the first time I had had my say out, or the matter at all handled among lawyers; and the consequence was very dispiriting to the others and (I must own) disappointing to myself.

"To sum up," said Polton, "you prove that Alan was on the spot; you have heard him proffer menaces against Glenure; and though you assure us he was not the man who fired, you leave a strong impression that he was in league with him, and consenting, perhaps immediately assisting, in the act. You show him besides, at the risk of his own liberty, actively furthering the criminal's escape. And the rest of your testimony (so far as the least material) depends on the bare word of Alan or of James, the two accused. In short, you do not at all break, but only lengthen by one personage, the chain that binds our client to the murderer; and I need scarcely say that the introduction of a third accomplice rather aggravates that appearance of a conspiracy which has been our stumbling block from the beginning."

"I am of the same opinion," said Sheriff Miller.
"I think we may all be very much obliged to Prestongrange for taking a most uncomfortable witness out of our way. And chiefly, I think, Mr. Balfour himself might be obliged. For you talk of a third accomplice, but Mr. Balfour (in my view) has very much the appearance of a fourth."

"Allow me, sirs!" interposed Stewart the Writer. "There is another view. Here we have a witness — never fash whether material or not —a witness in this cause, kidnapped by that old, lawless, bandit crew of the Glengyle Macgregors, and sequestered for near upon a month in a bourock of old cold ruins on the Bass. Move that and see what dirt you fling on the proceedings! Sirs, this is a tale to make the world ring with! It would be strange, with such a grip as this, if we couldnae squeeze out a pardon for my client."

"And suppose we took up Mr. Balfour's cause

to-morrow?" said Stewart Hall. "I am much deceived or we should find so many impediments thrown in our path, as that James should have been hanged before we had found a court to hear us. This is a great scandal, but I suppose we have none of us forgot a greater still, I mean the matter of the Lady Grange. The woman was still in durance; my friend Mr. Hope of Rankeillor did what was humanly possible; and how did he speed? He never got a warrant! Well, it'll be the same now; the same weapons will be used. This is a scene, gentlemen, of clan animosity. The hatred of the name which I have the honour to bear, rages in high quarters. There is nothing here to be viewed but naked Campbell spite and scurvy Campbell intrigue."

You may be sure this was to touch a welcome topic, and I sat for some time in the midst of my learned counsel, almost deafened with their talk but extremely little the wiser for its purport. The Writer was led into some hot expressions; Polton must take him up and set him right; the rest joined in on different sides, but all pretty noisy; the Duke of Argyle was beaten like a blanket; King George came in for a few digs in the by-going, and a great deal of rather elaborate defence: and there was only one person that seemed to be forgotten, and that was James of the Glens.

Through all this Mr. Miller sat quiet. He was a slip of an oldish gentleman, ruddy and twinkling; he spoke in a smooth rich voice, with an infinite effect of pawkiness, dealing out each word the way an actor does, to give the most expression possible; and even now, when he was silent, and sat there with his wig laid aside, his glass in both hands, his mouth funnily pursed, and his chin out, he seemed the mere picture of a merry slyness. It was plain he had a word to say and waited for the fit occasion.

It came presently. Polton had wound up one of his speeches with some expression of their duty to their client. His brother sheriff was pleased, I suppose, with the transition. He took the table in his confidence with a gesture and a look.

"That suggests to me a consideration which seems overlooked," said he. "The interest of our client goes certainly before all, but the world does not come to an end with James Stewart." Whereat he cocked his eye. "I might condescend, exempli gratia, upon a Mr. George Brown, a Mr. Thomas

Miller, and a Mr. David Balfour. Mr. David Balfour has a very good ground of complaint, and I think, gentlemen, if his story was properly read out, there would be a number of wigs on the green."

The whole table turned on him with a common movement.

"Properly handled and carefully read out, his is a story that could scarcely fail to have some consequence," he continued. "The whole administration of justice, from its highest officer downward, would be totally discredited; and it looks to me as if they would need to be replaced." He seemed to shine with cunning as he said it. "And I need not point out to ye that this of Mr. Balfour's would be a remarkably bonny cause to appear in," he added.

Well, there they all were started on another hare: Mr. Balfour's cause, and what kind of speeches could be there delivered, and what officials could be thus turned out, and who would succeed to their positions. I shall give but the two specimens. It was proposed to approach Simon Fraser, whose testimony, if it could be obtained, would prove certainly fatal to Argyle and Prestongrange. Miller highly approved of the attempt. "We have here before us a dreeping roast," said he, "here is cut-and-come-again for all." And methought all licked their lips. The other was already near the end. Stewart the Writer was out of the body with delight, smelling vengeance on his chief enemy, the Duke.

"Gentlemen," cried he, changing his glass, "here is to Sheriff Miller. His legal abilitities are known to all. His culinary, this bowl in front of us is here to speak for. But when it comes to be political!"—cries he, and drains the glass.

"Ay, but it will hardly prove politics in your meaning, my friend," said the gratified Miller. "A revolution if you like, and I think I can promise you that historical writers shall date from Mr. Balfour's cause. But properly guided, Mr. Stewart, tenderly guided, it shall prove a peaceful revolution."

"And if the Campbells get their ears rubbed, what care 1?" cries Stewart, smiting down his fist.

It will be thought I was not very well pleased with all this, though I could scarcely forbear smiling at a kind of innocency in these old intriguers. But it was not my view to have undergone so many sorrows as to make a revolution in the Parliament House, for the advancement of Sheriff

Miller: and I interposed accordingly with as much simplicity of manner as I could assume.

"I have to thank you, gentlemen, for your advice," said I. "And now I would like, by your leave, to set you two or three questions. There is one thing that has fallen rather on one side, for instance: Will this cause do any good to our friend James of the Glens?"

They seemed all a hair set back, and gave various answers, but concurring practically in one point, that James had now no hope but in the King's mercy.

"To proceed, then," said I, "will it do any good to Scotland? We have a saying that it is an ill bird that fouls his own nest. I remember hearing we had a riot in Edinburgh when I was an infant child, which gave occasion to the late Queen to call this country barbarous; and I always understood that we had rather lost than gained by that. Then came the year 'Forty-five, which made Scotland to be talked of everywhere: but I never heard it said we had anyway gained by the 'Forty-five. And now we come to this cause of Mr. Balfour's, as you call it. Sheriff Miller tells us historical writers are to date from it, and I would not wonder. It is only my fear they would date from it as a period of calamity and public reproach."

The nimble-witted Miller had already smelt where I was travelling to, and made haste to get on the same road. "Forcibly put, Mr. Balfour," says he. "A weighty observe, sir."

"We have next to ask ourselves if it will be good for King George," I pursued. "Sheriff Miller appears pretty easy upon this; but I doubt you will scarce be able to pull down the house from under him, without his Majesty coming by a knock or two, one of which might easily prove fatal."

I gave them a chance to answer, but none volunteered.

"Of those for whom the case was to be profitable," I went on, "Sheriff Miller gave us the names of several, among the which he was good enough to mention mine. I hope he will pardon me if I think otherwise. I believe I hung not the least back in this affair while there was life to be saved; but I own I thought myself extremely hazarded, and I own I think it would be a pity for a young man, with some idea of coming to the bar, to ingrain upon himself the character of a turbulent, factious fellow before he was yet twenty. As for

James, it seems—at this date of the proceedings, with the sentence as good as pronounced—he has no hope but in the King's mercy. May not his Majesty, then, be more pointedly addressed, the character of these high officers sheltered from the public, and myself kept out of a position which I think spells ruin for me?"

They all sat and gazed into their glasses, and I could see they found my attitude on the affair unpalatable. But Miller was ready at all events.

"If I may be allowed to put our young friend's notion in more formal shape," says he, "I understand him to propose that we should embody the fact of his sequestration, and perhaps some heads of the testimony he was prepared to offer, in a memorial to the Crown. This plan has elements of success. It is as likely as any other (and perhaps likelier) to help our client. Perhaps his Majesty would have the goodness to feel a certain gratitude to all concerned in such a memorial, which might be construed into an expression of a very delicate loyalty; and I think, in the drafting of the same, this view might be brought forward."

They all nodded to each other, not without sighs, for the former alternative was doubtless more after their inclination.

"Paper then, Mr. Stewart, if you please," pursued Miller; "and I think it might very fittingly be signed by the five of us here present, as procuration and action for the 'condemned man.'"

"It can do none of us any harm at least," says Colstoun, heaving another sigh, for he had seen himself Lord Advocate the last ten minutes.

Thereupon they set themselves, not very enthusiastically, to draft the memorial—a process in the course of which they soon caught fire; and I had no more ado but to sit looking on and answer an occasional question. The paper was well expressed; beginning with a recitation of the facts about myself, the reward offered for my apprehension, my surrender, the pressure brought to bear upon me; my sequestration; and my arrival at Inverary in time to be too late; going on to explain the reasons of loyalty and public interest for which it was agreed to waive any right of action; and winding up with a forcible appeal to the King's mercy on behalf of James.

Methought I was a good deal sacrificed, and rather represented in the light of a firebrand of a fellow whom my cloud of lawyers had restrained with difficulty from extremes. But I let it pass, and made but the one suggestion that I should be described as ready to deliver my own evidence and adduce that of others before any commission of inquiry, and the one demand that I should be immediately furnished with a copy.

Colstoun hummed and hawed. "This is a very confidential document," said he.

"And my position towards Prestongrange is highly peculiar," I replied. "No question but I must have touched his heart at our first interview, so that he has since stood my friend consistently. But for him, gentlemen, I must now be lying dead or awaiting my sentence alongside poor James. For which reason I choose to communicate to him the fact of this memorial as soon as it is copied. You are to consider also that this step will make for my protection. I have enemies here accustomed to drive hard; his Grace is in his own country, Lovat by his side; and if there should hang any ambiguity over our proceedings, I think I might very well awake in gaol."

Not finding any very ready answer to these considerations, my company of advisers were at last persuaded to consent, and made only this condition, that I was to lay the paper before Prestongrange with the express compliments of all concerned.

The Advocate was at the castle dining with his Grace. By the hand of one of Colstoun's servants 1 sent him a billet asking for an interview, and received a summons to meet him at once in a private house of the town. Here I found him alone in a chamber; from his face there was nothing to be gleaned; yet I was not so unobservant but what I spied some halberts in the hall, and not so stupid but what I could gather he was prepared to arrest me there and then, should it appear advisable.

"So, Mr. David, this is you?" said he.

"Where I fear I am not over welcome, my lord," said I. "And I would like before I go turther to express my sense of your lordship's continued good offices, even should they now cease."

"I have heard of your gratitude before," he replied drily, "and I think this can scarce be the matter you called me from my wine to listen to. I would remember also, that you still stand on a very boggy foundation."

"Not now, my lord, I think," said I; "and if

your lordship will but glance an eye along this, you will perhaps think as I do."

He read it sedulously through, frowning heavily; then turned back to one part and another of which he seemed to weigh and compare the effect. His face a little lightened.

"This is not so bad but what it might be worse," said he; "though I am still likely to pay dear for my acquaintance with Mr. David Balfour."

"Rather for your indulgence to that unlucky young man, my lord," said 1.

He still skimmed the paper, and all the while his spirits seem to mend.

"And to whom am I indebted for this?" he asked presently. "Other counsels must have been discussed, I think. Who was it prepared this private method? Was it Miller?

"My lord, it was myself," said I. "These gentlemen have shown me no such consideration, as that I should deny myself any credit I can fairly claim, or spare them any responsibility they should properly bear. And the mere truth is, that they were all in favour of a process which should have remarkable consequences in the Parliament House, and prove for them (in one of their own expressions) a dripping roast. Before I intervened, I think they were on the point of sharing out the different law appointments. Our friend Mr. Simon was to be taken in upon some composition."

Prestongrange smiled. "These are our friends!" said he. "And what were your reasons for dissenting, Mr. David?"

I told them without concealment, expressing, however, with more force and volume those which regarded Prestongrange himself.

"You do me no more than justice," said he. "I have fought as hard in your interest as you have fought against mine. And how came you here to-day?" he asked. "As the case drew out I began to grow uneasy that I had clipped the period so fine, and I was even expecting you to-morrow. But to-day—I never dreamed of it."

I was not, of course, going to betray Andie.
"I suspect there is some very weary cattle by
the road," said I.

"If I had known you were such a mosstrooper you should have tasted longer of the Bass," says he.

"Speaking of which, my lord, I return your letter." And I gave him the enclosure in the counterfeit hand.

"There was the cover also with the seal," said he.

"I have it not," said I. "It bore nought but the address, and could not compromise a cat. The second enclosure I have, and with your permission, I desire to keep it."

I thought he winced a little, but he said nothing to the point. "To-morrow," he resumed, "our business here is to be finished, and I proceed by Glasgow. I would be very glad to have you of my party, Mr. David."

" My lord," I began.

"I do not deny it will be of service to me," he interrupted. "I desire even that, when we shall come to Edinburgh you should alight at my house. You have very warm friends in the Miss Grants, who will be overjoyed to have you to themselves." (All through my acquaintance with the man, this fiction that I was in high favour with his daughters was laboriously maintained.) "If you think I have been of use to you, you can thus easily repay me, and so far from losing, may reap some advantage by the way. It is not every strange young man who is presented in society by the King's Advocate."

"This is in the nature of a countercheck to the memorial?" said I.

"You are cunning, Mr. David," said he, "and you do not wholly guess wrong; the fact will be of use to me in my defence. Perhaps, however, you underrate my friendly sentiments, which are perfectly genuine. I have a respect for you, Mr. David, mingled with awe," says he, smiling.

"I am more than willing, I am earnestly desirous to meet your wishes," said I. "It is my design to be called to the bar, where your lordship's countenance would be invaluable; and I am besides sincerely grateful to yourself and family for different marks of interest and of indulgence. The difficulty is here. There is one point in which we pull two ways. You are trying to hang James Stewart, I am trying to save him. In so far as my riding with you would better your lordship's defence, I am at your lordship's orders; but in so far as it would help to hang James Stewart, you see me at a stick."

I thought he swore to himself. "You should certainly be called; the bar is the true scene for your talents," says he, bitterly, and then fell a while silent. "I will tell you," he presently resumed, "there is no question of James Stewart, for or

against. James is a dead man; his life is given and taken -bought if you like it better- and sold; no memorial can help no defalcation of a faithful Mr. David hurt him. Blow high, blow low, there will be no pardon for James Stewart: and take hat for said! The question is now of myself: am I to stand or fall? and I do not deny to you that I am in some danger. But will Mr. David Balfour consider why? It is not because I have pushed the case unduly against James; for that I am sure of consideration. And it is not because I have sequestered Mr. David on a rock, though it will pass under that colour, but because I did not take the ready and plain path, to which I was pressed repeatedly, and send Mr David to his grave or to the gallows. Hence the scandal—hence this damned memorial," striking the paper on his leg. "My tenderness for you has brought me in this difficulty. I wish to know if your tenderness to your own conscience is too great to let you help me out of it?"

"If you will name the time and place, I will be punctually ready to attend your lordship," said I.

He shook hands with me. "And I think my misses have some news for you," says he, dismissing me.

I came away, vastly pleased to have my peace made, yet a little concerned in conscience; nor could I help wondering, as I went back, whether, perhaps, I had not been a scruple too goodnatured. But there was the fact, that this was a man that might have been my father, an able man, a great dignitary, and one that, in the hour of my need, had reached a hand to my assistance. I was in the better humour to enjoy the remainder of that evening, which I passed away with the advocates, in excellent company no doubt, but, perhaps, with rather more than a sufficiency of punch; for though I went early to bed I have no clear mind of how I got there.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TEE'D BALL.

On the morrow, from the justices' private room, where none could see me, I heard the verdict given in and judgment rendered upon James. The Duke's words I am quite sure I have correctly; and

since that famous passage has been made a subject of dispute, I may as well commemorate my version. Having referred to the year '45, the chief of the Campbells, sitting as Justice-General upon the bench, thus addressed the unfortunate Stewart before him: "If you had been successful in that rebellion, you might have been giving the law where you have now received the judgment of it; we, who are this day your judges, might have been tried before one of your mock courts of judicature; and then you might have been satiated with the blood of any name or clan to which you had an aversion."

"This is to let the cat out of the bag, indeed," thought I. And that was the general impression. It was extraordinary how the young advocate lads took hold and made a mock of this speech, and how scarce a meal passed but what some one would get in the words: "And then you might have been satiated." Many songs were made in that time for the hour's diversion, and are near all forgot. I remember one began:

What do ye want the bluid of, bluid of?
Is it a name, or is it a clan,
Or is it an aefauld Hirlandman,
That ye want the bluid of, bluid of?

Another went to my old favourite air, *The House of Airlie*, and began thus:

It fell on a day when Argyle was on the bench, That they served him a Stewart for his denner.

And one of the verses ran:

Then up and spak the Duke, and flyted on his cook, I regaird it as a sensible aspersion, That I would sup ava', an satiate my man, With the bluid of ony clan of my aversion.

James was as fairly murdered as though the Duke had got a fowling-piece and stalked him. So much of course I knew: but the others knew not so much, and were more affected by the items of scandal that came to light in the progress of the cause. One of the chief was certainly this sally of the justice's. It was run hard by another of a juryman, who had struck into the midst of Colstoun's speech for the defence with a "Pray, sir, cut it short, we are quite weary," which seemed the very excess of impudence and simplicity. But some of my new lawyer friends were still more staggered with an innovation that had disgraced and vitiated the proceedings. One witness was never called. His name, indeed, was printed, where it may still be seen on the fourth page of the list: "James

Drummond, alias Macgregor, alias James More, late tenant in Inveronachile"; and his precognition had been taken, as the manner is, in writing. He had remembered or invented (God help him) matter which was lead in James Stewart's shoes, and I saw was like to prove wings to his own. This testimony it was highly desirable to bring to the notice of the jury, without exposing the man himself to the perils of cross-examination, and the way it was brought about was a matter of surprise to all. For the paper was handed round (like a curiosity) in court; passed through the jury-box, where it did its work; and disappeared again (as though by accident) before it reached the counsel for the prisoner. This was counted a most insidious device; and that the name of James More should be mingled up with it filled me with shame for Catriona and concern for myself.

The following day, Prestongrange and I, with a considerable company, set out for Glasgow, where (to my impatience) we continued to linger some time in a mixture of pleasure and affairs. I lodged with my laird, with whom I was encouraged to familiarity; had my place at entertainments; was presented to the chief guests; and altogether made more of than I thought accorded either with my parts or station; so that, on strangers being present, I would often blush for Prestongrange. It must be owned the view I had taken of the world in these last months was fit to cast a gloom upon my character. I had met many men, some of them leaders in Israel whether by their birth or talents; and who among them all had shown clean hands? As for the Browns and Millers, I had seen their self-seeking, I could never again respect them. Prestongrange was the best yet; he had saved me, had spared me rather, when others had it in their minds to murder me outright; but the blood of James lay at his door; and I thought his present dissimulation with myself a thing below pardon. That he should affect to find pleasure in my discourse almost surprised me out of patience. I would sit and watch him with a kind of a slow fire of anger in my bowels. "Ah, friend, friend," I would think to myself, "if you were but thorough in this affair of the memorial, would you not kick me in the streets?" Here I did him, as events have proved, the most foul injustice; and I think he was at once far more sincere, and a far more artful performer than I supposed. But I had some warrant for my incredulity in the behaviour of that court of young advocates that hung about him in the hope of patronage. The sudden favour of a lad not previously heard of troubled them at first out of measure; but two days were not gone by before I found myself surrounded with flattery and attention. I was the same young man, and neither better nor bonnier, that they had rejected a month before; and now there was no civility too fine for me! The same, do I say? It was not so; and the by-name by which I went behind my back confirmed it. Seeing me so firm with the Advocate, and persuaded that I was to fly high and far, they had taken a word from the golfing green, and called me the Tee'd Ball.* I was told I was now "one of themselves"; I was to taste of their soft living, who had already made my own experience of the roughness of the outer husk; and one, to whom I had been presented in Hope Park, was so assured as even to remind me of that meeting. I told him I had not the pleasure of remembering it.

"Why," says he, "it was Miss Grant herself presented me! My name is so-and-so."

"It may very well be, sir," said I, "but I have kept no mind of it."

At which he desisted; and, in the midst of the disgust that commonly overflowed my spirits, I had a glink of pleasure.

But I have not patience to dwell upon that time at length. When I was in company with these young politics I was borne down with shame for myself and my own plain ways, and scorn for them and their duplicity. Of the two evils I thought Prestongrange to be the least; and while I was always as stiff as buckram to the young bloods, I made rather a dissimulation of my hard feelings towards the Advocate, and was (in old Mr. Campbell's word) "soople to the laird." Himself commented on the difference, and bid me be more of my age, and make friends with my young comrades.

I told him I was slow of making friends.

"I will take the word back," said he. "But there is such a thing as Fair gude een and fair gude day, Mr. David. These are the same young men with whom you are to pass your days and get through life: your backwardness has a

* A ball placed upon a little mound for convenience of striking.

look of arrogance; and unless you can assume a little more lightness of manner, 1 fear you will meet difficulties in the path."

"It will be an ill job to make a silk purse of a sow's ear," said I.

On the morning of October 1st I was awakened by the clattering in of an express; and getting to my window almost before he had dismounted, I saw the messenger had ridden hard. Somewhile after I was called to Prestongrange, where he was sitting in his bedgown and nightcap, with his letters round him.

"Mr. David," said he, "I have a piece of news for you. It concerns some friends of yours, of whom I sometimes think you are a little ashamed, for you have never referred to their existence."

I suppose I blushed.

"I see you understand, since you make the answering signal," said he. "And I must compliment you on your excellent taste in beauty. But do you know, Mr. David, this seems to me a very enterprising lass? She crops up from every side. The Government of Scotland appears unable to proceed for Miss Katrine Drummond, which was somewhat the case (no great while back) with a certain Mr. David Balfour. Should not these make a good match? Her first intromission into politics—but I must not tell you that story, the authorities have decided you are to hear it otherwise and from a livelier narrator. new example is more serious, however; and I am afraid I must alarm you with the intelligence that she is now in prison."

I cried out.

"Yes," said he, "the little lady is in prison. But I would not have you to despair. Unless you (with your friends and memorials) shall procure my downfall, she is to suffer nothing."

"But what has she done? What is her offence?" I cried.

"It might be almost construed a high treason," he returned, "for she has broke the King's Castle of Edinburgh."

"The lady is much my friend," I said. "I know you would not mock me if the thing were serious."

"And yet it is serious in a sense," said he; "for this rogue of a Katrine—or Cateran, as we may call her—has set adrift again upon the world that very doubtful character, her papa." I saw the consequences, and was instantly reassured for Catriona. "Ah!" said I, "I was expecting that!"

"You have at times a great deal of discretion, too!" says Prestongrange.

"And what is my lord pleased to mean by that?" I asked.

"I was just marvelling," he replied, "that being so clever as to draw these inferences, you should not be clever enough to keep them to yourself. But I think you would like to hear the details of the affair. I have received two versions: and the least official is the more full and by far the more entertaining, being from the lively pen of my eldest daughter. 'Here is all the town bizzing with a fine piece of work,' she writes, 'and what would make the thing more noted (if it were only known) the malefactor is a protégée of his Lordship my papa. I am sure your heart is too much in your duty (if it were nothing else) to have forgotten Grey Eyes. What does she do, but get a broad hat with the flaps open, a long hairy-like man's greatcoat, and a big gravatt: clap two pair of boot-hose upon her legs, take a pair of clouted brogues* in her hand, and off to the Castle? Here she gives herself out to be a soutart in the employ of James More, and gets admitted to his cell, the lieutenant (who seems to be full of pleasantry) making sport among his soldiers of the soutar's great-coat. Presently they hear disputation and the sound of blows inside. Out flies the cobbler, his coat flying, the flaps of his hat beat about his face, and the lieutenant and his soldiers mock at him as he runs off. They laughed not so hearty the next time they had occasion to visit the cell, and found nobody but a tall, pretty, grey-eyed lass in the female habit. As for the cobbler, he was "over the hills ayont Dumblane," and it's thought that poor Scotland will have to console herself without him. I drank Catriona's health this night in public. Indeed, the whole town admires her; and I think the beaux would wear bits of her gaiters in their button-holes if they could only get them. I would have gone to visit her in prison too, only I remembered in time I was papa's daughter: so I wrote her a billet instead, which I entrusted to the faithful Doig, and I hope you will admit I can be political when I please. The same faithful gomeral is to despatch this letter by the

* Patched shoes. † Shoemaker.

express, along with those of the wiseacres, so that you may hear Tom Fool in company with Solomon. Talking of gomerals, do tell Dauvit Balfour. I would I could see the face of him at the thought of a long-legged lass in such a predicament! to say nothing of the levities of your affectionate daughter, and his respectful friend.' So my rascal signs her self!" continued Prestongrange. "And you see, Mr. David, it is quite true what I tell you: and my daughters regard you with the most affectionate playfulness."

"And was not this prettily done?" be went on.
"Is not this Highland lass a piece of a heroine?"

"I was always sure she had a great heart," said I. "And I wager she grieved nothing. . . . But I beg your pardon, this is to tread upon forbidden subjects."

"I will go bail she did not," he returned, quite openly. "I will go bail she thought she was flying straight into King George's face."

Remembrance of Catriona, and the thought of her lying in captivity, moved me strangely. I could see that even Prestongrange admired, and could not withhold his lips from smiling when he considered her behaviour. As for Miss Grant, for all her ill habit of mockery, her admiration shone out plain. A kind of a heat came on me.

"I am not your lordship's daughter . . . " I began.

"That I know of!" he put in smiling.

"I speak like a fool," said I, " or rather I began wrong. It would doubtless be unwise in Mistress Grant to go to her in prison: but for me, I think I would look like a half-hearted friend if I did not fly there instantly."

"So-ho, Mr. David," says he, "I thought that you and I were in a bargain?"

"My lord," I said, "when I made that bargain I was a good deal affected by your goodness, but I'll never can deny that I was moved besides by my own interest. There was self-seeking in my heart, and I think shame of it now. It may be for your lordship's safety to say this fashious Davie Balfour is your friend and housemate. Say it then; I'll never contradict you. But as for your patronage, I give it all back. I ask but the one thing—let me go, and give me a pass to see her in her prison."

He looked at me with a hard eye. "You put the cart before the horse, I think," says he. "That which I had given was a portion of my liking, which your thankless nature does not seem to have remarked. But for my patronage, it is not given, nor (to be exact) is it yet offered." He paused a bit. "And I warn you, you do not know yourself," he added. "Youth is a hasty season; you will think better of all this before a year."

"Well, and I would like to be that kind of youth!" I cried. "I have seen too much of the other party in these young advocates that fawn upon your lordship and are even at the pains to fawn on me! And I have seen it in the old ones also. They are all for by-ends, the whole clan of them! It's this that makes me seem to misdoubt your lordship's liking. Why should I think that you would like me? But ye told me yourself ye had an interest."

I stopped at this, confounded that I had run so far; he was observing me with an unfathomable face.

"My lord, I ask your pardon," I resumed. "I have nothing in my chafts but a rough country tongue. I think it would be only decent-like if I would go to see my friend in her captivity; but I'm owing you my life, I'll never forget that; and if it's for your lordship's good, here I'll stay. That's barely gratitude."

"This might have been reached in fewer words," says Prestongrange, grimly. "It is easy, and it is at times gracious, to say a plain Scots 'ay."

"Ah, but, my lord, I think ye take me not yet entirely!" cried I. "For your sake, for my life-safe, and the kindness that ye say ye bear to me for these I'll consent, but not for any good that might be coming to myself. If I stand aside when this young maid is in her trial, it's a thing I will be noways advantaged by: I will lose by it, I will never gain. I would rather make a shipwreck wholly than to build on that foundation."

He was a minute serious, then smiled. "You mind me of the man with the long nose," said he; "was you to look at the moon by a telescope, you would see David Balfour there! But you shall have your way of it. I will ask at you one service, and then set you free. My clerks are overdriven; be so good as copy me these few pages," says he, visibly swithering among some huge rolls of manuscripts, "and when that is done, I shall bid you God speed! I would never charge myself with Mr. David's conscience; and if you could cast

some part of it (as you went by) in a moss hag, you would find yourself to ride much easier without it."

"Perhaps not just entirely in the same direction though, my lord!" says I.

"And you shall have the last word, too!" cries he gaily.

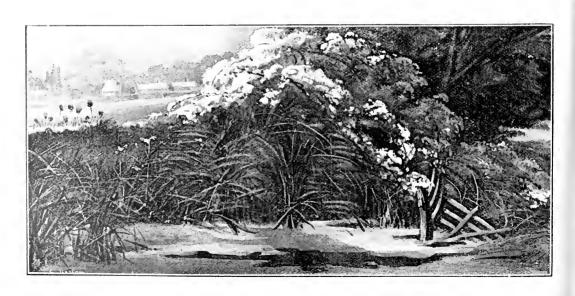
Indeed he has some cause for gaiety, having now found the means to gain his purpose. To lessen the weight of the memorial, or to have a readier answer at his hand, he desired I should appear publicly in the character of his intimate. But if I were to appear with the same publicity as a visitor to Catriona in her prison, the world would scarce stint to draw conclusions, and the true nature of James More's escape must become evident to all. This was the little problem I had set him of a sudden, and to which he had so briskly found an answer. I was to be tethered in Glasgow by the job of copying, which in mere outward decency I could not well refuse; and during these hours of my employment, Catriona was to be privately got rid of. I think shame to write of this man that loaded me with so many goodnesses. He was kind to me as any father, yet I ever thought him as false as a cracked bell.

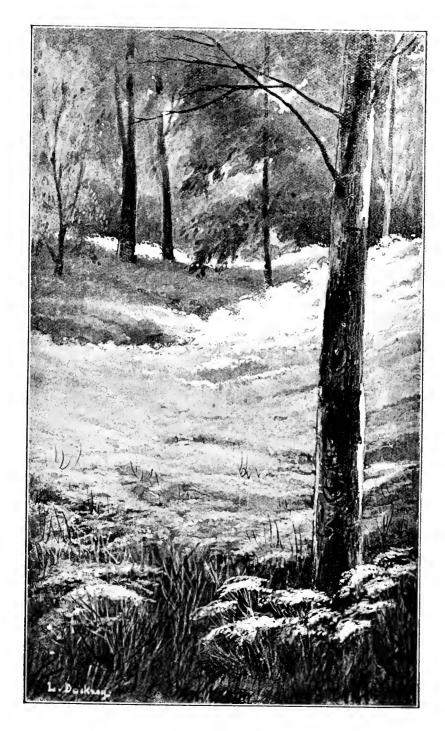
JUNE.

W HO is this that cometh in the guise of a Woodland Queen?—
She moves in a glory of sunlight, her garments are gold and green;
The dew of the morning sparkles in the light of her laughing eyes,
And the winds that wait on her footsteps blow straight from the soft south skies.

She bears a sceptre of lilies,—her crown is a garland of flowers, And flying snowflakes of blossom fall on the earth like showers: The singing of birds is round her, the world is a dream of bliss—Queen of the year, we greet thee—was ever a month like this?

MARY MACLEOD.





SUMMER SNOW.

ARTISTIC LONDON.

Mabel F. Robinson

THERE is, strictly speaking, no more an artistic than a religious London, for the schisms in the art world are as deep and as many as the schisms in the churches, and there is no more sympathy between a rigid member of the Academy and a pioneer of the New English Art Club, than between the Bishop of London and General Booth. The comparison is a very fair one, for both Prelate and Academician will admit the force and vigour of the new departure, while the enthusiast can see nought but dry bones in the well-trodden road; but schism is the Nemesis of schism, and the right of private judgment leads to division in art, as in other matters, so that a new artistic creed is barely formulated before differences arise. No one quite ignorant of the art history of the last forty years could suppose that Sir John Millais and Messrs. Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, Madox Brown, and D. G. Rossitti, all began life with an identical theory and method of art; and the divergence that broke up the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood is already rending the Temple of the latest development of British Art—the New English Art Club. This club and the Royal Academy represent the two extremes of artistic thought—the attempt to depict the impression or appearance of the world as it is, and the portraval of the world as it ought to be, and as it has been painted by our forefathers. Beauty of line, dignity, correctness, classic grace, and some degree of repose, are the characteristics of Academic art, while the Impressionists aim at depicting momentary effects—life, movement, spontaneity, and the beauty that light gives to common things-and there is no doubt that they have opened our eyes to beauties to which most of us were blind before their time. Nothing can be uglier than mud, but mud reflecting the flare of gas lamps is turned to gold and gems in certain lights, and has a splendour and sparkle, as though the streets were paved with

diamonds. The Impressionist seizes that happy moment, and tries to fix it on his canvas. Like all artists he exercises selection, only he selects the moment, rather than the object, for his subject is the effect or impression, not a scene which is beautiful in itself. If he succeed he does a very valuable thing, for the world is much pleasanter to us if we can see the beauty of light and effect, as well as the beauty of form and colour, which civilized men have been taught to discern since the time of the ancients. If he fail his work is sometimes quite irresistibly funny, but failure for failure, an eccentric picture is no more objectionable than a dull one, and the mediocre artist is bound to escape one condemnation only to fall under the other.

To be *original* or *classic* is given only to the successful. The failures must be either *eccentric* or *commonplace*, with a greater or less degree of refinement and sincerity, or vulgarity and pose—qualities which assert themselves equally in every school. Thus, Perfection and Life may be said to be the ideals of the two extremes in art, but the desire to present an attractive show, and the tolerance that artists have towards all really good work, prevent either party from rejecting any first-rate work that may be offered for its acceptance, so that the New English Exhibition is not so "new" as the theories of its members, nor the Academy so academic as the ideal of its leaders.

Between these two poles there are half-a-dozen zones, perfectly distinct, but less obnoxious to any party than are the two extremes to one another. The reason for this is not far to seek: both the Classic and Impressionist Schools are of foreign origin, and each unconsciously pays a tribute of respect to the more national genius of truly British art. The leaders of the really English Schools are perhaps—Sir John Millais, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Burne-Jones, and Mr. Holman Hunt, in figure

painting; and in landscape, Mr. Henry Morre, Mr. Hook, Mr. Brett (all sca-painters, and therefore doubly national), Mr. Alfred Parsons, and Mrs. Allingham.

If we include sculpture, and black and white, the subject of artistic London becomes altogether too unwieldy for our space, yet sculpture has had a revival of late years so remarkable that it is impossible not to refer to it.

The most typical Academic sculptors are Sir F. Leighton and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, while among those whose art is less classical, the best known (where many are excellent) are, perhaps, Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Onslow Ford. Mr. G. F. Watts and M. A. Legros are apart, for Mr. Watts is to the full as much poet as sculptor, and Mr. Legros (though many of our younger artists are indebted to him for their best training) is French.

You will have noted that almost half of the well-known sculptors are even better known in the more popular medium of painting, probably because every circumstance and taste of modern life discourages plastic art. A sculpture gallery filled with masterpieces is deserted, while the most commonplace pictures attract a crowd. Then again, our dress, however pleasant in colour, is rarely statuesque in line; and both our climate and way of life render the nude practically non-existent in England. Moreover, small houses and "flats," which give little room to pictures, give none at all to statuary, and the modern ideal is that our homes shall be works of art, rather than that they shall contain them.

The art decorator has become so serious a rival to the painter that many artists have been compelled to find occupation in this humbler sphere. The name of "Morris" is now a household word, and a "Morris" wall-paper, chintz, or chair, has a character summed - up in that word. A "de Morgan tile" and a "Benson lamp" are only a little less well-known, and a binding by "Saunderson" or Miss Prideaux appeals to a smaller public only because of its costliness. These "Art workers," with Messrs. Morris and Walter Crane at their head, have now their own guild, and their own autumn exhibition of furniture and wall hangings, in the New Gallery. Another of their number, Mr. Henry Holiday, who has almost abandoned painting for the design and manufacture of stained glass, has started a glass foundry conducted on purely Socialistic lines, wherein some of the most beautiful of modern Church windows have been produced.

But if the decorative artist be an outcome of our way of life, what shall be said of the illustrator, that result of our modern love of periodicals?

When we think of the hundred illustrated papers to be seen on every book-stall, it is difficult to realize that a few annuals and a novel or two, issued in weekly or monthly parts, were almost the whole illustrated periodic literature of England until Punch was founded, fifty-two years ago, soon to be followed by the Illustrated London News. Even in those days, Black and White men usually devoted themselves almost exclusively to that branch of art, and, now-a-days, the illustration of books, magazines, and newspapers, maintains more artists than does any other branch of the profession. Cheap methods of reproduction, such as "process" cutting, and the like, have rendered the printing of pictures almost as rapid and inexpensive as the printing of words, so that there is an almost unlimited number of papers cleverly illustrated by competent artists. I hope that readers of Atalanta do not see vulgar papers of the class published in such numbers; but even these often contain drawings of a high degree of merit, while magazines which use a more delicate method of reproduction, are often perfect works of art. Hundreds and hundreds of young artists are employed on these papersthose with a gift for rapid sketching, on the daily press; those with humour, on the comic papers; while adventurous spirits travel as "special artists" to every quarter of the globe.

The English character tends so strongly towards the romantic, the ethical or the commercial, that among all our thousands of British artists, there are few who are more interested in their art, as art, than in anything else in the world. More "pot boilers," and also more pictures designed to express a thought are painted in England than in any other country; but the "potboilers" do not here concern us, as we have to do with art, not commerce. As for the thoughtful pictures, it may be pleaded with truth, that painting is not a legitimate channel for the expression of ideas, but such masterpieces as the "Love and Death" and "Francesca di Rimini" of Mr. Watts, and "The Light of the World" of Mr. Holman Hunt, are more full of national character than all the classic revivals and impressions that were ever painted. We English are, on our best side, profoundly ethical and poetic, and therefore our best art will always be inspired by thought, poetry, and religion, rather than by the artistic ideals of another race; for all great art is national art, and art, to be alive, must be born again--"renascent" in its new home, the descendant, not the imitator of the great art of other countries and other times. The art of Greece owed much to Egypt, but it was national, progressive, and living: the art of ancient Rome was the mere copy of the Greek and the true art of Italy was that "renaissance," or new birth that took place in the fourteenth century. That art was largely inspired by relics of the past, but it was changed and vivified by its new soil, and was so strongly national, even provincial, that Venice, Florence, Rome, Bologna, Siena, and Perugia, each had a "school" or character of its own.

In our own age the French are unquestionably the most artistic nation, though of late, America has produced some men of genius, of whom Mr. Whistler and Mr. John Serjent, are so well known in England that, despite their profoundly un-English temperament and talent, we have come almost to account them English. It may be said broadly, that the English artist is interested in what his art says, and the French in how he says it, though of late years intercourse has aroused in each nation so profound an admiration for the great qualities of the other that both are likely to lose the national character through which their art is mainly interesting. Impressionism is a French or Franco-American idea, and, left to ourselves, we should have maintained that mud is mud to the end of time, forgetting that it is equally true that light is light. So, having seen that French artists, as a rule, draw better and paint better than English ones, we have sent our young painters by the shipload to Paris, to imbibe Gallic dexterity and Gallic ideas, and to add one nation more to the hordes who strive, quite vainly, to be French. But the great International Paris Exhibition of 1889 opened the eyes of the world, for though French Art queened it over all the others, it was seen that imitation French, whether painted in Spain or Finland, in Italy or America, was savourless and poor; while the English section had a character of its own, as strongly marked as the character of any school of the Italian renaissance. Young Frenchified England

had grown quite tired of saying that old insular England did not know how to paint; that it could not draw, that its flesh was muddy, its brushwork without merit, its "values" wrong, its tone nonexistent, and that it knew no more about ærial perspective than the Chinese know about the perspective of line. That was the Shibboleth of every Art School in London, and all young artists turned to Paris to be saved. We were, perhaps, rather ashamed of the old-fashioned stuff that was sent to Paris: the Millais, Burne-Jones, Watts, Holman Hunt, Mrs. Allingham, with only a little leaven of Frenchified Art. Ah! but in Paris one saw which Art rang true, and which was sincere, great, beautiful, and national. French artists crowded that section so that there was not room to breathe in it, and after tramping through the dreary miles of imitation French work, its noble insularity had the holiness and peace of a cathedral. Noone mentioned the bad painting, nor the tone, nor the brush-work: instead of that, we heard of the "greatness" of the English section; of its "profound impressiveness," and "beauty," and "thought," and "poetry" and "religion," and colour. It was as unlike the French work as was the Art of old Italy, or of Japan; but we now saw that it was the better, not the worse for that difference, and that no sacrifice of national ideas will make an Englishman a Frenchman. We have our faults, nevertheless we are pre-emiently a nation of high ideals; our poetry is incomparable, and if an Art is to be great, it must excel through our poetic side. The "Art for Art" feeling is not in us: this may be a virtue or a failing, but the fact remains that it is not there, and the great English artist is almost always the man of ideas who paints. And so it comes that we have no upper Bohemia, no exclusively artistic society of mature men and women. But for students there does exist an unconventional and happy world, a light-hearted picnic existence, which is Bohemian in its truest sense. the English artist crops his hair and gives his velvet jacket and red ties to his favourite model, when he is turned twenty-five; or if he retain them, it is as the garb of a Socialist that he wears them, and there is no surer sign that a man does not belong to the Art-for-Art school, than Bohemianism of attire. But, indeed, at this moment, I can recall only two men in Artistic London who, having won a position to move in any society that

they choose, have remained simply artists among artists; and of these, one is a Netherlander, and the other an American of Irish origin. The world of thought, or of wealth, or of aristocracy, has drawn off every other leading painter who has not become more and more of a recluse.

Broadly speaking, successful artists live apart in studios of their own construction, and it is those struggling ones who rent a studio in a "block" who lead the gregarious, joyous life that one looks upon as "artistic." Granted that one has money enough to pursue this costliest of professions, there are few happier careers, and few that put one in contact with a kinder or more generous race of human beings. Artists are very rarely jealous and never I have never known an artist who was not genuinely delighted with the success of a comrade, nor one who haggled with frame-maker or models. No matter how desperately "hard-up" a painter may be, he or she is the best of all employers lavish in money, considerate and courteous. Indeed, artists and their subordinates are on terms that are in striking contrast to the relations of any other class of employer and employed. This must be a matter of temperament, as the lot of the young artist is a hard one. His studio is expensive in itself, and is the source of expenses so great that it often happens that he is out of pocket by pictures that sell for what seem to be large prices. And, alas, in these days he too often does not sell those pictures that cost so much of heart and time and money to produce, for we have grown intolerant of work that is not absolutely the best, and prefer an etching by a master, to an oil painting by a student.

Rich men buy the production of leading artists for high prices, but too few of moderate means encourage the rising men. Thousands of excellent paintings remain unsold every year till the career of an artist is often a very sad one, not only because he needs the money pretty badly, but because it is grievous to spend one's life and energy in doing what no one cares for. True, artists care for each other's art, and, knowing the stupendous difficulty of the craft, they are the easiest and most intelligent of critics; but those who have never tried to paint do not know how much art is needed even to fail in this profession—the most fascinating and the most thankless in the world. For the artist, like the poet, throws all his heart and all his mind

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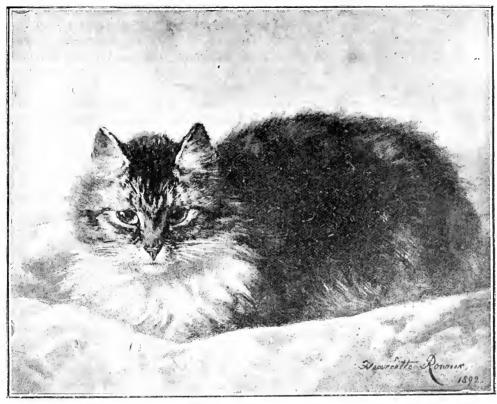
into his work, which fills him with the strongest emotions—hopes, despairs, elations, and ambitions such as intensify the lives of only those who strive to do that which they love, and which is difficult. None but the artist knows the thrill that certain effects and certain faces produce in the artist, nor the agony that he feels when he fails to reproduce them; and the worst of it is that this effort takes so long that the picture is so familiar ere it is done that he has ceased to see it. He can no longer say whether it be bad or good until he has put it away from him for some weeks. If there be time he turns it towards the wall, but more often he is working on it till his guests and his frame arrive on "Show" Sunday-that awful ordeal that precedes the still more dreadful month of suspense.

Some artists refuse to have a "Show" Sunday, and, in truth, it is a dreadful business to stand by while friends and friends' friends come in and say nothing or say what they don't mean about that picture which we vainly strive to see with their eyes. One admires the frame, another the top left-hand corner of the background; someone says "charming, charming," and someone else asks the artist to explain what it is all about. Oh! 'tis a trial to the strongest self-possession, for the newly-painted picture is all the world to the painter—his dear creation, his youngest child.

Yet the show has much to recommend it. Some one may buy or at least talk of the picture, or it may get a degree of notice that will attract the attention of the Hanging Committee, on whose decision the whole world seems to depend. Then curiosity is so great; from the guests the artist may learn what his own eyes refuse to certify-whether the painting on the canvas resembles the picture in his mind. He watches them as the prisoner at the bar watches the judgeand jury, but it rarely happenshe is a whit the wiser for the tortures of Show-Sunday, chiefly because very few people know what they think of a picture when they first see it, but partly also because few have the confidence and the power to express what they feel. Diffidence, admiration, and compassion for failure, alike close the on-lookers' lips, and the presence of the painter restrains them alike from praise and blame. Therefore Show-Sunday is a somewhat dull and solemn function in its outward aspect, though inwardly it is "frightfully thrilling" (in the words of Hilda Wangel), like so much of the artist's inner life.



A STUDY.



A STUDY.

MORE ABOUT HENRIETTE RONNER.

Adapted from the Dutch.

/ HEN Buffon enunciated the aphorism that: "The style of a man is the man himself" we may be sure that he was attentive chiefly, (perhaps not exclusively) to a relation existing between the import of the written words and the stage of the writer's development in culture. Probably, the brilliant and highly ornamental stylist was thinking, in the first place, of himself, and of the polished refinement of the men of the world, who were the only accepted writers of his day, and sat at their desks in powdered peruke, and fine laced coat, and their bravery of collars, and frills and ruffled sleeves. Innumerable applications of Buffon's epigram, in widely different senses, have since been made, and they show that the identity he speaks of is traceable, not only between a Writer and his style, but also between an Orator and the shape that he gives to his thoughts, and between a Painter and the quality of his apprehension and interpretation of Nature, and between

a Musician and the character of his melodies in one word between the intellectual --the *mind* personality of every creative artist and the apparel in which he produces the children of his imagination before the world.

We are of opinion that we can carry the illustration still further than this, and show that there is a certain harmony of resemblance to be found between the lines of the features of an artist's face, and the character that is imprinted on his work.

Let us imagine—for argument's sake—that it was possible to meet with a person who was quite familiar with the best works in the domain of literature and art, but who had never seen the faces or the portraits of the authors of those works. Then, if such a person were shown a few, not too many, portraits of composers who excelled in different styles, say of Music; such as Beethoven and Mozart, or a Berlioz and a Mendelssohn, or a



STUDY, FROM A WATER-COLOUR.

Wagner and an Offenbach,—would it be likely that he would substitute the author of the Ninth Symphony for the man who wrote Don Juan? Could he possibly mistake the musician-poet of the Damnation de Faust for the composer of Ein Sommernachtstraum, or conceive that he had found in the features of a Wagner the mocking spirit of sarcasm of the man who sets the gods dancing to a jig tune on Olympus?

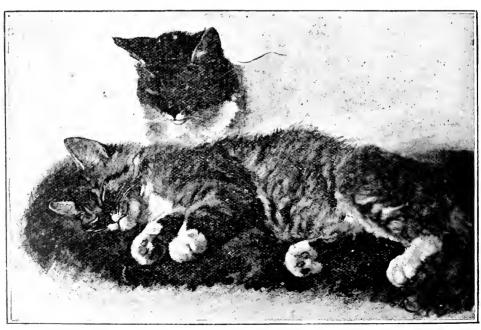
It is not less improbable that a portrait of

Multatuli should be mistaken for one of Van Zeggelen, or Victor Hugo be taken for Alfred de Musset, Emile Zola for Alphonse Daudet, Frans Hals for Anthony van Dyck, or David Oyens for Josef Israels.

In one instance, however—and we are not afraid to admit it, because the exception confirms the rule—in one instance, a physiognomical deduction based upon the epigram of Buffon would be distinctly misleading. It would be hard to select from a collection of portraits that of the painter of the masterly little pictures that we reproduce among these columns.

How should there be suggested any connection between this portrait of a matron of nearly 72 years of age—a noble face, furrowed deeply with the traces of care and sorrow!—and the bright and merry humour of those canvasses and panels, instinct with the fire of youth and manly power, which excite the admiration of all classes, as well of the unlearned as of the critics who maintain high standards in the domain of Art?

And our admiration must be increased, and sentiments of high esteem and of reverence be added, when we learn how Henriette Ronner raised herself, entirely by her own power and in the face of innumerable impediments, to the rank that she holds to-day among leading artists, without any

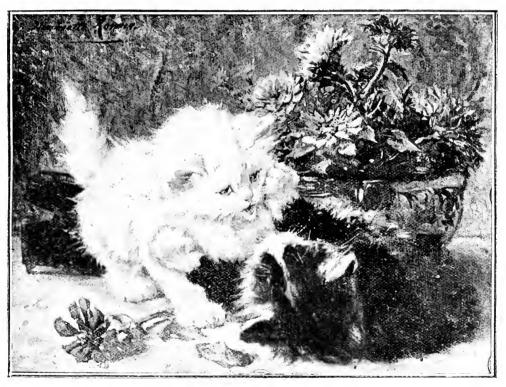


detriment to the performance of her duty, and even more than mere duty, as a loyal daughter, a brave and faithful wife, and an exemplary and affectionate mother.

Madame Henriette Ronner is not the only member of her family who has been devoted to art; her father and her grandfather, and an aunt and uncle on her father's side were all meritorious painters. The cattle pieces and landscapes of Joseph Augustus Knip, Henriette's father, are still highly esteemed in the Netherlands, and also in France,

it was only recently begun. He failed, nevertheless, to persuade himself to entrust her to the guidance of any strangers. He had a repugnance to conventional methods, and feared, very probably with reason, that the promising talent that his daughter appeared to possess, would lose in freshness and originality under the then prevailing methods of tuition.

And so, with no other clue to guide her than her father's repeated exhortation to take Nature alone for her model, without a master to point out to her



A QUARREL.
From a Painting, 1891

where he lived for some years, and, when the little Henriette showed, in her early youth, that she possessed a remarkable talent for art, Herr Knip was happy in being able to lend his hand to guide her first tottering steps on the rough stony path he had trodden himself. Little did he then forbode that, within a short space of time, it was he who was to be in need of a guide to lead himself!

But, in the fiftieth year of his age, the unfortunate painter became *blind*, and so his supervision of the art education of his child was arrested, when the faults that she made in her drawings, the little Henriette saw small chance of the realisation of her long-cherished dream of becoming a real painter, until an event happened which filled her with the liveliest joy, and restored all her energy anew. On the morning of her eleventh birthday, the little maid found, in the family sitting-room, a present waiting for her of a diminutive easel, adapted to her growth, and along with it the necessary amount of money for the purchase of all the other requisites of a painter's work.



Happy was she now in the highest degree, because she saw before her not only the fulfilment of her burning wish "to be able to paint with olive oil, like

a proper artist;" but she knew now that her father had made up his mind about her future, and decided to make her a painter. And Henriette was to see, the very next day, how decidedly Herr Knip had made up his mind, and how earnestly he set about the accomplishment of his purpose, for, from this time forth, she had to work in her father's studio from the first dawning of the day until the evening dusk, and the only rest that was allowed her was the dinner hour, and a daily imprisonment, of two hours' duration, in a pitch dark room, whereby the father hoped to strengthen the eyesight of his child, and to secure her against the calamity that had befallen himself and had compelled him, in the full ripeness of his talent, to lay down his brush. Many a youth, with a passion for art and a constitution of iron, would have found her ordeal too heavy for endurance, and would have hung up his palette for ever, after only a few weeks of such a life as Henriette led! But she, debarred from every kind of enjoyment of life, thought no work, no sacrifice, too hard, and felt her love for her art increasing day by day; for every day of work was also the witness of a perceptible advance; every day of sacrifice improved the precision of her eye, and the facility of her touch.

When her family, after a time, removed from the Residence, and settled in the country, in the neighbourhood of Hertogenbosch, she found herself transported to a new and inexhaustible field for study. Here, indeed, was no lack of models and subjects to paint. Domestic animals and cattle, cottages and sheds, fields and pastures, were all transferred to canvas by the unwearied "self-taught"



STUDY.

one "—the "autodidacte." It was relaxation and rest enough for her when, naving put the finishing touches to an animal piece, she turned to another style of subject at once, and began a landscape.

Nor was she disappointed of the fruits of the studies that she prosecuted with so much ardour. In her fifteenth year, at an age when most painters are feebly taking their first steps on the path of art, she was surprised by joyful news that a picture, which she had sent for exhibition to Dusseldorf, had been immediately sold. The joy with which this news inspired her was not so much excited by the value that had been set upon her work, as it was by the assurance that she thus obtained that



SILDY.



STUDY.

she would be able, in the future, to provide for the support of her family by her brush. With this aim and object before her eyes, assisted by her wonderful rapidity of conception and execution, she gave life to a multitude of animal pieces, interiors, markets, and landscapes, which, being exhibited in Holland and Germany, were steadily becoming more and more highly appreciated.

And so the blind father, before he was called away by death, in 1847, was able to witness the increasing homage that was paid to the many-sided and brilliant talents of his Henriette.

Three years after the death of her father, Henriette was married to Herr Feico Ronner. At the time she was slowly recovering from a severe illness, which had been caused by a series of overwhelming troubles and by her own never-resting labour; and the physician considered a change of air indispensably necessary to the enfeebled constitution of the young wife. More for the sake of her

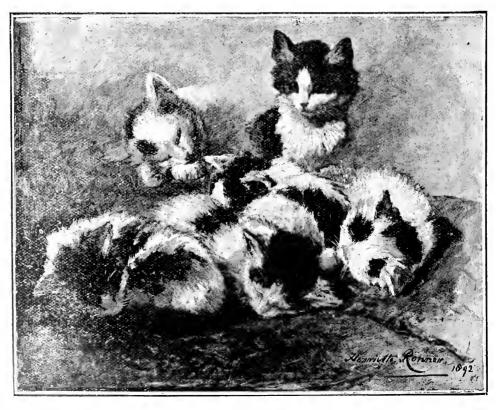
art than for that of her health, Henriette suggested a sojourn in Switzerland, of which her husband approved, and, in a few days, the young couple were started on their journey to the selected spot. The railway communications were, however, at that time, not what they are at present, and,

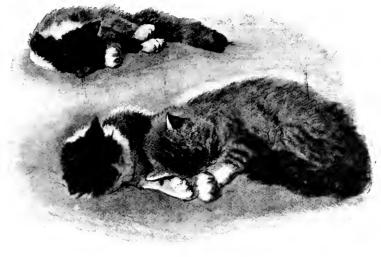
specially for a young woman scarcely convalescent, he fatigue of such a long journey, made in one effort, could not be other than injurious. "A short pause" in Brussels was accordingly agreed upon: and that short pause has, by this time, been extended considerably. The same thing happened to Madame Ronner which has happened to many a Dutch painter, who has made a visit to the Belgian capital with the intention of remaining there only a few days. Brussels pleased her singularly, and the short stay of a few days has finally lasted for *four and forty years!* She has seen nothing of Switzerland yet.

Madame Ronner has no pleasant memories of the early days of her residence at Brussels. Entirely unknown, without friends, and without a protector, robbed of her fortune and basely wronged by one of her blood relations, encumbered also with an invalid husband and little children, who demanded incessant care, she has lived through many days of trouble and many nights of sleeplessness; and many a day she has awakened in the

morning not knowing how she would provide food for her family for the coming day. But, through it all, the thrifty wife never sat down discouraged, nor folded her hands in idleness, nor wasted her time in useless weeping and repining. Every morning, by five o'clock, she was at work in her studio, and has often been putting the last touches to a drawing begun the same morning before her little brood were awake for the day.

Most of such work, produced, it is true, in a few hours, but still carefully worked upon, she sold for ridiculous prices. Unknown and destitute as she was, she had, perforce, to be contented with any price whatever that was offered to her. After a time, however, her position improved; her indefatigable and fertile brush compelled rumour to proclaim louder and louder the reputation of the Dutch lady painter of animal life; not one year passed by but in the course of it Henriette Ronner won some high distinction in the exhibitions to which she contributed; her canvasses began steadily to attract more and more eager purchasers, and at





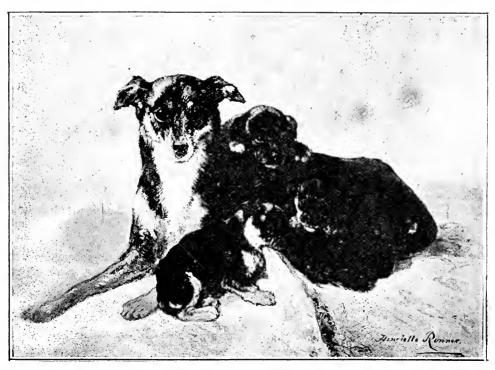
STUDY, (From a Charcoal Sketch),

last—liberated from the stress of anxiety that oppressed her before—she was free to devote herself to the work that her heart was engrossed by, her household and her art.

The work of Henriette Ronner is of three distinct periods. In the first she put her hand to

all kinds of subjects indifferently—scenes of animal life, landscape, still life—in short, whatever her eye rested upon and appreciated she recorded in colours on her canvass.

Then, when she settled at Brussels, she found, in the harnessed dogs in the dairymen's carts,



A STUDY.



"THE THICK

good models for a style that she exploited for about fifteen years with great success. The dealers refused all other subjects from her at that time, because they told her that was not her "genre." Of that period a fine specimen hangs in her studio, called, La mort d'un ami, which was exhibited at Brussels in 1860, and established her reputation at once and permanently. This painting, in the romantic sentimental taste of its period, represents a pedlar on a sandy road who is down on one knee, lamenting over the death of one of the dogs that were harnessed to his truck.

Finally, her last "genre," which she has been developing for more than twenty-five years with ever increasing success, has for its subjects, Cats. Who is there among us who has not admired her in this, standing in silent amusement with a smile written on all our faces, gazing at the fascinating likenesses of multitudinous varieties of her silky models? With an inexhaustible fund of imagination and perfection of taste, Madame Ronner contrives to combine endless different groupings, each one fresh, and to produce new accessories always harmoniously introduced, and as carefully

and cleverly treated as the supple-limbed and graceful rogues who fill the principal rôles.

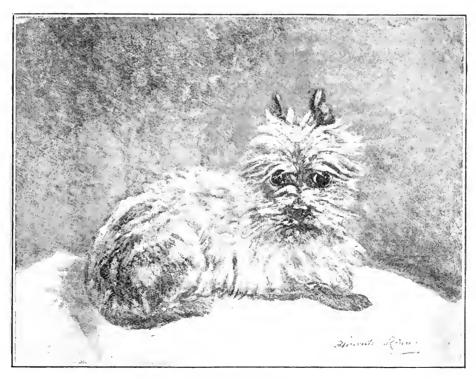
The wonderful versatility and scope of her genius is best discovered if you take pains to compare her cats with each other. Every cat of Henriette Ronner's has its proper individuality, its own countenance, and its distinguishing character. Each of her scolding or purring pets is a portrait by itself. It was this gift of portraiture which induced the Belgian Queen and her sister-in-law, the Countess of Flanders, to commission Madame Ronner to make the portraits of their Scotch Terriers, which are reproduced here.

An especial charm of her cat pictures is the behaviour of the cat mother. No other student of cats—not even the French painter, Lambert, though he is often compared with Madame Ronner—has ever done justice as she has to the expression of the cat's anxiety for her young ones, her vigilant motherly watch over their romps and games together, and the purring, fondling rapture of her nursing of them.



STUDY OF A SCOTOR TERRIER.

The property is His Man sty the King of the Belgians.



STUDY OF Λ SCOTCH TERRIER. The property of His Mayesty the King of the Belgians.

In February, 1887, the Belgian King presented Madame Ronner with the Cross of the Order of Leopold, which very few women have received; and this decoration was the crowning honour to her after all the distinctions—the gold and silver medals, the honorary membership of guilds of art, and so forth—which this indefatigable and self-made artist has achieved in all quarters. The most eminent museums—in her own country those of Amsterdam, the Hague, and Dordrecht—have bought her paintings now; and, only last year, even the French Government (not lightly induced to purchase the works of foreign artists) acquired a *Study* of the Dutch lady painter.

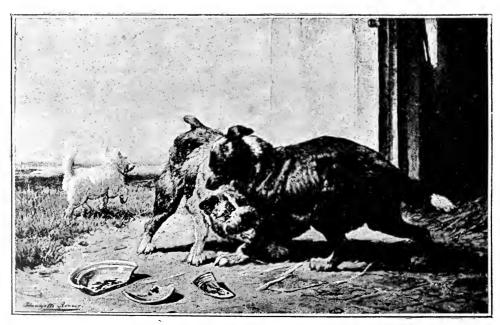
Quite a number of her cats have achieved, like Dick Whittington's, a home in the palaces of illustrious princes. The Emperor Wilhelm, among others, possessed one of her pictures of *A cat defending herself from dogs*. The Royal Family of Belgium has a variety of canvasses from her studio; in the royal palace of Lisbon there are no less than five. The Duke of Edinburgh, a few years ago, bought *A group of young cats*, which she had sent to a London exhibition; and, last year, the Princess of Wales purchased one of her pictures. In the course of the year 1891, a *Henriette Ronner-Album*, in three parts, was published; the Dutch text was

written by Johan Gram; the French by Henry Havard; and M. H. Spielmann, the Editor of the *Magazine of Art*, charged himself with the English text. In addition to the numerous studies inserted in the text, this album contained reproductions by the Goupil process, of twelve of Madame Ronner's most recent paintings.

The incessant activity and fertile imagination of Madame Ronner enabled her to collect, during the closing months of last year, the materials for a new album, which was printed in vellum in a limited edition, and not offered for sale but presented to a few persons only.

Among the persons so privileged was the Princess of Wales; and as a token of the artist's gratitude to her royal patroness, a cat was painted on the cover of her copy of the album, and it was upon this painting that I found Madame Ronner engaged when I visited her studio on a recent occasion to beg for some details of the incidents of her life. The Princess of Wales has since, in a most charming and appreciative letter, expressed her thanks for this present, which, in itself, is a most brilliant specimen of the perfection of the ripened talent of the Dutch paintress of cats.

JOHN MOLLETT.



TWO DOGS FIGHTING FOR A BONE. (From a Painting.)

you suddenly speak in this way? Did anything in what occurred last evening suggest these thoughts to you?"

Before Stella could speak, she was conscious that the hot colour was slowly mounting to her cheeks, steadily increasing until it had reached the very roots of her hair. Conscious, too, that Vivian's eyes were fixed on her as if they read every secret that her heart held, saw each image that its inmost recesses reflected, her confusion seemed to paralyse her tongue.

"You do not answer," he said, with a covert smile. "Ah, well, I must draw my own conclusions;" and at that instant these seemed anything but unflattering to him. Where such jealousy existed there must be great love, and in spite of all his theories and axioms, the desire to be paramount in the heart of the woman he had chosen was as potent with Vivian as with other men.

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"My dear little girl," he began, and his tone this time was almost paternal, "you must try and remember that, being very young, you can know but little of our world, and of the men and women who make it. Doubtless you will see, possibly you think you already have seen, certain phases of society which give you some surprise—preferences shown, attentions paid, confidences given, intercourse sought; and by these some passion and emotion you never felt before is roused in you, and is connected by you with one particular person."

The colour which had been dying away returned to Stella's cheeks again -a fact not lost on Vivian.

"I am not going to further particularise," he said, reassuringly, "in my opinion names should always be left out in explanations of this kind; but I want you to bear in mind, both now and for the future, that all these *fetits-soins* have no meaning outside the idle hour they happen in. Do you follow me, Stella?"

"I think I do," she said humbly, her downcast lids drooping lower at the mere suspicion that not only had her vanity perhaps led her astray, but it had been sufficiently patent to make Vivian alive to her error. Later on she would judge the whole matter more reasonably, but at this moment she only felt dazed—dazed and filled with confusion.

"Well, now," he began, cheerfully, "when a little mistake of this kind has arisen, what is the best thing to do?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, but I do; I will show you," and he put his hand under her chin and raised her head. "Take example by the children kiss and be friends again, shall we?"

"Yes, and thank you." She still avoided looking at him. "I feel you have been very kind."

"If ever 1 fail, it is what 1 always wish to be, for the certainty that 1 have now your heart so completely is a great happiness to me."

Involuntarily Stella heaved a sigh.

"No, no," he continued, "we must have no more sighing, only nothing like this must ever happen again. How shall we prevent it say?"

"I think the best way would be by letting people know that we are engaged to each other."

A smile came into Vivian's face as he listened to her. To himself he was thinking, "Isn't that a woman all over? Human eels they are. However firmly you think you may hold them, they'll manage to slip through, and wriggle back to the idea that started them."

"Certainly, if it is your desire," he was saying, "I will make it my business to do so. After all, I believe the best thing will be to send to the papers a paragraph announcing our approaching marriage."

"Marriage!" she repeated.

"Marriage," he echoed, "and the sooner the better; there will be none of these stupid misunderstandings after we two are one."

XXIV.

MAYNARD Rodney was in love. For four daysafter that eventful dinner party—he had persisted in deceiving, cozening, hood-winking—himself. Suddenly his strategems failed him; he laid down his arms and confessed his folly. "Write me down an ass" was the theme of his reflections set forth—in language—more forcible than complimentary. "If there were the faintest chance of any hope; if that other fellow were not in the way; if she were any other girl. Ah!" and he threw himself back in the chair, and stretched himself out so as to disturb Rags, who first looked at him protestingly, and then, with a canine suspicion that all was not right, slowly uncurled herself, stole over and licked his hand in sympathy.

"Sorry for him, old girl?" he said, stroking the

ear which she leaned against him, "Had the complaint vourself, eh? . . . Oh. Rags, if you could only see her: but she wouldn't give us the chance, would she? Promised she'd come here to tea, and then fobbed us off with a prior engagement they had forgotten. . . . I wonder what she thinks? A man who goes so near to making a fool of himself can't expect much mercy—and yet—" and there followed a long reverie, broken by, "What the deuce they do with themselves I can't think. I've been in the Row, in the Park: I've tramped like a sandwich man up and down Bond Street, Piccadilly, Regent Street not a sign of them. Except on the blind, I've never seen her shadow, and very likely that was somebody else's. I always thought that if ever my time did come I should have the complaint badly, but I've surpassed myself - a raw lad of seventeen is not in it with me, and they tell you that people who write expend all their feelings on their paper. There's been very little expenditure on paper from me this past week. I have not even the ghost of an idea. It has taken all my intellectual capacity to decide on the colour of the carnation I should wear. such depths have the mighty fallen that we buy button holes, Rags, and put on patent leather boots. Faugh!"

"Bouf!" said Rags, sharply.

"Quite right, my dog; I agree with you. An end must be put to such folly." And he plunged into a fresh set of dreams while he sat looking at the clock, which pointed to something after five. "There can't be anything extraordinary in paying a call. I shall have to do it now or later. Having dined there, it's expected of one, and afterwards I'll look in at the club and see what fellows are doing—a run over to Brittany mightn't be a bad thing for me. They'll be leaving town presently—got a lovely country place I daresay. What an odd thing, that from the moment I saw him I detested that Stapleton. Now the very sight of that fellow is like poison to me."

After which very charitable sentiment, Mr. Maynard Rodney paid most undue attention to his personal appearance, went down into the street, hailed a hansom cab, and directed the man to drive to Kensington.

Of course they would be out—of that he had not the slightest doubt—but then, and this was by way of giving a filip to his resolution, the thing would be ended; he should have called, and he could not call again.

The rat-tat-a-tat he gave to the knocker seemed to find an echo somewhere in the direction of his heart, which was still thumping as he asked for Mrs. Stapleton.

"Not at home, Sir," was the answer, and then the butler recollected that this was the gentleman he had "observed" out on the balcony with Miss Stella and she being as the very apple of his eye to him, he felt she might not be wholly displeased if he volunteered the information, "but I think the young ladies are," after which, drawing his own conclusions by the alacrity shown by the visitor in following him upstairs, he added, "at least I know Miss Stella was in the boudoir," and he threw open the door of that room and announced in pompous monotone, "Mr. Maynard Rodney."

Now, the last thing Stella wished was to betray that she was surprised, pleased, or disconcerted. Since Vivian had spoken to her she had had time She had imposed upon herself a course of action, one feature of which was a determination to avoid meeting Maynard Rodney. Even to herself she gave no reason for this, merely saying it was better for a time to see less of other people and more of Vivian, who, since her conversation, had been unusually devoted to her.

"Mr. Maynard Rodney," she repeated; and she felt she must have said it aloud; and the next thing she was conscious of was that she was blushing, smiling, and that she could not remember anything to say.

If she could have known it, Maynard Rodney's feelings were of a very similar description. "What a fool I must be looking," he was thinking: but he was saying—and, she thought, with such charming ease of manner—"When the servant told me that you were at home I could not resist coming in. I hope I am not intruding on you?"

"Not at all; but Mrs. Stapleton is out. I'm so sorry.

He tried to make his face as long as possible, as he said, "Is she?—oh!"

"Yes, it is such a lovely day."

"Perfect. I hadn't the slightest idea that I should find anyone at home."

"Was it for that reason you called, then?"

"Yes, for that very reason; how clear-sighted you are;" and then they both looked at each

other, and both laughed, and the ice was broken.

Rodney put down his hat, and drew over a chair. "You see," he said, "I have come to have a gossip with you. You will not get rid of me."

"Do I look as if I wanted to?"

"I'll try to think not, which is generous in me, because I have a great grudge against you."

"Against me!"

"Oh, don't look as if you did not know why. It was you who upset my tea party."

Stella's face was aflame. "Indeed, really," she began—for the accusation was a true one—"No; I do confess to not sending Polly, because they all said no one in their right senses, if they knew anything about parrots would offer to take one."

"But that is just what 1 do know a great deal about—parrots. At the present time I have one belonging to me."

"At your own home?"

"Well, no; he is away for change of air."

"Am I to believe you?"

"Certainly. You do not suppose that you have a monopoly of parrots, any more than you have of sailor brothers? I have both the one and the other."

"A sailor brother! What, you? A real sailor is he?"

"Oh, it is well you put that question to me and not to him. He is in all the pomp and glory of being third mate of one of the Castle line of Capesteamers."

"But that is like Edgar: how very extraordinary."

"I think not. That is, not when you know. You and I have other things somewhat in common."

"Yes." The face she turned to him was full of interest.

"I, too, have a story—not a pretty romance, like the little girl's, but just a plain, unvarnished tale of a boy whose parents had very small means, and a large family, and an uncle offered to take him and send him to school, which he did, and, after that, to college; and then the uncle died, and the boy had to go out into the world and earn his daily bread."

For an instant her eyes looked at him in astonishment. "But that was not you?" she said, in a tone of enquiry.

"I, myself, and no other."

"And you have a father and mother, as I have?"

"No; there the sad part comes in. My mother died shortly after I left her. Then my father married again, and there was a second family; and when, at length, I was free to go home, I found

the long separation had made us strangers to one another; and so we remain. At times they come to see me, and I go to see them; but, as regards affection, our intercourse is a failure. They are as uncomfortable when we are together, as I am. Only I have the worst time because they make me angry with them; and when I have left them I am furious with myself."

"Oh! doesn't that make one sad," she sighed.
"I have so often longed to speak of how I felt to someone, but, unless that some one has suffered in the same way, how could they understand. It would be thought that you were only ashamed of those that belong to you."

"Well, I am not so sure that I am not. I know that the lesson you gave me that night at the theatre was a severe one. I so honoured you for being such a brave girl."

"Oh, but I felt a horrible coward at first. I was so tempted to sneak past them."

" But you did not."

"Well, no;" and she laughed softly, adding, "how oddly things turn out. Vivian was so angry that it had happened before you. He wondered what you must think of me."

"Perhaps it was as well he did not know."

She raised her eyes and let them fall again quickly.

"Oh, but you must not have too high an opinion of me."

"I do not think that would be possible."

"Now you are meaning to flatter me, and that is not nice of you."

"No? Well then, reprove me: I will be quite obedient and do whatever I am told so long as you do not send me away."

"I shall not do that, because I do not want you to go. The truth is I have so very few friends."

" And I have not any."

" Oh!"

"No, really not. Of course I know a great many pleasant people, and I like them, and am grateful to them for their kindness to me, but there is not one to whom I should dream of speaking of the things I have to you."

"And I have never before spoken to anyone who comes to this house, about myself and my family; and yet almost the very first time we meet I tell you all my history. Oh! but it is very strange, you know."

"To me it does not seem so: perhaps because, when I was writing that story, in thought I grew so intimate with you. Your image never left me. It grew to be my ideal."

The pleased agitation which Stella felt, made little massses of colour come and go upon her cheeks. There was a coy look in her eyes, as she said, "But you more than flatter me by saying that, because you made the girl so nice."

"Did 1? and yet I was horribly dissatisfied with her, she did not nearly reach the standard I had in my mind."

Stella allowed that compliment to pass unnoticed.

"Why did you make her so unhappy?" she said, "because it seems to me she must have been so, waiting for that love that did not come, and he seeking and yet not finding her. Was it to be always like that with them?"

"Yes-then it was."

"But not now? Is it that you mean to write a sequel?"

He shook his head. "I shall not *write* one," he said, "but, if I dared, I could tell the sequel to you." "Dared!"

Stella turned on him another of those shy glances, but this time she did not look away. The divine spark seemed to flash from his eyes to her own, and her heart leaped up as if to give welcome to its owner. Was it an instant—a minute—an hour that their souls lay bared before each other? Neither knew; only that Rodney was saying, "Oh, but you must have seen; you knew that, from the time I first looked at you, I was lost; and when at the theatre I saw you again, and watched those dear eyes overflow with tears at the mimic love they looked on, I could have cried to you to turn them on me, in pity to the heart that you had taken from me."

He had risen, drawn nearer to her, had taken her hand. His touch seemed to break the spell.

"No, no," she said, pushing him from her, and in her excitement hervoicesounded harsh and strained, "I am engaged to marry Vivian Stapleton!"

It was not the surprise, because in his sane moments he had already more than suspected it; but having unwittingly allowed his sensitive emotional temperament to carry him away, the sudden revulsion was horrible. He staggered back against the chair, and stood white to the very lips.

Stella was terrified. "Oh, what must you think of me!" she cried; "1--I," but suddenly

her own suffering overwhelmed her, and, hiding her face in her hands, she gave way to a passion of tears.

"Hush, hush," he said, hurriedly; "don't let me think I am giving you pain. I know it was all my blindness and folly. If you can forget my presumption I—whatever I may suffer—shall always feel thankful that I met you. Fate has, in some way, strangely tangled our destinies together. Knowing you has reconciled me to events I have often rebelled at. We may never meet again, if it is in my power, we never shall. Yet, something says to me that you will not forget me; not thrust me entirely out of your memory."

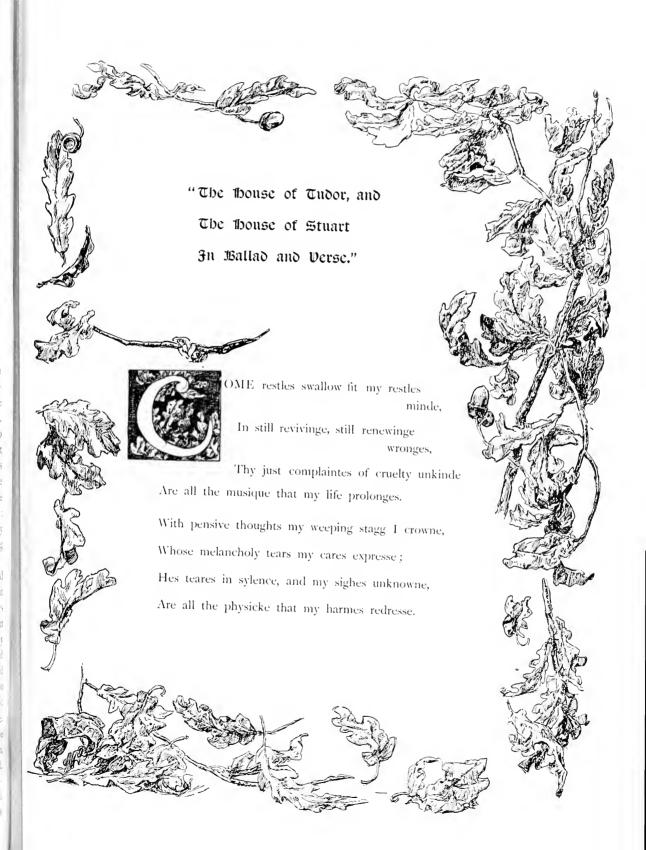
Stella's tears had stopped; the moment seemed too solemn and supreme for any visible emotion. "No," she said, and the earnest, low-toned voice thrilled through him; "I shall never forget you, nor shall I forget those things that you have said to me. They have shewn me that love has a higher meaning than in my ignorance I knew."

He had taken her hand and was holding it, in farewell, in his own. Looking at her from his standpoint of ten years older, he did not mis-read that naïve confession which could but come sooth-ingly to him.

"You will do no wrong to the man you are to marry," he said, "if you sometimes send a thought towards me. I believe that, far apart from you as I shall be, I shall know that something has made me in touch with you. It will be to me the divine afflatus from which my best work must spring; and you will read what I write, and, though it may be valueless to others, you will find in it something which had its spring in your thought."

The limpid eyes that were fixed on him looked more tender through the gathered-up tears that filled them. The words he spoke caressed her ears so softly that she would have had him stay; but Rodney, knowing that honour forbad him to say more, felt that his only safety was in flight, and that without delay. Pressing her hand, he goaded his courage, and jerked out in a voice he did not know for his own, "Good-bye," he wanted to add "God bless you," but the words would not come.

There was a little look in Stella's face as if the sound of "Farewell" had stabbed her, and then, with sudden impulse, she disengaged her hand, and, drawing from her finger a small gold ring—the simple gift of a school girl friend—she held it out to him. He took it, pressed it passionately to his lips—and was gone.





" With pensive thoughtes my weepinge stagg I crowne."



"GOOD GENIUS."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO,

PART II.

WHITTIER'S religion was of the truly practical kind. He wrote—"I regard Christianity as a life rather than a creed, and in judging of my fellow-men I can see no other standard than that which our Lord and Master has given us, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' The only orthodoxy that I am specially interested in, is that of life and practice. On the awful and solemn theme of human destiny, I dare not dogmatize; but wait the unfolding of the great mystery in the firm faith that whatever may be our particular allotment, God will do the best that is possible for all."

How tenderly Whittier could make personal application of "the larger hope" is beautifully exemplified in a poem called the *Lay of the Lake*, which appeared many years ago, in an American serial, but which, though a great favourite with the poet himself, has been withheld from any of the collections of his work. Some opening verses describe the scene of the story.

"The little hamlet lying
White in its mountain fold,
Asleep by the lake and dreaming
A dream that is never told."

There is a playful allusion to

"The folly that goes on its travels, Bearing the city about,"

To charm away which the poet sings:

"Let me tell you a tender story
Of one who is now no more,
A tale to haunt like a spirit,
The Winnipesaukee shore.

Of one who was brave and gentle, And strong for manly strife, Riding with cheering and music Into the tourney of life.

Faltering and failing midway
In the Tempter's subtle snare,
The chains of an evil habit
He bowed himself to bear.

Over his fresh young manhood The bestial veil was flung! The curse of the wine of Circe, The spell her weavers sung.

Yearly did hill and lakeside
Their summer idyls frame.
Alone, in his darkened dwelling,
He hid his face for shame.

The music of life's great marches.
Sounded for him in vain;
The voices of human duty.
Smote on his ear like pain.

In vain over island and water
The curtains of sunset swung;
In vain on the beautiful mountains
The pictures of God were hung.

The wretched years crept onward, Each sadder than the last; All the bloom of life fell from him, All the freshness and greenness past.

But deep in his heart for ever And unprofaned he kept, The love of his saintly mother, Who in the graveyard slept.

His house had no pleasant pictures, Its comfortless walls were bare; But the riches of earth and ocean, Could not purchase his mother's chair,

The old chair, quaintly carven, With oaken arms outspread, Whereby, in long gone twilights, His childish prayers were said.

For thence in his long night watches,
By moon or starlight dim,
A face full of love and pity,
With tenderness looked on him.

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

Mrs. Parr,

Author of 'Dumps,' Dorothy Fox.'

XXII.

WITH all of us our characters need unravelling. Sometimes this development of quality is the slow result of gradual growth, sometimes it is the rapid effect of unforeseen circumstances. Up to the present point Stella Clarkson had let herself be borne along by the wind of chance like thistle-down. Suddenly this aimless drifting seemed arrested: she was brought to a standstill, pulled up, as it seemed to her, on the very brink of a precipice.

As with a melody which, though no longer heard, has such possession of us that, do or think as we may, its strains are still persistent, so was it with each word that Maynard Rodney had said; they haunted Stella, stirring and troubling her whole being by a new and undefined something that she wanted to put away from her.

"I must be a very wicked girl," she said; and she said it aloud, as if she wished to impress upon herself the fact, "bad, abandoned, or, knowing that I am the promised wife of one man, I should never be thinking like this of another." then, unconsciously listening with the ears of her heart to the words that went on singing through her brain, she began to ponder on the mystery with which he had invested love: how he had said that, until alive to its full meaning, one might be satisfied by its counterfeit. He had spoken, too, of the mingled pain and pleasure felt when love was born. Could that be?—and if so, where were the joys and pangs which should have troubled her when Vivian pleaded his suit? Still, natures might differ. With some affections were tumultuous; with others tranquil. Hers!-but here she

stopped, unwilling to seach too deeply down, and overcome by a profound sense of having in some way acted wrongly.

Candid and truthful by nature, it seemed terrible to her to fall away, even in thought, from the allegiance she owed to Vivian. To be open-eyed to his faults, to look upon him as aught else but the perfect being she had always held him to be, was the uprooting of all those tenets which had been ingrafted in her from her very childhood. recalled the feeling of gratification it had given her to be preferred by Vivian; and though there arose the consciousness that this feeling, and much that followed in its train, had been fostered by Marraine, and owed its very birth to the affection she felt for her; she gauged the strength of her own character with sufficient precision to see, that she had allowed herself to drift into a position which neither force nor mere worldly interest would have made her accept.

It is perhaps a more difficult task than is sometimes admitted, to argue ourselves into a belief that wrong is right, bad is good, black is white: and yet, at one time or other of our lives, most of us try to do it. Through the small hours of the night, and long after the dawn of morning, Stella lay trying to solve the problem of the real state of her feelings towards Vivian, but to the end the unknown truth remained undiscovered. Only one deduction had she drawn: that whatever mistake or failure might arise, the blame was entirely her own—hers to carry and to endure, and for this cause she must keep a strict watch on tongue and eye and ear-those outposts of the senses which so often draw and lead us into danger. luxury of tears she now refused herself, saying, as she brushed some drops away with that want of compromise so characteristic of youth—"I have no reason to cry, I mean to make him and myself happy." And after this she got up, and taking out a photograph of Vivian, she impressed on it a very solemn kiss, and in a most humble state of mind she laid her head upon the pillow, this time to fall at once into a heavy sleep.

At the breakfast-table the next morning the two girls found themselves alone. Mrs. Stapleton did not feel well enough to join them. Delia was in her usual cheery spirits, and Stella did her best to accommodate her own more serious mood to her visitor's buoyancy. Their school-days were discussed, their old school-fellows talked over—what had become of this girl and that? how such an one was married, and another about to be; until Delia said—"Do you know, I think it's great nonsense this not wanting people to know that you and Vivian are engaged. I don't believe you mind, Stella; do you?"

"Not in the least. Vivian wishes it; but I don't care.

"Now that's just what father said, that he was sure it was one of *his* fads, and it's so ridiculous, because he speaks as if you were to be married almost directly. Mother asked him what they'd think when you were getting your trousseau, and guess what his answer was."

Stella shook her head to intimate that such a guess was impossible.

"That in his opinion a trousseau was perfectly unnecessary. Pretty strong form that, don't you think? So far as I can see, that and the cake and the honeymoon are quite the best things in a wedding." Then seeing that Stella only smiled, she added, "Ah, well! I'm glad it's you he has chosen, you and not me."

"So am I; it would never have done for us two to have been rivals."

Delia was silent for a few moments, then she said,

"By the way, what became of you last night? You did not stop long in the study."

"I did not go down to the study."

The words cost Stella an effort.

"Did not go down! Why, do you mean that you did not bid Vivian good-night?"

Stella bent over her cup, feeling that her face must be as red as a peony.

"I cannot think what could have been the matter with me last night," she began, in a tone of apology. "I felt I must run off to bed without wanting to say a word to anybody. Don't you know that sort of—a——"

"I know exactly, and then one doesn't want to be fussed over. Only I'm not sure I should feel that with a lover. I fancy it wouldn't be half bad with him."

"Oh-I don't know."

"No, I don't believe you do. Not with Vivian," and she made a little grimace of distaste. "Don't be angry, Stella; but positively it is impossible to conjure up the superfine Vivian in love. I don't say that he may not drop upon one knee, and perhaps go so far as to impress a kiss upon your marble brow; but anything beyond that—no. Well, that wouldn't suit me; I wonder it does you. I can't think what made you accept him."

"You seem to forget how talented and clever he is," said Stella, reproachfully.

"Excuse me, my dear, you don't get the chance given you here. When he is not blowing his own trumpet, aunty is, and if they stop, you begin. The rest of us are so grateful that he is our only genius. I verily believe that when he comes down to Stillmere, father adds a clause of thankfulness to the family devotions that he has not been blessed with such a Solomon as Vivian. We can't live up to him; he puts on too many frills for us altogether."

" Delia!"

"It's the æsthetic atmosphere, my love. I should grow quite fast and slangy if I lived here. At home I am a most well-conducted, ladylike young person, and that is why," she added irrelevantly, "I have my own doubts whether Vivian is so unutterably clever. Compare him with any one else you know. Mr. Rodney, now—he is a very clever man, they say. Well, is he like Vivian, I ask you?"

"That says nothing; they may both be very clever, and yet one quite the opposite of the other."

"Well, that certainly they are. Not that I have any reason to exalt Mr. Rodney; he hardly deigned to cast a look in my direction. When I did make a remark on anything he was saying, it was like the song, 'No catching the Speaker's Eye,' that was glued on the young lady he took in to dinner."

Stella shook her head.

"Oh, I forgive him," she continued; "only it did rather tickle me when aunty was so anxious about your not having come down to the study. It couldn't have been so distractingly dull out on the balcony in the company of such a good-looking man." Then catching sight of a sudden expression which came into Stella's face, she jumped up and ran to her side, saying, "Did it tease it? It won't do so any more. Never mind! Besides, what's the good of having gone to school together if we can't be candid with each other. Why, you're crying, Stella." Stella hid her face more completely from view. "Yes, you are. Oh, I haven't said anything to wound you, have 1? You know what a rattle-brain I am; but I wouldn't give you a moment's pain for the world, Stella. You believe that, don't you?"

"I really think I must be going to be ill," said poor Stella, drying her eyes. "It is so silly of me. I was never like this before."

"H'm! perhaps it is because you were never engaged before. I am speaking seriously now, for it's my belief you have been drawn into it principally because of your love for aunty. We all think the same. Uncle Sam says if he had thought you were to be persuaded into a husband he wouldn't have given Vivian a chance of proposing to you. Now that's what I call a downright bond-fide compliment from a confirmed old bachelor of sixty."

Stella was again smiling.

"Delia, dear," she said, "promise me not to say anything about my—stupidity, not even to think about it, or what could have caused it. I know in some things Vivian may be thought peculiar, but then I also know that I am rather the same, so that we are likely to suit each other better than perhaps our friends think we shall. Remember that I have known him very intimately for all the years I have lived here, and believe me there is much good in him which those who only see him occasionally would hardly give him credit for."

"Oh, Stella, please don't preach, or if you do, take some other text than Vivian. If ever he becomes your husband I'll try to"—and she feigned to be swallowing something with a great effort "like him better, but so long as he's only my cousin do let me dislike him to my heart's desire."

"And you his favourite cousin, too!" said Stella, reproachfully.

"For that very reason, then, I claim to enjoy some small amount of privilege."

XXIII.

It was the middle of the day before Stella and Vivian met, and then the interview was of her seeking. Feeling that some apology was due to him for her brusque disappearance the night before, she went down to his study and tapped at the door, saying—

"Any admittance: it's I Stella."

Vivian got up and quickly opened the door. Like many another man, he was more an autocrat in theory than he was ever likely to be in practice. In disposition he was a tyraut but once face to face with Stella this overbearing mood was dropped, and sometimes, in spite of himself, he became the best similitude he could offer of a lover.

"Good morning," he said, with a slight elevation of his eyebrows, "So you had taken flight last night by the time I reached the drawing-room What was the reason of that, ch?"

"I don't wonder at your asking," she said, with a pretty air of contrition, "I have asked myself the same question. It was not the going to bed, it was not saying good-night to everybody."

"Everybody need not have included me. I was certainly not aware that I was guilty of anything that merited punishment."

"No," she said, not in the least understanding to what he alluded, "it was only perverseness in me:" and leaning her head against his shoulder she added, "I have come on purpose that you should scold me."

"That is a very skilful way of turning aside wrath," and he gave a little pat to her cheek. "I find it impossible to chide at command."

"Then you forgive me?" she said, raising her eyes to his.

"Forgive you for what?" he asked, framing the sweet face with his hands.

"I don't think I am quite clear about what. It's rather like I used to be when I was a little child. I feel I have not been good, but I cannot quite explain how I have been naughty."

" Ah, well! there are some things that it is better we should never try to explain."

"Do you think so?"

" I do."

"Well, no, I do not agree with you there. I should wish to feel such confidence in the one I loved most, that I could bring all my follies, and faults, and weaknesses to be cured by him, feeling sure that, however much his head might blame, his heart would find excuses for me."

"That sounds very sweet and confiding, but I am not at all sure it would stand the test of trial. To begin with, it would probably entail a state of friction before the weaknessess and follies were acknowledged, and that, were it my case, would chafe me. My nature is not an easy one. I could look over a crime sooner than I could tolerate a banalité." Then seeing she was looking at him wonderingly, he added, "I am not defending myself: I simply state what I know I am."

"But I don't see where banalité comes in."

"Perhaps because you may not be taking the word in its widest sense. To me, when we give way to any feeling or action practised by the multitude of dull, prosaic, common-place men and women, we descend to the level of the vulgar herd. I am not in this alluding to their social position, but to their mental temperament; and it is this which leads me to entreat you, for our future happiness, to guard yourself against even the shadow of a Vandalism of that kind; it would so disappoint the very high standard I have formed for you."

Stella felt puzzled. What could he be driving at? Only that it was Vivian—who at times would talk for an hour without any one being able to guess at his meaning—she would have put the question more plainly to him; but in these vague moods nothing irritated him so much as being asked to explain. It would be wiser therefore not to run the risk of vexing him, but to conciliate him by a soft answer.

"I hope you know," she said, "that I am trying, and intend to try more, to grow into what you wish me to be."

"Dear little one," he murmured, approvingly.

"But you must strive to be patient, and above all, Vivian, you must love me."

"Have I not shown that to you already? What other reason could make me choose you as my companion—the woman who will bear my name—my wife."

Had he been about to place an imperial crown upon her brow he could hardly have given the idea

of conferring a greater honour. Stella felt the tone jar on that inner self which, in spite of every effort, remained rife for rebellion.

"Yes, I know; but, Vivian, there are times—oh, you must have had the feeling yourself—when there comes a sudden drought in our affections which seems to create in us an insatiable—an unconquerable desire to know that we are loved; that the he or she we have chosen is the being who will satisfy this craving, and so fill our hearts that in them there will be no room for any one else."

Oh! at last the cat was out of the bag!—no doubt now he should be treated to something about Madame Simond, and with a slight sneer in his tone he said—

"Isn't this a somewhat over-romantic state of feeling?"

The sneer stung Stella, but she would not give way to resentment.

"Not to my mind," she said gravely. "And if it should be so, it is still the feeling I am suffering from; and if you cannot understand me, why—" She did not finish the sentence, but looked at him with eyes at once appealing and reproachful.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "do I understand you—do we understand each other?"

"That is a question 1 have often asked myself of late."

"You have?" he said quickly, in an altered tone; "and for what reason, pray?"

"Oh, the reasons we need not enter into. Your own recollection will doubtless supply some of them."

"Whatever my recollections supply are causes that are past and done with—I never rake up or return to by-gones."

"That is very considerate and generous of you; but in a case which so greatly affects the happiness of us both, I feel we cannot speak too plainly to one another, especially now, when, with the exception of our own families, no one knows for certain of the tie that binds us, or that you have ever spoken to me. We could at present withdraw from the position we hold without the *amour propre* of either suffering in the very smallest degree."

She paused, and he looked at her, astounded at the very unexpected way in which he had been taken.

"Do you know, Stella, that far more than the surprise is the pain you give to me. What makes And oft, as the grieving presence Sat in his mother's chair, The groan of his self-upbraiding, Grew into wordless prayer.

At last, in the moonless midnight
The summoning angel came,
Severe in his pity, touching
The house with fingers of flame.

The red light flashed from its windows And flared from its sinking roof; And baffled and awed before it The villagers stood aloof.

They shrank from the falling rafters,

They turned from the furnace glare;
But its tenant cried, "God help me!

I must save my mother's chair."

Under the blazing portal,
Over the floor of fire,
He seemed, in a terrible splendour,
A martyr on his pyre.

In his face the mad flames smote him And stung him on either side, But he clung to the sacred relic; By his mother's chair he died!

O mother, with human yearnings!
O saint, by the altar stairs!
Shall not the dear God give thee
The child of thy many prayers?

O Christ! by whom the loving, Though erring, are forgiven; Hast Thou for him no refuge, No quiet place in Heaven?

Give palms to Thy strong martyrs, And crown Thy saints with gold, But let the mother welcome Her lost one to Thy fold."

Whittier was fully aware of the simple beauty and romance underlying the sober life of the Society of Friends. He has set these forth in many poems, such as *The Meeting, The Quaker of the Olden Time*, the grand ballads of *Cassandra Southwick* and *Barclay of Ury, The Old Burying Ground*, and *The Friend's Funeral*. We take a few exquisite stanzas from the last, written in 1873—

"My thoughts are all in yonder town, Where, wept by many tears, To-day my mother's friend lays down The burden of her years.

No sound should break the quietude Alike of earth and sky:— O wandering wind in Seabrook wood Breathe but a half-heard sigh!

For all her quiet life flowed on As meadow streamlets flow, Where fresher green reveals alone The noiseless ways they go. She kept her line of rectitude, With love's unconscious case; Her kindly instincts understood All gentle courtesies.

The dear Lord's best interpreters Are humble human souls: The Gospel of a life like hers Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives:
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives."

The heroine of these lines was one Elizabeth Gove, a woman of singular sweetness of character and appearance. She and her worthy husband were spared to enjoy a long life of wedded blessedness. Only the year before her death they had celebrated the fifty-fifth anniversary of their weddingday, when Whittier addressed to them a congratulatory poem, which has never been published, and from which it is our privilege to make a long quotation

"Full fifty years ago you took
Each other's hands in meeting,
No wedding guests by railroad came,
No telegrams sent greeting.

Then in a plain, old-fashioned way, Your common life beginning; While Edward cut the salt marsh hay, Elizabeth was spinning.

And nought avails it now to tell
The story of your trials;
What ills from granted wishes grew,
What blessings from denials.

Suffice it, that through thorny ways
You reached the heights of duty,
That the sharp chisel of the Lord
Shaped out your spiritual beauty.

And thus you gained a clearer sense Of human lack and failing, That truer made your warning words, Your counsels more availing.

Now, sweet and calm the face of age Looks from the Quaker bonnet, The grey hair matches well the drab Of the broad brim upon it.

While all around you, old and young, Obey the tyrant—Fashion, Your Christian freedom feels for all Her abject slaves—compassion!

And while the rival sects their claims Urged round you fast and faster, You wrought in patient quietude The service of the Master. You had your years of doubt and fear In common with all living, You erred, you failed, you felt each day The need of God's forgiving.

Now, in the peaceful trust, which knows No fear, no vain desire, You wait the voice the prophet heard Which bade him 'Come up higher.'

More than this fading world of time The world that watches o'er you: And few the living friends compared With loved ones gone before you.

O may the faith which strengthened them Your human spirits strengthen, As silently and solemnly The evening shadows lengthen."

Whittier used to ask his friends to criticize his portraits freely, to "go and see how the old fellow looks," and "pick all the flaws they could." His own comment on the picture would sometimes be, "I think the tailoring is excellent." Among the other "plain ways" of the Society of Friends to which Whittier was faithful was the "Quaker coat." It plays a large part in all these portraits. One who knew him intimately says that he was measured for a coat by a tailor in Philadelphia about fifty years ago, and his habit was simply to write from time to time that he wanted a new one, never needing any change of measure or of material. On one occasion, during his middle age, while he was absent from home, some accident happened to his coat, and in the emergency he bought a "sale coat such as the world's people wear." He said, "I did not feel at home in it. Somehow I lost all individuality and almost all self-respect." Until he was a young man, his clothes had been made at home by "sweet Aunt Mercy," to whom we are introduced in Snowbound. His first suit of "tailormade garments" (an Irish tailor in the village of Haverhill) with "boughten buttons," marked an era in his life. For it was his preparation for the first visit he paid to Boston, when he did not know a soul in the city, but got plenty of enjoyment in visiting the State-house and the wharves, and in standing in doorways watching the crowds pass by! This was the side of city life which interested him to the very last. "I see a great many more things in the city than thee does," he said to a city lady, because I go to town so seldom. The shopwindows are a delight to me, and everything and

everybody is novel and interesting. I don't need to go to the theatre. I have more theatre than I can take in, every time I walk out."

Whittier had a wonderful memory. To those who knew him best he seemed a living illustration of De Quincey's words, "There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind." A relative of his, now a middle-aged woman, narrates that when, in her childhood, he was visiting at her father's house, an aged uncle said to her, by way of reproof, "I have my opinion of a girl who has holes in her gloves." Only a few months before the poet's death, the same lady chanced to mend a glove in his presence; he glanced from his book, and at once smilingly said—

"Thee is afraid Uncle Sammy's ghost will trouble thee."

He never seemed to be observing anything, but really saw everything. Impressions stayed with him: be never forgot his first childish sight of hills, nor even the white cloud which drooped down and hung suspended from a summit!

Whittier delighted in quiet jokes; as of telling facts with such literal truthfulness that they sounded dreadful, and made the good folks hold up their hands in horror, sometimes at his report, sometimes at his report as a thoughtless slanderer. Then he would simultaneously "prove his words," and dissipate all the dreadfulness!

It is a curious fact that Whittier was colourblind—he could not distinguish red from green, nor from any dark colour. He discovered this deficiency when he was a mere child picking strawberries with his mother—he could not discriminate between the leaf and the fruit. Only a fortnight before his last illness, a mass of cardinal flowers was brought into the parlour of the house where he was staying at Hampton Falls, and in the light of the evening lamp he caught a sense of their gorgeous colour, and sat looking at them a long time in a sort of rapture, but next morning's daylight "the blossoms" as he expressed it, "are the colour of my coat (black), but a shade lighter." One morning he came down arrayed in a bright red necktie. A kinswoman laughed at this lapse from "Friends' testimonies." He asked what was amiss, and then explained that the necktie was given him by some child, and he supposed it to be dark brown. He then marked it by pinning a slip of paper bearing the words "Julia's necktie" (the name of the kinswoman), saying, "I must be for my guard, or I shall be disowned for wearing gay apparel.

Though Whittier knew nothing of music, many of his poems are the very soul of melody, for instance, The Maids of Attitash, Amy Wentworth, and Noremburga-the latter a great favourite of his own. He was very humble-minded in receiving suggested improvements, often exclaiming, "What a dolt I was not to see that!" Indeed it has been said that Whittier did not write as an artist; he had a message to deliver, and did not care so much about the manner in which it was presented. Yet, as the famous critic, Stedman, remarked, "His artlessness was the highest art." One can understand that mere melody would not attract such a nature. On hearing an exquisitely musical bit from Swinburne, his only remark was "There's no thought behind that."

He was always ready to make himself friendly to acquaintances, or serviceable to a good cause. For a young lady who asked for his autograph just after he had been playfully rallied on his bacherlorhood, he wrote—

"Ah ladies, you love to levy a tax
On my poor little paper parcel of fame;
Yet strange it seems that among you all
Not one is willing to take my name,
To write and re-write, till the Angels pity her,
The weariful words—Thine truly,

WHITTIER."

In another album he wrote-

"Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true,
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles,
And blot the ill with tears."

On the leaf of a volume of poems which was sold in aid of a charity, he inscribed—

"Not for the doubtful rhyme within,
Nor outside gold,
Stranger or friend, I warn thee well
Should this be sold;
But freely, for the sake of such
As homeless be,
Give thrice its worth, and it shall prove
Cheap unto thee."

On the blank page of an old copy of his own *Snowbound*, belonging to an intimate friend, he wrote as follows—

On seeing my First Edition of Snowbound.

"Twenty years have taken flight Since these pages saw the light, All home loves are gone; But not all with sadness still Do the eyes of memory fill As I gaze thereon.

Lone and weary life seemed when First these pictures of the pen Grew upon my page: But I still have loving friends, And the peace our Father sends Cheers the heart of age.

For a bust of Miss Francis Willard, the Temperance Reformer, he wrote—

"She saw the power of banded ill,

But knew that love was stronger still,
And organized for doing good

The world's united womanhood."

In the album of a young girl, he inscribed, only two years before his death—

"The years are many, the years are long, My dreams are over, my songs are sung; But out of a heart that has not grown cold, I still can bid God-speed to the young!"

For many years before his death, Whittier, he who had once been mobbed and reviled, found his birthday kept with every honour, and remembered by strangers scattered far and wide. specially marked occasion, in 1878, he wrote to one near and dear to him—"Thee alludes to the testimonials of my birthday. I am very glad the thing is over. I, of course, prize highly the love and goodwill of others, but the thing was too pretentious, and had too much publicity to be altogether pleasant. Overpraise pains like blame. I know my own weakness and frailty, and I am humbled rather than exalted by homage which I do not deserve. But if it compels me to seek more earnestly to draw nearer to the Fountain of Goodness, and to enter more fully into the Divine Harmony, it will not have been in vain. As the swift years pass, the Eternal Realities seem taking the place of the shadows and illusions oftime."

Sometimes admiration and love took particularly pleasant and graceful form, as when, by high ecclesiastical order, the bells of St. Boniface, Manitoba, were pealed eighty-four times on Whittier's last birthday, as a tribute of gratitude for his poem, *The Red River Loyageur*, written in 1859. No testimonial ever pleased the poet better. In reply to the letter of Archbishop Sache of Winnipeg, he wrote—1 have reached the age when literary successes and manifestations of popular favour

have ceased to satisfy one upon whom the solemnity of life's sunset is resting; but such a delicate and beautiful tribute has deeply moved me. I shall never forget it: I shall hear the bells of St. Boniface sounding across the Continent, and awakening a feeling of gratitude for thy generous act!"

Whittier liked to relate that a gentleman once said to him—"You must have spent some time in that wild region, since you have made yourself so familiar with the Red River of the North." The poet could only reply—"I have never been further west than Philadelphia."

One who knew Whittier with the intimacy of family ties, and who loves him with that clinging affection which spares no pains to preserve every memory of its object, writes thus—

"As the days go by, I think of our beloved poet in divers aspects of his many-sided character. At times he seemed to be wholly a theologian, so deep was his insight and so profound his study of systems and of individual beliefs, and he never failed to find a kernel of truth in the wildest fanatical theory. As he said, he

"'Dared not mock the Dervish whirl,
The Brahmin's chant, the Llama's spell;
God knew the heart: Devotion's pearl
Might sanctify the shell."

Then, as a lover of nature, he seemed wholly given up to her sweet influences. The most barren spot was alive to him, and a few blades of grass struggling up through a city pavement, opened to him wide vistas. When he was under the open sky, he drank in from all sources, knowing (when his hearing was good), every bird-note, the habits of plants and animals, and the voices of wind and waters. For a politician—in the highest sense of the term -he had especial qualifications. understood both men and measures, and had an exceptionally clear sense of the power of events current on the most remote issues. His shrewdness in this direction was remarkable. A friend once said to him, 'What a born wire-puller we have lost since thy withdrawal from politics!' To which the poet naïvely replied - 'I have some skill in that direction, and have all my life had a struggle to keep my conscience above that tendency!

"But as a Reformer he was in his element. Wherever there was abuse in any direction, the whole force of his nature was roused to prompt and decisive action. All other considerations seemed petty to him.

"With soul and strength, with heart and hand," he breasted the tide of evil, dealing sledge hammer blows in pitiless fashion."

In this connection we may mention that his portraits are a biography in themselves. As Long-fellow said—"Whittier grew mellower as he grew older." The later pictures express only peace and kindliness, but the earlier are alive with fire and determination. "That a Quaker!" cried a stranger, gazing on one; "why, that is a first-rate fighting man!"

"It was of Whittier, in those struggling times, that Lowell wrote in his Fable for Critics—

"One exclaims, on beholding his knocks—
'Vestis filii tui, O leather-clad Fox?
Can that be thy son, in the battle's mid din,
Preaching brotherly love, and then driving it in
To the brain of the tough old Goliath of sin,
With the smoothest of pebbles from Castaly's
spring,
Impressed on his hard moral sense with a

sling?'"

But Lowell broke off his fun to cry-

"All honour and praise to the right-hearted bard, Who was true to the Voice when such service was hard;

Who himself was so free, he dared sing for the slave,

When to look but a protest in silence was brave."

Grace Greenwood, a clever American writer, in the same appreciative spirit, made a travesty of one of Whittier's stirring anti-slavery poems, thus—

"Our fellow countrymen in chains!

By old George Fox! the indignant blood
Is lava in my veins."

But Puritan and Huguenot also mingled in the veins of the Quaker poet. The loving indictments concerning the fire which seemed alien to his peaceful creed were true enough. There were battles, aye, and victories in his words! Yet even in his "fiercest" days, he always had that genuine toleration which drapes itself in humour. As he said—"When my good friend Garrison was denouncing clergymen as the bulwarks of slavery, I used to tell him that ministers were as good as other people as long as they behaved well." And indeed, the same friend whose words we have already quoted adds—"I see all these varied phases of his character distinctly, and yet, over

and pervading all, was the rare gentle Christian charity and tenderness, which made his life such a wonderful exemplification of the "beauty of holiness."

His latest years were calmly happy. Those who knew him best say that they had never seen him brighter than during the last weeks of his life. He seemed to have renewed his youth. His passing away, in the dawn of an autumn morning, was peacefulness itself—his latest words the epitome of his whole life—

"Love-to-the-world."

His own prayer was fully granted-

"Fill, brief or long, my granted span Of life with love to Thee and man; Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest, But let my last days be my best."

His remains were taken back to Amesbury, to the Friends' burying-ground there, where the household of *Snowbound* is again reunited. It was significant of much that the last duties were in charge of the son of his life-long comrade William Lloyd Garrison, and that the poet's literary executor is the nephew of his old schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin.

The poet's will was carefully and considerately made. After bequests to friends and relatives, came characteristic legacies to a local hospital, a Home for Aged Women, and an Institute for Coloured and Indian People.

He was mourned by all sorts and conditions of men. Bishop Phillips Brooks, who has not lingered long behind his friend, said to one of the poet's kinswomen, some weeks after his departure, "There is a memorial service for Whittier going on in my heart all the time." But none mourned the poet more than the solid and thoughtful of the working class, "his own people." On the day of his funeral, a farmer in a city station, noting a crowd of "smart" clerks and "roughs" excited over some "sporting event," was heard to say, "Hear those men! All my thought is of the best man in America, and, to me, the greatest man I know of. I loved him, though I never saw him."

In this paper we have dwelt only on those of Whittier's poems closely connected with his own personal life, and perhaps less generally known. Flud Ireson's Ride, Maud Müller, The Eternal Goodness, My Master, My Psalm, and scores of others, have made their way into many hearts all over the English - speaking world. A "good genius" like his needs no explanation, nor eulogy. What further praises remain for one of whom it has been truly said—"With God's help Whittier thought for himself—he said exactly what he thought—no more and no less—and he did exactly what he said."



HOUSE AND HOME.

WHERE is the house, the house we love?

By field or river, square or street,

The house our hearts go dreaming of,

That lonely waits our hurrying feet;

The house to which we come, we come,

To make that happy house our home.

Is it under grey London skies?

Or somewhere hid in fields and trees?

With gardens where a musk wind sighs?

Or one brown plot to grow heartsease?

I know not. Where it stands it holds

Our secret that the days unfold.

O dear dream-house! for you I store
A medley of such curious things,
As a wise thrush goes counting o'er,
Ere the glad morn of songs and wings,
When a small nest makes all her heaven,
And a true mate that sings at even.

Up those dim stairs my heart will steal,
And quietly through the listening rooms,
And long in prayerful love will kneel,
And in the sweet-aired twilight glooms
Will set a curtain straight, or chair,
And dust and order and make fair.

O tarrying Time, hasten, until
You light our hearth-fires, dear and warm,
Set pictures on these walls so chill,
And draw our curtains 'gainst the storm,
And shut us in together, Time,
In a new world, a happier clime!

Whether our house be new or old

We care not; we will drive away

From last year's nest its memories cold,

And all be gold that once was grey.

O dear dream-house, for which we pray,

Our feet come slowly up your way!

KATHARINE TYNAN.



AN ARMY OF LILIES,

THE STRUGGLES OF PLANTS

FOR A LIVELIHOOD.

It is commonly supposed that plants know nothing of what, in the animal world, is often a fierce struggle for existence. This is a mistake disproved to the botanist at every step in his investigations. Not only do plants fight for a living, but they cultivate and develop such parts as will best enable them to maintain the struggle successfully. There is something human, even pathetic, in their endeavours to get on in the world. Some of them prosper by fair means, some by foul, for they display the vices as well as the wirtues of mankind.

There are certain vegetable villains that would

sooner do anything than live honestly. They are burglars of the worst type, and confirmed in evil doing. Possibly pressure of circumstances gradually led them from the course of rectitude; indeed, all evidence points that way—and now they are powerless to redeem themselves. However, it should be remembered that competition is keener among plants than among animals. They support all animal life directly or indirectly, and in addition to this they hustle each other for space, till none but the fittest survive. There are thousands of candidates for every vacant situation, as may be seen in our flower beds.

In plants we have the counterparts of the various classes of human society. Some are strong, others weak; some fond of display, others modest; some prodigal, others thrifty. Their occupations, too, are singularly diversified. From the same earth not one of them extracts exactly the same materials. Some produce sugar, others poison, while some give off a delightful perfume, others a disagreeable odour. Some love the shade, some the sunshine; some one kind of situation, some another; in short, each has a distinct individuality.

Now, in turning from the general to the particular, let us glance for a moment at the Butcher's Broom, as an example of a plant that lives in extreme poverty. It cannot afford the ordinary clothing of trees, leaves, and it cannot live in a naked condition, therefore, as a substitute, it flattens its branches to do duty as leaves. These flattened branches contain the green colouring matter that enables plants to make use of the sun's light. They are also, like true leaves, furnished with stomata, or mouths for breathing. The air circulating in and out of these mouths, on coming in contact with the green colouring matter, undergoes a change similar to what takes place in the lungs of an animal. Plants retain carbon, to transform it into sugar, starch, or other substance, and discharge oxygen, while animals do exactly the reverse, so that the carbon from our blood may afterwards enter into the composition of vegetable life.

Light is of such importance to plants that they soon turn pale and languish without it. In a forest they put forth every effort to stretch as near as possible to the sun. For this reason forest trees are giants, because among them dwarfs would have no chance. In order to support foliage at a great height where it will have good light, huge stems are necessary, or else an aptitude for taking advantage of a tall neighbour. But, as we know, a little cunning is worth ever so much strength, and thus it comes that plants like the ivy, with their tender stems, outstrip forest trees in the race for the sun. Climbing plants adopt several devices for compelling the strong to support them, such as tendrils, exuding a gummy substance on their top branches, or twisting round and embracing their benefactors, whom they are sometimes ungrateful enough to eventually strangle.

While plants propagate their species in a number

of ways, they do so for the most part by means of seed. First appear the flowers, which, with all their charm, are only modified leaves, and, will it be credited, less highly organised than the leaves they represent. Nor is a wealth of blossom an indication of a well-nourished plant, but rather the reverse. Gardeners are aware of this, and so confine the roots of plants which they desire to flower abundantly in under-sized pots, or take other means of curtailing their nourishment. Indeed, gardeners take great liberties with the development of their floral friends. For instance, they show a marked partiality for double flowers, although these are deformities, being all petals, while a flower to be of practical service to the parent-plant should have a pistil and stamens—the organs of reproduction. Stamens produce pollen. small grains of fertilising matter, and the more showy parts and properties of flowers, such as their petals, their perfumes and their honey, are mere lures to attract insects. Because crossing benefits the plants, insects are paid wages in honey for conveying pollen from one plant to another, and unless they can do the work effectually, they are refused their wages. On the other hand, plants that are self-fertilised by the wind, such as grasses, put forth no floral display nor secrete honey. Some people have a notion that the gay-coloured, sweetscented flowers were created for their especial delight, but in reality they are exquisite specimens of the advertising art, intended to "draw" bees and other flying insects. Certain visitors, however, principally of the crawling kind, are unwelcome, and therefore some plants take precautions against them. The Teazel has the bases of its leaves growing together, with generally a pool of water in the hollow, into which intruders fall and get drowned. Other plants, as Herb-Robert, owing to their hairy stems, are proof against climbing insects. Many are thorn-protected, as brambles and roses, but the spines of gorse and others seem principally directed against browsing animals. Plants also keep themselves from being eaten by producing a bitter substance in their leaves and stems, as, for instance, tannin in the oak.

There is such a thing as banking in the vegetable world, and setting up the young folks in a fair way. With the germs of beans, peas, oaks, and nuts, is contained a store of nourishment to serve the young plant until its roots and leaves are suf-

ficiently advanced to do their work. But plants have a remarkable forethought. Before the leaves of trees have dropped in autumn, the leaf-buds for next year are already formed. Lilies, Primroses, and Hyacinths, lay up a store of food in the roots, and so not only escape the fate of the annuals, the death of the individual, but are enabled to flower early.

The criminal classes are represented among plants, but their guilt varies considerably. Mistletoe, for example, which is a parasite that grows on apple and other trees, is not nearly so bad as certain others. It at least does something in selfsupport, as may be seen from the fact of its having green leaves, which are used to obtain carbon from the atmosphere. The Dodder and Broom-rapes, again, live entirely on robbery, and so do some varieties of foreign mistletoe that have sunk deeper into degradation than their British relations. The Dodders, of which we have several species, only attack certain plants, mostly of a kind that grow crowded together, such as clover, gorse, thistles, and oats. When a seed of the Dodder germinates a delicate thread-like plant appears, which feels about for a victim, and dies in a few days if it cannot find Should luck favour it, the wire-like stem twists itself two or three times around its victim, and puts forth a series of suckers like ærial roots which penetrate to the sap, so that the burglar henceforth flourishes, without so much as evolving a leaf of its own in self-support. Not only that, but after having got a good hold, it breaks its connection with the earth, to subsist entirely upon its victim. This nefarious mode of life was, doubtless, acquired by the Dodders; they probably began by leaning on stronger than themselves, and from that descended, through a gradual course of theft, to a state of total depravity. They carry on their evil-doings in daylight, it is true, while some others commit similar crimes underground in the dark, and then stand up and look the whole world in the face as if nothing discreditable could be laid to their charge. Their brown or purplish flowers are highly organised, but note, their leaves are reduced to mere brown scales, showing that they are unused to honest work. Among the worst of these parasites are the Broom-rapes, so named because broom—although

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sometimes gorse and clover are their victims. Tooth-wort, which grows on Alders, is another fair-looking, well-fed, villain of the same kind, with plenty of flower, which among plants is equivalent to a princely expenditure. Other poor but honest plants are obliged to resort to all kinds of dodges in order to obtain a modest floral display. In extreme cases they reduce the number of their parts and highly colour others, so as to produce the best effect at the slightest possible cost. Flowers, unlike leaves, are a great drain on the resources of a plant.

Although it is the animal kingdom that usually preys upon the vegetable, there are certain plants of prey that completely turn the tables. The Sundews of our bogs are as expert at catching small insects as spiders. Their leaves are covered with small red hairs, on the top of each being what looks like a drop of dew. This is a viscid substance, which firmly holds any small insect alighting on the leaf. The hairs are sensitive, but while they are not affected by rain, or by anything that is not nutritious, if a fly alights upon them they bend over it and pour out a copious supply of secretion, which dissolves the fly. After assimilating the resulting juices, the leaf opens up again and rejects the husks. Here we have an instance of the Sundew converting hairs, such as most plants have, into digestive organs, with the power of catching animal food to supply them! Hairs are modified by plants to a surprising extent. They are defensive prickles on the Gooseberry, and stings in the Nettle.

Venus' fly-trap is another curious insect-catching plant. Its leaves at the outer end have an arrangement set with teeth edges like a spring trap. When the blades are open the hairs are seen on each side, and if these are touched by an insect, the sides spring together, capturing the insect, which is squeezed to death and digested in a secreted fluid. In the pitcher-plants of America flies are attracted into the pitcher by honey, where they meet a watery grave. There are several other insect-feeding specimens which need not be mentioned, as enough has been said to show the ingenuity and enterprise required by plants in order to save themselves from extinction.

THE COWSLIP.

BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW.

"There he dwelt with the King."

EDWARD C. MALAN, F.L.S.

AVE you ever heard of Nycheia, Chris, Nycheia with the April eyes?

It is almost betrayal to mention her name, for she is the meekness of modesty, and she walks by herself in the silvery wood-time, softly, most softly, by the banks of the Wye. So softly she walks you can scarcely hear her tread, and yet you cannot mistake her, because, wherever she passes, all the sweet sisterhood of the woodland, Dryad and Oread and many more unveil in her honour, and strew her path with star-bunches of flowers, waving screnely their kerchiefs of green, and offering shyly their little felt shoes.

Dreamful of her coming the Oreads are, and their dreams are the dust shaken down from the trees, but she comes not to take but to give, so that the world may be brighter by each bright gift.

It is in the quiet of evening, when the twilight is falling, that she loves most of all to walk. You must listen for her meekly, for you will not actually see her face. And first, you will hear her coming, gently, mysteriously, where the river winds, with her feet on the waters of silence, and her robes, grey as breath, on the silent air. Silent and deep as the Severn Sea is her coming, though it is no more than a sigh, but the river hears it and turns in a moment, and lingers to listen adoring, too sorry to sever the infinite charm.

Round the curves of the river she comes, and the looping meadows, and the brakes of fern, just fondly swinging to right and left, and pausing a little for some kind deed. And if you could follow behind her, you would see that she merely pauses to do what you might hardly think worth doing. She pauses to hang in each cowslip's ear a drop of remembrance, like a pearl, that the tiny freekles of rust in the cup may glisten and shine with larger light. It is most lovely of her to do that, when she has so much to do besides; but Heaven has given

her that work to do, and that is the way she does it. Every year she does it, and every year Heaven meets her, not to mistrust her or spy, but to rally her on in her sacred work.

Then, when she comes to a turn in the hills, where the daws in the abbey-ruins, like little cowled monks, are greeting for the night, she steps ashore, and mounts to her presence-chamber in the terraced cliffs, unfolding the brown silences that sleep on the heights. And soon, in splendid ascendant, full of love for the tryst, there comes to meet her that other spirit, her fellow, girt like a trireme and orbing the heavens, Athene, the changeless, the queen of the sky.

So those two hold their court in the silver of the wood-time, and most reverend and grey it is. Reverend and grey it is as a temple stone, and reverend the old-world sameness all round. Yet it was not always the same, for there was a time when there was no abbey, and no cowslips, on the banks of the Wye, and all was savage with wrath and din. Let us see what happened to change all that, and, while the twilight is falling, perhaps Nycheia may again pass by.

It was years and years ago, the story begins, in that iron age when men thought more of slaying than praying, that a few poor monks determined to live here below the life that angels live above. Most sincerely they wanted to serve God and helpman, only they did not know how. They were so poor that they had no money to give away, and they were so wretched that they had little bread. Sometimes on saints' days they had dry crusts for dessert, but the calendar was not properly arranged then, and as a rule there were not many saints' days. One of the monks kept the keys of the cupboard, but the keys were rusty, and the lock was rusty, and only a small heap of crumbs could be seen on the shelves. Yet that heap of crumbs was

guarded, modestly and daringly, like a heap of gold, for the birds—and up in heaven, where hearts are known, the angels watched and wondered-

There was no chapel or abbey for service, or anything of the sort, so the monks used to meet together in the forest, under the boughs of the great warrior oaks, where God's glad sunshine, free to all, shone wide on the turf, and the winds, at sundown, breathed an evensong overhead. Every day they met together, and every day they tried to help somebody or something poorer than themselves, and because they were greatly in earnest, and because they gave all they could, it never struck them that their service was really worthless or dull. They came to thank God with all the infinite sincerity of their grateful hearts, waiting, just waiting, faithful and true, by their colours, and hoping that when the time came they would be ready, at the word. So somehow, when they met, words flew to their lips, and somehow, when they dined, the wolf was kept from the door. And though they were poor to look at, they were rich in life, for those who are kindled with the fire of kindness, ever sit by a good fire, which burns, so they say, crimson, and green, and blue.

In the midst of their happiness there was only one thing that caused the monks regret, and that was that they could not sing. Their voices, like themselves, were old and poor and thin, like voices from the grave, and dismal to a degree, as you would call them, Chris, and they had no chant-books or hymn-books or simple tunes, and they could not have used them if they had. So Brother Bartholomew, the eldest, decided that, as they could not sing, they would read the psalms, and only chant the Magnificat at vespers, and he trusted, in his sincerity, that, as the angels knew, they would accept their offered service, and perhaps the King, in his mercy, would let their love make up for their awkward song.

Simply sincere, you see, and so simply divine. So every day, at vespers, they chanted the Magnificat, and a sorry chant it was, if you merely thought of the tune, for first of all there was no tune of any sort, and then what tune there was was out of tune, because each monk sang in a different key, and got lost and tried again. The very birds in the oak trees flew frightened away, the very winds in the oak-leaves ceased for shame; but all the same the monks sang on, and up in

heaven, where hearts are known, the angels held their breath.

All through the golden summer the monks sang, while nature's great sigh, the north wind, was hushed, and the woods in wonder seemed tranced and still. And all through the dreary autumn the monks sang, while the blasts blew louder day by day, and the leaves, like wasted prayers, were scattered far and wide. And all through the winter the monks sang, while the snow, like a mantle of death, curled round them in derision. If you only look at the earthly side of it, what pitiful want was theirs.

Now, one Christmas eve, when the land was asleep under its counterpane of white, and searching east winds skinned the river, Brother Bartholomew was taken ill. Cold and starvation had broken him down. How could he face, with his skeleton want, the fierce unkindness of the night? How could he venture out of doors? But the might of the man, and the love of the man, uplifted him securely over the sour present, and drove him along the queen of ways, where mild-eyed Duty dwells. He could not walk: he was too ill for that. He could not ride: he had no cart. So he begged his brothers, of their mercy, to carry him on a hurdle to the vesper ground under the trees. Then, slowly, very slowly, and with great pain, they carried him, crunching the snow with their bare feet, and looking pale and wan. Slowly, wearily and slowly, and with great pain, they laid him down at last, under the oaks, and prepared to sing.

What a forlorn picture it was, if you merely look at the outside of the scene. His old mantle, threadbare and patched, like Paul's cloak, hardly kept the frost out, and his poor lean hands, gaunt and pinched and numb, clung with pathetic tenderness to their old friend. Rusty and cold the keys of the cupboard clanged hard at his girdle. And crouching round him, no better off, his brothers stood hungry and weak, but if you pierce behind the veil, oh, the might of the man, and the love of the man, and his dauntless spirit more than mortal! And up in heaven where hearts are known, the angels watched and wept.

So the service began, as usual, for all the frost and snow, and the monks had just got ready to chant the Magnificat, when a youthful stranger suddenly appeared, and begged most reverently to be allowed to sing. Permission was given in an instant, and then, as the stranger's voice sounded out on the frosty air, rising in full rich tones of real music, and as his face, upturned to heaven, glowed with a great ecstasy, one by one the monks stopped singing, abashed and awed at his presence, till he alone was left to sing.

"Ah," they thought, "it is kind of the angels to send a singer on this night of all the year. Now, for once, the King will listen." So humble and modest were they.

But if the monks had been less modest, and if they had noticed the stranger's eye a little more carefully, they would have seen that, for all the beauty of his voice, his thoughts were centred on himself, smally and selfishly, and they would have known that, though the birds came flying back, up in heaven, where hearts are known, the angels never heard. Only the monks never noticed that. They were simply sincere.

But no sooner was the service ended, than, in a twinkling, another stranger appeared, and a great light shone among the trees, and behold an angel, flashing with radiance and sparks of glory, stood in their midst. Yet his face wore an uneasy look, and without waiting a moment, he spoke in unhappy tones, and said,

"Brother Bartholomew, the King has sent me to know why, on a night so blessed as this, you have not sung the Magnificat?"

And at that Brother Bartholomew wondered and said,

"Oh, my Lord, the Magnificat has been sung, and we thought it had never sounded so lovely before."

But the angel only answered more sadly than before,

"Brother Bartholomew, we never heard it in heaven."

Then he covered his face with his hands, and large drops of sorrow fell from his eyes.

The monks were confused and sorry. What did it mean? There stood the angel, with his hands before his eyes, weeping. They could not understand.

What did it mean, do you ask, Chris? Why, it meant then just what it means now, and what it will mean, too. when the last bugle-call sounds over the earth, and those jackals, Time and Terror,

skulk away. It meant that you must be emptied of glory, and life, and name, and all that the world counts grand, if you wish to be sincere. It meant that you must just offer the actual ungrudging humility and longing of your very heart, if you want to be heard.

Then, after a while, Brother Bartholomew raised himself painfully on his hurdle, and sat up, and sang. And the monks joined their voices with his voice, and soon the accustomed notes of the Magnificat sounded out on the freezing air. And as they sounded, one by one, but swiftly, the angel's fingers parted and uncovered his face, and thanks and majesty shone from his eyes, those eyes that looked straight through the ragged cloak.

And then, with uplifted hand, the angel beckoned Brother Bartholomew to follow.

Oh, what could it mean? How was he to follow?

But the angel drew near, and, taking Brother Bartholomew by the hand, just touched him with immortality. And as their hands clasped together, Might enfolding Mortality, and Mortality clinging to Might, all that was weak and painful fell off the man, like a loose garment, and Love, joyful and triumphant, and stronger than death, filled his whole being. In a moment the past was forgotten. In a moment, eternity dawned.

So those two passed away, above the trees, above the frost, above the stars, beyond Orion, while the monks remained rooted on their knees.

Straight up the corridors of heaven they passed, straight into the presence of the King, and as they mounted the steeps of light, all heaven on high rejoiced, and fold beyond fold of glory opened to receive them, and a rush of throbbing tones swept around them, as the angel in a power of victory, and with a voice more musical than Memnon's, uttered his sonorous summons that defied contradiction, "Fling open wide the golden gates, and let my hero in!"

So from a hurdle, Brother Batholomew went to heaven, and the monks saw him on earth no more. Only, in the silver of the wood-time cowslips come up on the vesper-ground, with freckles of rust in their modest petals. Only a pearl of remembrance makes them shine. Only, when twilight is falling, Nycheia passes by. And there, to this day, Brother Bartholomew dwells with the King.



have a story

to tell, seems

to me a primary es-

sential for a novice in

the art of novel writing, especially with beginners young in years and experience. I know that there are masters in fiction, who tell us that their method is to create one or several characters, and round them build up a story; but I doubt if this applies to first efforts, unless those efforts are not made until the writers have gained that insight into men and things, which only comes with years of life and observation.

Now, to any beginning under conditions such as these, the few suggestions and remarks I shall offer will not apply. My object is to be of service to young beginners, and to try and give them some little help and encouragement, to surmount the difficulties which usually appear when we first venture to commit our fancies and ideas to paper. I feel somewhat timid in undertaking this task,

because its success seems to me doubtful, for the reason that no hard and fast rules can be laid down for the fictionist, who, generally, leaves on each production the impress of individuality. Frequently it is individuality, when combined with originality, which is the charm of a new writer, and gives to a story which we have had repeated a dozen times, and to characters which we have met again and again, the freshness of a new setting.

To start, then, we will suppose that you are the possessor of a story which for some time has dwelt in your mind, and has taken such a hold of you, that you are engrossed with the plot and the actors in it. These creatures of your brain become so familiar to you, that they stand out in your imagination like real persons. You give them names, you invest them with qualities, you decree that they shall be happy or miserable, and, having sealed their fate, you are seized with the desire to make others acquainted with them. Then comes the eventful moment, when success is imperilled by over-anxiety and a distrust of your own powers.

Too frequently the young writer is not content to set down what is to be said with the straightforward simplicity that would be used if this story

had to be told vivi voce. There is a desire to explain, to digress, to elaborate. It is thought necessary to tell the reader that this person is very clever and witty, that that one is stupid and odious, much in the same way that a child draws some strange creature, under which it writes, "this is a cow—this is a horse." We smile at its being necessary to inform us of what we ought to see for ourselves. Yet it is the same in fiction -- the dramatis personæ of your tale should themselves discover to us their idiosyneracies, and by their actions and conversation reveal to the reader their dispositions and characters. Young authors often write very good dialogue, there is a freshness, a crispness about it which more practised hands may seem to have lost. In this form the new ideas of the rising generation come pleasantly to us, which is seldom the case when they give way to digression, explanation, and the dissection of motives and propensities. The novel of character--the able study of an inner life-is almost always the outcome of deep thought added to the gift of acute observation. This is not to be expected of a young beginner. Indeed, for my own part, were I to learn that one of these clever analytical studies was the work of an author young in years, I should be filled with regret. If you possess the capacity, the fitness of age will come all too soon, and, believe me, when it does come, you will not regret that you have not forestalled the proper time.

Thus you will see that my theory is that the young should write young. We all know the pleasure we derive from the fresh, natural, unaffected conversation of an unspoilt girl. Well, then, I want you to write as you talk, and remember this does not mean that you are to have no ambition; on the contrary, aim at the top-most point, or you will never rise. Neither do I mean the slipshod scribbling of ungrammatical nonsense which would offend the eye as much as it would the ear; but, starting with the supposition that you have well thought out your plot, have conceived your characters, and some of the situations in which they are to be placed, my advice is that you endeavour to give a graphic relation of your story in words to a friend, so that you may hear how the arrangement of the incidents and events stand, and bear in mind while doing this that it is not done so much for your friend's criticism as it is for your own. And

while dealing with this part of the subject, let me say in parenthesis that I know of few exercises more useful to the would-be novel writer than the telling of stories. Many writers of romance have been distinguished in the nursery and in the schoolroom as delightful story-tellers, and most of us can recall some dear long-lost magician who kept us spell-bound with romances for which we had petitioned. "Make it up as you go." We need not tax your imagination to this extent, it will answer every purpose if you repeat a story that you have read, and you may gauge your success by the interest which your hearers show. But to return to our embryo novel; suppose that from circumstances connected with your surroundings or your temperament you are not able to carry out this suggestion, then I would say, write out your plot as a short story, and so have clearly before you what you mean to tell. This done, try and divide it into chapters, and arrange your incidents and your dialogue; always bearing in mind the different dispositions and natures with which you invested your characters at starting, and endeavouring, as much as you possibly can, to let all they say and do push the story on to its climax.

About the length of the novel it is best that you should not trouble. When you feel that you have told all you have to tell, the book should come to an end. New pens should know nothing of padding, which is distasteful to every good writer and reader. Later in your career the demands of a magazine or a circulating library may compel you to give a greater amount of copy than your story has strength to bear, but at starting you are not bound by any of these trammels, and, as a rule, young brains are very fertile and brimming over with incidents and plots, therefore you can afford to be generous. And now we may suppose that your story completed lies before you in manuscript, clearly and carefully written with the pains we bestow on a thing we value and feel is our very own. If you are a true author your creation will have become very dear to you, and in launching it into the world you will suffer a hundred hopes and fears, and perhaps, disappointments. Your friends may have judged your efforts with their hearts rather than their heads. Few beginners are good critics of their own work, and true talent and modesty generally go hand in hand. The clouds of distrust are certain to cast their shadows over

you, but if you have the assurance that you have spared no pains, that you have given your best, do not fear that they will overwhelm you; there is a moral satisfaction in having done good work which no one can rob us of. A dozen other reasons than

want of merit lead to a M.S. being rejected. Have patience and courage, and some day, when perhaps it is least expected, the success I heartily wish for all earnest young authors will most surely come to you.

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

Give the outline of an imaginary Ghost Serial Story. The story to consist of Four Parts; each part to contain Four Chapters. Trace the progress of the tale, chapter by chapter,

Papers must contain not more than 500 words, and must reach the Superintendent, R.U., on or before June 25th.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

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What article of dress, on what occasion, was referred to in the following terms?—

"A velvet dish . . . a cockle, a walnut-shell, a knack, a toy, a trick, a custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie."

H

"The trade of a patron is the most dreadful a man can follow—gathering samphire is nothing to it."

1. Give the quotation on which the above remark is based. 2. Where does the remark occur?

III.

What little blind boy went for a sail in a turtle-shell?

IV.

What author was born on Nov. 29th, 1832, her father's birthday? The following are the last two verses of a poem written by her on the death of her mother:—

"Oh, noble woman! never more a queen
Than in the laying down
Of sceptre and of crown
To win a greater kingdom yet unseen;

Teaching us how to seek the highest goal
To earn the true success—

To live, to love, to bless—

And make death proud to take a royal soul."

V

In fiction imaginary sermons were preached on the following texts; state by whom, or where they occur:—

1. "I am the True Vine," said our Lord, "and Ye, My Brethien, are the Branches."

2. He "gave the verse, 'Behold, your house is left unto you, desolate!"

3. "A pulpit in the open air,
And a Friar, who is preaching to the crowd
In a voice so deep and clear and loud, . . .
"Christ is arisen!"

4. " Behold I stand at the door and knock."

VΤ

Who was called "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie," and why was she called thus?

All readers of "Atalanta" may send in answers to the above. Reply-Papers should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., "Atalanta," 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and must be posted on or before June 15th. They should have the words "Search Questions" on the cover.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS MAY.

I

George Macdonald's At the Back of the North Wind.
 Goethe's Wilhelm Meister [translation by Carlyle].
 Miss Edgeworth's Patronage.
 Charlotte Bronte's Shirley.
 Walter Besant's Children of Giocon.

Η.

"There is no architect Can build as the muse can."

Emerson, The House.

111.

Christina Rossetti's Goblin Market.

IV

1. Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 2. Much Ado about Nothing, iv. 2. 3. As Vou Like It, iii. 2. 4. Much Ado, ii. 1. 5. Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 6. Hamlet, i. 2.

V.

When John Alden went to court Priscilla for his friend Miles Standish (Longfellow).



SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

PART I.

SUMMER is here, and the bright days tempt us out more and more. The whole air is full of life. The fleecy clouds and blue sky overhead, the budding trees, and the fresh green grass glowing here and there with flowers, fill our hearts with gladness as we wander out to enjoy them. How beautiful is nature! If only we could lay hold of some of these lovely effects, and keep them by us to gladden our hearts and homes when summer is gone!

But how to begin? What to choose? Where to place oneself? Such are the questions that trouble the soul of the would-be sketcher and make him tremble and hesitate. It is to such as these—young students who have made, perhaps, elaborate copies at school or college, but who have never drawn from real objects—that we offer our counsels.

Three qualities are requisite for success in sketching from nature—patience, humility, and observation. The first and second, and even the third attempt may seem a mere caracature of the subject before you, but each effort, if made with earnestness, will bring new knowledge with it, and, by degrees, increase of power will follow. The student must have patience with himself, and be resigned to spoil many good sheets of paper before he arrives at the wished-for result. "Labor omnia vincit," should be his motto.

We will speak for the present of sketching in black and white only. The subject of colour will be treated later on. All are agreed as to the power and effect of a sketch in pencil, if it is well done. Distance, space, and vigour can be expressed by black and white alone, and the pencil is so much easier to manage than the brush, that the beginner should seek to represent what he sees by that alone, before he attempts colour.

A good preparation for sketching from nature is to try your hand upon the common objects that are grouped around you. Doors and tables, buckets and brooms, pots and pans, anything that chance puts in your way, will serve as a useful exercise for the application of the two or three great principles of perspective, a knowledge of which is necessary for the simpliest drawing. These principles may be learnt from any elementary treatise on perspective, and therefore we do not stop to explain them now.

A pencil marked H B, and another marked B; a sheet of good cartridge paper, or a sketch-book made of the same, with a piece of real Indiarubber, will be all that is needed in the way of materials for a long time. We say real Indiarubber advisedly, because many compounds are sold under that name, each worse than the other, and they often leave upon the paper more black lines than they remove. A sketch-book is preferable to loose pieces of paper, as you will have wherewith to make several studies in the same afternoon without being obliged to pin and unpin your paper on a board. It is most important to simplify, as much as possible, one's apparatus. One always has too many things to hold with ease, especially if there happens to be a wind.

The best time for sketching out of doors is early in the morning or towards the end of the afternoon. For the beginner the afternoon is the most favourable. In the morning the light keeps increasing until all breadth of light and shade is lost; whilst in the afternoon it decreases as the sun approaches the horizon, and thus a more simple effect is given which is much easier to render.

The first thing is to choose a subject. How often we hear it said "There is nothing to draw," in that particular place where the speaker finds himself. This is because he has not learned to see the beauties of ordinary things. Begin with a gate, or a door-way, or one or two garden tools leaning against a wall. Here is a stable door, the upper part is open to give air to the horse within, and a flight of stone steps at one side leads to the loft above. Seat yourself about twenty yards in front, if you can, and begin with a straight line across the middle of your paper, to mark the horizonal line. You will find, probably, by holding a pencil horizontally before your eyes, that this line coincides with the top or the lower door, and rather below the top of the highest step. Now hold your pencil at arm's length and compare the width of the doorway with its height, and draw in the door frame in corresponding proportion. Find the space between door and window by the same means, and when the latter is sketched in, turn to the steps. The place of the lowest step is found by observing where the ground-line of the door and wall seem to run behind it. The height of the top step is already fixed by the horizontal line, and the spaces of those lying between are found by comparison, either in height or width, with the door. When the simple outline is given as correctly as you can, you may strengthen the effect by a few bold lines of shading; but let these lines be clear and distinct. Smudgy shading never looks well. For the dark shadow within the door the first broad lines should be crossed, so as to produce a cross-hatching effect, which gives transparency and shade at the same time.

Next try the root of a tree, with a few weeds or stones near it; or a simple stile with the end of a wall or hedge. This brings us to one of the greatest difficulties of all—trees. Trees are a study of themselves, and require many an hour of downright hard work before we can give anything like a characteristic look. So many good studies of

trees exist, however—those in the threepenny numbers of the Vere Foster series being among the best—that a little previous application will give the student some idea how to set about his first sketch of a tree from nature; and the touch to adopt for each kind; and further observation of them as they grow will modify and correct the knowledge acquired from books. The elm, the ash, the oak, and the beech have all their characteristic forms. In winter, when the leaves are gone, the growth of the branches, and the angles more or less marked, formed by their junction with the trunk, tell us, even from a distance, the kind of tree we are looking at. In summer, when all this is draped with luxuriant foliage, letting a branch appear only here and there, the forms of the masses, as they rise one above another to the tree top, or in falling sweep the ground, indicate as clearly the nature of the trunk that upholds them. All this must be studied carefully and patiently if we would render with anything like success what may well be called the glory of the English landscape—her noble

Another difficulty that the inexperienced sketches meets with, is to know how much of the scene before him he can put upon his paper. The more extensive the view, the more he is embarrassed. It is a good plan, in such a case, to hold your sketch-book or board at arm's length in front of what you wish to draw, and to observe how much of the view is hidden by it. Turn your board to the right or to the left until that part of the landscape is covered by it, that you wish to put down. Observe carefully how much of the foreground comes within its scope, and how high it seems to rise above the horizon- Now take your sketchbook on your knee again and indicate the principal objects of the foreground; then mark in the middle distance in its relation to the latter, and if there is a distant horizon, observe carefully which points thereon come above certain points in the foreground, When a general idea of the whole subject is given upon the paper, you can fill in the detail; but if the opposite plan is followed, you may spend some time over the distance and then find it is much too extensive, and, in consequence, out of all proportion with the rest.

If you are in a mountainous country, the rise and fall of the mountain line may be what you seek especially to render. In such a case you

must begin with the horizon, but decide first of all at what point on either side your drawing should stop, and notice over what objects in foreground a vertical line falls that starts from either extremity of your distance, and on no account displace the relative positions of the principal masses. The endless variety, and at the same time marvellous beauty, of form in mountain scenery always charms the eye even of the casual observer, and the mere effort to reproduce it upon paper makes its beauty touch the soul of the lover of nature until the imagination seems to hear a sweet soft strain of music rising therefrom to the heavens above. A morning light is the most favorable for mountain views. The delicate haze upon the hills about sunrise takes a thousand fantastic forms as it rolls away, and suggests effects that are not to be seen later in the day. If you are skilful in the use of charcoal, it is an excellent means of giving these hazy effects.

Elie Toulmin-Smith.

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IMPRESSIONS OF A DEBUTANTE.

THE air seems full of weddings, and oh! what extraordinary functions these nineteenth century bridals are! Mother took me to Maud L'Estrange's last week, and I put on my freshest and newest spring robes, and wondered as we drove to the "fashionable West End Church" what it would be like.

As we drove up, a man stepped forward, even at the door of the church, and made notes of our names, and I felt very shy as I followed mother up the steps, through the crowd of people whom the policemen on duty were busily employed in keeping back. As soon as my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom inside, I saw the church was already thronged with a brilliant assembly, who looked eagerly towards the door, as every fresh arrival appeared. The whole aisle was lined with the non-commissioned officers of the bride-groom's company of the Guards, and, as the white-robed choir paced slowly down to the west-end door, the strains of the beautiful organ made me forget for one moment that I was in London, and I wondered how any girl could bring herself to undertake to enact the chief part in such a solemn scene.

But the organ had changed its note, and pealed forth the wedding hymn. We all rose simultaneously, and from the recesses of the vestry the bridegroom emerged, supported by his best man; and, from the other end of the church, the choir returned, headed by the clergyman; Maud, beneath her lovely old lace veil, looked the very picture of a bride, very pale, with eyes cast down, and clinging closely to her father's arm. Her two tiny nieces trotted up the church behind her, their large eyes gazing in wonder at the people on either side, whilst her eight big bridesmaids seemed to have stepped out of the beginning of the Queen's reign, so early-Victorian were their blue-bell skirts and quaint hats.

What a curious remains of an old custom it isthe giving of favours after the ceremony. Now it seems only to survive as a good way of filling up the time whilst that important function of signing the register goes on, for not half the people who witness a London wedding care enough about it to treasure up these mementoes. I could see the galleries were thronged with the dressmakers who had concocted Maud's trousseau. What a wonderful number of things a girl does seem to want! However, when I had my private view of it, I was delighted to see Maud had provided herself with some books too. I don't care what people say I am sure you must have some time to read, even on your honeymoon.

But the organ pealed out the Wedding March, and the newly-married couple came out, smiling and self-possessed. And there was a great crush getting out of the church, and a terrible function in Grosvenor Square, afterwards.

Half London seemed to have assembled there, and the chattering over the presents, and the squash in the room where tea and coffee was served was quite overpowering. And then they said, "She is going," and there was a rush for the stairs; and amidst light laughter and showers of rice, the bride and bridegroom entered their carriage. That was all the world knew of the parting; but upstairs Maud had bade her real farewell.

"And doubtful joys her father moved; And tears were on her mother's face; As parting with a long embrace She entered other realms of love." Some one has defined Woman as "an inferior animal trained by an inferior animal." The question of the status of the animal is one not likely to be easily settled; but by means of the University Extension we have of late done much to ensure that she shall share the advantages of he alleged superior, at least, in the matter of training.

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The question is, are we always sure of her capacity for receiving the higher teaching? The eager-minded student fresh from college, the habitual reader, possessor of a first-rate library, find in the University Extension teaching just the help they need. But how often do we hear the elder women say, regretfully, "This is a little beyond me—I am not prepared for it?" and the lecturers themselves have been known to regret the presence of the raw school-girl, sending in quantities of crude paper-work, testifying rather to her industry than to her capacity to profit by the opportunity.

For such cases as these, as well as for centres as yet untouched by the Extension Movement, the Association of Women Pioneer Lecturers has been recently established. It hopes to reach types of audience such as

- 1. Upper Forms in Boys' and Girls' Schools.
- 2. Rural village populations.
- 3. Ladies in suburban districts.
- 4. Members of Co-operative Societies and Polytechnics.
- 5. Working Men's Clubs, Institutes, and Night Schools.

That the teaching of a competent woman lecturer may be acceptable to men as well as women, is fully evinced by the audience which gathers weekly at Miss Goodrich-Freer's classes at the South Kensington Natural History Museum, where not only school-girls and boys with their parents and teachers, but working men and lads press round the specimens in anxiety to lose no item of information.

One man in rough working clothes asked if he might come again and "bring his Missis," and, tentatively, "the kids? Yer see I've go a horse or two of me own, and we'd ought to learn summat about 'em." While another, Huntsman to a well known M.F.H., insisted on shaking

hands with the lecturer and offered to send her any number of bones of horse, dog, or fox for her own private enjoyment.

All information as to the Association, which already numbers several hundred students, may be obtained from The Secretary, Miss Bradley, 13, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.

Though the Promoters of the Association are anxious that it shall not rival, but only pioneer the University Extension Movement, it has been cordially received as a younger sister by the Oxford Branch, and one of the best known lecturers of the London, Mr. Churton Collins, is on the Council.

DEAR MISTRESS BROWN OWL,

I Have not been asked to give my impressions upon anything in particular, but noting that your budget contained an attractive little sketch by a débutante, I venture to add a few remarks to her evidence as to the South of Ireland.

We are not all untidy, although it is pain and grief to us sometimes to be guided into the straight and narrow path which leads to neatness and good marks in our school. Still, when our reformation is an accomplished fact, none are neater than we are, and we feel a little hurt that you should say "everything" is so untidy, because it isn't! and we are growing better every day.

We are glad you are pleased to hear about our Rose-Queen Festival, and there is nothing untidy about that !--quite the reverse, everything goes as smoothly as a marriage-bell-no, I mean as a coronation ought to. And the "pretty ceremonies" are not only "according to Mr. Ruskins' idea," but they actually owe their very existence to his generosity and loving kindliness. Each year, for the past nine years, our good friend has sent most beautiful gifts for the queen when elected, some of which she retains for her royal self, and others designed for her maidens, all chosen from among her schoolfellows. "The poetry and hero-worship" in which we indulge centres round a beautiful little stained glass portrait of our hero, and his wellknown motto, "To-day"-both of which may be seen on our festival day; the one suspended in the centre of a large window, through which sunny

beams, lighting up the well-known face, fall on the sill below, where on a bank of such moss as Ireland only know how to grow, the legend, TO-DAY, peeps out in numberless primrose eyes.

Rose Queens, too, usually carry out some useful work during their reigns. Thus: One inaugurated an "Old Girls" Society, and called it the *Rose Guild*, and this is ever so flourishing. Another organized a "Choral Society," and this has given three public concerts already. Last year the good work took the form of a Flower Mission, and once each week all the girls brought bunches of flowers just ready to carry up to the large hospitals near, and then the Rose-Queen and her maidens, laden with the fresh and fragrant blossoms, were often permitted the privilege of distributing them, with their own hands, to the suffering ones.

But this year we are going to attempt a very big work, nothing less than to establish a "Library"—a Recreation Library we are going to call it, because it will contain no horrid lesson books, but only the most delightful stories, travels, and fairy tales. We think that some of our rich English friends may like to help us—any old book friends that they can spare to make new friends will be warmly welcomed, and the Rose-Queen will be quite proud and happy to receive and acknowledge any parcels of books for so worthy an object if addressed to Her Floral Majesty at the High School, Sydney, Cork.

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THE TRUMPETER, by J. V. von Scheffel; translated by Jessie Beck and Louise Lorimer; with Introduction by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. (William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1893).

In the whole range of German literature there is probably no more popular work than Scheffel's "Trompeter von Säckingen," published forty-one years ago, and now in its two-hundredth edition. This charming metrical romance presents a vivid picture of German mediæval life, many features in which still survive. Castles and monasteries are indeed now in ruins, petty feudal principalities are extinct, and the Pope no longer holds undivided spiritual sway; but the haughty baron, whose daughter may not wed a simple burgher, the

wayward, but gifted and musical German student, the godly and kindly pastor, the knowing and jovial innkeeper, with his toping and garrulous guests, the local artist, the village orchestra, the estival of the patron-saint, and the concert and the dance with their joyous "Publikum"-all are to be found in the "Trompeter," and all are with us still. The loves of Werner, the Trumpeter, and Margaretha, the baron's daughter, being true, of course fail to run smoothly; the lovers are separated by the great gulf of caste; the interval between the catastrophe and the ultimate denouement is then artistically bridged over by a number of beautiful lyrics, reminding one of an ancient Greek chorus; and, lastly, the Pope himself comes to the rescue of our hero and heroine. This charming story is now introduced to English readers in a dainty English garb, and the translators deserve to be congratulated on the excellence of their work. It is hard to say whether the "lilting trochees" of the blank verse or the rhymed lyrics are the better rendered, both being admirable reproductions of the spirit and style of the original. The little book will delight all who love poetry and all who know or who wish to learn something about Germany and its pictur esque traditions.

J. Kirkpatrick.

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MONA MACLEAN, Medical Student (Blackwood) is a book which will interest many girls. It is written with extreme care and much earnestness, and the portrait of Mona herself is sweet, strong and womanly. The title prepares one for the career of a Lady Doctor, or, at any rate, for her time of training; but, nevertheless, the story in question has varied outside interests, and the Scotch scenes, and the sketches of Scotch character, are entertaining and life-like. Mona's experiences in her aunt's shop are decidedly amusing, and her recipe for trimming a bonnet might be followed with advantage by many a Scotch lassie.

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MEMOIRS OF HIS ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PART I. THE LORD ADVOCATE.

CHAPTER XIX.

I AM MUCH IN THE HANDS OF THE LADIES.

THE copying was a wearying business, the more so as I perceived very early there was no sort of urgency in the matters treated, and began very early to consider my employment a pretext. I had no sooner finished, than I got to horse, used what remained of day light to the best purpose, and being at last fairly benighted, slept in a house by Almond-Water side. I was in the saddle again before the day, and the Edinburgh booths were just opening when I clattered in by the West Bow and drew up a smoking horse at my lord Advocate's door. I had a written word for Doig, my lord's private hand that was thought to be in all his secrets, a worthy, little plain man, all

fat and snuff and self-sufficiency. Him I found already at his desk and already bedabbled with maccabaw, in the same ante-room where I rencountered with James More. He read the note scrupulously through like a chapter in his Bible.

"H'm," says he, "ye come a wee thing ahint hand, Mr. Balfour. The bird's flaen, we hae letten her out."

- "Miss Drummond is set free?" I cried.
- "Achy!" said he. "What would we keep her for, ye ken? To hae made a stir about the bairn would hae pleased naebody."
 - "And where'll she be now?" says I.
 - "Gude kens!" says Doig, with a shrug.
- "She'll have gone home to Lady Allardyce, I'm thinking," says I.
 - "That'll be it," said he.
 - "Then I'll gang there straight," says I.

"But ve'll be for a bite ar ve go?" said he.

"Neither bite nor sup," said I. "I had a good waucht of milk in by Ratho."

"Aweel, aweel," said Doig. "But ye'll can leave your horse here and your bags, for it seems we're to have your up-put."

"Na, na," said 1. "Tamson's mare* would never be the thing for me this day of all days."

Doig speaking somewhat broad, I had been led by imitation into an accent much more countrified than I was usually careful to affect, a good deal broader indeed than I have written it down; and I was the more ashamed when another voice joined in behind me with a scrap of a ballad:

"Gar saddle me the bonny black,
Gar saddle sune and make him ready,
Far I will down the gatehope-slack,
And a' to see my bonny leddy."

The young lady, when I turned to her, stood in a morning gown, and her hands muffled in the same as if to hold me at a distance. Yet I could not but think there was kindness in the eye with which she saw me.

"My best respects to you, Mistress Grant," said I, bowing.

"The like to yourself, Mr. David," she replied, with a deep courtesy. "And I beg to remind you of an old musty saw, that meat and mass never hindered man. The mass I cannot afford you, for we are all good Protestants. But the meat I press on your attention. And I would not wonder but I could find something for your private ear that would be worth the stopping for."

"Mistress Grant," said I, "I believe I am already your debtor for some merry words—and I think they were kind too—on a piece of unsigned paper."

"Unsigned paper?" says she, and made a droll face, which was likewise wondrous beautiful, as of one trying to remember.

"Or else I am the more deceived," I went on.
"But to be sure, we shall have the time to speak
of these, since your father is so good as to make
me for awhile your inmate; and the *gomeral* begs
you at this time only for the favour of his liberty."

"You give yourself hard names," said she.

"Mr. Doig and I would be blythe to take harder at your clever pen," says I.

"Once more I have to admire the discretion of

all men-folk," she replied. "But if you will not eat, off with you at once: you will be back the sooner, for you go on a fool's errand. Off with you, Mr. David," she continued, opening the door.

"He has lowpen on his bonny grey,
He rade the richt gate and the ready;
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,
Far he was seeking his bonny leddy."

I did not want to be bidden twice, and did justice to Miss Grant's citation on the way to Dean.

Old Lady Allardyce walked there alone in the garden, in her hat and mutch, and having a silver-mounted staff of some black wood to lean upon. As I alighted from my horse, and drew near to her with *congecs*, I could see the blood come in her face, and her head fling into the air like what I had conceived of empresses.

"What brings you to my poor door?" she cried speaking high through her nose. "I cannot bar it. The males of my house are dead and buried; I have neither son nor husband to stand in the gate for me; any begger can pluck me by the baird*—and a baird there is, and that's the worst of it yet!" she added, partly to herself.

I was extremely put out at this reception, and the last remark, which seemed like a daft wife's, left me near hand speechless.

"I see I have fallen under your displeasure, ma'am," said I. "Yet I will still be so bold as to ask after Mistress Drummond."

She considered me with a burning eye, her lips pressed close together into twenty creases, her hand shaking on her staff. "This cows all!" she cried. "Ye come to me to spier for her? Would God I knew!"

"She is not here?" I cried.

She threw up her chin and made a step and a cry at me, so that I fell back incontinent.

"Out upon your leeing throat!" she cried. "What! ye leave the house together, I ken ye, at ill words: the jaud's gane. The last I hear of her she's in jyle, whaur ye took her to—that'll be all there is to it. And of a' the beings ever I beheld in breeks to think it should be you! Ye timmer scoun'rel, if I had a male left to my name I would have your jaicket dustit till ye raired."

I thought it not good to delay longer in that place because I remarked her passion to be rising-

^{*} Tamson's mare, to go afoot.

As I turned to the horse-post she even followed me; and I make no shame to confess that I rode away with one stirrup on and scrambling for the other.

As I knew no other quarter where I could push my inquiries, there was nothing left me but to return to the Advocate's. I was well received by the four ladies, who were now in company together, and must give the news of Prestongrange and what word went in the west country, at the most inordinate length and with great weariness to myself; while all the time that young lady, with whom I so much desired to be alone again, observed me quizzically, and seemed to find pleasure in the sight of my impatience. At last, after I had endured a meal with them, and was come very near the point of appealing for an interview before her mother, she went and stood by the music-case, and picking out a tune, sang to it on a high key-"He that will not when he may, When he will he shall have nay." But this was the end of her rigours, and presently, after making some excuse of which I have no mind, she carried me away in private to her father's library. I should not fail to say that she was dressed to the nines, and appeared extraordinary handsome.

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"Now, Mr. David, sit ye down here and let us have a two-handed crack," said she. "For I have much to tell you, and it appears besides that I have been grossly unjust to your good taste."

"In what manner, Mistress Grant?" I asked. "I trust I have never seemed to fail in due respect."

"I will be your surety, Mr. David," said she. "Your respect, whether to yourself or your poor neighbours, has been always and most fortunately beyond imitation. But that is by the question. You got a note from me?" she asked.

"I was so bold as to suppose so upon inference," said I, "and it was kindly thought upon."

"It must have prodigiously surprised you," said she. "But let us begin with the beginning. You have not perhaps forgot a day when you were so kind as to escort three very tedious misses to Hope Park? I have the less cause to forget it myself, because you was so particular obliging as to introduce me to some of the principles of the Latin grammar, a thing which wrote itself profoundly on my gratitude."

"I fear I was sadly pedantical," said I, overcome

with confusion at the memory. "You are only to consider I am quite unused with the society of ladies."

"I will say the less about the grammar then,' she replied. "But how came you to desert your charge? 'He has thrown her out, overboard, his ain, dear Annie!'" she hummed; "and his ain dear Annie and her two sisters had to taigle home by theirselves like a string of green geese! It seems you returned to my papa's, where you showed yourself excessively martial, and then on to realms unknown, with an eye (it appears) to the Bass Rock; solan geese being perhaps more to your mind than bonnie lasses."

With all this raillery, which I bore, I fear, with an ill grace, there was something indulgent in the lady's eye which made me suppose there might be better behind.

"You take a pleasure to torment me," said I, "and I make a very feckless plaything; but let me ask you to be more merciful. At this time there is but the one thing that I care to hear of, and that will be news of Catriona."

"Do you call her by that name to her face, Mr. Balfour?" she asked.

"In troth, and I am not very sure," I stammered.

"I would not do so in any case to strangers," said Miss Grant. "And why are you so much immersed in the affairs of this young lady?"

"I heard she was in prison," said I.

"Well, and now you have heard that she is out of it," she replied, "and what more would you have? She has no need of any further champion."

"I may have the greater need of her, ma'am," said I.

"Come, this is better!" says Miss Grant. "But look me fairly in the face: am I not bonnier than she?"

"I would be the last to be denying it," said I.
"There is not your marrow in all Scotland."

"Well, here you have the pick of the two at your hand, and must needs speak of the other," said she. "This is never the way to please the ladies, Mr. Balfour."

"But, mistress," said I, "there are surely other things beside mere beauty."

"By which I am to understand that I am no better than I should be, perhaps?" she asked.

"By which you will please understand that I am like the cock in the fable book," said I. "I see

the braw jewel—and I like fine to see it too—but I have more need of the pickle corn."

"Bravissimo!" she cried. "There is a word well said at last, and I will reward you for it with my story. That same night of your desertion I came late from a friend's house-where I was excessively admired, whatever you may think of itand what should I hear but that a lass in a tartan screen desired to speak with me? She had been there an hour or better, said the servant-lass, and she grat in to herself as she sat waiting. I went to her direct; she rose as I came in, and I knew her at a look. "Grev Eyes." says I to myself, but was more wise than to let on. You will be Miss Grant at last? she says, rising and looking at me hard and pitiful. Av, it was true he said, you are bonny at all events—The way God made me, my dear, I said, but I would be gev and obliged if ye could tell me what brought you here at such a time of the night—Ladv, she said, we are kinsfolk, we are both come of the blood of the son of Alpin.— My dear, I replied, I think no more of Alpin or his sons than what I do of a kalestock. You have a better argument in these tears upon your bonny face. And at that I was so weak-minded as to kiss her, which is what you would like to do dearly, and I wager will never find the courage of. I say it was weak-minded of me, for I knew no more of her than the outside; but it was the wisest stroke I could have hit upon. She is a very staunch, brave nature, but I think she has been little used with tenderness; and at that caress (though to say the truth of it, it was but lightly given) her heart went out to me. I will never betray the secrets of my sex, Mr. Davie; I will never tell you the way she turned me round her thumb, because it is the same she will use to twist yourself. Ah, it's a fine lass! She is as clean as hill well water."

"She is e'en't!" I cried.

"Well, then, she told me her concerns," pursued Miss Grant, "and in what a swither she was in about her papa, and what a talking about yourself, with very little cause, and in what a perplexity she had found herself after you was gone away. And then I minded at long last, says she, that we were kinswomen, and that Mr. David should have given you the name of the bonniest of the bonny, and I was thinking to myself, 'If she is so bonny she will be good at all events:' and I took up my foot soles out of that. That was when I forgave your-

self, Mr. Davie. When you was in my society, you seemed upon hot iron: by all marks, if ever I saw a young man that wanted to be gone, it was yourself: and I and my two sisters were the ladies you were so desirous to be gone from; and now it appeared you had given me some notice in the bygoing, and was so kind as to comment on my attractions! If a stack of corn had turned me a madrigal, I could not have been better flattered, I thought you stood so inaccessible! From that hour you may date our friendship, and I began to think with tenderness upon the Latin grammar."

"You will have many hours to rally me in," said I, "and I think besides you do yourself injustice: I think it was Catriona turned your heart in my direction: she is too simple to perceive as you do the stiffness of her friend."

"I would not like to wager upon that, Mr. David," said she. "The lasses have clear eyes. But at least she is your friend entirely, as I was to I carried her into his lordship my papa; and his Advocacy, being in a favourable stage of claret, was so good as to receive the pair of us. Here is Grey Eyes that you have been deaved with these days past, said I, she is come to prove that we spoke true, and I lay the prettiest lass in the three Lothians at your feet-making a papistical reservation of myself. She suited her action to my words; down she went upon her knees to him-I would not like to swear but he saw two of her, which doubtless made her appeal the more irresistible, for you are all a pack of Mahomedans—told him what had passed that night, and how she had withheld her father's man from following of you, and what a case she was in about her father, and what a flutter for yourself; and begged with weeping for the lives of both of you (neither of which was in the slightest danger) till I vow I was proud of my sex because it was done so pretty, and ashamed for it because of the smallness of the occasion. She had not gone far, I assure you, before the Advocate was wholly sober, to see his inmost politics ravelled out by a young lass and discovered to the most unruly of his daughters. But we took him in hand, the pair of us, and brought that matter straight. Properly managed—and that means managed by me—there is no one to compare with my papa."

"He has been a good man to me," said I.

"Well, he was a good man to Katrine, and I was there to see to it," said she.

"And she pled for me! say I.

"She did that, and very movingly," said Miss Grant, "I would not like to tell you what she said, I find you vain enough already."

"God reward her for it!" cried I.

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"With Mr. David Balfour, I suppose?" says she.

"You do me too much injustice at the last!" I cried. "I would tremble to think of her in such hard hands. Do you think I would presume, because she begged my life? She would do that for a new whelped puppy! I have had more than that to set me up, if you but ken'd. She kissed that hand of mine. Ay, but she did. And why? because she thought I was playing a brave part and might be going to my death. It was not for my sake, but I need not be telling that to you that cannot look at me without laughter. It was for the love of what she thought was bravery. I believe there is none but me and poor Prince Charlie had that honour done them. Was this not to make a god of me? and do you not think my heart would quake when I remember it?"

"I do laugh at you a good deal, and a good deal more than is quite civil," said she; "but I will tell you one thing: if you speak to her like that you have some glimmerings of a chance."

"Me?" I cried, "I would never dare. I can speak to you, Miss Grant, because it's a matter of indifference what ye think of me. But her? no fear!" said I.

"I think you have the largest feet in all broad Scotland," says she.

"Troth, they are no very small," said I, looking down.

"Ah, poor Catriona!" cries Miss Grant.

And I could but stare upon her; for though I now see very well what she was driving at (and perhaps some justification for the same), I was never swift at the uptake in such flimsy talk.

"Ah well, Mr. David," she said, "it goes sore against my conscience, but I see I shall have to be your speaking board. She shall know you came to her straight upon the news of her imprisonment; she shall know you would not pause to eat; and of our conversation she shall hear just so much as I think convenient for a maid of her age and inexperience. Believe me, you will be in that way much better served than you could serve yourself, for I will keep the big feet out of the platter."

"You know where she is, then?" I exclaimed.

"That I do, Mr. David, and will never tell," said she.

"Why that?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "I am a good friend, as you will soon discover; and the chief of those that I am a friend to is my papa. I assure you, you will never heat nor melt me out of that, so you may spare me your sheep's eyes; and adieu to your David Balfourship for the now."

"But there is yet one thing more," I cried.
"There is one thing that must be stopped, being mere ruin to herself and to me too."

"Well," she said, "be brief, I have spent half the day on you already."

"My Lady Allardyce believes," I began, "she supposes—she thinks that I abducted her."

The colour came into Miss Grant's face, so that at first I was quite abashed to find her ear so delicate, till I bethought me she was struggling rather with mirth, a notion in which I was altogether confirmed by the shaking of her voice as she replied—

"I will take up the defence of your reputation," said she. "You may leave it in my hands."

And with that she withdrew out of the library.

CHAPTER XX

I CONTINUE TO MOVE IN GOOD SOCIETY.

For about exactly two months I remained a guest in Prestongrange's family, where I bettered my acquaintance with the bench, the bar, and the flower of Edinburgh company. You are not to suppose my education was neglected; on the contrary, I was kept extremely busy. I was set to study the French, so as to be more prepared to go to Leyden; of my own motion I set myself to the fencing, and wrought hard, sometimes three hours in the day, with notable advancement; at the suggestion of my cousin, Pilrig, who was an apt musician, I was put to a singing class, and by the orders of my Miss Grant, to one for the dancing, at which I must say I proved far from ornamental. However, all were good enough to say it gave me an address a little more genteel; and there is no question but I learned to manage my coat skirts and sword with more dexterity, and to stand in a room as though the same belonged to me. My clothes themselves were all earnestly re-ordered; and the most trifling circumstance, such as where I should tie my hair, or the colour of my ribbon, debated among the three misses like a thing of weight. One way with another, no doubt I was a good deal improved to look at, and acquired a bit of a modish air that would have surprised the good folks at Essendean.

The two younger misses were very willing to discuss a point of my habiliment, because that was in the line of their chief thoughts. I cannot say that they appeared in any other way conscious of my presence: and though always more than civil, with a kind of heartless cordiality, could not hide how much I wearied them. As for Lady Prestongrange, she was a wonderful still woman; she spoke little, always with excellent sense and great decision; I think she gave me much the same attention as she gave the rest of the family, and inspired me with just the same sentiment, of a respectful fear. The eldest daughter and the Advocate himself were thus my principal friends, and our familiarity was much increased by a pleasure that we took in common. Before the court met we spent a day or two at the house of Grange, living very nobly with an open table, and here it was that we three began to ride out together in the fields, a practice maintained in Edinburgh, so far as the Advocate's continual affairs permitted. When we were put in a good frame by the briskness of the exercise, the difficulties of the way, or the accidents of bad weather, my shyness wore entirely off; we forgot that we were strangers, and speech not being required, it flowed the more naturally on. it was that they had my story from me, bit by bit, from the time that I left Essendean, with my voyage and battle in the Covenant, wanderings in the heather, etc.: and from the interest they found in my adventures sprung the circumstance of a jaunt we made a little later on, on a day when the courts were not sitting, and of which I will tell a trifle more at length.

We took horse early, and passed first by the house of Shaws, where it stood smokeless in a great field of white frost, for it was yet early in the day. Here Prestongrange alighted down, gave me his horse, and proceeded alone to visit my uncle. My heart, I remember, swelled up bitter within me

at the sight of that bare house and the thought of the old miser sitting chittering within in the cold kitchen.

"This is my home," said I. "And my family."

"Poor David Balfour!" said Miss Grant.

What passed during the visit I have never heard; but it would doubtless not be very agreeable to Ebenezer; for when the Advocate came forth again his face was dark.

"I think you will soon be the laird, indeed, Mr. Davie," says he, turning half about with the one foot in the stirrup.

"I will never pretend sorrow," said I; and, indeed, during his absence, Miss Grant and I had been embellishing the place in fancy with plantations, parterres, and a terrace, much as I have since carried out in fact.

Thence we pushed to the Queensferry, where Rankeillor gave us a good welcome, being indeed out of the body to receive so great a visitor. Here the Advocate was so unaffectedly good as to go quite fully over my affairs, sitting perhaps two hours with the Writer in his study, and expressing (I was told) a great esteem for myself and concern for my fortunes. To while this time, Miss Grant and I and young Rankeillor took boat and passed the Hope to Limekilns. Rankeillor made himself very ridiculous (and, I thought, offensive) with his admiration for the young lady, and to my wonder (only it is so common a weakness of her sex) she seemed, if anything, to be a little gratified. One use it had: for when we were come to the other side, she laid her commands on him to mind the boat, while she and I passed a little further to the ale-house. This was her own thought, for she had been taken with my account of Alison Hastie, and desired to see the lass herself. We found her once more alone-indeed, I believe her father wrought all day in the fields—and she curtsied dutifully to the gentry-folk and the beautiful young lady in the riding-coat.

"Is this all the welcome I am to get?" said I, holding out my hand. "And have you no more memory of old friends?"

"Keep me! wha's this of it?" she cried, and then, "Preserve us, it's the tautit* laddie!"

"The very same," says I.

"Mony's the time I'm thocht upon you and your freen, and blythe am I to see in your braws," †

* Ragged. † Fine things.

she cried. "Though I kent ye were come to your ain folk by the grand present that ye sent me, and that I thank ve for with a' my heart."

"There," said Miss Grant to me, "run out by with ye, like a good bairn. I did nae come here to stand and haud a candle; its her and me that are to crack."

I suppose she stayed ten minutes in the house, but when she came forth I observed two things—that her eyes were reddened, and a silver brooch was gone out of her bosom. This very much affected me.

"I never saw you so well adorned," said I.

"O Davie man, dinna be a pompous gowk!" said she, and was more than usually sharp to me the remainder of the day.

About candlelight we came home from this excursion.

For a good while I heard nothing further of Catriona: my Miss Grant remaining quite impenetrable, and stopping my mouth with pleasantries. At last, one day that she returned from walking and found me alone in the parlour over my French, I thought there was something unusual in her looks; the colour heightened, the eyes sparkling high, and a bit of a smile continually bitten in as she regarded me. She seemed indeed like the very spirit of mischief, and, walking briskly in the room, had soon involved me in a kind of quarrel over nothing and (at the least) with nothing intended on my side. I was like Christian in the slough; the more I tried to clamber out upon the side, the deeper I became involved; until at last I heard her declare, with a great deal of passion, that she would take that answer at the hands of none, and I must down upon my knees for pardon.

The causelessness of all this fuff stirred my own bile. "I have said nothing you can properly object to," said I, "and as for my knees, that is an attitude I keep for God."

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"And as a goddess I am to be served!" she cried, shaking her brown locks at me and with a bright colour. "Every man that comes within waft of my petticoats shall use me so!"

"I will go so far as ask your pardon for the fashion's sake, although I vow I know not why," I replied. "But for these play-acting postures, you can go to others."

"O Davie," she said. "Not if I was to beg

you?" I bethought me I was fighting with a woman, which is the same as to say a child, and that upon a point entirely formal.

"I think it a vainly thing," I said, "not worthy in you to ask, or me to render. Yet I will not refuse you, neither," said I; "and the stain, if there be any, rests with yourself." And at that I kneeled fairly down.

"There!" she cried. 'There is the proper station; there is where I have been manœuvring to bring you." And then, suddenly, "Kep," said she, flung me a folded billet, and ran from the apartment laughing.

The billet had neither place nor date. "Dear Mr. David," it began, "I get guid news continually by my cousin, Miss Grant, and it is a pleisand hearing. I am very well, in a good place, among good folk, but necessitated to be quite private, though I am hoping that at long last we may meet again. All your friendships have been told me by my loving cousin, who loves us both. She bids me to send you this writing, and oversees the same. I will be asking you to do all her commands, and rest your affectionate friend, Catriona Macgregor-Drummond. P.S.—Will you not see my cousin, Allardyce?"

I think it not the least brave of my campaigns (as the soldiers say) that I should have done as I was here bidden, and gone forth right to the house by Dean. But the old lady was now entirely changed and supple as a glove. By what means Miss Grant had brought this round I could never guess; I am sure, at least, she dared not to appear openly in the affair, for her papa was compromised in it pretty deep. It was he, indeed, who had persuaded Catriona to leave, or rather, not to return, to her cousins, placing her instead with a family of Gregaras, decent people, quite at the Advocate's disposition, and in whom she might have the more confidence because they were of her own class and family. These kept her private till all was ripe, heated and helped her to attempt her father's rescue, and after she was discharged from prison received her again into the same secrecy. Thus Prestongrange obtained and used his instrument; nor did there leak out the smallest word of his acquaintance with the daughter of James More. There was some whispering, of course, upon the escape of that discredited person; but

* Catch.

the Government replied by a show of rigour, one of the cell porters was flogged, the lieutenant of the guard (my poor friend, Duncansby), was broken of his rank, and, as for Catriona, all men were well enough pleased that her fault should be passed by in silence.

I could never induce Miss Grant to carry back an answer. "No," she would say, when I persisted, "I am going to keep the big feet out of the platter." This was the more hard to bear, as I was aware she saw my little friend many times in the week, and carried her my news whenever (as she said) I "had behaved myself." At last she treated me to what she called an indulgence, and I thought rather more of a banter. She was certainly a strong, almost a violent friend, to all she liked; chief among whom was a certain frail old gentlewoman, very blind, and very witty, who dwelt in the top of a tall house on a strait close, with a nest of linnets in a cage, and thronged all day with visitors. Miss Grant was very fond to carry me there and put me to entertain her friend with the narrative of my misfortunes; and Miss Tibbie Ramsay (that was her name) was particular kind, and told me a great deal that was worth knowledge of old folks and past affairs in I should say that from her chamber window, and not three feet away, such is the straitness of that close, it was possible to look into a barred loophole lighting the stairway of the opposite house.

There, upon some pretext, Miss Grant left me one day alone with Miss Ramsay. I mind, I thought that lady inattentive and like one preoccupied. I was, besides, very uncomfortable, for the window, contrary to custom was left open, and the day was cold. All at once the voice of Miss Grant sounded in my ears as from a distance.

"Here, Shaws!" she cried, "keek out of the window and see what I have broughten you."

I think it was the prettiest sight that ever I beheld; the well of the close was all in clear shadow where a man could see distinctly, the walls very black and dingy; and there from the barred loophole I saw two faces smiling across at me—Miss Grant's and Catriona's.

"There!" says Miss Grant, "I wanted her to see you in your braws like the lass of lime kilns. I wanted her to see what I could make of you, when I buckled to the job in earnest!"

It came in my mind she had been more than

common particular that day upon my dress; and I think that some of the same care had been bestowed upon Catriona. For so merry and sensible a lady, Miss Grant was certainly wonderful taken up with duds.

"Catriona!" was all I could get out.

As for her, she said nothing in the world, but only waved her hand and smiled to me, and was suddenly carried away again from before the loophole.

That vision was no sooner lost than I ran to the house door, where I found I was locked in ; thence back to Miss Ramsay, crying for the key, but might as well have cried upon the castle rock. She had passed her word, she said, and I must bea good lad. It was impossible to burst the door, even if it had been mannerly; it was impossible I should leap from the window, being seven storeys above ground. All I could do was to crane over the close and watch for their reappearance from the stair. It was little to see, being no more than the tops of their two heads each on a ridiculous bobbin of hoop skirts, like to a pair of pincushions. Nor did Catriona so much as look up for a farewell; being prevented (as I heard afterwards) by Miss Grant, who told her folk were never seen toless advantage than from above downward.

On the way home, as soon as I was set free, I upbraided Miss Grant with her cruelty.

"I am sorry you was disappointed," says shedemurely. "For my part I was very pleased. You looked better than I dreaded; you looked—if it will not make you vain—a mighty pretty young man when you appeared in the window. You are to remember that she could not see your feet," says she, with the manner of one reassuring me.

"O!" cried I, "leave my feet be, they are nobigger than my neighbour's."

"They are even smaller than some," said she "but I speak in parables like a Hebrew prophet."

"I marvel little they were sometimes stoned!" says I. "But you miserable girl, how could you do it? Why should you care to tantalise me with a moment?"

"Love is like folk," says she, "it needs somekind of vivers."*

"O, Merrian, let me see her properly!" I

pleaded. "You can, you see her when you please; let me have half an hour."

"Who is it that is managing this love affair? You? or me?" she asked, and as I continued to press her with my instances, fell back upon the deadly expedient of imitating the tones of my voice when I called on Catriona by name; with which, indeed, she held me in subjection for some days to follow,

There was never the least word heard of the memorial, or none by me. Prestongrange and his grace the Lord President may have heard of it (for what I know) on the deafest sides of their heads; they kept it to themselves, at least; the public was none the wiser; and in course of time, on November 8th, and in the midst of a prodigious storm of wind and rain, poor James of the Glens was duly hanged at Lettermore by Balachulish. Methought when I got the news, it would prove the signal of some change, and so it proved, although with no indecency of haste. The 25th of the same month, a ship was advertised to sail from Leith; and I was suddenly recommended to make up my mails for Levden. To Prestongrange I could, of course, say nothing; for I had already been a long while sorning on this house and table. But with his daughter I was more open, and bewailing my fate that I should be sent out of the country, and assuring her, unless she should bring me to farewell with Catriona, I would refuse at the last hour.

"Have I not given you my advice?" she asked.

"I know you have," said I, "and I know how much I am beholden to you already, and that I am bidden to obey your orders. But you must confess you are something too merry a lass at times to lippen* to entirely."

"I will tell you, then," said she. "Be you on board by nine o'clock forenoon; the ship does not sail before one; keep your boat alongside; and if you are not pleased with my farewells when I shall send them, you can come ashore again and seek Katrine for yourself."

Since I could make no more of her, I was fain to be content with this.

The day came round at last when she and I were to separate. We had been extremely intimate and familiar; I was much in her debt; and what way we were to part was a thing that put me from my sleep, like the vails I was to give to the domestic

servants. I knew she considered me too backward, and rather desired to rise in her opinion on that head. Besides which, after so much affection shown and (I believe) felt upon both sides, it would have looked cold-like to be anyways stiff. Accordingly, I got my courage up and my words ready, and the last chance we were like to be alone, asked pretty boldly to be allowed to salute her in farewell.

"You forget yourself strangely, Mr. Balfour," said she. "I can't call to mind that I have given you any right to presume on our acquaintancy."

I stood before her like a stopped clock, and knew not what to think, far less to say, when of a sudden she cast her arms about my neck, and kissed me with the best will in the world.

"You inimitable bairn," she cried. "Did you think that I would let us part like strangers. Because I can never keep very quietly at you for five minutes on end, you must not dream I do not love you very well; I am all love and laughter, any time I cast an eye upon you! And now I will give you an advice to conclude your education, which you will have need of before it's very long. Never ask womenfolk. They're bound to answer 'no": God never made the lass that could resist the temptation. It's supposed by divines to be the curse of Eve; because she did not say it, when the devil offered her the apple, her daughters can say nothing else."

"Since I am so soon to lose my bonny professor," I began.

"This is gallant, indeed," says she, curtseying.

"— I could put the one question," I went on; "May I ask a lass to marry me?"

"You think you could not marry her without?" she asked. "Or else get her to offer?"

"You see you cannot be serious," said I.

"I shall be very serious in one thing, David." said she. "I shall always be your friend."

As I got to my horse the next morning, the poor ladies were all at that same window whence we had once looked down on Catriona, and all cried farewell and waved their pocket napkins as I rode away; one out of the four I knew was truly sorry; and at the thought of that, and how I had come to the door three months ago for the first time, sorrow and gratitude made a confusion in my mind.

PART II. FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VOYAGE INTO HOLLAND.

THE ship lay at single anchor, well outside the pier of Leith, so that all we passengers must come to it by the means of skiffs. This was very little troublesome for the reason that the day was a flat calm, very frosty and cloudy, and with a low shifting fog upon the water. The body of the vessel was thus quite hid as I drew near, but the tall spars of her stood high and bright in a sunshine like the flickering of a fire. All the way down to Leith, save when I had called in to say farewell at Pilrig, I had been dwelling in my mind upon, and telling myself all kinds of explanations of Miss Grant's proposed farewell; and now when I was come alongside my ship, it was my first care, even before my mails were shifted, to put the boat under the charge of Prestongrange's man that accompanied me, and have it wait near by until my expectation should be fulfilled or else deceived. Then I stepped on board the Rose, which I found to be a very roomy commodious merchant, but somewhat blunt in the bows, and laden extraordinary deep with salt, salted salmon, and fine white linen stockings for the Dutch. Here I found the captain, one Sang (out of Lesmahago, I believe), a very hearty, friendly tarpauling of a man, but at the moment in rather of a bustle. There had no other of the passengers yet appeared, so that I was left to walk about on the deck, viewing the prospect and wondering a good deal what these farewells would be which I was promised.

All Edinburgh and the Pentland Hills glinted above me in a kind of misty brightness, now and again overcome with blots of clouds; of Leith there was no more than the tops of chimneys visible, and on the face of the water, where the haar lay, nothing at all. Out of this I was presently aware of a sound of oars pulling, and a little after (as if out of the smoke of a fire) a boat issued. There sat a grave man in the stern sheets,

well muffled from the cold, and by his side a tall, pretty, tender figure of a maid that brought my heart to a stand. It was well for the credit of my gallantry that some time was left me to recover my spirits and compose my face. So, when Catriona stepped upon the deck, there I was before her, bareheaded, smiling, and making my best bow, which was now vastly finer than some months before when first I made it to her ladyship. No doubt we were both a good deal changed; she seemed to have shot up taller, like a young comely tree. She had now a kind of pretty backwardness that became her well, as of one that regarded herself more highly and was fairly woman; and for another thing, the hand of the same magician had been at work upon the pair of us, and Miss Grant had made us both braw, if she could make but the one bonny.

The same cry, in words not very different, came from both of us, that the other was come in compliment to say farewell, and then we perceived in a flash we were to ship together.

"O, why will not Baby have been telling me!" she cried: and then remembered a letter she had been given, on the condition of not opening it till she was well on board. Within was an enclosure for myself, and ran thus:—

"Dear Davie,—What do you think of my farewell? and what do you say to your fellow-passenger? Did you kiss or did you ask? I was about to have signed here, but that would leave the purport of my question doubtful; and in my own case I ken the answer. So fill up here with good advice. Do not be too blate,* and for any sake do not try to be too forward; nothing sets you worse. I am

"Your affectionate friend and governess,
"BARBARA GRANT."

I wrote a word of answer and compliment on a leaf out of my pocket-book, put it in with another scratch from Catriona, sealed the whole with my new signet of the Balfour arms, and despatched it by the hand of Prestongrange's servant.

Then we had time to look upon each other more at leisure, which we had not done for a piece of a minute before (upon a common impulse) we shook hands again.

"Catriona!" said I; it seemed that was the first and last word of my eloquence.

"You will be glad to see me again!" says she. "And I think that is an idle word," said I.

* Bashful.

"We are too deep friends to make speech upon such trifles."

"Is she not the girl of all the world?" she cried again. "I was never knowing such a girl, so honest and so beautiful."

"And yet she cared no more for Alpin than what she did for a kale-stock," said L

"Ah, she will say so indeed!" cries Catriona.
"Yet it was for the name and the gentle kind blood that she took me up and was so good to me."

"Well, I will tell you why it was," said I. "There are all sorts of people's faces in this world. There is Barbara's face, that everyone must look at and admire, and think her a fine, brave, merry girl. And then there is your face, which is quite different, I never knew how different till to-day. You cannot see yourself, and that is why you do not understand; but it was for the love of your face that she took you up and was so good to you. And everybody in the world would do the same."

"Everybody?" says she.

"Every living soul," said I.

"Ah, then, that will be why the soldiers at the castle took me up!" she cried.

"Barbara has been teaching you to catch me," said I.

"She will have taught me more than that at all events. She will have taught me a great deal about Mr. David—all the ill of him, and a little that was not so ill either now and then," she said, smiling. "She will have told me all there was of Mr. David, only just that he would sail upon this very same ship. And why it is you go?"

I told her.

"Ah, well," said she, "we will be some days in company and then (I suppose) good-bye for altogether! I go to meet my father at a place of the name of Helvoetsluys, and from there to France, to be exiles by the side of our chieftain."

I could say no more than just "O!" the name of James More always drying up my very voice.

She was quick to perceive it, and to guess some portion of my thought.

"There is one thing I must be saying first of all, Mr. David," said she. "I think two of my kinsfolk have not behaved to you altogether very well. And the one of them two is James More, my father, and the other is the Laird of Prestongrange.

Prestongrange will have spoken by himself, or his daughter in the place of him. But for James More, my father, I have this much to say: he lay shackled in a prison: he is a plain honest soldier and a plain Highland gentleman: what they would be after, he would never be guessing: but if he had understood it was to be some prejudice to a young gentleman like yourself, he would have died first. And for the sake of all your friendships, I will be asking you to pardon my father and family for that same mistake."

"Catriona," said I, "what that mistake was I do not care to know. I know but the one thing, that you went to Prestongrange and begged my life upon your knees. O, I ken well it was for your father that you went, but when you were there you pleaded for me also. It is a thing I cannot speak of. There are two things I cannot think of in to myself: and the one is your good words when you called yourself my little friend, and the other that you pleaded for my life. Let us never speak more, we two, of pardon or offence."

We stood after that silent, Catriona looking on the deck and I on her; and before there was more speech, a little wind having sprung up in the norwest, they began to shake out the sails and heave in upon the anchor.

There were six passengers besides our two selves, which made of it a full cabin. Three were solid merchants out of Leith, Kirkaldy, and Dundee, all engaged in the same adventure into High Germany; one was a Hollander returning; the rest worthy merchants' wives, to the charge of one of whom Catriona was recommended. Mrs. Gebbie (for that was her name) was by great good fortune heavily incommoded by the sea, and lay day and night on the broad of her back. We were besides the only creatures at all young on board the Rose, except a white-faced boy that did my old duty to attend upon the table; and it came about that Catriona and I were left almost entirely to ourselves. We had the next seats together at the table, where I waited on her with extraordinary pleasure. On deck I made her a soft place with my cloak, and the weather being singularly fine for that season, with bright frosty days and nights, a steady, gentle wind, and scarce a sheet started all the way through the North Sea, we sat there (only now and again walking to and fro for warmth) from the first blink of the sun till eight or nine at

night under the clear stars. The merchants or Captain Sang would sometimes glance and smile upon us, or pass a merry word or two and give us the go-by again; but the most part of the time they were deep in herring and chintzes and linen, or in computations of the slowness of the passage, and left us to our own concerns, which were very little important to any but ourselves.

At the first, we had a great deal to say, and thought ourselves pretty witty; and I was at a little pains to be the beau, and she (I believe) to play the young lady of experience. Presently we got plainer with each other; I laid aside my high, clipped English (what little there was of it) and forgot to make my Edinburgh bows and scrapes: she upon her side, fell into a sort of kind familiarity: and we dwelt together like those of the same household, only (upon my side) with a more deep emotion. About the same time, the bottom seemed to fall out of our conversation, and neither one of us the less pleased. Whiles she would tell me old wives' tales, of which she had a wonderful variety, many of them from my friend red-headed Niel. She told them very pretty, and they were pretty enough childish tales; but the pleasure to myself was in the sound of her voice, and the thought that she was telling and I listening. Whiles, again, we would sit entirely silent, not communicating even with a look, and tasting pleasure enough in the sweetness of that neighbourhood. Of course I speak here only for myself. Of what was in the maid's mind I am not very sure that ever I asked myself; and what was in my own I was afraid to consider. I need make no secret of it now, either to myself or to the reader: I was fallen totally in love. She came between me and the sun. She had grown suddenly taller, as I say, but with a wholesome growth: she seemed all health, and lightness, and brave spirits; and I thought she walked like a young deer, and stood like a birch upon the mountains. It was enough for me to sit near by her on the deck; and I declare I scarce spent two thoughts upon the future, and was so well content with what I then enjoyed that I was never at the pains to imagine any further step; unless perhaps that I would be sometimes tempted to take her hand in mine and hold it there. But I was, too, like a miser of what joys I had, and would venture nothing on a hazard.

What we spoke was usually of ourselves or of each other, so that if anyone had been at so much pains as overhear us, he must have supposed us the most egotistical people in the world. It befell one day, when we were at this practice, that we came on a discourse of friends and friendship, and I think now that we were sailing near the wind. We said what a fine thing friendship was, and how little we had guessed of it, and how it made life a new thing, and a thousand covered things of the same kind that will have been said, since the foundation of the world, by young folk in the same predicament. Then we remarked upon the strangeness of that circumstance, that friends came together in the beginning as if they were there for the first time, and vet each had been alive a good while, losing time with other people.

"It is not much that I have done," said she, "and I could be telling you the five-fifths of it in two-three words. It is only a girl I am, and what can befall a girl, at all events? But I went with the clan in the year '45. The men marched with swords and fire-locks, and some of them in brigades in the same set of tartan; they were not backward at the marching, I can tell you. And there were gentlemen from the Low Country, with their tenants mounted, and trumpets to sound, and there was a grand skirling of war-pipes. I rode on a little Highland horse on the right hand of my father, James More, and of Glengyle himself. And here is one thing that I remember, that Glengyle kissed me in the face, because (says he) 'my kinswoman, you are the only lady of the clan that has come out,' and me a little maid of maybe twelve years old. I saw Prince Charlie too, and the blue eves of him; he was pretty indeed! I had his hand to kiss in the front of the army. Oh, well, these were the good days, but it is all like a dream that I have seen and then awakened. It went what way you very well know; and these were the worst days of all, when the red-coat soldiers were out, and my father and my uncles lay in the hill, and I was to be carrying them their meat in the middle night, or at the short side of day when the cocks crow. Yes, I have walked in the night, many's the time, and my heart great in me for terror of the darkness. It is a strange thing I will never have been meddled with a bogle; but they say a maid goes safe. Next there was my uncle's marriage, and that was a dreadful affair

beyond all. Jean Kay was that woman's name; and she had me in the room with her that night at Inversnaid, the night we took her from her friends in the old, ancient manner. She would and she wouldn't; she was for marrying Rob the one minute, and the next she would be for none of him. I will never have seen such a feckless creature of a woman; surely all there was of her would tell her ay or no. Well, she was a widow, and I can never be thinking a widow a good woman."

"Catriona!" said I, "how do you make out that?"

"I do not know," said she; "I am only telling you the seeming in my heart. And then to marry a new man! Fy! But that was her; and she was married upon my Uncle Robin, and went with him awhile to kirk and market; and then wearied, or else her friends got claught of her and talked her round, or maybe she turned ashamed; at the least of it, she ran away, and went back to her own folk, and said we had held her in the lake, and I will never tell you all what. I have never thought much of any females since that day. And so in the end my father, James More, came to be cast in prison, and you know the rest of it as well as me."

"And through all you had no friends?" said I.

"No," said she; "I have been pretty chief with two-three lasses on the braes, but not to call it friends."

"Well, mine is a plain tale," said I. "I never thad a friend to my name till I met in with you."

"And that brave Mr. Stewart?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, I was forgetting him," I said.

"But he is a man, and that is very different."

"I would think so," said she. "Oh, yes, it is quite different."

"And then there was one other," said I. "I once thought I had a friend, but it proved a great disappointment."

She asked me who she was?

"It was a he, then," said I. "We were the two best lads at my father's school, and we thought we loved each other dearly. Well, he went to Glasgow to a merchant's house, that was his second cousin once removed, and he wrote me two-three times by the carrier; and then he found new friends, and I might write till I was tired, he took no notice. Eh, Catriona, it took me a long

time to forgive the world. There is not anything more bitter than to lose a fancied friend."

Then she began to question me close upon his looks and character, for we were each a great deal concerned in all that touched the other; till at last, in the very evil hour, I minded of his letters and went and fetched the bundle from the cabin.

"Here are his letters," "and all the letters that ever I got. That will be the last I'll can tell of myself; you know the lave* as well as I do."

"Will you let me read them, then?" says she.

I told her, if she would be at the pains; and she bade me go away and she would read them from the one end to the other. Now, in this bundle that I gave her, there were packed together not only all the letters of my false friend, but one or two of Mr. Campbell's when he was in town at the Assembly, and to make a complete roll of all that ever was written to me, Catriona's little word, and the two I had received from Miss Grant, one when I was on the Bass, and one on board that ship. But of these last I had no particular mind at the moment.

I was in that state of subjection to the thought of my friend that it mattered not what I did, nor scarce whether I was in her presence or out of it; I had caught her like some kind of a noble fever that lived continually in my bosom, by night and by day, and whether I was waking or asleep. So it befell that after I was come into the fore-part of the ship where the broad bows splashed into the billows, I was in no such hurry to return as you might fancy; rather prolonged my absence like a variety in pleasure. I do not think I am by nature much of an Epicurean; and there had come till then so small a share of pleasure in my way that I might be excused perhaps to dwell on it unduly.

When I returned to her again, I had a faint, painful expression as of a buckle slipped, so coldly she returned the packet.

"You have read them?" said I; and I thought my voice sounded not wholly natural, for I was turning in my mind for what could ail her.

"Did you mean me to read all?" she asked.

I told her "Yes," with a drooping voice.

"The last of them as well?" said she.

I knew where we were now; yet I would not lie to her either. "I gave them all without after thought," I said, "as I supposed that you would read them. I see no harm in any."

"I will be differently made," said she. "I thank God I am differently made. It was not a fit letter to be shown me. It was not fit to be written."

"I think you are speaking of your own friend, Barbara Grant?" said I.

"There will not be anything as bitter as to lose a fancied friend," said she, quoting my own expression.

"I think it is sometimes the friendship that was fancied!" I cried. "What kind of justice do you call this, to blame me for some words that a tomfool of a madcap lass has written down upon a piece of paper? You know yourself with what respect I have behaved—and would do always."

"Yet you would show me that same letter!" says she. "I want no such friends. I can be doing very well, Mr. Balfour, without her—or you."

"This is your fine gratitude!" says I.

"I am very much obliged to you," said she. "I will be asking you to take away your—letters." She seemed to choke upon the word, so that it sounded like an oath

"You shall never ask me twice," said I; picked up that bundle, walked a little way forward and cast them as far as possible into the sea. For a very little more, I could have cast myself after them.

The rest of the day I walked up and down raging. There were few names so ill but what I gave her them in my own mind before the sun went down. All that I ever heard of Highland pride seemed quite outdone; that a girl (scarce grown) should resent so trifling an allusion, and that from her next friend, that she had near wearied me with praising of! I had bitter, sharp, hard thoughts of her, like an angry boy's. If I had kissed her indeed (I thought), perhaps she would have taken it very well; and only because it had been written down, and with a spice of jocularity, up she must fuff in this ridiculous passion. It seemed to me there was a want of penetration in the female sex, to make angels weep over the case of the poor men.

We were side by side again at supper, and what a change was there! She was like curdled milk to me; her face was like a wooden doll's; I could have indifferently smitten her or grovelled at her feet, but she gave me not the least occasion to do either. No sooner was the meal done than she betook herself to attend on Mrs. Gebbie, which I think she had a little neglected heretofore. But she was to make up for lost time, and in what remained of the passage was extraordinary assiduous with the old lady, and on deck began to make a great deal more than I thought wise of Captain Sang. Not but what the captain seemed a worthy, fatherly man; but I hated to behold her in the least familiarity with anyone except myself.

Altogether, she was so quick to avoid me, and so constant to keep herself surrounded with others, that I must watch a long while before I could find my opportunity; and after it was found, I made not much of it, as you are now to hear.

"I have no guess how I have offended," said I; "it should scarce be beyond pardon, then. Oh, try if you can pardon me."

"I have no pardon to give," said she; and the words seemed to come out of her throat like marbles. "I will be very much obliged for all your friendships." And she made me an eighth part of a curtsey.

But I had schooled myself beforehand to say more, and I was going to say it too.

"There is one thing," said I. "If I have shocked your particularity by the showing of that letter, it cannot touch Miss Grant. She wrote not to you, but to a poor, common, ordinary lad, who might have had more sense than show it. If you are to blame me——"

"I will advise you to say no more about that girl, at all events!" said Catriona. "It is her I will never look the road of, not if she lay dying." She turned away from me, and suddenly back. "Will you swear you will have no more to deal with her? she cried.

"Indeed, and I will never be so unjust then," said I; "nor yet so ungrateful.

And now it was I that turned away.

CHAPTER XXII.

HELVOETSLUYS.

The weather in the end considerably worsened; the wind sang in the shrouds, the sea swelled higher, and the ship began to labour and cry out among the billows. The song of the leadsman in

the chains was now scarce ceasing, for we sailed all the way among shoals. About nine in the morning, in a burst of wintry sun between two squalls of hail, I had my first look of Holland—a line of windmills birling in the breeze. It was besides my first knowledge of these daft-like contrivances, which gave me a sense of foreign travel and a new world and life. We came to an anchor about half-past eleven, outside the harbour of Helvoetsluys, in a place where the sea sometimes broke and the ship pitched outrageously. You may be sure we were all on deck save Mrs. Gibbie—some of us in cloaks, others mantled in the ship's tarpaulins, all clinging on by ropes, and jesting the most like old sailor-folk that we could imitate.

Presently a boat, that was backed like a partancrab, came gingerly alongside, and the skipper of it hailed our master in the Dutch. Thence Captain Sang turned, very troubled like, to Catriona, and the rest of us crowding about, the nature of the difficulty was made plain to all. The Rose was bound to the Port of Rotterdam, whither the other passengers were in a great impatience to arrive, in a conveyance due to leave that very evening in the direction of the Upper Germany. This, with the present half-gale of wind, the captain (if no time were lost) declared himself still capable to save. Now James More had trysted in Helvoet with his daughter, and the captain had engaged to call before the port and place her (according to the custom) in a shore boat. There was the boat, to be sure, and here was Catriona ready: but both our master and the patrons of the boat scrupled at the risk, and the first was in no humour to delay.

"Your father," said he, "would be geyan little pleased if we was to break a leg to -ye, Miss Drummond, let-a-be drowning of you. Take my way of it," says he, "and come on-by with the rest of us here to Rotterdam. Ye can get a passage down the Maes in a sailing scoot as far as to the Brill, and thence on again, by a place in a rattle-waggon, back to Helvoet."

But Catriona would hear of no change. She looked white-like as she beheld the bursting of the sprays, the green seas that sometimes poured upon the forecastle, and the perpetual bounding and swooping of the boat among the billows; but she stood firmly by her father's orders. "My father, James More, will have arranged it so," was her first word and her last. I thought it very idle and

indeed wanton in the girl to be so literal and stand opposite to so much kind advice; but the fact is she had a very good reason, if she would have told us. Sailing scoots and rattle-waggons are excellent things; only the use of them must be first paid for, and all she was possessed of in the world was just two shillings and a penny halfpenny sterling. So it fell out that captain and passengers, not knowing of her destitution, and she being too proud to tell them—spoke in vain.

"But you ken nae French and nae Dutch neither," said one.

"It is very true," says she, "but since the year '46 there are so many of the honest Scots abroad that I will be doing very well, I thank you."

There was a pretty country simplicity in this that made some laugh, others looked the more sorry, and Mr. Gibbie fell outright in a passion. I believe he knew it was his duty (his wife having accepted charge of the girl) to have gone ashore with her and seen her safe: nothing would have induced him to have done so, since it must have involved the loss of his conveyance; and I think he made it up to his conscience by the loudness of his voice. At least he broke out upon Captain Sang, raging and saying the thing was a disgrace; that it was mere death to try to leave the ship, and at any event we could not cast down an innocent maid in a boatful of nasty Holland fishers, and leave her to her fate. I was thinking something of the same; took the mate upon one side, arranged with him to send on my chests by track-scoot to an address I had in Leyden, and stood up and signalled to the fishers.

"I will go ashore with the young lady, Captain Sang," said I. "It is all one what way I go to Leyden:" and leaped at the same time into the boat, which I managed not so elegantly but what I fell with two of the fishers into the bilge.

From the boat the business appeared yet more precarious than from the ship, she stood so high over us, swung down so swift, and menaced us so perpetually with her plunging and passaging upon the anchor cable. I began to think I had made a fool's bargain, that it was merely impossible Catriona should be got on board to me, and that I stood to be set ashore at Helvoet all by myself and with no hope of any reward but the pleasure of embracing James More, if I should want to. But this was to reckon without the lass's courage.

She had seen me leap with very little appearance (however much reality) of hesitation; to be sure, she was not to be beat by her discarded friend. Up she stood on the bulwarks and held by a stay, the wind blowing in her petticoats, which made the enterprise more dangerous. There was no minute lost, and scarce time given for any to interfere if they had wished the same. I stood up on the other side and spread my arms; the ship swung down on us, the patroon humoured his boat nearer in than was perhaps wholly safe, and Catriona leaped into the air. I was so happy as to catch her, and the fishers readily supporting us, escaped a fall. She held to me a moment very tight, breathing quick and deep: thence (she still clinging to me with both hands) we were passed aft to our places by the steersman; and Captain Sang and all the crew and passengers cheering and crying farewell, the boat was put about for shore.

As soon as Catriona came a little to herself she unhanded me suddenly but said no word. No more did I; and indeed the wailing of the sea and the breaching of the sprays made it no time for speech; and our crew not only toiled excessively but made extremely little way, so that the *Rose* had got her anchor and was off again before we had approached the harbour mouth.

We were no sooner in smooth water than the patroon, according to their beastly Hollands custom, stopped his boat and required of us our fares. Two guilders was the man's demand, between three and four shillings English money, for each passenger. But at this Catriona began to cry out with a vast deal of agitation. She had asked of Captain Sang, she said, and the fare was but an English shilling. "Do you think I will have come on board and not ask first?" cries she. The patroon scolded back upon her in a lingo where the oaths were English and the rest right Hollands; till at last (seeing her near tears) I privately slipped into the rogue's hand six shillings, whereupon he was obliging enough to receive from her the other shilling without more complaint. No doubt I was a good deal nettled and ashamed. I like to see folk thrifty, but not with so much passion; and I daresay it would be rather coldly that I asked her, as the boat moved on again for shore, where it was that she was trysted with her father.

"He is to be inquired of at the house of one Sprott, an honest Scotch merchant," says she; and then with the same breath, "I am wishing to thank you very much—you are a brave friend to me."

"It will be time enough when I get you to your father," said I, little thinking that I spoke so true. "I can tell him a fine tale of a loyal daughter."

"Oh, I do not think I will be a loyal girl, at all events," she cried, with a great deal of painfulness in the expression. "I do not think my heart is true."

"Yet there are very few that would have made that leap, and all to obey a father's orders," I observed.

"I cannot have you to be thinking of me so," she cried again. "When you had done that same, how would I stop behind? And at all events that was not all the reasons." Whereupon, with a burning face, she told me the plain truth upon her poverty.

"Good guide us!" cried I, "what kind of daftlike proceeding is this, to let yourself be launched on the continent of Europe with an empty purse— I count it hardly decent — scant decent!" I cried.

"You forget James More, my father, is a poor gentleman," said she. "He is a hunted exile."

"But I think not all your friends are hunted exiles," I exclaimed. "And was this fair to them that care for you? Was it fair to me? Was it fair to Miss Grant that counselled you to go, and would be driven fair horse-mad if she could hear of it? Was it even fair to these Gregara folk that you were living with, and used you lovingly? It's a blessing you have fallen in my hands! Suppose your father hindered by an accident, what would become of you here, and you your lee-lone in a strange land place? The thought of the thing frightens me," I said.

"I will have lied to all of them," she replied, "I will have told them all that I had plenty. I told her too. I could not be lowering James More to them."

I found out later on that she must have lowered him in the very dust, for the lie was originally the father's, not the daughter's, and she thus obliged to persevere in it for the man's reputation. But at the time I was ignorant of this, and the mere thought of her destitution and the perils in which she must have fallen, had ruffled me almost beyond reason.

"Well, well, well," said I, "you will have to learn more sense."

I left her mails for the moment in an inn upon the shore, where I got a direction for Sprott's house in my new French, and we walked thereit was some little way—beholding the place with wonder as we went. Indeed, there was much for Scots folk to admire: canals and trees being intermingled with the houses; the houses, each within itself, of a brave red brick, the colour of a rose, with steps and benches of blue marble at the cheek of every door, and the whole town so clean you might have dined upon the causeway. Sprott was within, upon his ledgers, in a low parlour, very neat and clean, and set out with china and pictures and a globe of the earth in a brass frame. was a big-chafted, ruddy, lusty man, with a crooked hard look to him; and he made us not that much civility as offer us a seat.

"Is James More Macgregor now in Helvoet, sir?" said I.

"I ken nobody by such a name," said he, impatient-like.

"Syne you are so particular, I will amend my question, and ask you where we are to find in Helvoet one James Drummond, *alias* Macgregor, *alias* James More, late tenant in Inveronachile?"

"Sir," says he, "he may be in jyle for what I ken, and for my part I wish he was."

"The young lady is that gentleman's daughter, sir," said I, "before whom I think you will agree with me it is not very becoming to discuss his character."

"I have nothing to make either with him, or her, or you!" cries he in his gross voice.

"Under your favour, Mr. Sprott," said I, "this young lady is come from Scotland seeking him, and by whatever mistake, was given the name of your house for a direction. An error, it seems to have been, but I think this places both you and me—who am but her fellow-traveller by accident—under a strong obligation to help our country-woman."

"Will you ding me daft?" he cries. "I tell ye I ken naething and care less either for him or his breed, I tell ye the man owes me money."

"That may very well be, sir," said I, who was now rather more angry than himself. "At least,

I owe you nothing; the young lady is under my protection, and I am neither at all used with these manners, nor in the least content with them."

As I said this, and without particularly thinking what I did, I drew a step or two nearer to his table; thus striking, by mere good fortune, on the only argument that could at all affect the man. The blood left his lusty countenance.

"For the Lord's sake dinna be hasty, sir!" he cried. "I am truly wishfu' no to be offensive. But ye ken, sir, I'm like a wheen guid-natured, honest, scanty auld fallows—my bark is waur nor my bite. To hear me, ye micht whiles fancy I was a wee thing dour; but na, na! it's a kind auld fallow at heart, Sandie Sprott! And ye could never imagine the fyke and fash this man has been to me."

"Very good, sir," said I. "Then I will make that much freedom with your kindness, as trouble you for your last news of Mr. Drummond."

"You're welcome, sir!" said he. "As for the young leddy (my respec's to her!) he'll just have clean forgotten her. I ken the man, ye see; I have lost siller by him ere now. He thinks of naebody but just himsel'; clan, king, or dauchter, if he can get his meat, he would give them a' the go-by! ay, or his correspondent either. For there is a sense in whilk I may be nearly almost said to be his correspondent, but I hae nae advices. The fact is, we are employed together in a business affair, and I think its like to turn out a dear affair for Sandie Sprott. The man's as guid's my partner, and I give ye my mere word I ken naething by where he is. He micht be coming here to Helvoet; he might come here the morn, he michnae come for a twalmonth; I would wonder at naething—or just at the ae thing, and that's if he was to pay me my siller. You see what way I stand with it; and it's clear I'm no very likely to meddle up with the young leddy, as ye ca' her. She cannae stop here, that's ae thing certain sure. Dod, sir, I'm a lone man. If I was to tak her in, it's highly possible the hellicat would try and gar me marry her when he turned up."

"Enough of this talk," said I. "I will take the young lady among better friends. Give me pen, ink, and paper, and I will leave here for James More, the address of my correspondent in Leyden. He can thus learn from me where he is to seek his daughter."

This word I wrote and sealed: which while I was doing. Sprott, of his own motion, made a welcome offer, to charge himself with Miss Drummond's mails, and even send a porter for them to the inn. I advanced him to that effect a dollar or two to be a cover, and he gave me an acknowledgment in writing of the sum.

Whereupon (I giving my arm to Catriona) we left the house of this unpalatable rascal. She had said no word throughout, leaving me to judge and speak in her place: I, upon my side, had been careful not to embarrass her by a glance: and even now, although my heart glowed inside of me with shame and anger, I made it my affair to seem quite easy.

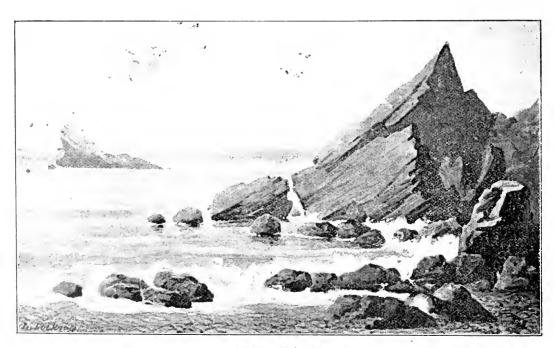
"Now," said I, "let us get back to you same inn where they can speak the French, have a piece of dinner, and inquire for conveyances to Rotterdam I will never be easy till I have you safe again in the hands of Mrs. Gibbie."

"I suppose it will have to be," said Catriona, though whoever will be pleased, I do not think it will be her. And I remind you this once again that I have but one shilling, and three bawbees."

"And just this once again," said I, "I will remind you it was a blessing that I came alongst with you."

"What else would I be thinking all this time!" says she, and I thought weighed a little on my arm. "It is you that are the good friend to me."

(To be continued.)



THE SEASOULLS' HOME,
After the Picture by L. Pockray.

FOR THE PRINCESS MAY

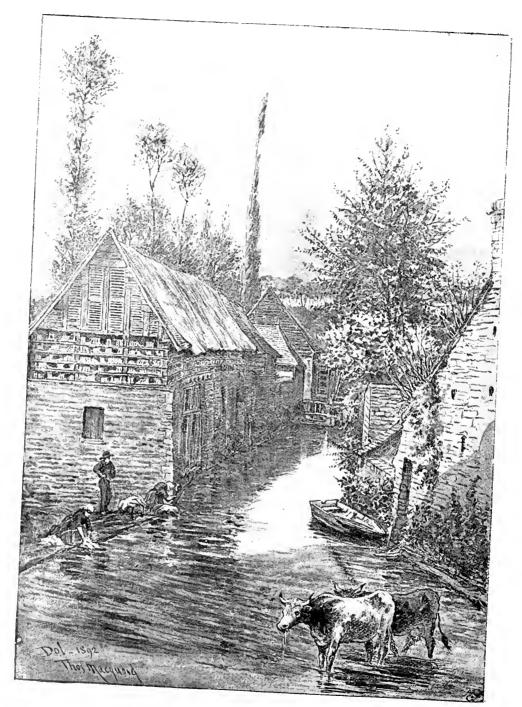
(Mar 19, 1893).

A S sometimes misty clouds that, rolling dun,
Have darkened earth, but, passing near the sun,
Caught glory of the ray, and shown a splendour
That to the watching eye was welcome, tender:
So now the cloud, transformed to radiance, turns
Its side to us, that with the sunshine burns:
The joy of marriage-bells in prospect stirred,
Above the noise of every day is heard.

O, Princess, may thy fate be always such—
The cloud transformed by ever-mellowing touch
Of blissful Time, and from the mists arise
A new and radiant glory of the skies,
To make to glow the former weeping eyes.

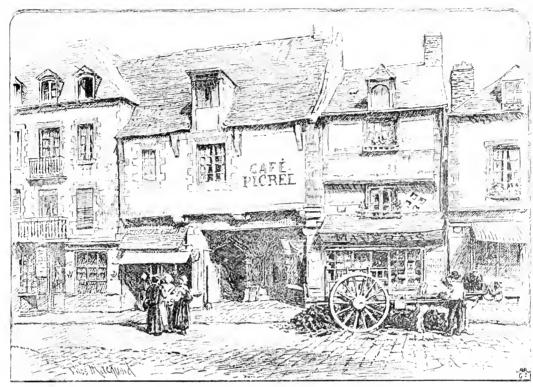
Happy be thou as bride and wife serene,
Stillness of joy as e'er on earth hath been—
A patient spirit ever seeking new
The works of gracious bounty to pursue—
A kindly purpose that can ever find
Solace in helpfulness to human kind.

Be happy in thy love and find but more
Of vantage in the good that cheered before;
Till all can see the queenly spirit rise
To all the blissful human ministries;
As bride and wife may peace and gladness crown
The broadening life that all the world shall own.



FROM THE BRIDGE, DOL.

Thos. Macquoid, R.I del.



OLD HOUSES, DOL, BRITTANY,

ON THE BRETON BORDER.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID AND GILBERT S. MACQUOID.

F all parts of France Brittany is, perhaps, the most old fashioned and the slowest to adopt new-fangled ideas. The people cling with extraordinary tenacity to their old manners and customs.

In the South, in out-of-the-way parts of Morbihan and Finistère, the rolling years make little change. In some districts the dresses of the peasants are hardly altered from the style in vogue at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. For these characteristics, and owing to its accessibility to England, Brittany is especially interesting to those who, for one reason or another, are not able to travel far, and who yet wish, when making holiday, to have as thorough a change as possible from their ordinary life and surroundings.

There is a good service of fine steamers at reasonable fares from Newhaven to Dieppe;

those who do not mind a few hours extra sea passage, will find the journey shortened by crossing from Southampton to St. Malo. Malo is in summer much frequented for sea bathing. It is curiously situated on a projecting rocky point only attached to the mainland by a narrow isthmus. The streets of St. Malo are picturesque, and its fruit market is a sight of rich colour with its splendid pears, plums, figs, and grapes. Among the famous men born at St. Malo were Jacques Cortier, the discoverer of Canada; Lamennais, and Chateaubriand. It is worth while to pay a visit to the solitary tomb of Chateaubriand on the little island of Grand Bey. This celebrated man desired that he might be buried on the western side of the little isle close to the sea. At high tide the waves beat against the foot of the rocky point on which his tomb stands; a simple stone cross surrounded by iron railings marks the

spot. Chateaubriand was born at St. Malo in 1768 in the house which is now the Hotel de France.

One of the most beautiful and varied river expeditions in Brittany is that up the Rance by steamer, from St. Malo to Dinan. The banks of the river on either side are very rocky, but patches of brilliant lichen give colour to the scene, and drive away any sense of monotony. The river winds greatly, and now and again it widens so suddenly

English people are to be met in every street. Notices of "lodgings to let" and "horses for hire" are put up as if the town were English.

But though the people of Dinan are not quaint, its buildings are; there are few towns in Brittany where the old gabled houses are more picturesque. The colossal granite viaduct over the Ranee is a striking modern feature of the town. From this viaduct a fine view may be had of the beauty of



STREET IN FOUGERES, BRITTANY.

that it forms, as it were, a series of small lakes. This district is, perhaps, as pretty as any in Brittany; particularly charming is the distant view of Dinan, seen perched high up on a hill as the river takes one of its numerous turns. Dinan is in many ways a delightful resting place, but those who go abroad to study foreign manners and customs would not care for it, owing to its having been for many years past quite an English colony.

the winding Rance, and or the neighbouring country. The famous duel between Bertrand du Guesclin and the English knight, Sir Thomas of Canterbury, came off in 1359, at Dinan in the Place du Guesclin. Civil war was raging in Brittany; a war which began in 1341, on the death of Duke John III.; he left no lawful issue, and immediately after his death, his half-brother, John of Montfort, seized the duchy in defiance

of the better right, according to the custom of Brittany, of Joan of Penthièvre, daughter of John III.'s younger brother, the Duke of Penthievre, and wife of Charles of Blois, nephew of the French king, Philip of Valois. Edward HL of England embraced the cause of John of Montfort, and Philip of Valois that of Charles of Blois and his wife. For three-and-twenty years the province was devastated by the struggle, and, owing in a great measure to the prowess of du Guesclin, success, as a rule, favoured the cause of Charles of Blois. But finally the might of England prevailed, and the war was ended in 1364 by the sanguinary battle of Auray; Charles of Blois was slain, and du Guesclin was taken prisoner by the celebrated English knight Sir John Chandos. John of Montfort had died some years before, and after the battle of Auray his son John was recognized as Duke of Brittany, by Charles V. of France.

At the time of which we are writing, 1359, the English, under the Duke of Lancaster and Sir John Chandos, were besieging Dinan on behalf of the young John of Montfort. A truce for forty days had been proclaimed; du Guesclin and his young brother Oliver were in Dinan. Putting his faith in the truce, Oliver du Guesclin ventured outside the town walls, and, contrary to all the rules of war and chivalry, was taken prisoner by Sir Thomas of Canterbury, one of the bravest and most powerful English knights of his day. Bertrand du Guesclin, furious at the news of his brother's capture, at once rode off to the tent of the Duke of Lancaster to demand Oliver's release. Canterbury, when summoned by the Prince, denied Bertrand's accusation and challenged him to fight. Bertrand eagerly accepted the challenge, and it was arranged that the duel should take place in Dinan. Bretons were anxious for the safety of their champion, but the noble Typhaine Raguenel, who had the gift of second sight, and who afterwards became the wife of Bertrand du Guesclin, foretold that the Breton hero would be successful in the combat. Her prophecy came true; after a long and most exciting struggle Bertrand vanquished his foe, but spared his life at the intercession of the prince. Oliver du Guesclin was given up, and Canterbury was banished from the prince's army as a traitor.

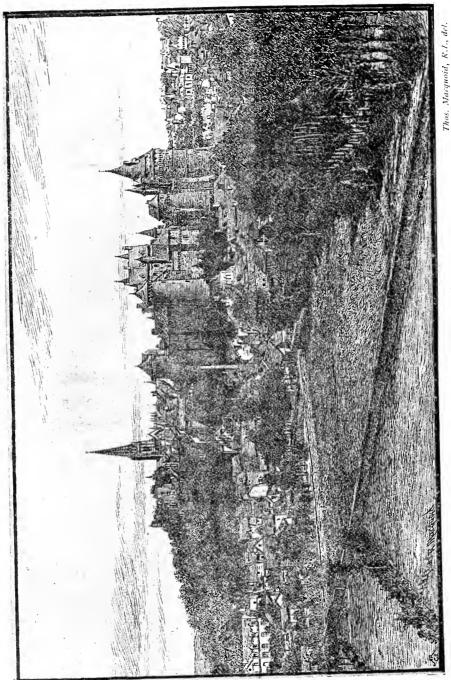
About half-a-mile to the south of Dinan the pretty village of Lehon, nestles by the side of the



TOUR DE L'HORLOGE, DINAN.

Rance. On a hill above the village stand the picturesque ruins of the Castle, once the residence of Charles of Blois. Close by the river are the interesting remains of the Abbey, dating from the thirteenth century.

On the north of Dinan, between one and two miles from the town, are the beautiful remains of the Château of La Garave. A long avenue of splendid beech trees leads to this interesting and sequestered building. There is not much left of the original château of the sixteenth century, but the delicate grey stone ruins have great beauty. Who does not know the pathetic story which gives the chief interest to the Château? How Count Claude Toussaint Marot, at the beginning of the eighteenth century lived there with his beautiful young wife; how they were the handsomest and richest pair in that fair country-side; how they kept open house for their friends, and hunted and amused themselves to their hearts' content. No lives could be sunnier or happier than theirs. Then



REITTANV.

TOWN AND CASTLE, VITRÉ, BRITTANY.

came a day when all was changed. The Count and Countess were out hunting as usual; suddenly the Countess's horse stumbled and fell; she was thrown heavily to the ground. When she learned that she was crippled for life she was hopeless; she lost her beauty, and, as she lay ill and helpless, she often wished to die. The Count was in despair, and knew not how to cheer her; he took no delight in his former pursuits, without his beloved wife to share them; life for him was as salt without its savour-good for nothing. To add to his sorrow, a greatly beloved brother died, and the Count felt night closing in upon him. Not long after his brother's death the Count had a dream: It seemed to him that he was returning sadly to the Château to his crippled wife. He was on horseback, and he had just turned into the avenue of beech trees, when midway he saw a mysterious figure advancing towards him on a white horse. In a moment they were close to each other, and he saw the form of his brother on the snow-white steed. The apparition spoke to him and told him that his only chance of happiness was to abandon his pleasures, and the wish for them, and to devote himself to others. The Count was strangely impressed by his dream, and he resolved to change his whole life; from that time he and his wife, who, though crippled, gradually became stronger, devoted themselves to planning what they could do for others. After a time they went to Paris, and studied medicine and surgery; three years later they went back to La Garave, erected a series of extensive buildings on the west of the Château, and opened them as a hospital for the poor. The Count and his wife for many years devotedly tended the sick by day and by night, and were greatly loved in the neighbouring country; while the fame of the hospital spread throughout France. The story of the Count and his wife is charmingly told in Mrs Norton's poem, "The Lady of La Garaye."

The Castle of Dinan is a great rambling building of the fourteenth century, formerly the residence of the dukes of Brittany. The walls are of enormous thickness, and the windows are protected by strong iron bars. The Castle is used as a prison. The donjon is the only part that is shown to visitors; from the top of the donjon there is a comprehensive view of the town.

Dinan is a good place for green figs; we bought

some fine ones, of delicious flavour, of a girl in the street at the extraordinary low price of ten centimes for twelve!

It is a short railway journey from Dinan to Dol; the line goes through delightful country for a distance of 28 kilometres. Dol is in the department of Ille-et-Vilaine, and is the principal town of the Canton. Noménoé, the first king of the Bretons, was crowned at Dol in 848. He made it the seat of an archbishopric; it is no longer even a bishopric; but the great church is still called the Cathedral. Although Dol lies on the high road, the changes in the town during the last twenty years are surprisingly few. The grand old Cathedral, with its magnificent East window of lovely stained glass, has been restored here and there: some of the queer, tumble-down, old houses in the High Street have been removed, and new ones built in their places; and those were the chief alterations that we saw in walking through the streets. The town looked a bit more decayed and rather more grimy; the streets were dirtier and the people more slovenly than of yore. The principal hotel, though rough in old days, used to be fairly comfortable; but we regret to be obliged to say that it is no longer fit to stay at for people who are at all particular about cleanliness and comfort.

One vocation, however, still seems to thrive at Dol, or, if it does not thrive, it is carried on with unabated vigour, we mean begging. Rome is as likely to be Popeless as Brittany beggarless. South and West Brittany are the great strongholds for beggars, there are not as a rule so many in the North, but at Dol they still exist in force; the spacious south porch of the Cathedral is their favourite resort. When we came out of the church we found a poor old creature scated on one of the stone benches in the porch-she seemed only to be held together by her black cloak; she rattled her tin mug and murmured piteously as we approached. She was quickly joined by several other beggars; they came swooping down like birds of prev in our direction; they were, perhaps, a trifle better clad than the beggars of twenty years ago.

Next day, when one of our party was sketching from the bridge over the river, he saw the first old beggar hobble down to the water's edge with a large bundle, she knelt with difficulty on a stone, and by the help of her stick she went through a process of washing the clothes in the bundle; our artist was startled, it gave him quite a sensation to see a beggar, especially a Breton one, washing anything, above all anything belonging to herself—from the appearance of the clothes it was not to be imagined that they belonged to any one else. He respected that beggar, and did not forget her tin mug the next time he saw her in the church porch.

It is to be regretted that the town of Dol is not better cared for: the Cathedral and the remaining old houses have the greatest interest and architectural value, and there is much to see in the neighbourhood. A walk of about two miles due north of the town leads to Mont Dol, a detached, rocky hill of considerable height. The way lies through level fields, dotted here and there with apple trees. On the day we went there, peasants were hard at work ploughing, others were gathering apples for making cider; the men up in the trees violently shook the branches, or knocked down the apples with long sticks; the women below piled up the bruised fruit into huge heaps of glowing red, vellow, and green. The apples last year were wonderfully brilliant in colour, and the trees had especially heavy crops, though, owing to the dryness of the season, the fruit, we were told, was not very good in quality, and had a tendency to fall before it was ripe. Normandy, however, the crop was on the whole a good one, and the yield of cider proved to be above the average.

Seeing some fine rosy pears in a cottage garden, we went to the door of the house and asked the mistress if the fruit was ripe, and if she had any to sell: she told us it was a late autumn pear, not then ripe. She went out to look for some ripe fruit, leaving us with an old woman who, it appeared was her mother; we admired a huge oaken armoire with elaborate brass hinges; the old lady said it belonged to her, and that it was given to he: at her wedding, fifty years before: though there was only a mud floor to the dirty room, the armoire had been kept so carefully, that it looked as good as new.

The walk up to the top of the mount is rather steep, but, once on the summit, the splendid views which open out on all sides well repay the steepness of the way. To the north and north-east the fine bay of Mont St. Michel stretches out to the sea; on a clear day the dark grey mass of the conical shaped mount itself is plainly visible to the naked eye, and with a good field-glass it is possible

to make out much of the detail of the houses, and of the Abbev buildings; to the north-west is the bay of Cancale, famous for its oysters; the view to the south stretches almost as far as Rennes. The sea nearest to us, some four or five miles distant, was a beautiful blue, and on it were a number of small fishing-boats. The side of Mont Dol towards the sea is rocky and precipitous, overgrown with shrubs and small trees. On the other side of Dol, two or three kilometres from the town, stands the huge Menhir du Champ-Dolent, one of the largest upright menhirs in Brittany. It is near the road, in a cornfield, planted here and there with apple trees, a cross is fixed on the summit of the menhir; almost as much of the enormous stone as is visible above is buried below the ground, and it is not easy to imagine how such a ponderous weight was raised by a barbarous people to its present position.

We went on from Dol to Fougères by way of Pontorson. Fougères is another town which lies on the high road, but it does not seem to be often visited by English people. It is true, Fougères is a frontier town, and is not especially characteristic of Brittany, but it is a most interesting place, and it rivals Dinan in beauty of situation; its castle is one of the finest in Brittany. Fougères has, moreover, a very good and reasonable hotel (St. Jacques), conducted by an alert and civil landlord, Monsieur Breux. The steeply rising hill on which the town is built is crowned by the church of St. Leonard, a prominent object for miles around. Fougères was once completely walled, and parts of the old walls can still be seen; only one of the fortified gates remains, that of St. Sulpice, close to the castle.

Fougères is a good-sized populous town; it has a strange modern mediæval air, and its cloth manufactories, and boot and shoe making, give employment to a large number of hands.

The great attraction in the town itself is the grand old castle; it seems that hitherto there has been a difficulty in gaining admission to this fine ruin, as it has been in private hands; but it was recently bought by the town and the Government, and in future the public will be admitted without trouble. Many of its towers still remain in a fair state of preservation, and the outer walls have not been greatly injured. But when we saw the castle it had an especial charm: nature had been allowed

to run rampant over its massive walls and towers, unchecked by the hand of the scraper and the restorer. Everywhere graceful creepers flung themselves over the grey stone, and bright green ferns peeped out from the nooks and crannies of the grass-grown steps and broken walls. Standing in the middle of the green centre court, long given over to pear and apple trees and kitchen garden produce, looking at the machicolated towers with

Not far from the castle in the Rue de la Pinterie is a row of fifteenth century houses of extraordinary character, the upper storeys project and rest upon strong pillars, some of stone and some of wood, the footpath runs under the arcade beneath the upper stories.

There is fine woodland scenery round Fougères, and it is a healthy and interesting place for a stay of some days.



A BRETON BEGGAR.

ointed roofs, the crumbling walls between, half idden by their greenery, no sight or sound of rery-day life, the calm blue sky above, one could ney that one had been transported to the court of me palace under a fairy spell. To a painter, seekg to illustrate the tale of "the Sleeping Beauty," e castle of Fougères, with its green-grown courts id venerable walls and towers, garlanded with eepers, ferns, and flowering weeds, would prove a ost suggestive and valuable study.

Vitré is thirty-seven kilometres south of Fougères, and the journey is full of beauty. Vitré seems to be much oftener visited by English people than Fougères, but Fougères seems to us the pleasanter place to stay at of the two. Vitré is, however, well worth seeing; it abounds in picturesque old houses—there is a greater number, perhaps, than in any other Breton town; some of them are elaborately ornamented with carvings. But so much of the town is modern that it is necessary



ARCADE OF OLD HOUSES, FOUGERES, ERITTANY.

to poke about a good deal in the old quarter to discover the quaint arcaded and carved houses. Vitré was originally a walled town, and parts of the old walls still remain. From the boulevard is the best view of the fine old castle; the dark colour of the stone gives it a very sombre and forbidding appearance. The castle was originally built in the eleventh century, and rebuilt in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It has been of late years thoroughly and carefully restored. We went in, and on the right of the court we saw a beautiful Renaissance pavilion, with richly sculptured sides, bearing the words in Latin, "Post tenebras spero lucem." A portion of the castle is used as a prison; in other parts of it are the town archives, a museum of objects of natural history, the town library, a picture and archæological museum. From the summit of one of the towers we had a good view of the town.

In the Church of Nótre Dame there are fragments of fine old stained glass, and a curious triptych of enamelled copper. On the south side of the exterior there is a quaint fifteenth century open-air pulpit: among the sculptures on this are a triple head in one, with four eyes, and two fantastic demons who appear to be listening intently to an imaginary sermon.

But no doubt most people go to Vitré in order to visit the Château des Rochers, the country house of Madame de Sévigné between the years 1654 and 1690; she had also a town house in Vitré, and in these two houses a large number of her fascinating "Letters" were written. The Château des Rochers is about 5 kilometres from Vitré. In former years the visitor was shown the drawing room, the dining room, and the bedroom of Madame de Sévigné; now only her bedroom is shown: it contains her bed, table, chairs, escritoir, and one of her journals, and the room is said to be very much the same as it was in her time. The little hexagonal chapel is also shown, and visitors are allowed to walk about the beautiful garden, when we saw it full of orange trees, roses, and magnolias. On a fine day in summer the Château des Rochers is an ideal country residence, and Madame de Sévigné's lovely garden must have helped to suggest many of the charming thoughts scattered so profusely in her famous letters.



BEGGARS, CHURCH PORCH, BRITTANY,

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

MRS. PARR,

Author of 'Dumps,' 'Dorothy Fox.'

XXV.

It was the middle of July when Maynard Rodney had that last interview with Stella Clarkson; and, going some ten days later in the wild hope of catching a glimpse of her before he left England, which he was on the point of doing, he found the house shut up, and learnt from the caretaker—whom he watched coming out—that the family had gone away that day. Their departure had been hastened by the indisposition of the young lady Mr. Stapleton was going to marry, so that the doctor said she must have country air without further delay.

Since that date, August and September had passed, and now at the end of October, because of the approaching marriage, Stella and the Stapletons had returned to London.

"It will be such a relief to me when it is all over," Mrs. Stapleton would repeat to those who same to congratulate her, "for Stella still seems ar from strong. She has never really recovered rom that attack she had in the summer, so that I juite dread all the excitement for her. The ettling, the money-getting, the trousseau, and the undred and one things that always crop up whenever a wedding is on hand. I do so long to see the dear child her own gay merry self again."

The friends to whom this was said strove to e-assure the mother by telling her that brides-lect never looked well; the fact was proverbial—irls always seemed to feel the bodily and mental tigue entailed by the vast preparations which ppeared essential when they were about to change heir state. The marriage once over, she would see that Stella would soon become herself again. "If devotion can make a happy wife she will be he," Mrs. Stapleton would say. "Certainly it ever occurred to me that I should see Vivian

such an adoring lover, but he is one. Indeed I may say the same of both of them, for no matter what he proposes, Stella agrees to. I tell her she is just acting the *rôle* of his mother over again, and I know everyone thought I gave him a great deal too much his own way. Perhaps I did, but I see now that where great love exists it is very difficult to avoid doing so."

It had become habit with Mrs. Stapleton to euphemise, but on this occasion she had a certain foundation to work upon. To the outer world Vivian and Stella presented the appearance of two persons united in heart and mind-a state of being which caused some to wonder and some to rejoice. And yet, if he would have acknowledged it, a change had come over their intercourse which Vivian felt without being able to explain. For, while Stella gave the most perfect acquiescence to the plans, arrangements, and propositions he made, it was in some way forced on him that she was no longer the submissive being that she once was. His teaching, too, about the repression of all outward emotion, was being acted upon with a scrupulosity which he had not bargained for, and which chafed him more than he cared to show. Vivian was suffering the retribution many philosophers feel when they see their theories put into practice. Being essentially a man of words, he did not always want to be taken au pied de lettre.

"Dear one," he had said when a little irritated by her passive assent to a matter which ought to have equally interested them both, "I want you to have opinions of your own, although I admit it is very flattering to find your wishes always echo mine."

"Your taste is so good," she said, "I am perfectly content that mine shall be its shadow."

"A charming pearl of adulation, only we must

not let others have that idea. The world of our day pays unconscious homage to individuality, so you will have to deceive them as, do you know that once upon a time, you deceived me?"

"I! In what way?"

"Well, in leading me to suppose that in some things I should find you a little difficult. Perhaps, coming straight from school, you had stuffed that pretty head with Quixotic ideas, and so were prepared to quarrel with some of society's prejudices. Oh, trifles to return to," he added in answer to her look, "but that mere straws will often show which way the wind blows."

"The straws I fancy would still go in the same direction. In that way I don't think there is much change in me."

"And yet you are changed, Stella," he said, looking at her attentively. "There are times," and Vivian's voice sank almost to a whisper, "when I am prompted to ask, is it love which makes you yield your will so readily?"

The beating of his heart gave to his words a tremor, so agitated was he by an emotion which was growing daily stronger.

"When we care for anyone," she said, "it is but natural that we should wish to do and to have what best pleases him."

The tone, so calm and irresponsive, came like a breath of cold wind on Vivian's new-fledged ardour. The best proof that love's arrow had pierced him was the restraint he put on himself as he answered, "That is a very kindly desire, but the reply is hardly the one I wanted to hear from you."

" Xo?"

"No," he echoed, "and there I should certainly say is another point in which you have greatly altered. What has become of all that romance you used to have? I can recollect laughing at you over its super-abundance."

"Then are you surprised to find how apt your pupil was?"

He did not answer her until, looking at her carnestly, more troubled by the divine passion than he had believed it possible for him to be, he said:

"Suppose I made a confession, and told you that communion with a sweet ardent nature had awakened in my heart a romance which until now had existed only in my head, and that I longed

that she, which means you, should share that feeling with me, what would you say?"

"That romance is a very tender blossom. My experience is that if you nip its bud it takes a long time before it flowers again."

"If it is only that," he said, the old look of self-confidence coming back, "I will make it bloom again and re-animate this little marble statue, for of late you have grown distressingly frigid to me."

"No, no," she said, with a shake of her head, "the difference is simply in the standpoint you view me from."

"Then I shall go back to my original position, for somehow," and his eyes looked sadly at her, "I saw a Stella then who seemed to love me more than the Stella I see now."

"Can it be that we have changed places," she said, mockingly. "I have not forgotten the French proverb you taught me, that, in love, one kisses and one gives the cheek."

"Well, there can be little doubt as to which of us two gives the cheek now," he said quickly, and after an instant's struggle to keep back words that were burning on his tongue, he added, "I try to persuade myself that you never willingly say what you know must pain me, although really of late it is sometimes a heavy tax on my credulity."

She put out her hand and patted him gently on the shoulder, smiling at him as she said, "Now that is very ungrateful of you, seeing that my one object is to please you."

"Then don't please me." he exclaimed, irritably, "I don't want you to please me. I don't want you to be everlastingly giving in to me and agreeing with me. I would ten thousand times rather that you would contradict me, quarrel with me, do anything on earth but sit like a lay figure when I talk to you, with that everlasting one expression of face, no matter what I say."

And he took two or three rapid turns up and down the room, then, flinging himself down by the side of the couch on which Stella was sitting, he said, "Stella, you must bear with me. I suppose as the time draws nearer I grow impatient. Oh, what a tyrant this love is; I never dreamed it would so conquer me!"

"Neither did I," she said, repressing a sigh, "but, Vivian, you have not forgotten what I said to you about my fear of not being able to give in return so much to you."

"That is only since you have been ill," he replied, sharply. "When one does not feel well and strong, fancies of that kind often come. Wait, dearest one, wait until we find ourselves together under Italian skies, then we will put our love into the scale and see which has given the greater share. 'I have will be my cry, and 'I have' I shall hear echoed by you."

This little scene in varying forms was acted over and over again until the quiet of their country visit came to an end; and the many demands made on their time when they returned to London left less opportunity for them to be in each other's society.

Some weeks after Stella's last interview with Maynard Rodney, Mrs. Stapleton had received, through the post, cards from him, with P.P.C. "leaving Europe" on them. After her fashion, she had continued to express great amazement at his going away. "Was it not strange. It must certainly be very sudden. Had he mentioned it when he called? Stella thought not; at least she did not remember. "Vivian, did you know that Mr. Rodney intended to go abroad again?" No, Vivian had not had it mentioned to him, "although," he said, "I don't think it would have been expecting very much of Rodney had he called on me or dropped me a line. I fancy it is as many persons say, that in some ways he is a very queer fellow."

"I am sorry for that," was Mrs. Stapleton's reply, "because he really seemed to me so very nice and agreeable, but of course one must remember that he is a genius, and it is their drawback to be so erratic and unreliable."

Stella had volunteered no remark: to her the news of his so hurriedly putting such a distance between them was like turning the knife in the wound. She had not known until then that she had any wish or hope left that they might meet again. A cold wave of despair seemed to pass over and extinguish that excitement and hot rebellion which had all but sent her into a fever. Gradually she began to examine herself and her condition more seriously and calmly. She fancied that in this sudden departure, Maynard Rodney had desired to give her an example of duty, an example she intended to profit by. It was evident that he did not mean that they should meet again. With tears she admitted that it was

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better so better that she should begin at once to strive to blot him out from her memory. To add to her difficulty, Vivian's love seemed to have leaped up into a sudden flame. The sight of her, pale and wan, suffering from some unknown shock – which led the doctor to question the family and look grave made him realise that he had a pearl of great price in his keeping, and it was impossible to misunderstand the anxiety he could not conceal. Poor Marraine but too plainly showed that even her distress for Stella was swallowed up in the distress she felt for her son.

"Oh, my darling," she would say, "get well, or his heart will be broken."

"I shall be all right soon," Stella would say, overwhelmed by an agony that if his heart was broken, Marraine's heart would also give way. Never- never--should that be, and so the poor child, with no thought of the martyrdom she might be called on to endure, resolutely set herself the task to preach down her heart and gain the victory; and, in the firm belief that she was doing right, she overcame, and reasoned herself into a state of subjection and submission. But there are intricacies of our nature over which we have no control. A stirring of the blood, a heyday of the heart that upsets and defies all the rules we have laid down. And it was these mutinous insurgents which at moments when she least desired it gave sharpness to her speech, and made her feel bitter with her fate.

XXVI.

Although Vivian had not remarked on it at the time, it had not escaped his observation that Stella left London without making any effort to see her family. To his mind this circumstance was the best proof that she was beginning to see that any close intercourse between them would be impossible, and that very wisely she was, prior to her marriage, beginning to make the break.

Little did either he or Mrs. Stapleton guess the real reason of the poor girl's self-denial, which arose out of the certain conviction that if she once found herself within the haven of her mother's arms, although she might guard her secret, she would most surely betray her sorrow. This she was resolved not to do, for, if she was to marry Vivian,

no living being must ever suspect that even in thought her heart had for one moment been disloyal to him. That short madness must be blotted out of her memory. How it had come to pass she could not tell, and she felt that, for her peace of mind, her only security was oblivion.

She sent a letter to her mother telling her that she was quite unexpectedly going to Stillmere, on a short visit to Delia Trevor, and, after a time, a second letter informed Mrs. Clarkson that, the season being so far advanced, Stella would not return to London, but that, after being joined by Mrs. Stapleton and Vivian, they would go on to their own country house, where they would remain until October.

Already James Clarkson had given notice to leave his situation. After the 29th of September he would be an idle man, and, referring to the income which Stella had been arranging with her guardian, Mr. Trevor, to allow him, Vivian had suggested that she should send her mother a cheque so that the whole family might, to mark the event, enjoy a seaside holiday. Stella's gratification at his forethought was so effusive that Vivian more than suspected she guessed the real motive of his proposition, and was in sympathy with it; but, as she did not again refer to the matter, it dropped out of his memory.

The Stapletons had been in London about a week when—the two ladies having gone to keep an appointment with the dressmaker—Mrs. Stapleton returned alone.

"Where is Stella?" was Vivian's first question. On hearing some one come in, he had run up to the boudoir.

"Oh! she asked me to say to you," said Mrs. Stapleton, hesitatingly, "that, remembering that you and she have no engagement together this afternoon, she has taken the opportunity of going to see her mother."

A cloud overshadowed Vivian's face.

"Her mother!" he repeated, "I thought I was given to understand that the whole family had gone to some place by the sea, and were to stay there for a time."

"So they have, but the sailor brother is going to sea again, and it is something to do with getting his outfit ready that the mother has come up about. You see," she added, "that it is a long time now since Stella saw any of them."

"So long," he said, irritably, "that I hoped she had grown sensible enough to recognise the absurd folly of maintaining any intercourse between herself and those who are as far apart from her as the two Poles.——Of course, I know that now it is of no earthly use to repeat it, but, so long as I live, mother, I shall consider that you were most culpable in ever permitting Stella to go near her family; and the whole of the vexation arising from these obnoxious connections I hold to be entirely due to your want of discretion and your mismanagement."

Mrs. Stapleton ought to have seen that her son was lashing himself into one of his very worst moods. Experience should have taught her that, if she wished to avert this, she had better avoid argument, but this question of Stella and her parents was a subject which always roused her, for the reason that, in then yielding to her better instincts, she had gained the first victory over her worldly self, added to which she had always felt a great respect for Mrs. Clarkson, and had cherished a feeling that, if she was ever in distress or difficulty, Stella's mother was a woman on whose sympathy she could rely.

In a tone therefore more decided than she was in the habit of using to her son, she said, "In spite of what you may say, Vivian, I cannot look on you as a competent censor of my actions. Should you ever be a parent yourself, you will, I think, understand how impossible it was for me, a mother, to deny to another mother access to her child. Had I shewn myself such a monster I should have expected that some terrible calamity would have happened to you."

"Well, I think some terrible calamity has happened to me."

"Calamity! In what way do you mean?"

"I mean that, if at every amusement to which I go I am to be in dread of meeting those vulgar grinning creatures, and of hearing them accost Stella as their sister; if they refuse to put the breadth of the ocean between them and me, why I must put it between me and them. I only hope," he blustered, after a moment's pause, "that it will not occur to anyone to desire to try me too high, or in one of my uncontrollable moods, I shall be driven to seek that refuge before I am many days older."

In past days the effect of this threat would have

been to reduce Mrs. Stapleton to tears; but many circumstances had combined to make her more alive to certain faults in her son's character, which she bitterly repented that she had not striven to conquer; and she was constantly endeavouring to screen these imperfections from Stella, fearing the effect they might have in lessening the girl's high opinion of him.

"Would it not be wise," she said, coldly, "to acquaint Stella with these prejudices. I feel sure she has no idea how very strong they are. I believe—and, indeed, I have little doubt—but that after your marriage Stella and her family will gradually drift apart, but nothing could be more fatal for the end you desire than to insist, with a girl like Stella, that the separation should be immediate and entire. Knowing her as I do, I——"

But here Vivian broke in with an incredulous laugh. "You know Stella, mother? that is just what you do not know and never will, for, if you were to live for a hundred years, you would go on taking persons literally, and would implicitly believe that what they say they mean."

"If so I only judge others by myself," said Mrs. Stapleton, loftily. "However, I am very glad to hear what you tell me, for you say many things, Vivian, that it would comfort me to feel were not meant by a son of mine."

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This unexpected retort from his worshipping mother electrified Vivian; he had a dazed feeling that he was losing his hold on everyone, that his prestige was departing from him, and the thought did not come pleasantly to him. He retained sufficient self-control to feel that he would be unwise to say any more, and that, seeing that it was his mother, his best alternative was an immediate retreat; therefore, without vouchsafing any reply, he walked out of the room, leaving Mrs Stapleton a prey to reflections which constantly gave her anxiety.

The eyes of affection are sharp, and she could not be blind to the change that had come to Stella. Towards her Vivian was more attentive and considerate than his mother had ever thought to see him—attentions which at times were received with an irresponsive composure nearly amounting to indifference. Had it been any other than Vivian whom Stella was about to marry, Mrs. Stapleton would have felt it a duty to question the girl closely, and to entreat her to give to her—her all but in

name mother-her confidence; but deep down in her heart there lay a suspicion which, if stirred ever so lightly, she feared might turn into a reality; and she had built such hopes on Stella becoming her daughter that she tried to smother the fear by telling herself that marriage would bring affection—that the indissoluble knot once tied, Stella would settle into her former sympathetic, loving self. That morning when Stella had suddenly said that she thought she would go and see her mother, although Mrs. Stapleton knew of a dozen hindrances to the plan, she could not find it in her heart to raise an objection. She kissed her daughter-in-law elect more tenderly than of late she had dared do, for Stella's spirits had become so uneven that at the least show of affection from her it was never certain whether she would laugh or cry.

This unexpected visit from her daughter after such a long interval of absence was delightful to Mrs. Clarkson. She had come up to London for a few days to look after Edgar, who had been given an appointment which was promotion for him. The rest of the family were at Herne Bay, chosen by them because there Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson had spent the week of their honeymoon.

"And when we're walking together—father and me," she said, "as we say in some things it seems as if it was only yesterday. Ah, my dear, I trust that when nearly thirty years of married life have passed over your heads, you and your husband may be as much one in heart and mind as we two are."

Stella did not reply; she had turned away to take off her hat; but kneeling down by her mother's side she said:

"I am so glad to find you alone so that I can have you all to myself, dear. I want to feel that I am your little child again—the little Stella I was before I went away—so put both arms round me and make me your own cosset."

"My precious lamb," said Mrs. Clarkson, pressing the girl close to her. "Why, it's never crying, to be sure? Dear, dear. Now that brings to my mind how I was like that before my wedding day; they used to laugh at home and say you'd only to hold up your finger and you'd get a cry out of Charlotte."

"It's so good to cry," sobbed Stella.

"Then cry away, darling, mother will comfort you. I can see what it is, everything coming at once has been too much for you. The settling of the money and the thought of the wedding, and getting everything ready—why, each is a business in itself—but you must remember you'll soon have a help-mate to carry the largest half of the burden, and don't forget to tell him how much we're all enjoying the holiday. I wish he could see those two girls, I do believe he'd say there was half the value of the money in looking on at them. Their spirits all but drive me and father crazy, but as I say, it is nt for long, and it's the first tiem."

"It was kind of him, mother, was it not? It was quite his own proposal."

"My dear, it was more than anyone could have expected. It shews me the love he bears to you—and then the liberality of the sum you sent, why, it would pay our expenses twice over."

"What is the good of money to me unless I can make those I love happy?"

"Happy, Stella! Oh, if you could but see father. He was brought up a country lad, you know, and all these years he's lived on the thoughts of those fields and lanes, and has longed to go and see them again, but of course he couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Well, our early days, my dear, were a great struggle. For many years after you left us it was a hard struggle to pay our way and keep the wolf from the door, but we managed it, and it's all at an end now, thanks to our dear child to whom we owe it all."

"Who owes it all to you. It's but a very poor return for the sacrifice you and father made."

"Well, yes, at the time it was a sacrifice, my dear, and I shall never forget that night when I got back home after leaving you with Mrs. Stapleton. I was so bitter with my lot that my heart just seemed on fire. I was younger in years, you see, then, and the sight of all that elegance made me rebel. I felt that I'd that within me that could enjoy refinement and become better by it, and that Fate had set me among surroundings that must in time drag me down, so that in the years to come, the child I had left to be brought up in that luxury would have nothing in common with me, and oh," and she winced as if even the thought stabbed her, "but that was a sharp thorn."

This insight into what had so nearly happened filled Stella with compunction. Fixing her eyes on her mother's face she seemed pleading for forgiveness. "My darling," continued Mrs. Clarkson,

answering the look, "instead of that, see what has happened: all that thoughtful love could do for our comfort you have done, and the best proof that riches haven't spoilt you is given by your coming to your humble home and asking your mother to take you in her arms and make you her own little child again. Oughtn't I to be grateful for God's goodness?" and she wiped away the tears that had welled up into her eyes. "Think if, instead, you'd just offered to pension us off as we hear of sometimes, as if poor parents were servants or strangers. Why, my proud heart would have broken before it could have brooked that from one who owed her being to me, I should have starved before I would have accepted a farthing of such money."

Secure that that indignity had never occurred to her mind, Stella could give her mother an embrace which Mrs. Clarkson heartily returned, saying: "Now then, to hear all you've got to tell me, and I must recollect it, too, for the girls are wild to know everything about the wedding."

"And you, mother, don't you want to know too."

"I, my dear," and into Mrs. Clarkson's face came that tender yearning expression which is the index of great love with great self-restraint, "Why, I was only saying to father what I'd give if I could hide myself in some hole or corner where I could look on at it all and not be seen, and, dear fellow, he said that was just what he'd been thinking."

"But, mother, of course you and father must come to my wedding."

Up to that moment Stella had not decided what she meant to do, but her mother's wish settled the question.

"Not among the gay company, my dear. Oh, no, we should be very out of place there, and give no pleasure to you, or to ourselves, or to anybody."

"But if I wish it," urged Stella.

"Yes, dear, but you mustn't wish it. In that you must he guided by me. Mr. Stapleton may not be, and I'm sure he isn't, ashamed of your relations, nor ashamed of the world knowing that they're in humble circumstances, but knowing and seeing are two different things, and until you're married and settled, my dear, we'll keep in the background. That'll give us time to put some polish on," she said in her merry way. "You'd be surprised at the change in father since he's done with office drudgery; I tell him he looks a half-a foot taller, he holds his head so high, and he's so

particular about his clothes, and how I am looking. Oh! it does my heart good to see him able to take a walk at his leisure and enjoy the beautiful works of nature for which he had always such a loving eye."

"Dear father!" said Stella.

"Yes, he isn't by any means a common man. It wouldn't a bit surprise me if, when he comes to know him, Mr. Stapleton was much struck with father."

Stella could make no response to that, and the little jar a knowledge of Vivian's idiosyncrasies gave her made her exclaim with seeming irrelevance, "Oh, mother, I wish I was going to marry someone whose parents were just what mine are — a man who had to work, so that I could feel proud of him. Life would seem so much better worth having."

Mrs. Clarkson opened her eyes in amazement, and then regarding it as a romantic sentiment of youth, she said smilingly: "Why, with your bringing up, wherever would such a man be found? He'd have to be made to order for you, a sort of prince in work-a-day clothes;" but Stella was not listening, her eyes seemed trying to follow her thoughts, which had strayed far away. When she pulled them back and forced herself to be interested in what her mother was saying, Mrs. Clarkson was deep in descriptions of the bright future that was opening out for the whole family. A house was to be found that would be suitable to their improved circumstances. By the help of the substantial sum to be given to her, Carrie's young man was to purchase a business, so that they might marry soon. Lottie was to give up her situation and live with her parents, and on his return from the voyage he was then going, Edgar would find he had not been forgotten.

In the contemplation of these pleasant anticipapations the time seemed to fly, and when at length Stella bade her mother good-bye, it was with a promise that before the end of the week she would come again, so that she might have an opportunity of seeing Edgar.

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"And it has just occurred to me that we might all go to some entertainment together. Why not?"

Mrs. Clarkson laughed delightedly. "Oh, that would be a treat," she said, "and wouldn't the dear fellow be proud of escorting mother and his sister Stella!"

"Then that is what we'll do, so let me know on what day he gets his leave and I will come for you."

XXVII.

ALTHOUGH before parting, Stella had again referred to her wish for her parents to be present at her wedding, Mrs. Clarkson remained firm in her refusal.

"Well, at all events, mother, when the time comes I shall send you an invitation," said Stella, finally.

"Ah, that's a different thing altogether, my dear; for the sending us an invitation I shall thank you; that will be showing proper respect to me and to your father, and enabling us to say that, though we mayn't think fit to go, not only has our child wished it, but her husband has paid us the compliment too; and you'll remember to say everything that is proper to Mr. Stapleton, and when he proposes our coming, give him our reasons in whatever words you think most fitting."

During the drive back, Stella had occupied herself by recalling this and much more that her mother had said. It gave her a closer insight into her mother's character, and made her realise how terribly the sordid cares of life may interfere with cultivation of the mind and refinement of manner. She was still deep in these reveries when the horse stopped, but, before she could get out of the cab, Vivian had opened the door and was standing ready to assist her.

He had been suffering for hours from the impatience of love, acting on great irritability of temper. He had walked up the road, he had stood at the window, had fancied that he had heard a cab stop twenty times, until, when Stella actually arrived, he had worked himself into a positive fever.

"At last," he said, heaving a sigh of relief, as he lifted her down.

"At last?" she echoed, "Why, am I late? Did you expect me before? I said to Marraine that I should only leave myself time to dress for dinner."

And having passed by the servants and reached the inner hall, she asked smilingly—for she felt more gay and at ease than she had felt since their return to town—"And what have you been doing with yourself all the day?"

"Looking at the clock, counting the minutes, thinking the hands never went so slowly before, and listening to the pendulum echoing the cry of my impatient heart, 'When will she come—when will she come?"

"Oh! but I shall have to go away again if I get such pretty speeches from you. It must be true that 'absence makes the heart grow fonder.'"

"No, no," he said, quickly. "You mustn't laugh, dear. I cannot bear it to-day. My nerves are stretched to their utmost tension. The very slightest tone jars on them."

"I wonder what is the reason," she said calmly.
"You have been so much better in that way lately, haven't you?"

"Well, yes, and no," and he laid his hand on her shoulder and looked down at her. "Sometimes I wonder do you ever realise what a smothered volcano you often have near you."

"Now you are trying to frighten me," she said, smiling.

"I might try a very long time before I should succeed." He spoke sharply, as if even still having to battle with irritation.

"I really do believe that now you would," she answered, and the smile melted into a laugh. "It's true—I am no longer one bit afraid of you. I used to be terrified—if I thought I had done anything to offend you. Oh! how miserable I was."

"Ah! and then you loved me," he said reproachfully.

"No, it was not love; it was that I did not believe that the world contained another such paragon, and I positively worshipped you. Come, now, it's your turn," she added, finding he did not answer her. "Can you not pay the same compliment to me?"

"I should think that of late I had shown you that I was doing so, a mistake on my part, for, like the rest of your sex, once let you see that you have a man in your power, and he isn't worth the snap of a finger to you."

"Come, come, come," she said, "what is the meaning of all this treason? I must run up to Marraine and ask her what has happened to put you into such a cynical humour."

"Don't try to vex me by leaving me the moment you return, Stella. Have I not told you how I

have been longing to have you back with me?"

She stepped down from the few stairs she had already mounted, and, going to his side, said soothingly, "But I thought you had a hundred things to do."

"So I had, but I could not do them. I tried to write—of no use; to read—I flung the book away. It was you I wanted, and you only. Stella," and he put his arms round her, "you must not leave me alone again. Not for a whole day. Give me your word; promise me not to?"

"I don't quite see how I can," and she hesitated for a moment, "I have already promised my mother that I will go and see her again this week."

"And if you have, what can a promise to your *mother*, or to anybody, be in comparison to pleasing me? I am the one who by right should be paramount with you."

"And so you are," she said softly, "but that does not prevent my having love to give to others."

"It ought," he said. "I hate anyone else to whom you give your love."

"Then you hate your own mother; for I love her dearly."

"I know you do, and at times you torture me by jealousy of her."

"Vivian! you spoke of not being able to frighten me; but if I did not know that what you say is in jest, you would now make me quite afraid of you."

"I am not in jest," he said, the vibration of his voice showing the excitement he was feeling. "I am in love, and it has come, as all things come to me, in no stinted measure, but as a fire, a torment that nothing will satisfy, but the certainty that I possess your heart whole and undivided, with not even the shadow of any other being resting there."

"But that would be unnatural. Do I ask you to give up your mother?—your friends?"

"You may," he said; "I am ready to do so."

"Oh, Vivian!" she said in reproach, and then she recalled past experiences, in which imagination had invariably been the source of the feelings he portrayed. In one of these moods it would be absurd to take him seriously—he himself had protested against it. So with a different expression of her face, and a little shake of her head, she said—"I know how much to believe of what you say, and well I do, for make up your mind that such a clean-swept heart from me you'll never have. I

love Marraine, I love my father and mother, my friends, down to the birds and cats and the dog, and yet I can find quite enough room for a certain Mr. Vivian Stapleton, who I suspect has been composing a poem on unrequited love. Isn't it?" and, with a dexterous turn, she ran quickly upstairs, to stop at the first landing, and waft a kiss from the tips of her fingers; while Vivian stood looking after her, burning with anger, but deeper in love than ever.

"I won't come in, Marraine," she said, tapping, as she passed Mrs. Stapleton's room. "Not now, dear," she answered, just opening the door; and putting in her head, dropping her voice, she whispered—"I've been having a talk with somebody down stairs. I find he's a little bit so," and she crossed her two fore-fingers, and then raised her hands over her head.

"He has been all day," was the reply. "I saw that it upset him that you were away. He has been so very sweet of late, has he not?"

Stella nodded assent. "I must not stay," she said. "I am going to curry favour by putting on his favourite frock; so until you see me beautiful for ever, au revoir."

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Arrived at her own room, she told the maid to take out the dress which Mr. Stapleton had designed for her: she would wear it that night. It was of soft white silk, trimmed with gold embroidery, and was a triumph of art and dressmaking.

Stella surveyed herself with pardonable satisfacfaction, and, with the confidence faultless dress proverbially gives us, she went slowly down to the drawing-room, to find Vivian and Mrs. Stapleton already there.

"Vivian," exclaimed Mrs. Stapleton, enthusiastically, "does she not look a poem?"

Vivian's eyes told Stella that he assented, although he was not sufficiently gracious to give an answer to his mother's question. He was really to be pitied, as all who are the slaves to temper well may be. He longed to speak and talk as usual, but words and voice were no longer in his control. He was conscious that he was in the presence of the only two creatures whom on earth he cared for, and he was also conscious of an uncontrollable desire to pain and wound them both.

"I confess to feeling rather on good terms with

myself," said Stella, drawing herself up, and smoothing her *swelle* figure with her hands. "Do you know that I'm very proud of this gown, Mr. Designer?"

The smile she turned on him was irresistible.

"And when I see you in it, I am very proud of the design," he answered, feeling relieved at being able to say something that did not sound sharp and cutting.

She made him a sweeping curtsey.

He laid down his book, went over to the fire, and, leaning his arms on the mantel-shelf, fixed his eyes on the glass, so that, without seeming to look at, he could watch her.

Not having seen the pressure of the hand he had given in passing, Mrs. Stapleton thought this sudden movement was ill-tempered and brusque. To divert the girl's attention, she said quickly—

"Oh, darling, here is something which will very much interest you;" and she began turning over the leaves of a magazine she had in her lap. "It is quite short—only two verses—but very touching and sweet, by Mr. Rodney. I did not know, Vivian, that he was a poet."

"Neither did I; and, certainly after reading that very weak attempt, I should still give him the benefit of the doubt."

"Oh, I don't suppose it aims at being very lofty, but it is very pathetic. I am sure that most persons will like it."

"I have no doubt but that they will. One has only to be sufficiently commonplace, and popularity with the multitude is secured. It is the same with his stories. He saw what would hit the *banale* taste of the British public, and, having once caught on to that, everything signed by his name is looked on by mediocre minds as pathetic, and touching, and sweet."

He was watching Stella, whose eyes were fixed on the book, reading and re-reading the title, "In Farewell."

She knew that she would be wise in holding her tongue and not uttering a sound, but that unruly member would not be curbed, and she heard herself saying—

"I have never in my life read any stories which gave me half as much pleasure as Mr. Rodney's do."

The words—distinct, clear, sharp—seemed to drop out one by one, each searing as it came

Vivian's heart, for he was jealous of all men, and his vanity, for had not he, too, written poems and stories; many of them still in manuscript and lying in his study drawer.

"Then I am sorry for your judgment," he said, a smile of scorn curling his lip. "His clever manipulation of plots I admit to be admirable, and his style, with no hesitation of calling a spade a spade, although brutal, original. But there I have come to an end. Of the dissection of emotions, the idiosyncrasies of higher natures, and those minute touches which give delicacy and tone he knows nothing, as how should he? A man born of parents in a very obscure position, educated by charity, and through chance and a few clever sketches, suddenly pitchforked into fame; what can he be expected to know of refinement in thought or nature?" He made a pause, but as neither spoke, "Nothing," he answered, and after another pause, he continued, "He very wisely keeps to what he knows, and makes a very good thing by titillating the taste of the class from which he sprang."

"Which possibly accounts for my admiration," said Stella, "as I sprang from the same class." Hitherto Vivian had been talking to her reflection in the glass. He now wheeled round, and fixing on her eyes verily ablaze with passion, he said—

"Is this accursed subject of your family never to come to an end? Is it to be the *bête-noir* of our lives in private as well as in public? So that I dare not give an opinion on the writings of a man whose name is common talk, without drawing on me such a sneer from you. You have brought me to the end of my tether, Stella, you have gone a little too far. It is quite time that you and I should come to an understanding with each other."

"That is exactly my opinion," she said, and as she spoke her voice trembled, not altogether at the words her ears listented to, but because of the words her eyes were raised from, every syllable of which she felt was written for her. Her resolution was taken, she had thought that that flame had burnt itself out so that only dead ashes remained. Suddenly it had leaped up into life, and her mutinous heart had again played the traitor.

"Then by some strange accident we think alike," Vivian was saying—the flood-gates of his pent-up temper had burst open, his anger was surging forth beyond all control.

"For some time past"—Stella was speaking calmly now—"I believe we have both felt that our position one to the other was not as satisfactory as it ought to be. It would have been wiser, and it is what I ought to have done, I should have spoken to you some time since; but feeling very fully the honour you have done me, having the hope that we should be happy together, and gratitude to your mother, whose love and goodness I can never repay, kept me silent. You yourself, remarked that I was changed."

"I did," he said, trying to steady his voice, which, like his lips and his whole body, was trembling, "for from the first moment I betrayed that you were more to me than at first I had thought it probable you ever would be, your whole manner altered. You now neither regard my feelings nor my wishes."

"No," she said, "that is not true."

"It is true. Have you not been absent from me all day? And when I entreat you that this shall not occur again, I am told you have already made a promise to your mother."

"Yes, and so I have."

"So you have," he repeated sneeringly. "Pish! I am sick of this farce of pretended love for those you cannot have one idea in common with. Of your mother I know nothing, but if you wish me to believe that you have one spark of affection for that loutish young cub and those two women who accosted you at the theatre, I declare, before Heaven, that no one who bears my name shall ever be degraded by exchanging a single word of intercourse with them, or any such."

"Vivian! Vivian!" cried Mrs. Stapleton, "try and control yourself, pray."

He turned on her furiously. "Mother," he said, "it will be better that you do not interfere. I have no wish to repeat what I said to you this morning, that the whole of this is the result of your folly. But for you, Stella and these persons with whom she is linked by the mere accident of birth would be strangers to one another. If you will only tell me what you want," he continued, turning to Stella, "all I ask is to let me know. You have pensioned off your parents. If that does not satisfy them, double their income, double the sums you have given to the others. Let them, if you will, have every farthing of your fortune, I do not want your money. I want you and the assurance tha

your so-called *family* are swept out of our existence for ever."

"And from me that assurance you will never have," said Stella, with a proud ring in her voice. "Every word you say but draws me closer to my 'so-called family,' and makes me love and honour more the one who, when it was in her power, placed no barrier between me and them. Vivian, I know now that I looked at you through your mother's eyes, that because of my love for her it was my desire to love you. We have both proved that our engagement was a failure. There is the ring you gave me, I return it to you, and I thank God with all my heart that we have discovered our mistake before you put a wedding-ring upon my finger."

XXVIII.

It took many weeks, after this rupture, before the ordinary conditions of life went on, even externally the same, for Vivian Stapleton and Stella.

The unoffending engagement ring—a circlet of plain gold, with a posy round it—lay a little molten lump, raked out from the fire into which Vivian, in his passion, had thrown it. At the time he did so, although mastered by rage, he was very far from taking his dismissal as serious or final, and when he had sufficiently recovered to reflect, his whole energy was centred on what step he could take so as to insure Stella's penitence and entreaties to be forgiven.

The warning given by the black servant to his master against the bride taking her best bonnet inside the travelling carriage, frequently occurred to him, and he repeated again and again, "Bandbox now, bandbox always."

Just so! women were all alike—tyrants or slaves, nothing less contented them; and this manceuvre of Stella's was as easy for him to see through as a pane of glass. She had never believed it possible that he would become so devoted to her—at this particular moment he believed that the folly of infatuation was over—and no sooner did she catch a glimpse of her power than she had determined to push it to its uttermost limit. A nice life he should have if he did not set down his foot on this at once. Her example had actually

stirred up his mother—as with fools, so with rebels, one made many. The question was: How should he act? What should he do?

This question, put to himself at the beginning, he went on for many weeks repeating, without receiving any satisfactory reply, until his blustering—even to himself—grew weaker; his confidence grew less, and a sickening fear began to gnaw at his heart.

In the first upset of the tumult he had started off for Brighton, fully expecting to be brought back by letters of entreaty. Finding that move did not win him the game, he wrote, ostensibly for more clothes to be sent, but in reality to plant the thorn of jealousy by saying that he intended going to Paris to see Madame Simond; and this bomb having burst without apparent injury to anyone, he was actually forced into going to Paris and remaining there in a fever of expectancy, longing to go back, but feeling that if he did this without being recalled, it meant throwing up the sponge and giving in.

Stella, on her side, was not reposing on a bed of roses, the difficulties she encountered being sharpened by those pricks of conscience which constantly reminded her that much in this unpleasant situation had been brought about by her own doing. The lightness of her heart, the sense of freedom, the hope, the anticipation, oh! it was life again, although often weighted with a sense of self-reproach, in which there was much humilitation.

The little poem, "In Farewell," she now knew by heart: she had dissected every line, had given a dozen meanings to each word, and had, in her own mind, arrived at the decision that it was written to enforce on her the lesson that that episode of their lives was done with, and fast locked for ever.

As our years increase, we usually grow more indulgent, but youth is often very ruthless to self, refusing to entertain hope or admit consolation, and in this spirit Stella beat back her heart, by repeating to it that she and Maynard Rodney would never meet again. It was the penalty she had to pay, and the sorrow for herself was swallowed up in the pity she felt that through her he too had to suffer.

Outside the trouble of these retrospections there was much to worry and perplex her. For, as with the principal actor, so no one interested in the

matter of the marriage, would give credit to this separation being final.

Messrs. Champion and Grant, the Stapleton family lawyers, who had the principal management of affairs, learnt the alteration in their clients' proposed relations, "with deep regret." The letter received from Miss Clarkson—for, distracted by the dilatoriness of Mr. Trevor, her guardian, Stella had been driven to write herself—"should receive their immediate attention." After writing which they did not move one step. Matrimonial hitches were of daily occurrence. They had known them occur at the very church door; but they were almost invariably smoothed over, and usually all the blame was set down to the stupidity or mismanagement of the lawyers. They did not mean to stir a peg, not they.

Mr. Trevor's usually hasty hand was stayed because it was Vivian's affair, and Vivian never knew what he termed his mind, for two days together. Besides, his sister (Mrs. Stapleton) had written to say that she had little doubt but matters would eventually come straight again, so he wasn't going to throw away good money and in the end be laughed at for a fool into the bargain. "Settlements aren't horses," he said, by way of reassuring his daughter, "they can be left standing without eating their heads off."

"Ves, but Stella is eating her heart out. She wants it all settled."

"Tell her to find another young man then, and I'll be up in London like a lamp-lighter."

"She's not likely to find another young man," pouted Delia, "unless they know she has broken with this one."

"Then," said her father, seizing his opportunity, "let this be a warning to you."

"How a warning?"

"Why, not to get engaged in such a deuce of a hurry. Here's Stella, not yet nineteen."

"Well, I'm past twenty," said Delia, with a desponding air, "and I never get the chance of seeing an unmarried man. I do believe I shall end by setting my own cap at Vivian. I think I could make him tolerably miserable; so that I might feel I hadn't lived in vain."

"Thank you, Madcap," said her mother, coming in behind her; "if you went away, what should we do without you? Why, even the sun never seems to shine so bright when you are not here. Poor aunty! it's that that makes me pity her, thinking what will she do if she has to part with Stella."

"And father won't go and write to the lawyers, because he says he's certain they'll make it up again, but they never will. Stella told me in her letter that she was only unhappy because she saw now what a great mistake she made, and that every day convinces her more and more how very unfitted she was to make Vivian happy. Of course, that's her manner of putting it: we all know it's the other way on, but it's rather hard to feel like that, and yet get nobody to believe you."

"I should have fancied that Vivian would have taken some step himself," said Mrs. Trevor.

"Not he. I believe he's at the bottom of it all. He knows that he's not at all likely to find such another girl as Stella; besides, the best of it is that there's no doubt now but that he's awfully in love with her."

"In that case, dear, I think we ought to hope."

"No—now I know what you're going to say, mother: we oughtn't to hope anything of the kind. You know as we all do that the reason of her accepting him was simply because Auntie brought her up to look at him through her eyes. She doesn't know how selfishly he behaved when we were away at school—leaving his mother ill, and making her worse by anxiety for him—oh! a hundred other things you've told me. And he'd be the same to a wife, when the novelty had worn off. Why, you and father have said so yourselves, and were thankful it was not your daughter."

Not being able to deny this fact, Mrs. Trevor diverted her daughter's indignation by saying—"I fancied there might be some little mention of it in *The World* or in *Truth* but there is not; and I've looked in the *Morning Post* every day. Generally after a marriage has been announced, as that one was, there is some little paragraph, to say it's postponed, or to contradict it in some way."

"But how do they get to know?" asked Stella.

"What, the newspapers, do you mean? Oh, I fancy some friend or member of the family must write to tell them."

"And have they to give the exact words that they are to put in?"

"I should think not, but I really don't know. I fancy that—'Please contradict this statement' on your card is all that would be required."

"And just address it to the editor? Well, that would not be much for any one to do."

And wily Miss Delia made up her mind that there could be no reason why she should not thus far thus serve her friend; and during the afternoon she might have been observed strolling towards the village, with an envelope in her pocket addressed to the editor of the Morning Post, in which was a request that he would contradict the paragraph which announced the approaching marriage of Miss Stella Clarkson to Vivian Trevor Stapleton, Esq.; and accompanying it was her father's card as a voucher that the information was correct. "I mean to tell father what I've done," she said to herself, by way of a salve to her conscience—"that is, if they put it He won't be angry; or, if he is, not for more than five minutes—he never is with me."

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Stella, in the meantime, very much worried by her affairs, and with an intuitive feeling that from Vivian's lawyers she would get neither help nor sympathy, had carried out a determination to go and consult Mr. Lovegrove. There was a small property which the old lawyer had retained the management of, the rest of the business having been gradually taken from him. In connection with this trust, he had been summoned to Messrs. Champion and Grant's offices and there, for the first time since she was a little girl, he had seen Her kindly greeting, the pleasure his Stella. interest in her parents evidently gave her, won the somewhat eccentric old gentleman's good opinion, and when they parted they felt they were friends.

To him therefore—he being acquainted with the details of her history, her parents, and her circumstances—she could speak openly and freely about the anxieties which were now more paramount with her than her own position. The will, as she understood it, directed that she was not to come into full possession of her property until she married or was of age, which was to be when she was nineteen, but between now and that nineteenth birthday there was a space of many months; and her father had left his situation, one sister had given notice to quit the office, the other was busi-

ness hunting with the man she was shortly to marry. What was to be done?

"Do you know, Mr. Lovegrove," she said, after putting the facts of the case before him, "I feel I shall be driven to what the young men do, I shall have to go to the Jews."

"No, no, my dear young lady, I should prefer matrimony for you to that."

"But about matrimony, I have just found out my mistake."

"Very fortunate; very fortunate."

"Then you approve of old maids, do you?"

"When they are about your age, I think I do," said the old lawyer, slily.

"Ah, now you are laughing at me; but I don't eare if you'll only set my mind at rest about my poor dear parents. I dare not tell them what has happened, because I fear it might worry them so dreadfully, and I want my mother to be prepared to go to Dawlish or Sidmouth with me, for, of course, it is only while Mr. Stapleton is away from home that I can continue to live with Marraine."

Mr. Lovegrove assured her that he would do all in his power to set matters straight, and that, as regarded forestalling by a few months the income she intended settling on her parents she need be under no concern, he would arrange all satisfactorily. And when she bade the old man good-bye and went away, he said to himself, "I don't often find fault with Arthur, but about the Stapletons and that girl he lets his pride get the better of him. Of course he has never seen her, but if he lives to set foot in England again, it shall not be my fault if he does not do so. Dear, dear, to think of that pompous vulgar Briggs stumbling upon two such nice young people, ah!" and he sighed as if he had the weight of the money he had made on his heart. "I should like to think I was as fortunate in the few thousands I have to leave," and still standing midway between the door, which he had closed after Stella, and the seat in front of his office table, which he had vacated, he nodded his head, and with a very good apology for a smile at what had struck him, he added, "that would make a very excellent finale, and be what he calls in his books 'the unerring finger of destiny.'"

PAINTINGS "IN LITTLE."

MRS. ORPEN.



PORTRAIT OF A BABY.

Like all things, the art of miniature painting had its antecedents. It did not spring upon a delighted world as a sudden and beautiful new art: on the contrary it was the gradual and legitimate result of the art of illumination which preceded it. It had been the pious practice of illuminators to decorate their missals with figures of a somewhat conventional type representing the chief saints whose names were familiar to all the devout. And from painting tiny figures of saints and angels in their books of devotion it was a short step to painting therein the picture of the person for whom the prayer-book was intended. Thus we have some extremely early and very interesting miniatures in the prayer-books of the 13th century.

As a sample of such miniatures, although belonging to a later century, we give the famous picture of Anne de Bretagne, which decorates her Book of Hours. This sturdy little lady was twice queen of France, having married successively Charles VIII. and Louis XII. She died at Blois, in 1514, after a life spent pretty equally between small political squabbles and works of piety. King Louis, her

husband, used to call her his stolid *Bretonne*, from the conspicuously-marked obstinacy of her character. Although the picture of Anne de Bretagne cannot be called a miniature, it represents very fairly the state of the art of portrait painting just before miniatures were introduced.

Miniatures are always small, but the word has nothing to say to *minute*. Miniature is derived from *minium*, signifying red lead, with which material all the headings and capitals of the ancient manuscripts were drawn. Vasari, in his Lives of the Painters, speaks of those who painted "in little," and until the 17th century that was the correct term to apply to what we now call miniatures. "Limnings" was another word usually found in ancient catalogues, and meaning the same thing.

The first miniature painter in England was undoubtedly Hans Holbein, who came over to this country in 1526 to visit Sir Thomas More. Henry VIII., who had a taste for art, made him royal painter to himself and family, and Holbein spent the remainder of his life in the parish of St. Andrew, at Aldgate. It is a pretty fair rule to



ANNE D'AUTRICHE.

accept only about one-tenth of the pictures attributed to Holbein as his work. There were a host of lesser painters who flourished during his lifetime. and whether they caught something of his manner or only imitated it in the clumsiest way, their work is, in general, indiscriminately attributed to the great Hans. For example, there are four miniatures of Henry VIII. in the Queen's collection at Windsor

and all are attributed to Holbein. The opinion of experts seems to be that three of them were painted before Holbein came to England, and one after his death.

The child king, Edward the Sixth, was often painted, but no picture is more pleasing than the mere baby in bonnet-cap, looking out with serious eyes from under his broad brow. He is supposed to be about four years of age, when he was only Edward the Prince.

After Holbein died there was a gap, until Zucchero came to fill it with his work. He painted without much shadow. Perhaps that peculiarity gave rise to the well-known story of Queen Elizabeth and her pictures. She is supposed to have forbidden her painters to put any shadow into her face on the plea that one side was as fair as another. However this may be, the fact

remains that each side is as fair as the other, and the whole face is as flat as a pancake in consequence.

was the age of jewels, and they were painted with remorseless severity. Perhaps the bejewelled state of the ordinary miniatures of Elizabeth may in some measure be accounted for by the fact that

Nicholas Hilliard, her majesty's chief painter next to Zucchero, was a goldsmith by profession.

His pupil, Isaac Oliver, painted very life-like miniature portraits, chiefly of men. We give one, signed by him, of Sir Philip Sidney, the pride of England's chivalry. Sidney was offered the crown of Poland, but Queen Elizabeth refused to further his election, "not out of emulation, but out of fear

ANNE DE ERFTAGNE

wistfully up into his face. flask, saving: "Friend, thy necessity is greater than mine." The battle of Zutphen was only a skirmish, one of a hundred such, and would have been forgotten along with the other ninety and

to lose the jewel of her times." On his side the knight seemed no less enthusiastically English, for he is said to have declared that he "preferred to be a subject to Queen Elizabeth rather than a sovereign beyond the seas." Patriotism was not a discredited virtue in the days of good Queen Bess. Of all the acts of his short but brilliant and glorious career, perhaps the most famous is his dying courtesy to a dying soldier. At the battle of Zutphen, 1586, he was desperately wounded in the leg by a musket ball. He was riding slowly back when the fierce fight was over, tormented with a horrid thirst. owing to the fever set up by his wound. A comrade gave him a precious bottle of muchneeded water, but a wounded soldier, "who had eaten his last at the same feast," looked

Sidney handed him the nine but for the melancholy fact that it closed Sidney's bright career. He died five days afterwards, aged 32 years.

Henry, Prince of Wales, painted by Oliver, in lace ruff, with ribbon of the Garter, was another youth of high promise, cut off before he had time to make his mark in the world. Eldest son of James I., he died at the age of nineteen, leaving a fatal throne to Charles I.

Charles was a man of excellent taste and judgment. He understood art and delighted to honour artists. Of course, Vandyck was the great painter of the reign, and it is to him that we owe the most

charming portraits of the royal family which we possess. But there were other painters of less note who, nevertheless, were excellent in their way Among these were Peter, the son of Isaac Oliver, and Samuel Cooper. The portrait of Henry, Duke of Gloucester, is the work of the latter.



MRS. SIDDONS

Sorrow and suffering were the inheritance of the royal House of Stuart. and the Prince here delineated did not fail to have his full share in the family misfortunes. He was the sixth child of his parents, and was born in 1640, when troubles were fast thickening around his house. her account of her last visit to her father, the day before his execution, the Princess Elizabeth thus speaks of her brother, who was her companion on this melancholy occasion: "Then, taking my brother Gloucester upon his knee, he said. Sweetheart, now they will cut off thy father's

head.' Upon which, the child looked very stead-fastly upon him. 'Heed, my child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee king; but mark what I say, you must not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live. Therefore I charge you, do not be made king by them.' At



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

By ISAAC OLIVER.



HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER. By SAMUEL COOPER.



CARDINAL RICHELIEU.
PETITOT.

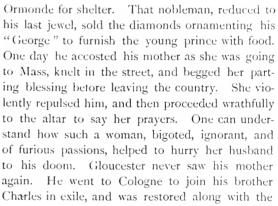


LOUIS XIV. PETITOT.

which the child, sighing deeply, replied, I will be torn in pieces first.' And these words, coming so unexpectedly from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And His Majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God and He would provide for him. All which the young child earnestly promised." After the battle of Worcester there was some talk of making little Gloucester a shoemaker, but he was eventually sent to Paris to his mother. As soon as she got him in her hands she set about her darling project, which was to convert him and make him a cardinal. She treated

him with the greatest cruelty when the boy, recalling his sacred promise to his dead father, refused to abjure his faith. The unnatural woman threatened him with her malediction, and alternately cajoled him, but all to no purpose. Then she cast him off. She denied him access to her table, tore the very clothes from his bed, turned his servants out of doors. and let loose his horses from her stable. The prince at this time was barely fourteen years old, and he fled to Lord

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latter to England, on the death of Cromwell. He died of small-pox, a few months after the Restoratian, and, in five days, was followed to the tomb by his sister, Mary, who fell a victim to the same fearful malady, which was then the very scourge of royalty.

Petitot is a name known to every lover of miniatures. The two Petitots, father and son, introduced enamel painting, and their work is as brilliant to-day as in the first hour when their exquisite portraits issued



HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES,
By ISAAC OLIVER,



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD

from the furnace. They painted all the celebrities of the French court during the most brilliant period of the reign of Louis XIV.

Anne d'Autriche, the King's mother, is given in our illustration, along with her son in his early manhood. This queen was a famous beauty in her day, and is thus described by her literary lady of honour, Madame de Motteville: "The queen's eyes were large and fine, her mouth was small and coral-tinted; the power of her eyes has been fatal to many illustrious individuals, and whole nations have felt, to their cost, what power they had over nien. Her hair was light chestnut, and so abundant it was a happiness to see it brushed; her hands have received the adulation of Europe, being made to rejoice the eyes of beholders and to hold a sceptre; her neck was most beautiful, but many complained of the way in which she kept it covered so closely." This latter complaint cannot be levelled against her in the miniature. As for the foot of Anne d'Autriche, it is well-known that her instep has been the model for all princesses ever since; so high arched was it and so regally formed, "that a stream might flow beneath the perfect curve." Notwithstanding, or possibly, should we say, in consequence of this royal lady's manifold perfections, she had a sad life of it. Her husband, Louis XIII., a morose and gloomy-tempered individual, hated her; and at one time, such were the plots and cabals she was engaged in, that there was serious talk of repudiating her, if not even a

dark whisper of severing that lovely head from those perfect shoulders. The dread storm blew over, not without many an ominous whisper; Anne d'Autriche, supported by Cardinal Richelieu, still was Queen of France. What was the price that beautiful woman paid to the haughty priest for her salvation, the world has never known. Richelieu and his master both descended into the tomb with all their dark secrets unrevealed. To Richelieu succeeded Mazarin, like him in nothing but his red Cardinal's hat. Mazarin was the best storyteller of his age. "He had a "face of perfect fascination," and was a lady's man from first to last. He reigned during the minority of Louis XIV., and died "regretting his pictures, his statues, his lovely furniture; but nevertheless, looking death bravely in the face." In fact, he died as he had lived, a complete pagan. Petitot's miniature of Louis XIV. evidently takes no account of the sad fact that his majesty had the small-pox when he was eight years old, and was ever afterwards very shockingly marked; but as this was a circumstance that was always completely ignored by the courtiers, he was merely following the prevailing fashion. Our portrait is evidently taken about the time of



KING EDWARD VI. Supposed to be by HOLBEIN.

the king's legal majority: namely, when he was fourteen; but he did not really begin to rule until 1661, when Mazarin died, leaving him, at the age of twenty-three, literally monarch of all he surveyed. Mazarin had a high opinion of his young master, who had hitherto kept in the background. "You don't know him, gentlemen," said the Cardinal, "the king has stuff enough in him to make four kings and one honest man. He will start on the road later than most, but he will go further."

The Duchess of Burgundy is the last bright figure in the gloom that surrounds Louis XIV. in his old age. She was brought, when a child, to Versailles, to be educated as the wife of that Duke of Burgundy whom Fénélon taught, and upon whose marked abilities rested the hopes of the nation. The child Duchess was a ray of light in the dreary court, ruled over by Madame de Maintenon. She flitted hither and thither, she danced and she sang when others dared only to drink and gamble in secrecy. She sat on the arm of the King's chair and pulled his royal wig, when ambassadors, trembling for their nations, silently received the orders of the Grand Monarque. She exploded fireworks at the Petit Trianon, and frightened everybody out of their seven senses, thinking the king had been murdered and the world was consequently at an end. She harnessed puppy dogs to a bird-cage, and drove the frantic team down the galleries of Versailles, where the gorgeous mirrors almost refused to reflect the terrifying spectacle. She was the enfant terrible of the court, the spoilt darling of her terrible old grandfather-in-law. She sported, she played, she grew up, married the Duke of Burgundy, bore him two sons, and then came the scourge. The smallpox carried off the Duke, his bright Duchess, and their eldest boy, all in one fearful She left one child, Louis XV., who, of all his mother's many good qualities, inherited her beauty alone.

Richard Cosway, born in the middle of the last century, and painting portraits up to his death in 1826, carried the art of miniature painting to its highest level in England. He painted on ivory,

a circumstance which gave to his sitters the advantage of an almost superhumanly beautiful complexion. He painted the nobility and gentry of England, and his work is to be found in almost all the private collections of any note. His peculiar mode of treating the hair is very characteristically indicated in our illustration, which is said to be one of Cosway's best miniatures, and which we have reason to suppose represents Mrs. Siddons in the early days of her beauty.

The photographer has now almost entirely supplanted the miniaturist. And although a photograph can in no wise compete with a miniature in point of artistic excellence, still it has its many advantages, and perhaps we should welcome it in the spirit of modern philosophy, since it fulfils the required conditions and gives "the greatest happiness to the greatest number."



DUCHESSE DE BOURGOYNE.

THE WRONG SORT OF A HOLIDAY.

(A Day only, and nobody to care for them.)



CHU MS.

THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS.

I have been asked to make an appeal. I do so without the slightest attempt at an apology, the object being so good and the need so pressing.

My appeal is for the society called the Children's

Country Holidays' Fund.

The object of this society is to provide fresh air for ailing London children. The children are selected mainly on two grounds—one, that they are ailing or requiring change of air: two, that they have no friends in the country whom they can visit.

At present the funds of this excellent charity enable it to send about 26,000 children out of the the slums and alleys and foul air of London into the country for a whole fortnight once a year.

Friends who have seen the value of such a scheme for purifying and strengthening the mind and body alike of the gutter child, subscribe sufficient money to produce this very gratifying result year by year.

But how far up to the present the funds have fallen short of the real need can be soon explained by a fact which I am anxious to state. Only twenty-six thousand children out of nearly seven hundred thousand are sent yearly into the country for a fortnight's fresh air.

It is evident, therefore, that all the committees and all the appeals and all the sympathy which have worked so constantly and so untiringly, have produced but inadequate results. Speaking from the health stand-point alone, one of the greatest journalists of the day said to me, a fortnight ago, "The time ought to come when there will not be a child in the Great City who has not, in the course of the year, his fortnight of fresh air. Fresh air is as necessary for the health of the child, as sanitation is for our houses."

The hot weather which has rendered the past spring one to be long remembered, must have been hard to bear in the London slums and alleys, and it will probably be more necessary than it has ever been to give the London children this annual pleasure.

A FORTNIGHT'S FRESH AIR FOR TEN SHILLINGS!

Six hundred and seventy-four thousand children

who have never yet been sent to the country for want of funds.

These facts speak for themselves and need no comment.

But now I should like to say something of the good that is being done, and of the extreme care which the London and the country workers alike take of, and for the children.

The holiday is limited to a fortnight, in order to ensure as many children as possible benefitting by the fund.

Every possible care is taken with regard to infectious disease. In cases of recent illness a Doctor's certificate must invariably be obtained, and latterly a very excellent rule has been put in force, namely, that professional District Nurses



"Do give us a Country Holiday."

It only needs to glance at the rules of the society to see how admirably it is worked.

Children must be of an age to take a certain amount of care of themselves.

Parents or guardians must, in every case, contribute towards the expenses, these contributions to be in proportion to their circumstances.

Each child must be passed by the Local Committee.

should make all due inquiries with regard to possible illness in the house or neighbourhood from which the child goes. She sees that the children are in fair health, that the sanitary condition of its home is good, and she also inspects the clothes, sees if they are sufficient and suitable, and ascertains if they are new, or have been bought or redeemed from pawn. She sees that their hair is cut, that they are properly cleansed, etc., etc.



ONE OF A CROWD.

In short, her real knowledge of the parents makes a visit from her the surest method of all for discovering infection.

The care that is taken with regard to the selection of the children who are to visit the country, follows them to the country homes where they are to spend their happy fortnight.

Here the value of the Country Worker comes in.

Personal knowledge of the cottage where the children are to stay is indispensable, and the supervision of these dwellings is expected to be continued during their stay.

Only cottagers in full work, and fairly good circumstances are selected, as the allowance from the fund must not be applied to the relief of local poverty.

Great care is taken that there is no overcrowding in the bedrooms.

Any case of infectious illness in the village is at once notified to the London worker.

The London and Country workers are in close communication, informing each other of the despatch and safe arrival of the children.

One of the main ideas of this excellent society is not to encourage indiscriminate charity, but rather to stimulate the poor to help themselves. The rule therefore that each parent or guardian should subscribe something, however little, to the child's country holiday, is one of the most valuable which it has made.

The poor are many of them sunk very low down in the scale of humanity as regards love and consideration for their children. Circumstances have numbed their susceptibilities. They feel hopeless,—pleasure of the best sort never touches them. The children must grow up as best they can. If they live, well and good, - if they die, it is the will of God.

The visit of the lady who first proposes a fortnight in the country is often the means of opening the eyes of these people. How incredulous and glad the little pale faces grow, and how at first unwillingly, but then with a leap at her heart the mother takes a shilling or two from a small dearly prized hoard, to add to the pleasure.

After that she always feels that it is her treat to her children, as well as the treat of the Ladies of the Committee. They have been comrades in this good cause. From this moment she sympathises



"MY TURN NEXT.



AN EAST-END NURSEMAID, This one earns a fenny a week.

with her child, and does her best to prepare its clothes, and to add every crumb she can to the coming pleasure.

On its return who prouder than she to notice the bronzed cheeks and bright eyes.

Next year this mother will make further efforts towards the Country Holidays' Fund. What did little Nan so much good last year will surely set Bobby on his feet this. Oh, yes, Bobby must go to the country this year.

By these simple means the tide of sympathy widens. The fortnight's holiday has not only saved Susy from a decline, and given Jim so much strength that he can take a good situation as District Messenger Boy, but it has made the fathers and mothers in the London slums find out good points in Susy and Jim that they never noticed or

thought about before. The father feels even inclined to give up his pipe for a week, and the mother will sacrifice her much prized pint of beer in order to have money to help the Children's Holiday.

These small self-denials, by nomeans small to them, raise the couple immeasurably in the scale of love and goodness.

It is the earnest desire of the Society which calls itself the Children's Country Holidays' Fund that there should be as much union as possible in this great charitable effort. In short, it is necessary that there should be real co-operation between this Central Society and several others with a similar object in view.

Quoting from a passage in the Toynbee Record of January, 1891, it is stated that in 1889 some twelve thousand children were sent away by other Societies; but the evils of dis-union in this case were apparent, one part of London was too much looked after, while another was neglected; the same children got away twice, while the more

friendless got no share in the holiday benefit; parents, whose circumstances were known to one committee or individual, appealed to those who did not know them and so avoided payment: country villages were overcrowded by reason of rival societies filling the cottages in ignorance of each other's action. Something has been done, and is being done, to remedy these mischiefs, but real cooperation is not yet achieved.

From the experience of many workers it is most important to scatter the town children as much as possible when they go into the country. It is much easier to send large batches off together, but this ought scarcely to be considered in the greater benefit which accompanies small numbers. There is less fear of overcrowding, there is more individual sympathy. When the party from London

is large, it does not assimilate with the village community, but plays the London games, and talks the London talk.

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I should like here to quote another passage from the Toynbee Record. A country visitor, begged London workers to consider the country folk, who are slow in receiving impressions and making friendships, their acquaintance lying mainly among those whom they have known from childhood. Someone quite fresh is a cause of excitement, not unmixed with alarm. One child is a real interest to such people; its home circumstances may have been dwelt upon by the country visitor, and the cottage mother and children become full of kindly feeling and of little plans for a happy visit. When large parties come, however, it becomes a business transaction; three, four, or six children cannot enter into the family life, and whereas the profit on 5s. a week adds but inconsiderably to the family income, 15s., 20s. or 30s. is a very different matter to poor people. "'This only brings the children from one money making atmosphere into another.' Again, with only a few children to be placed there is healthy competition among the 'mothers' as to who can care the best for her little ones."

I have been asked to give a special word of thanks to the Dulwich High School Girls, who have set an example to all the rest of the schoolworld by raising £125 for the fund. Such energy and perseverance, such true love for the children, may be well followed by other schools and other girls.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me," is an old precept, uttered first by the lips Divine, but echoing down through

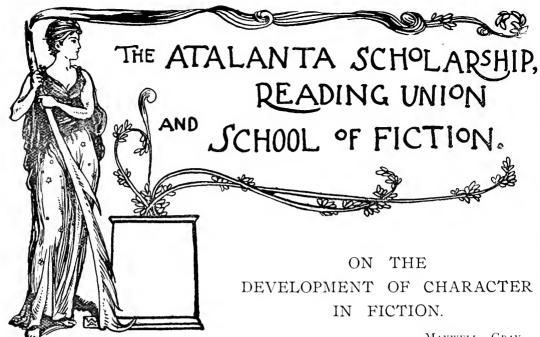


A STURDY TRITON.

The mark under the right years not a tear, but it, if it is an argument with a triant.

the ages to encourage all efforts, whether large or small, to help those little ones whom Christ took in His arms and blessed.

L. T. Meade.



MAXWELL GRAY.

THIS is the climax, the finest flowering of the fictive art. It is the crux, whereby may be determined the vital reality of the beings presented to the reader by the novelist. Growth is the first condition of life, only the character that develops with the course of the story is really alive, if it be stationary, then it is dead. Many an interesting and amusing writer is without this power of creating and developing character, the rarest and the highest given to mortal man. It is the lack of this singular gift that fills the everyday story-teller's pages with puppets and labelled bundles of qualities in place of human beings. It is possible to tell a very good story without creating or developing character, but it is scarcely possible to create and develop character without telling a good story. For it is story-that is, linked incident, changing circumstance—that moulds the plastic yet unchangeable character of man.

"Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille, Ein Karacter sich in dem Sturm der Welt."

There is nothing so constant, and in one sense so unchanging as human character: every baby born into the world receives certain characteristics, due in part to heredity, in part to climate and physical conditions, in part, possibly, to pre-natal mental surroundings, which characteristics remain with him to the day of his death. A rose-tree may be trained and developed in different ways, it may become a

bush, a tree or a creeper, but it can never become a peach—St. Peter is always Peter, and St. Paul. Saul, though the fisher has become a saint and martyr, and the strict and fierce Pharisee the Apostle of the Gentiles.

Though in fiction, as in life, character creates incident, still it is incident, which is dramatic circumstance, or circumstance, which may be called stationary incident, that chiefly carves and shapes character, calls out latent and often unsuspected vice, and evokes equally unlooked-for Incident or dramatic situation may be called the touch-stone of character. Many an excellently written and clever novel fails to enchain because the people in it do exactly what they could not possibly do in real life. develop wrongly because they are not alive, not living organisms, and some secret instinct in the reader is revolted by a feeling of unreality, he has a secret anger at being cheated into tem porary belief in a made-up figure, in whose nostrils the breath of life is not.

Many critics, but 1 fancy chiefly males, and therefore incapable of weighing female character, think this the weak point in "The Mill on the Floss." Maggie Tulliver, they say, high-minded Maggie, would never have wasted her treasure of noble passion on such a barber's block as Stephen Guest. Yet that to my mind is one of the finest points in

that very fine novel. It is artistically as well as naturally inevitable that the impulsive, imaginative, warm-hearted Maggie, who ran away to live with the gipsies, so greatly admired little Lucy's doll-face and trim curls, who idealized everything she saw and lived in a constant transition from heaven to hell, never abiding in one stay on the firm level earth in her stormy childhood, should see an Apollo in the first comely and well-conducted youth she met, and that her imagination should invest him with a blinding glamour, which in turn kindled so strong a passion as swept her off her Her passionate and exaggerated repentance, too, though as exasperating to the reader as it would be in real life, is equally true, the natural sequence of all that went before. Still, Maggie ought not to have been drowned, she was but beginning to develop: Stephen Guest should have been but an incident in the Sturm-und-Drang-Periode inevitable to a nature so turbulent and so complex as hers. Maggie's death, which is an accident and a climax to nothing, must be regarded as an artistic murder, for the wanton slaving of a personage whose death is not artistically necessary in a fiction, is more than a blunder, it is a capital crime. But the charm and interest of "The Mill on the Floss" are not in the development of Maggie so much as in that of her father and mother and those matchless aunts and uncles of hers.

If the power to create and develop character is great, it is also rare, and discoverable only in fiction of the highest order. It is this that makes Hawthorne so incomparably grand; this that gives his chief, though not his whole magic to that master of English fiction, Thackeray, and his peer, George Eliot; that impresses in Manzoni's splendid romance, "I Promessi Sposi"; that enchains in Jane Austen, though she does but brush the surface of character, leaving the depths unplumbed; that fascinates in Charlotte Brontë and in Mrs. Gaskell, that powerful, wholesome and but half-appreciated writer; and the lack of which sends so marvellous a genius as Dickens, in spite of all his witchery of fancy and fun and youthful mastery of language, lost later in affectation, to the second rank. It was Dickens' inability to recognise his own limitation in this respect which chiefly contributed, with his outrageous vanity, to wreck his later works; for he always

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aimed at developing character, probably because it was the only thing he could not do. Because the gods, as a sort of make-weight, with their gifts of genius and talent, always throw in a perverse blindness to the nature and limits of those endowments.

Michael Angelo, at first sight of it, said to Donatello's statue of St. George, "March!" and the young figure always seems, in its breathing vitality, to be on the point of obeying the order. So it is with the finest creations in fiction: they march, they develop, they achieve an immortal existence, like the lovers in Keats' "Grecian Urn"—

"For ever shalt thou love, and she be fair."

We expect them to go on living; we look out for Colonel Newcome's noble and pathetic face among the pensioners in the chapel, and expect to see that delightful old sinner, Major Pendennis, ogle us from his club-window as we pass. How sadly do the characters of Amelia Sedley's kind and easy-going parents develop under the stress of ill-fortune, and yet how truly! The indulgent and affectionate merchant, and his comfortable, common-place spouse, who caress and fondle Amelia's girlhood, pass with saddest ease into the selfish and querulous tyrants of her widowed maturity; the harshness of their soured and unlovely old age is but the other side of natures to which case and material comfort are the first conditions of existence. And poor dear Amelia, how naturally she glides through the bitter trials and keen sorrows of her womanhood, losing the self-complacency and regardlessness of others, fostered by her caressed and guarded girlhood, and emerging mellowed and sweetened from the flame! People run Amelia down. I love her: I should like to have known her. Don't we all know and love, and feel the better for knowing and loving, some Amelia? My heart aches now as if from a fresh stab whenever I read the immortal sentence which describes the falling of night on battle-field and city, on the town without, and Emmy's desolate chamber within, where she "was praying for George, who was lying on his face dead, with a bullet through his heart." Of course, we all adore that good-for-nothing Beeky Sharpe, whose complex and subtle nature is so terribly warped and contorted by the wrongs of her youth. How delightful is the unexpected tenderness developed

in that great, clumsy, big-hearted blackguard, Rawdon Crawley, by his dainty, clever little witch of a wife and his neglected child. This Rawdon is essentially virile all the way through. It was not only a fine brain, but a great and generous and very tender heart that conceived and developed all these intensely human creatures in Thackeray's great romance.

What fine development there is in Lucia and Renzo, those very commonplace and unromantic young country folk in the first chapters of "I Promessi Sposi." Yet Lucia does not surprise us when, under stress of the terrible events which tear their tranquil lives apart, she comports herself with such signal heroism, and overawes and disarms the lawless brigands who have carried her off, by the dignity of her gentle vet strong rectitude. Nor are we astonished when the honest and simpleminded Renzo, by his single-hearted lovalty and devotion to plain duty, becomes a hero in his turn. It is a matchless stroke of Manzoni's genius thus from such every-day and unromantic material to evolve stuff so heroic and full of romantic interest as in the characters of these "Promessi Sposi," who were not even romantically in love, but were merely going to marry because they were at marrying age and thought each other suitable.

This subtle and inevitable development which follows from the creation of a living character in fiction, as from the birth of a living organism in nature, gives a distinct charm to Malory's version of Arthurian legend, the one centre of interest around which the whole body of the romance Morte d'Arthur plays, being the development of Sir Lancelot, that very live and captivating man, whom once to know is always to love. Chaucer, fettered and cramped though he was, yet in the narrow limits his art imposed gives subtle suggestions of spiritual growth, while the immortal people painted in the Prologue, though of necessity debarred from movement, are like Donatello's St. George, we involuntarily tell them to march, they are so alert and so much alive. And even in the Nibelungen Lied, which would at first seem but a poetic welding together of myth, tradition and romance, the main point of the story and the hinge upon which the whole tragedy plays, is the terrible direction taken by Chriemhild's naturally sweet and noble nature under the warping influence of deadly wrong.

Macbeth, aweary of the sun, is another man than the gallant Scottish chief who consults the witches, and what a change passes over the warmhearted and devoted wife, who is so eager for her husband's advancement. Hamlet and Faust (especially Hamlet), being not so much a Danish prince and a German philosopher as representatives of the human race, are the first and finest instances of character-development in fiction. Yet the same Goethe, who, by the spontaneous play of his great genius, created the living Faust, also composed that nauseous study of morbid anatomy, "Wahlverwandtschaften," in which there is no true development upwards or downwards, but a sort of stagnant and hopeless decay, and by the composition of which he became the father of a great and gruesome school of fiction, the noxious influence of which is spreading everywhere like a leprous growth over the fair face of fictive art, especially in France, where the novel has been reduced to a study of the gutter and the city sewer, and poetry to the open worship of decay, and where a great artist like Zola devotes marvellous powers of observation and description and analysis of character through the whole of the celebrated "Assommoir" to impressing upon the reader that dirty linen is dirty, which Falstaff knew by sad experience, but did not dwell upon, long ago. There is much morbid anatomy of stagnant character in L' Assommoir, but no development; the characters do not even degenerate, they simply rot as if from some mysterious, irresistible corruption.

A great, perhaps the greatest, living English novelist is, like his lesser brothers, touched by this mysterious blight. Hence Tess has an artistically impossible climax. Mr. Hardy's fine genius created a noble character in Tess, but his Paganism (for the blight has its origin in Paganism) blinded him to the full grandeur of his own creation. He sees clearly how the tragedy of Tess's girlhood, the horrible cruelty of which she is the innocent victim, moulds her nature, first stunning her to a degradation from which she quickly revolts, and ultimately leading her through suffering and knowledge of good and evil to a higher purity than that of ignorant innocence, but he cannot see, perhaps because he does not believe in, the impossibility of the final ac tions he imputes to her, in a nature that had grown to such a height. Vainly is the ivory parasol flourished in the face of the reader, who rejects

it as an unreality. But I speak under correction.

Whatever Paganism may be to art, and the late Mr. J. A. Symonds thinks it is very good for it—there is no doubt that it is absolutely fatal to creative literature. The pure Pagan, the denying spirit, can have no ideal; it is not that he asserts there is no God, but that he says there is no good; he knows no inward vivifying spirit to produce moral progress; therefore for him character cannot grow, it can only decay, like geraniums touched by frost. This denying spirit, this Paganism, which acknowledges matter because itself is material, and which denies soul and the supernatural, sees in man a mere organism, bound in an eternal ring of sense, a being whose deepest emotions are but animal instincts, variously developed, and whose subtlest thoughts are but emanations from an organ resembling curds; therefore it has only the human animal for its subject in art and literature, and can depict nothing in moral life but its decay. It has no clue to the growth of the living organism, acknowledging not life but only death. Human character is to this Paganism as the rapidly decomposing corpse under the knife and microscope. It is this which in politics produces Nihilism, Socialism, Anarchy, in literature what is known as Zolaism, though Zola is but one of its products, and in France the poetry of the decadence, the acknowledged idolatry of corruption; and it is this which fills European fiction with unsavoury studies in morbid anatomy in place of wholesome, vivifying pictures of living and growing character. One can trace this sterilizing influence in Goethe's life as well as in his works; one sees it beginning in George Eliot, and continuing in the most ambitious English writers of the day; but not in Mr. Hall Caine, whose work, with all its shortcomings, is a protest against it, and who resolutely proclaims the soul of man and his power to rise above his passions and make a stepping-stone of his dead self to something nobler.

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But how acquire the art of developing character in fiction? We may as well try to acquire blue eyes and straight noses, nature having endowed us with aquiline features and black orbs. It is like the gifts of poetry and cookery, born with us or unattainable, though, like those sources of so much solace to mankind, it may and must be cultivated when present. The means whereto are study and observation of life, and of great literary masterpieces.

That pleasant and light-hearted writer, Mr. James Payn, probably beguiled by the whisper of some tricksy demon, once, to his subsequent acknowledged sorrow, sat down and airily indited an essay in a leading periodical on fiction as a profession, in which he asserted in that gentle and joyous fashion of his that, like any other craft, that of novel-writing can be acquired by study and practice. With a thoughtlessness that Christian charity would fain assume to be devoid of guile, he even expressed an innocent wonder that a profession so easy and inexpensive to acquire, and so delightful as well as lucrative to exercise, was not more sought after by the parents of British youth, who, worthy folk, to do them strict justice, have never been backward in repressing the vice of scribbling in their offspring. It would be unkind to dwell upon the error of Mr. Payn's ways. Nemesis, in the shape of letters during the next few days from half the parents in the three kingdoms, demanding instant instruction for sons (especially those who had failed in most other things) in the elements of novel-writing, overtook that poor man, and he did fit penance in a subsequent number of the periodical, appearing there in all the humiliation of white sheet, ashes, and taper, and duly confessing, if not his sins, at least his sorrow for their results.

The art of novel-writing is not to be picked up along the primrose path, even when the gift is present, nor is literature, especially in its higher walks, a lucrative profession; it is, as of old, a crutch, but not a staff. It is doubtless comparatively easy, a certain knack being inborn and skill having been acquired, to reel off story after story at the same dead level of mediocrity, but no writer has produced many good novels, or ever will. The world is flooded with fiction, chiefly worthless, but able by sheer volume to swamp the few good novels that appear from time to time. People should never write a novel or indite a poem of malice prepense. The only justification for doing either is being unable to help it. Those novel writers who can create characters will develop them and thank heaven: those who cannot will not, and let us hope they will thank heaven too.

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

Sketch the Portrait of one person—man, woman, or child. Place him or her in any circumstances you prefer, but trace the development of character through the progress of the story, whether for good or ill.

Tito, in George Eliot's Romola, is a splendid example of this sort of study.

Papers must contain not more than 500 words, and must be sent in by July 25

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

Who, in the realms of Dreamland, passed through the following transmigrations? First, he wandered along the lower ridge of the Himalaya mountains; then he was in a cavern by the sea-side; then he became successively "a madrepore, rooted to the rock," "a soft crab," "a remora, weak and helpless," "an ostrich, flying madly before the simoon wind," "a mylodon among South American forests," "a baby ape in Borneo," "a child among the valleys of Thibet;" finally, a man again.

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Mention the poet and the poem referred to in the following lines, and give name of author.

"Friend of the wise! and teacher of the good! Into my heart have I received that lay, More than historic, that prophetic lay Wherein (high theme, by thee first sung aright) Of the foundations and the building up Of a human spirit, thou hast dared to tell What may be told, to the understanding mind Revealable."

HI.

Whom did the following ladies marry?—(1) Susannah Barton. (2) Jane Welch. (3) Charlotte Carpenter. (4) Elizabeth Porter. (5) Mary Hutchinson. (6). Isabella Martin.

IV.

1. Give author and work where the following lines appear.

"What is Hope? A smiling rainbow Children follow through the wet; "Tis not here, still yonder, yonder, Never urchin found it yet.

What is man? A foolish baby, Vainly strives, and fights, and frets; Demanding all, deserving nothing; One small grave is what he gets."

2. Quote some other verses somewhat on the same lines, by another author, beginning:—

"Hopes, what are they? Beads of morning, Strung on slender blades of grass."

V.

State where these characters appear. (1) Elizabeth Haddon. (2) Lily Mordaunt. (3) Christina Playfair. (4) Shargar. (5) Sheila Mackenzie.

VI.

Give the answer to the following riddle-

"A man there was, though some did count him mad, The more he cast away, the more he had."

All readers of "Atalanta" may send in answers to the above. Reply-Papers should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., "Atalanta," 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and must be posted on or before July 15th.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS JUNE).

I.

The cap, ordered by Katharina, when it was brought home by the maker, was thus referred to by Petruchio.

Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. Sc. 3.

II.

1. "——— Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade."

King Lear, iv. 6.

2. Miss Edgeworth' Patronage.

III.

The hero of Wordsworth's poem, The Blind Highland Boy.

IV.

Louisa M. Alcott. Life, by Edna D. Cheney.

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- I. Fra Ugo Bassi, in the Hospital at Rome. Mrs. Hamilton King's *The Disciples*.
 - 1. Averill, the Rector, in Tennyson's Aylmer's Field.
 - 3. Friar Cuthbert, in Longfellow's Golden Legend.
 - 4. Sermon to the Fishermen, described by Jean Ingelow.

VI.

Evangeline, in Longfellow's poem.

"———— For that was the sunshine Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples,

She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance."



SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

PART II. COLOUR.

I N our first part we spoke of sketching in black and white only. We will suppose our young artists to have made sufficient progress in the manipulation of the pencil to be able to use it with pleasure, and thus carry away in their sketchbooks a tolerably trustworthy drawing of what they have seen. But it is certain that, many a time, while occupied with the pencil, they will have been charmed with the beauty of colour, as it has played over the subject they have studied, and will have longed to seize that also. Let us now turn our attention, therefore, to colour.

The first step towards colouring a landscape is to practise yourself in giving, with the brush, and in one colour, the effect before you. The different shades of sepia are usually found the best to begin with. Ivory-black is not difficult to work with, but it is colder in general effect than sepia. Three kinds of sepia are used by artists, and of these the one called Roman sepia is what we prefer. It is not so red as warm sepia, nor so grey as cold sepia. Your paper should be of a better quality than for pencil drawing, and it must be pinned upon a board to prevent it from cockling, when damp. If you have a drawing-block, it is better

still. Nothing is more convenient for the sketcher than the drawing-book block. The block is bound like a book, so that when a leaf is detached with the penknife along three sides, the fourth, being held by the binding, keeps its place, and the leaf has merely to be turned over. Whatman's drawingpaper, known as 90-lb. paper, is good enough for ordinary sketches. The 140-lb. paper is stronger, and will bear a great deal of rubbing out, an advantage for more finished work. When you have had some practice, the rough paper will be found very useful for getting in quickly certain effects; but do not begin with it. Two brushes are always required—one to lay on the colour, and another to soften it, where necessary, into the lights. These should be large enough to carry a wash evenly over the paper. Good work cannot be done with small brushes.

Make your sketch lightly and carefully in pencil. If the principal parts of your subjects are well placed, it will be an immense help as you go on. At the same time, the lines must not be too dark, else the colour will catch upon them, and spoil the general effect. Take a medium tone of sepia, and carry it over the whole of the drawing, except on

the high lights. The white paper must be left for these, and especially in the case of clouds. When the first wash is dry, take a tint rather darker, and lay it over all the parts that are in what we may call a secondary shade, bringing it over the deeper parts at the same time. The darkest touches are given with a shade as deep as your colour will produce. These touches must be given with great care. If too many are employed, a heavy, dull effect will be the result. If there are stones or weeds standing out light, upon a shadow in the foreground, they can easily be given by drawing the plant or stone with the brush dipped in water, at the point to be lightened, and after a minute, rubbing off the water sharply with a rag on the finger. The light space thus produced will only need a touch or two of shade to indicate the objects in question. A study in sepia or monochrome of any kind should be limited to these three degrees of colour. will require some practice to learn how to soften the one into the other, and so produce the thousand beautiful varieties of sunshine and shadow, as we see them in nature.

Very beautiful effects are given by the use of two or three colours only, such as blue and sepia, or blue, sepia, and yellow ochre. The great landscape painter, Turner, worked for years in these three colours, before he allowed himself the pleasure of a richer palette. A later painter, H. Mackewan, was also extremely successful in producing beautiful landscapes with the three colours just mentioned. If your indigo is very dark, as sometimes happens, we advise you to try cobalt for the distance. This is better also for the blue of the sky. If you have a distant horizon, either mountains or distant landscape, lay a pale tint of blue over the whole. If there is water, the reflections must be left to the white paper. Add a very little sepia to the blue, as you approach the foreground. If the sun is very bright, you may allow yourself a touch of gamboge, but otherwise the yellow ochre will suffice for the lights. You will require to retouch the distance here and there with blue, or blue slightly modified with sepia. The degree of blue or sepia depends entirely on the brightness of the day, and the degree of distance you want to represent. The more atmosphere lies between the eye and the subject, the greater will be the intensity of the blue.

We will suppose you have before you a country

cottage with thatched roof, such as one sees in Warwickshire or Devonshire. There may be a garden in front, surrounded by a stone wall; a fruit tree or some elms behind, and hills or mountains in the distance. Begin with the blue hills. Blue, modified with sepia, will serve to work out the trees, and sepia alone will bring out cottage and foreground, adding yellow ochre for sunny touches. A goat or donkey browsing on the roadside may be brought out by the use of sepia alone.

It should be remembered that, in order to succeed well in the whole of a subject, studies ought to be made, when time allows, of little bits. Many a one will think it loss of time to sit down before a nettle, or a dock, or a heap of stones, and make a study thereof. And yet these subjects, so simple in appearance, are quite difficult enough for the beginner, and will tax all his powers to make them look natural. As we observed, when speaking of pencil sketches, begin with what seems too easy. You will thus be encouraged by a certain amount of success, and will attempt wider scenes with more chance of a happy result.

Trees require a study of themselves, in sepia as in pencil. The touch that has been acquired in the use of the latter should be continued with the brush. Masses of light and shade are more rapidly given in colour, but the characteristic forms they take, according to the kind of tree, must never be lost sight of. Observe these forms carefully before going into detail, and leave the high lights white. If the day is sunny, a little gamboge washed over these lights gives to the whole picture a most animated effect.

At no time is it an advantage to have too many colours. They embarrass the beginner, lead to waste of time, and prevent him from making the most of a few. The following ten colours are sufficient for almost anything — indigo, cobalt yellow ochre, gamboge, raw sienna, burnt sienna, light red, lake, brown madder, and sepia. For very brilliant sunsets, Indian yellow is useful, and a light wash of vermilion upon a sunny road, or a few scarlet touches upon a tiled roof may come in well; but these colours are not essential. Vermilion, being opaque, does more harm than good if unskilfully applied. Prussian blue is useful in making the greens of trees, but it is so harsh when overdone, that it is as well not to employ it at

first. A very good series of greens for trees is made with indigo and gamboge, or indigo and raw sienna; and a little burnt sienna for the darker shades and russets will give the depths required. A little cobalt, washed over the high lights, reflects sufficiently the colour of the sky where it falls upon the leaves. Brown madder, or even a little lake, is most useful in the deep shades of trunk and branches, and, mixed with a little indigo, it gives to the apparently black tones of the trunk a richer colour than any black would do.

In colouring distant mountains, light red, with cobalt, often gives a more natural tone than lake. It should not be mixed with the blue, but be laid on tenderly when the first blue wash is dry. Each touch, large or small, should express some form, and thus indicate upon the blue ground those varieties of surface so charming in mountain scenery, but which, on account of their very delicacy, are so difficult to render.

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It frequently happens that a certain hardness prevails in your work which you are unable to remove. In such a case, take a large flat brush, and pass a wash of clean water over the whole. Let it dry, and you will find all the tones harmonised, and the hard lines removed. A careful retouching to strengthen the foreground will be all that is needed to complete your study.

It is very difficult to explain, without giving illustrations, how the beauties of landscape scenery can be even slightly represented. These hints are only intended for such lovers of nature as have nothing but their own inspiration to guide them when seeking to portray her. It is evident that one lesson from a good master is worth volumes of written advice.

Elie Toulmin-Smith.

IMPRESSIONS OF A DEBUTANTE.

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H! Rose Queen, I did enjoy your letter why is there not such an ideal person in each assemblage of girls? I thought much of you as I watched the be-spectacled, sternly-dressed girls, belonging to the Ladies' Colleges of dear old Oxford, from which I have just returned. I think the "eights week" there is just perfection. It is so curious to walk down past the glorious green and gold of Christ Church meadow, where even

every buttercup seems determined to do its best to add to the festive appearance of everything and everybody. All the crowds of people are bound for the river, and how can I make you feel the excitement of that moment? You cannot be in Oxford for a day, without picking up some knowledge of the races, but with a brother in one of the eights, you learn every detail! The weather was glorious, and day after day the barges were crowded with girls in the lightest summer dresses, and the most rainbow hued parasols. First you hear the minute gun fired in the remote distance, and then comes a time of breathless expectation. At last you see a wild rush of undergraduates in the most extraordinary costumes appearing upon bridges in the distance. Then you strain your eyes as the first lot of oars appear in sight and you consider yourself lucky if you have a friend at your side to tell you by their colour to which college they belong. It does me good to see that long procession of boats, each crew straining every nerve to reach the next and accomplish the muchlonged-for "bump." I cannot help feeling it is far more worth going in for than cricket, for it means a vast amount of self-denial in the preliminary training. There was a rumour last year that the students of one of the ladies' colleges were going to lay claim to enter a boat to compete, but I am delighted to find they have not accomplished it yet!

Of course I was wild to return for Commemoration—if you are really fond of dancing I do not think there is anything to equal a College Ball. Plenty of room to move, and everybody so natural, and kind to you. Even the professors, who pretend to be shocked at the desecration of their dear old halls, do not look upon you as a mere butterfly, but give you credit for some intelligence, and talk to you on all their pet subjects. Oh! Rose Queen, how you would love the Bodlean Library, where every book that has been written in the last 200 years or so is stored. Oxford does make one feel such an absolute atom in the vast world, and vet it strengthens one to go forth and uphold ideals, and keep alive the highest beliefs of mankind.

I shall never forget that old college garden, lit up by hundreds of fairy lamps and Chinese lanterns, hung on every tree, where we walked and conversed, whilst on the still night came the sounds of the dance music through the open hall windows. And as the morning broke over Magdalen Tower, and the deep tones of the college clock broke through the stillness, I resolved whenever I felt myself sinking down into a purely frivolous life, I would visit Oxford and amidst its ancient buildings be once more drawn upwards to the Life of Duty.

UNA DE GREY.

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Richard de Lacy; a Tale of the Later Lollards, by C. Edmund Maurice (Wells, Gardner, Darton, & Co.), is far above the level of the average historical story. The period represented is almost untrodden ground, and the writer brings an amount of scholarly research to bear upon his work that enriches it to the extent of making it a valuable study of history. The characters introduced have not often figured before in the pages of fiction, but many of them played an important part in the England of their own day. One great difficulty confronts all authors who would write a successful historical story. Freshness of subject is almost an essential; but there is also the danger of using material so unhackneyed that it is out of the ken of the "general reader." This superficial but important personage (who represents the great mass of the book-devouring public), likes to have at least a bowing acquaintance with the men and women brought before his notice; it is mortifying to the sense of his own mental superiority to find himself in company with a crowd of distinguished people, whose very names are in many cases unknown to him. Mr. Maurice is perhaps more in sympathy with the student of history than with the "general reader." handles his subject in a thoroughly earnest and thoughtful way, and all matters open to controversy are discussed in a straightforward and liberal spirit. England under the feeble rule of Henry VI. was in a truly perturbed and unhappy condition. Richard de Lacy takes an active part in trying to solve the political and religious questions of the day. The progress of the story gives plenty of scope for colour and dramatic movement. There are graphic pictures of Oxford and London life in the fifteenth century; Richard's career is an adventurous one, and many varying interests of the period in turn influence his destiny.

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Readers who enjoyed A Social Departure and An American Girl in London will look forward with pleasure to another work from the same pen. In The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib (Chatto and Windus) Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan deals with social life in India, seen from the standpoint of a young English bride on her first arrival. The adventures that befall Helen Browne are probably identical with those that happen to most people in the same circumstances, but they are related with such humour and picturesqueness of touch that they provide very excellent and entertaining reading. The life portrayed in these pages is not altogether one tomake stay-at-homes discontented with their lot; the young housekeeper in the "gorgeous East" has her full share of domestic worries, which are probably far more amusing to hear about than to endure.

The lightness and sparkle which so eminently distinguished A Social Departure are a trifle lacking in this later book. Miss Duncan seems to take things more seriously, and her wit has a sharper edge to it. Apart, however, from a slightly bitter flavour which is perceptible here and there, the book abounds in delightfully comic sketches of life and character. The illustrations by F. H. Townsend are clever and suggestive.

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Women Writers, by Catherine J. Hamilton (Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.), gives an interesting account of many of the most distinguished English women of letters. The First Series covers a period of fifty years, and includes some of the best-known authors who lived at the end of the last century or the beginning of this. For those who have not time or opportunity to study biographies of greater length, these little sketches will supply much useful information. Their chief value will be, however, if they encourage readers to study the works themselves of the various authors under discussion. The present volume starts with the ever-fascinating Fanny Burney, and includes sketches of Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss-Ferrier, Miss Mitford, and many others.

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MOUNT ETNA IN ERUPTION,

JULY, 1892.

From the Drawing by Hume Nisbet.)



MEMOIRS OF HIS ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PART II. FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TRAVELS IN HOLLAND.

THE rattel-wagon, which is a kind of a long wagon set with benches, carried us in four hours of travel to the great city of Rotterdam. It was long past dark by then, but the streets, pretty brightly lighted and thronged with wild-like, outlandish characters—bearded Hebrews, black men—the clash of talk about us, made our heads to whirl; and what was the most unexpected of all, we appeared to be no more struck with these foreigners than they with us. I made the best face I could, for the lass's sake and my own credit; but the truth is, I felt like a lost sheep, and my heart beat in my bosom with anxiety. Once or twice I inquired after the harbour or the

berth of the ship *Rose*: but either fell on some who only spoke Hollands, or my own French failed me. A little after we issued forth upon an open place along the harbour.

"We shall be doing now," cries I, as soon as I spied masts. "Let us walk here by the harbour. We are sure to meet some that has the English, and at the best of it, we may light upon that very ship."

We did the next best, as happened; for, about nine of the evening, whom should we walk into the arms of but Captain Sang? He told us that they had made their run in the most incredible brief time, the wind holding strong till they reached port; by which means his passengers were all gone already on their further travels. It was impossible to chase after the Gebbies into High Germany, and we had no other acquaintance to fall back

upon but Captain Sang himself. It was the more gratifying to find the man friendly and wishful to assist. He made it a small affair to find some good plain family of merchants, where Catriona might harbour till the Rose was loaden; declared he would then blythely carry her back to Leith for nothing, and see her safe in the hands of Mr. Gregory; and in the meantime carried us to a late ordinary for the meal we stood in need of. seemed extremely friendly, as I say, but what surprised me a good deal, rather boisterous into the bargain: and the cause of this was soon to appear, for, at the ordinary, calling for Rhone wine, and drinking of it deep, he soon became unutterably tipsy. In this case, as too common with all men, but especially with those of his rough trade, what little sense or manners he possessed deserted him; and he behaved himself so unmannerly to the young lady that I had no resource but carry her suddenly away.

She came out of that ordinary clinging to me close. "Take me away, David," she said. "You keep me. I'm not afraid with you."

"And have no cause, my little friend!" cried I, and could have found it in my heart to weep.

"Where will you be taking me?" she said again, "Don't leave me at all events, never leave me."

"Where am I taking you indeed?" says I, stopping, for I had been staving on a-head in mere blindness. "I must stop and think. But I'll not leave you, Catriona; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I should fail or fash you."

She crept closer in to me by way of a reply.

"Here," I said, "is the stillest place that we have hit on yet in this busy byke of a city. Let us sit down here, under you tree, and consider of our course."

That tree (which I am little likely to forget) stood hard by the harbour side. It was a black night, but lights were in the houses, and nearer hand, in the quiet ships, there was a shining of the city on the one hand, and a buzz hung over it of many thousands walking and talking; on the other it was dark, and the water bubbled on the sides. I spread my cloak upon a builder's stone, and made her sit there; she would have kept her hold upon me, for she still shook with the late affronts; but I wanted to think clear, disengaged myself, and paced to and fro before her, in the manner of what we call a smuggler's walk, belabouring my

brains for any remedy. By the course of these scattering thoughts I was brought suddenly face to face with a remembrance that, in the heat and haste of our departure, I had left Captain Sang to pay the ordinary. At this I began to laugh out loud, for I thought the man well served; and at the same time, by an instinctive movement, carried my hand to the pocket where my money was. I suppose it was in the lane where the women jostled us; but there is only the one thing certain, that my purse was gone.

"You will have thought of something good," said she, observing me to pause.

At the pinch we were in, my mind became suddenly clear as a perspective glass, and I saw there was no choice of methods. I had not one doit of coin, but in my pocket-book I had still my letter on the Leyden merchant; and there was now but the one way to get to Leyden, and that was to walk on our two feet.

"Catriona," said I, "I know you're brave, and I believe you're strong, do you think you could walk thirty miles on a plain road?" We found it, I believe, scarce the two-thirds of that, but such was my notion of the distance.

"David," she said, "if you will just keep near I will go anywhere or do anything. The courage of my heart, it is all broken. Do not be leaving me in this horrible country by myself, and I will do all else."

"Can you start now and march all night?" said I.

"I will do all that you can ask of me," she said, "and never ask you why. I have been a bad, ungrateful girl to you; and do what you please with me now! And I think Miss Barbara Grant is the best lady in the world," she added, "and I do not see what she would deny you for at all events."

This was Greek and Hebrew to me; but I had other matters to consider, and the first of these was to get clear of that city on the Leyden road. It proved a cruel problem: and it may have beer one or two at night ere we had solved it. Once beyond the houses, there was neither moon no stars to guide us; only the whiteness of the way in the midst and the blackness of an alley on both hands. The walking was besides made most extra ordinary difficult by a plain black frost that fel suddenly in the small hours and turned that high way into one long slide.

"Well, Catriona," said I, "here we are, like the king's sons and the old wives' daughters in your daft-like Highland tales. Soon we'll be going over the 'seven Bens, the seven glens, and the seven mountain moors." Which was a common byword or overcome in these tales of hers that had stuck in my memory.

"Ay," says she, "but there are no glens or mountains! Though I will never be denying but what the trees and some of the plain places hereabouts are very pretty. But our country is the best yet."

"I wish we could say as much for our own folk," says I, recalling Sprott and Sang, and perhaps James More himself.

"I will never complain of the country of my friend," said she, and spoke it out with an accent so particular that I seemed to see the look upon her face.

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I caught in my breath sharp and came near falling (for my pains) on the black ice.

"I do not know what you think, Catriona," said I, when I was a little recovered, "but this has been the best day yet! I think shame to say it, when you have met in with such misfortunes and disfavours; but for me, it has been the best day yet!"

"It was a good day when you showed me so much love," said she.

"And yet I think shame to be happy too," I went on, "and you out here on the road, in the black night."

"Where in the great world would I be else?" she cried. "I am thinking I am safest where I am with you."

"I am quite forgiven, then?" I asked.

"Will you not forgive me that time so much as not to take it in your mouth again?" she cried. "There is nothing in this heart to you but thanks. But I will be honest too," she added, with a kind of suddenness, "and I never can forgive that girl."

"Is this Miss Grant again?" said I. "You aid yourself she was the best lady in the world."

"So she will be, indeed!" says Catriona. "But will never forgive her for all that. I will never, ever forgive her, and let me hear tell of her never nore."

"Well," said I, "this beats all that ever came to y knowledge; and I wonder that you can in-

dulge yourself in such bairnly whims. Here is a young lady that was the best friend in the world to the both of us, that learned us how to dress ourselves, and in a great manner how to behave, as anyone can see that knew us both before and after."

But Catriona stopped square in the midst of the highway.

"It is this way of it," said she. "Either you will go on to speak of her, and I will go back to your town, and let come of it what God pleases! Or else you will do me that politeness to talk of other things."

1 was the most nonplussed man in this world; but 1 bethought me she depended altogether on my help, that she was of the frail sex and not so much beyond a child, and it was for me to be wise for the pair of us.

"My dear girl," said I, "I can make neither head nor tail of this; but God forbid that I should do anything to set you on the jee. As for talking of Miss Grant I have no such a mind to it, and I believe it was yourself began it. My only design (if I took you up at all) was for your own improvement, for I hate the very look of injustice. Not that I do not wish you to have a good pride and a nice female delicacy—they become you well; but here you show them to excess."

"Well, then, have you done?" said she.

"I have done," said I.

" Λ very good thing," said she, and we went on again, but now in silence.

It was an eeric employment to walk in the gross night, beholding only shadows and hearing nought but our own steps. At first, I believe our hearts burned against each other with a deal of enmity; but the darkness and the cold, and the silence, which only the cocks sometimes interrupted, or sometimes the farmyard dogs, had pretty soon brought down our pride to the dust; and for my own particular, I would have jumped at any decent opening for speech.

Before the day peeped, came on a warmish rain, and the frost was all wiped away from among our feet. I took my cloak to her and sought to hap her in the same; she bade me, rather impatiently, to keep it.

"Indeed, and 1 will do no such thing," said 1:
"Here am 1, a great ugly lad, that has seen all kinds of weather, and here are you a tender, pretty maid! My dear, you will put me to a shame."

Without more words she let me cover her; which, as I was doing in the darkness, I let my hand rest a moment on her shoulder, almost like an embrace.

"You must try to be more patient of your friend," said I.

I thought she seemed to lean the least thing in the world against my bosom, or perhaps it was but fancy. "There will be no end to your goodness," said she.

And we went on again in silence; but now all was changed; and the happiness that was in my heart was like a fire in a great chimney.

The rain passed ere day; it was but a sloppy morning as we came into the town of Delft. The red-gabled houses made a handsome show on either hand of a canal; the servant lassies were out slestering and scrubbing at the very stones upon the public highway; smoke rose from a hundred kitchens; and it came in upon me strongly it was time to break our fasts.

"Catriona," I said, "I believe you have yet a shilling and three baubees?"

"Are you wanting it?" said she, and passed me her purse. "I am wishing it was five pounds! What will you want it for?"

"And what have we been walking for all night, like a pair of waif Egyptians?" says I. "Just because I was robbed of my purse and all I possessed in that unchancy town of Rotterdam. I will tell you of it now, because I think the worst is over, but we have still a good tramp before us till we get to where my money is, and if you would not buy me a piece of bread, I were like to go fasting."

She looked at me with open eyes. By the light of the new day she was all black and pale for weariness, so that my heart smote me for her. But as for her, she broke out laughing.

"You too? Oh, I could have wished for this same thing! And I am glad to buy your breakfast for you. But it would be pleisand if I would have had to dance to get a meal to you! For I believe they are not very well acquainted with our manner of dancing over here, and might be paying for the curiosity of that sight."

I could have kissed her for that word, not with a lover's mind, but in a heat of admiration. For it always warms a man to see a woman brave.

We got a drink of milk from a country wife but new come to the town, and in a baker's, a piece of excellent, hot, sweet-smelling bread, which we ate upon the road as we went on. That road from Delft to the Hague is just five miles of a fine avenue shaded with trees, a canal on the one hand, on the other excellent pastures of cattle. It was pleasant here indeed.

"And now, Davie," said she, "what will you do with me at all events?"

"It is what we have to speak of," said I, "and the sooner yet the better. I can come by money in Leyden; that will be all well. But the trouble is how to dispose of you until your father come. I thought last night you seemed a little sweir to part from me?"

"It will be more than seeming then," said she.

"You are a very young maid," said I, "and I am but a very young callant. This is a great piece of difficulty. What way are we to manage? Unless, indeed, you could pass to be my sister?"

"And what for no!" said she, "if you would let me!"

"I wish you were so indeed!" I cried. "I would be a fine man if I had such a sister. But the rub here is that you are Catriona Drummond."

"And now I will be Catrine Balfour," she said, "And who is to ken? They are all strange folk here."

"If you think that it would do," says I. "I own it troubles me. I would like it very ill, if I advised you at all wrong."

"David, I have no friend here but you," she said.

"The mere truth is, I am too young to be your friend," said I. "I am too young to advise you, or you to be advised. I see not what else we are to do, and yet I ought to warn you."

"I will have no choice left," said she. "My father, James More, has not used me very well, and it is not the first time. I am cast upon your hands like a sack of barley meal, and have nothing else to think of but your pleasure. If you will have me, good and well. If you will not"—she turned and touched her hand upon my arm—"David, I am afraid," said she.

"No, but I ought to warn you," I began; and then bethought me that I was the bearer of the purse, and it would never do to seem too churlish. "Catriona," said I, "don't misunderstand me: I am just trying to do my duty by you, girl! Here am I going alone to this strange city, to be a solitary student there; and here is this chance arisen that you might dwell with me a bit, and be like my sister: you can surely understand this much, my dear, that I would just love to have you?"

"Well, and here I am," said she. "So that's soon settled." I knew I was in duty bounden to have spoke more plain. I knew this was a great blot on my character for which I was lucky that I did not pay more dear. But I minded how easy her delicacy had been startled with a word of kissing her in Barbara's letter: now that she depended on me, how was I to be more bold? Besides, the truth is, I could see no other feasible method to dispose of her. Aud I daresay inclination pulled me very strong.

A little beyond the Hague she fell very lame, and made the rest of the distance heavily enough. Twice she must rest by the wayside, which she did with pretty apologies, calling herself a shame to the Highlands and the race she came of, and nothing but a hindrance to myself. It was her excuse, she said, that she was not much used with walking shod. I would have had her strip off her shoes and stockings and go bare foot. But she pointed out to me that the women of that country, even in the landward roads, appeared to be all shod.

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"I must not be disgracing my brother," said she, and was very merry with it all, although her face told tales of her.

There is a garden in that city we were bound to, sanded below with clean sand, the trees meeting overhead, some of them trimmed, some pleached, and the whole place beautified with alleys and arbours. Here I left Catriona, and went forward by myself to find my correspondent. Then I drew on my credit, and asked to be recommended to some decent, retired lodging. baggage not being yet arrived, I told him I supposed I should require his caution with the people of the house; and explained that, my sister being come for a while to keep house with me, I should be wanting two chambers. This was all very well; but the trouble was that Mr. Balfour in his letter of recommendation had condescended on a great deal of particulars, and never a word of any sister in the case. I could see my Dutchman was extremely suspicious: and viewing me over the rims of a great pair of spectacles—he was a poor, frail body, and reminded me of an infirm rabbit—he began to question me close.

Here I fell in a panic. Suppose he accept my tale (thinks I), suppose he invite my sister to his house, and that I bring her. I shall have a fine ravelled pirn to unwind, and may end by disgracing both the lassie and myself. Thereupon I began hastily to expound to him my sister's character. She was of a bashful disposition, it appeared, and so extremely fearful of meeting strangers that I had left her at that moment sitting in a public place alone. And then, being launched upon the stream of falsehood, I must do like all the rest of the world in the same circumstances, and plunge in deeper than was any service; adding some altogether needless particulars of Miss Balfour's ill-health and retirement during childhood. In the midst of which I awoke to a sense of my behaviour, and was turned to one blush.

The old gentleman was not so much deceived but what he discovered a willingness to be quit of me. But he was first of all a man of business; and knowing that my money was good enough, however it might be with my conduct, he was so far obliging as to send his son to be my guide and caution in the matter of a lodging. This implied my presenting of the young man to Catriona. The poor, pretty child was much recovered with resting, looked and behaved to perfection, and took my arm and gave me the name of brother more easily than I could answer her. But there was one misfortune: thinking to help, she was rather towardly than otherwise to my Dutchman. And I could not but reflect that Miss Balfour had rather suddenly outgrown her bashfulness; and there was another thing, the difference of our speech. I had the Low Country tongue and dwelled upon my words; she had a hill voice, spoke with something of a hill accent, only far more delightful, and was scarce quite fit to be called a deacon in the craft of talking English grammar; so that, for a brother, and sister, we made a most uneven pair. But the young Hollander was a heavy dog, without so much spirit as to remark her prettiness, for which I scorned him. And as soon as he had found a cover to our heads, he left us alone, which was the greater service of the two.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FULL STORY OF A COPY OF HEINECCIUS.

The place found was in the upper part of a house backed on a canal. We had two rooms, the second entering from the first: each had a chimney built out into the floor in the Dutch manner; and being alongside, each had the same prospect from the window of the top of a tree below us in a little court, of a piece of the canal, and of houses in the Hollands architectural, and a church spire upon the further side. A full set of bells hung in that spire and made delightful music; and when there was any sun at all, it shone direct into our two chambers. From a tavern hard by we had good meals sent in.

The first night we were both pretty weary, and she extremely so. There was little talk between us, and I packed her off to her bed as soon as she had eaten. The first thing in the morning I wrote word to Sprott to have her mails sent on, together with a line to Alan at his chief's; and the same dispatched, and her breakfast ready, ere I waked her. I was a little abashed when she came forth in her one habit, and the mud of the way upon her stockings. By what inquiries I had made, it seemed a good few days must pass before her mails could come to hand in Leyden, and it was plainly needful she must have a shift of things. She was unwilling at first that I should go to that expense; but I reminded her she was now a rich man's sister and must appear suitably in the part. and we had not got to the second merchant's before she was entirely charmed into the spirit of the thing, and her eyes shining. It pleased me to see her so innocent and thorough in this pleasure. What was more extraordinary was the passion into which I fell on it myself; being never satisfied that I had bought her enough or fine enough; and never weary of beholding her in different attires. Indeed, I began to understand some little of Miss Grant's immersion in that interest of clothes: for the truth is, when you have the ground of a beautiful person to adorn, the whole business becomes beautiful. The Dutch chintzes, I should say, were extraordinary cheap and fine; but I would be ashamed to set down what I paid for stockings to her. Altogether I spent so great a sum upon this pleasuring (as I may call it) that I

was ashamed for a great while to spend more; and by way of a set off, I left our chambers pretty bare. If we had beds, if Catriona was a little braw, and I had light to see her by, we were richly enough lodged for me.

By the end of this merchandising I was glad to leave her at the door with all our purchases, and go for a long walk alone in which to read myself a lecture. Here had I taken under my roof a young lass extremely beautiful, and whose innocency was her peril. My talk with the old Dutchman, and the lies to which I was constrained, had already given me a sense of how my conduct must appear to others. It was plain I should require a great deal of tact and conduct, perhaps more than my years afforded. But I had rushed in where angels might have feared to tread, and there was no way out of that position, save by behaving right while I was in it. I made a set of rules for my guidance; prayed for strength to be enabled to observe them, and, as a more human aid to the same end, purchased a study-book in law. This being all that I could think of, I relaxed from these grave considerations; whereupon my mind bubbled at once into an effervescency of pleasing spirits, and it was like one treading on air that I turned homeward. As I thought that name of home, and recalled the image of that figure awaiting me between four walls, my heart beat upon my bosom.

My troubles began with my return. She ran to greet me with an obvious and affecting pleasure. She was clad, besides, entirely in the new clothes that I had bought for her; looked in them beyond expression well; and must walk about and drop me curtseys to display them and to be admired. I am sure I did it with an ill grace, for I thought to have choked upon the words.

"Well," she said, "if you will not be caring for my pretty clothes, see what I have done with our two chambers." And she showed me the place all very finely swept and the fires glowing in the two chimneys.

I was glad of a chance to seem a little more severe than I quite felt. "Catriona," said I, "I am very much displeased with you, and you must never again lay a hand upon my room. One of us two must have the rule while we are here together; it is most fit it should be I, who am both the man, and the elder; and I give you that for my command."

She dropped me one of her curtseys which were extraordinary taking. "If you will be cross," said she, "I must be making pretty manners at you, Davie. I will be very obedient, as I should be when every stitch upon all there is of me belongs to you. But you will not be very cross either, because now I have not anyone else."

This struck me hard, and I made haste, in a kind of penitence, to blot out all the good effect of my last speech. In this direction, progress was more easy, being down hill; she led me forward, smiling; at the sight of her, in the brightness of the fire and with her pretty becks and looks, my heart was altogether melted. We made our meal with infinite mirth and tenderness; and the two seemed to be commingled into one, so that our very laughter sounded like a kindness.

In the midst of which I awoke to better recollections, made a lame word of excuse, and set myself boorishly to my studies. It was a substantial, instructive book that I had bought, by the late Dr. Heineccius, in which I was to do a great deal of reading these next days, and often very glad that I had no one to question me of what I read. Methought she bit her lip at me a little, and that cut me. Indeed it left her wholly solitary, the more as she was very little of a reader, and had never a book. But what was I to do?

So the rest of the evening flowed by almost without speech.

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But to sit all day in the same room with her, and feign to be engaged upon Heineccius surpassed my strength. So that I fell instead upon the expedient of absenting myself as much as I was able; taking out classes and sitting there regularly, often with small attention, the test of which I found the other day in a note-book of that period, where I had left off to follow an edifying lecture and actually scribbled in my book some very ill verses, though the Latinity is rather better than I thought I could ever have compassed. evil of this course was near unhappily as great as its advantage. I had the less time of trial, but I believe, while that time lasted, I was tried the more extremely. For she being so much left to solitude, came to greet my return with an increasing fervour, that came nigh to overmaster me. These friendly offers I must barbarously cast back; and my rejection sometimes wounded her so cruelly that I must unbend and seek to make it up to her in kindness. So that our time passed in ups and downs, tiffs and disappointments, upon the which I could almost say (if it may be said with reverence) that I was crucified.

The base of my trouble was Catriona's extraordinary innocency, at which I was not so much surprised as filled with pity and admiration.

There were times when I have thought to myself, "If she were over head in love, and set her cap to catch me, she would scarce behave otherwise;" and then I would fall again into wonder at the simplicity of woman, from whom I felt (in these moments) that I was not worthy to be descended.

There was one point in particular on which our warfare turned, and of all things, this was the question of her clothes. My baggage had soon followed me from Rotterdam, and hers from Helvoet. She had now, as it were, two wardrobes; and it grew to be understood between us (I could never tell how) that when she was friendly she would wear my clothes, and when otherwise her I have seen her go out of the room in a petulancy, when I would be at Heineccius, and return with a whole change of dress, even the clocked stockings discarded. It was meant for a buffet, and (as it were) the renunciation of her gratitude; and I felt it so in my bosom, but was generally more wise than to appear to have observed the circumstance.

Once, indeed, I was betraved into a childishness greater than her own: it fell in this way. On my return from classes, thinking upon her devoutly with a great deal of love and a good deal of annoyance in the bargain, the annoyance began to fade away out of my mind; and spying in a window one of those forced flowers, of which the Hollanders are so skilled in the artifice, I gave way to an impulse and bought it for Catriona. I do not know the name of that flower, but it was of the pink colour, and I thought she would admire the same, and carried it home to her with a wonderful soft heart. I had left her in my clothes, and when I returned to find her all changed, and a face to match, I cast but one look at her from head to foot, ground my teeth together, flung the window open, and my flower into the court, and then (between rage and prudence) myself out of that room again, of which I slammed the door as I went out.

On the steep stair I came near falling, and this brought me to myself, so that I began at once to see the folly of my conduct. I went, not into the street as I had purposed, but to the house court, which was always a solitary place, and where I saw my flower (that had cost me vastly more than it was worth) hanging in the leafless tree. I stood by the side of the canal, and looked upon the ice. Country people went by on their skates, and I envied them. I could see no way out of the pickle I was in-no way so much as to return to the room I had just left. No doubt was in my mind but I had now betrayed the secret of my feelings: and to make things worse, I had shown at the same time (and that with wretched bovishness) incivility to my helpless guest.

I suppose she must have seen me from the open window. It did not seem to me that I had stood there very long before I heard the crunching of footsteps on the frozen snow, and turning somewhat angrily (for I was in no spirit to be interrupted) saw Catriona drawing near. She was all changed again, to the clocked stockings.

"Are we not to have our walk to-day?" said she. I was looking at her in a maze. "Where is your brooch?" says I.

She carried her hand to her bosom and coloured high. "I will have forgotten it," said she. "I will run upstairs for it quick, and then surely we can have our walk?"

There was a note of pleading in that last that staggered me; I had neither words nor voice to utter them: I could do no more than nod by way of answer: and the moment she had left me, climbed into the tree and recovered my flower, which on her return I offered her.

"I bought it for you, Catriona," said I.

She fixed it in the midst of her bosom with the brooch, I could have thought tenderly.

"It is none the better of my handling," said I again, and blushed.

"I will be liking it none the worse, you may be sure of that," said she.

We did not speak so much that day, she seemed a thought on the reserve though not unkindly. As for me, all the time of our walking, and after we came home, and I had seen her put my flower into a pot of water, I was thinking to myself what puzzles women were. I was thinking, the one moment, it was the most stupid thing on

earth she could not have perceived my love, and the next, that she had certainly perceived it long ago, and (being a wise girl with the fine femaleinstinct of propriety) concealed her knowledge.

We had our walk daily. Out in the streets I felt more safe; I relaxed a little in my guardedness, and for one thing there was no Heineccius. This made these periods not only a relief tomyself, but a particular pleasure to my poor child. When I came back about the hour appointed, I would generally find her ready dressed and glowing with anticipation. She would prolong their duration to the extreme, seeming to dread (as I even did myself) the hour of the return; and there is scarce a field or waterside near Leyden, scarce a street or lane there, where we have not lingered. Outside of these, I bade her confine herself entirely to our lodgings; this in the fear of her encountering any acquaintance, which would have rendered our position very difficult. For the same apprehension I would never suffer her to attend church, nor even go myself; but made some kind of shift to hold worship privately in her own chamber—I hope with an honest, but I am surewith a very much divided mind. Indeed, therewas scarce anything that more affected me, than thus to kneel down alone with her before God likeman and wife.

One day it was snowing downright hard. I had thought it not possible that we should venture forth, and was surprised to find her waiting for me ready dressed.

"I will not be doing without my walk," shecried. "You are never a good boy, Davie, in the house; I will never be caring for you only in theopen air. I think we two will better turn Egyptians and dwell by the roadside."

That was the best walk yet of all of them; she clung near to me in the falling snow; it beat about and melted on us, and the drops stood upon her bright cheeks like rain and ran into her smiling mouth. Strength seemed to come upon me with the sight like a giant's; I thought I could have caught her up and run with her into the uttermost places in the earth; and we spoke together all that time beyond belief for freedom and sweetness.

It was the dark night when we came to the house door. She pressed my arm upon her bosom. "Thank you kindly for these same good hours," said she, on a deep note of her voice.

The concern in which I fell instantly on this address, put me with the same swiftness on my guard; and we were no sooner in the chamber, and the light made, than she beheld the old, dour, stubborn countenance of the student of Heineccius. Doubtless she was more than usually hurt, and I knew for myself, I found it more than usually difficult to maintain my strangeness. Even at the meal, I durst scarce unbuckle and scarce lift my eyes to her; and it was no sooner over than I fell again to my civilian, with more seeming abstraction and less understanding than before. Methought, as I read, I could hear my heart strike like an eightday clock. Hard as I feigned to study, there was still some of my eyesight that spilled beyond the book upon Catriona. She sat on the floor by the side of my great mail, and the chimney lighted her up, and shone and blinked upon her, and made her glow and darken through a wonder of fine lines. Now she would be gazing in the fire, and then again at me; and at that I would be plunged in a terror of myself, and turn the pages of Heineccius like a man looking for the text in church.

Suddenly she called out aloud, "Oh, why does not my father come?" and fell at once into a storm of tears.

I leaped up, flung Heineccius in the fire, ran to her side, and cast an arm round her sobbing body.

She put me from her sharply. "You do not love your friend," says she. "I could be so happy too, if you would let me!" And then, "Oh, what will I have done that you should hate me so?"

"Hate you!" cries I, and held her firm. "You blind lass, can you not see a little in my wretched heart? Do you think when I sit there, reading in that fool-book that I have just burned, I take ever the least thought of any stricken thing but just yourself? Night after night I could have grat to see you sitting there your lone. And what was I to do? You are here under my honour; would you punish me for that? Is it for that that you would spurn a loving servant?"

At the word, with a small, sudden motion, she clung near to me. I raised her face to mine, I kissed it, and she bowed her brow upon my bosom, clasping me tight. I sat in a mere whirl like a man drunken; then I heard her voice sound very small and muffled in my clothes:

"Did you kiss her truly?" she asked.

There went through me so great a beam of surprise that I was all shook with it.

"Miss Grant!" I cried, all in a disorder. "Ves, I asked her to kiss me good-bye, the which she did."

"Ah, well!" said she, "you have kissed me too at all events."

At the strangeness and sweetness of that word, I saw where we had fallen; rose, and set her on her feet.

"This will never do," said I. "This will never, never do. O Catrine, Catrine!" Then there came a pause in which I was debarred from any speaking. And then, "Go away to your bed," said I. "Go away to your bed and leave me."

She turned away to obey me like a little child, and the next I knew of it, had stopped in the very doorway.

"Good night, Davie!" said she.

"And oh, good night, my love!" I cried, with a great outbreak of my soul, and caught her to me again, so that it seemed I must have broken her. The next moment I had thrust her from the room, shut to the door even with violence, and stood alone.

The milk was spilt now, the word was out and the truth told. I had crept like an untrusty man into the poor maid's affections; she was in my hand like any frail, innocent thing to make or mar: and what weapon of defence was left me? It seemed like a symbol that Heineccius, my old protection, was now burned. I repented, yet could not find it in my heart to blame myself for that great failure. It seemed not possible to have resisted the boldness of her innocency or that last temptation of her weeping. And all that I had to excuse me but made my sin appear the greater—it was upon a nature so defenceless, and with such advantages of the position, that I seemed to have practised.

What was to become of us now? It seemed we could no longer dwell in the one place. But where was I to go? or where she? Without either choice or fault of ours, life had conspired to wall us together in that narrow place. I had a wild thought of marrying out of hand: and the next moment put it from me with revolt. She was a child, she could not tell her own heart: I had surprised her weakness, I must never go on to build on that surprisal: I must keep her not only

clear of reproach, but free as she had come to me.

Down I sat before the fire, and reflected, and repented, and beat my brains in vain for any means of escape. About two of the morning, there were three red embers left, the house and all the city was asleep, when I was aware of a small sound of weeping in the next room. She thought that I slept, the poor soul: she regretted her weakness—and what perhaps (God help her!) she called her forwardness—and in the dead of the night solaced herself with tears. Tender and bitter feelings, love and penitence and pity, struggled in my soul; it seemed I was under bond to heal that weeping.

"Oh, try to forgive me!" I cried out, "try, try to forgive me. Let us forget it all, let us try to forget it!"

There came no answer, but the sobbing ceased. I stood a long while with my hands still clasped as I had spoken, then the cold of the night laid hold upon me with a shudder, and I think my reason re-awakened.

"You can make no hand of this, Davie," thinks I. "To bed with you like a wise lad, and try if you can sleep. To-morrow you may see your way."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RETURN OF JAMES MORE

I was called on the morrow out of a late and troubled slumber by a knocking on my door, ran to open it, and had almost swooned with the contrariety of my feelings, mostly painful; for on the threshold, in a rough wraprascal and an extraordinary big laced hat, there stood James More.

I ought to have been glad perhaps without admixture, for there was a sense in which the man came like an answer to prayer. I had been saying till my head was weary that Catriona and I must separate, and looking till my head ached for any possible means of separation. Here were the means come to me upon two legs, and joy was the hindmost of my thoughts. It is to be considered, however, that even if the weight of the future were lifted off me by the man's arrival, the present heaved up the more black and menacing; so that, as I first stood before him in my shirt and

breeches, I believe I took a leaping step backward like a person shot.

"Ah," said he, "I have found you, Mr. Balfour." And offered me his large, fine hand, the which (recovering at the same time my post in the doorway, as if with some thought of resistance) I took him by doubtfully. "It is a remarkable circumstance how our affairs appear to intermingle," he continued. "I am owing you an apology for an unfortunate intrusion upon yours, which I suffered myself to be entrapped into by my confidence in that false-face, Prestongrange; I think shame to own to you that I was ever trusting to a lawyer." He shrugged his shoulders with a very French air. "But indeed the man is very plausible," says he. "And now it seems that you have busied yourself handsomely in the matter of my daughter, for whose direction I was remitted to yourself."

"I think, sir," said I, with a painful air, "that it will be necessary we two should have an explanation."

"There is nothing amiss?" he asked. "My agent, Mr. Sprott——"

"For God's sake moderate your voice?" I cried. "She must not hear till we have had an explanation."

"She is in this place?" cries he.

"That is her chamber door," said I.

"You are here with her alone?" he asked.

"And who else would I have got to stay with us?" cries I.

I will do him the justice to admit that he turned pale.

"This is very unusual," said he. "This is a very unusual circumstance; you are right, we must hold an explanation."

So saying, he passed me by, and I must own the tall old rogue appeared at that moment extraordinary dignified. He had now, for the first time, the view of my chamber, which I scanned (I may say) with his eyes. A bit of morning sun glinted in by the window pane, and showed it off; my bed, my mails, and washing dish, with some disorder of my clothes, and the unlighted chimney, made the only plenishing; no mistake but it looked bare and cold, and the most unsuitable, beggarly place conceivable to harbour a young lady. At the same time came in on my mind the recollection of the clothes that I had bought for her; and I thought this contrast of poverty and prodigality bore an ill appearance.

He looked all about the chamber for a seat, and finding nothing else to his purpose except my bed, took a place upon the side of it; where, after I had closed the door, I could not very well avoid joining him. For however this extraordinary interview might end, it must pass if possible without waking Catriona, and the one thing needful was that we should sit close and talk low. But I can scarce picture what a pair we made, he in his great coat, which the coldness of my chamber made extremely suitable: I shivering in my shirt and breeks; he with very much the air of a judge; and I (whatever I looked) with very much the feelings of a man who has heard the last trumpet.

"Well?" says he.

And "Well," I began, but found myself unable to go further.

"You tell me she is here?" said he again, but now with a spice of impatiency that seemed to brace me up.

"She is in this house," said I, "and I knew the circumstance would be called unusual. But you are to consider how very unusual the whole business was from the beginning. Here is a young lady landed on the coast of Europe with a shilling and penny half-penny. She is directed to yon man Sprott in Helvoet. I hear you call him your agent. All I can say is he could do nothing but swear at the mere mention of your name, and I must fee him out of my own pocket even to receive the custody of her effects. You speak of unusual circumstances, Mr. Drummond, if that be the name you prefer. Here is a circumstance, if ye like, to which it was barbarity to have exposed her."

"But this is what I cannot understand the least," said James. "My daughter was placed into the charge of some responsible persons, whose names I have forgot."

"Gebbie was the name," said I; and there is no doubt that Mr. Gebbie should have gone ashore with her at Helvoet. But he did not, Mr. Drummond; and I think you might praise God that I was there to offer in his place."

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"I shall have a word to say to Mr. Gebbie before done," he said. "As for yourself, I think it might have occurred that you were somewhat young for such a post."

"But the choice was not between me and somebody else, it was between me and nobody," I cried. "Nobody offered in my place, and I must say I think you show a very small degree of gratitude to me that did."

"I shall wait until I understand my obligation a little more in the particular," says he.

"Indeed, and I think it stares you in the face, then," said I. "Your child was deserted, she was clean flung away in the midst of Europe, with less than two shillings, and about two words of any language spoken there. I must say, a bonny business! I brought her to this place. I gave her the name and the tenderness due to a sister. All this has not gone without expense, but that I scarce need to hint at. They were services due to the young lady's character, which I respect: and I think it would be a bonny business too, if I was to be singing her praises to her father."

"You are a young man," he began.

"So I hear you tell me," said I, with a good deal of heat.

"You are a very young man," he repeated, "or you would have understood the significancy of the step."

"I think you speak very much at your ease," cried I. "What else was I do? It is a fact I might have hired some decent, poor woman, to be a third to us, and I declare I never thought of it until this moment! But where was I to find her, that am a foreigner myself? And let me point out to your observation, Mr. Drummond, that it would have cost me money out of my pocket. For here is just what it comes to, that I had to pay through the nose for your neglect: and there is only the one story to it, just that you were so unloving and so careless as to have lost your daughter."

"He that lives in a glass house should not be casting stones," says he: "and we will finish inquiring into the behaviour of Miss Drummond, before we go on to sit in judgment on her father."

"But I will be entrapped into no such attitude," said I. "The character of Miss Drummond is far above enquiry, as her father ought to know. So is mine, and I am telling you that. There are but the two ways of it open. The one is to express your thanks to me as one gentleman to another, and to say no more. The other (if you are so difficult as to be still dissatisfied), is to pay me that which I have expended and be done."

He seemed to soothe me with a hand in the air. "There, there," said he. "You go too fast, you go too fast, Mr. Balfour. It is a good thing that I

have learned to be more patient. And I believe that you forget that I have yet to see my daughter."

I began to be a little relieved upon this speech and a change in the man's manner that I spied in him as soon as the name of money fell between us.

"I was thinking it would be more fit—if you will excuse the plainness of my dressing in your presence—that I should go forth and leave you to encounter her alone?" said I.

"What I would have looked for at your hands!" says he: and there was no mistake but what he said it civilly.

I thought this better and better still, and as I began to pull on my hose, recalling the man's impudent mendicancy at Prestongrange's, I determined to pursue what seemed to be my victory.

"If you have any mind to stay some while in Leyden," said I, "this room is very much at your disposal, and I can easy find another for myself: in which way we shall have the least amount of flitting possible, there being only one to change."

"Why, sir," said he, making his bosom big, "I think no shame of a poverty I have come by in the service of my king: I make no secret that my affairs are quite involved: and for the moment it would be even impossible for me to undertake a journey."

"Until you have occasion to communicate with your friends," said I, "perhaps it might be convenient for you (as of course it would be honourable to myself) if you were to regard yourself in the light of my guest?"

"Sir," said he, "when an offer is frankly made, I think I honour myself most to imitate that frankness. Your hand, Mr. David; you have the character that I respect the most; you are one of those from whom a gentleman can take a favour and no more words about it. I am an old soldier," he went on, looking rather disgusted-like around my chamber, "and you need not fear I shall prove burthensome. I have ate too often at a dyke-side, drank of the ditch, and had no roof but the rain."

"I should be telling you," said I, "that our breakfasts are sent customarily in about this time of morning. I propose I should go now to the tavern, and bid them add a cover for yourself, and delay the meal the matter of an hour, which will give you an interval to meet your daughter in."

Methought his nostrils wagged at this. "Oh, an hour?" says he. "That is perhaps superfluous.

Half-an-hour, Mr. David, or say twenty minutes; I shall do very well in that. And by the way," he adds, detaining me by the coat, "what is it you drink in the morning; whether ale or wine?"

"To be frank with you, sir," says I, "I drink nothing else but spare, cold water."

"Tut-tut," says he, "that is fair destruction to the stomach, take an old campaigner's word for it. Our country spirit at home is perhaps the most entirely wholesome; but as that is not come-atable, Rhenish or a white wine of Burgundy will be next best.

"I shall make it my business to see you are supplied," said I.

"Why, very good," said he, "and we shall make a man of you yet, Mr. David."

By this time, I can hardly say I was minding him at all, beyond an orra thought of the kind of father-in-law that he was like to prove; and all my cares centred about the lass his daughter, to whom I determined to convey some warning of her visitor. I stepped to the door accordingly, and cried through the panels, knocking thereon at the same time: "Miss Drummond, here is your father come at last."

With that I went forward upon my errand, having (in two words) extraordinarily damaged my affairs.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE THREESOME.

WHETHER or not I was to be so much blamed, or rather perhaps pitied, I must leave others to judge of. My shrewdness (of which I have a good deal, too) seems not so great with the ladies. doubt, at the moment when I awaked her, I was thinking a good deal of the effect upon James More; and similarly when I returned and we were all sat down to breakfast, I continued to behave to the young lady with deference and distance; as I still think to have been most wise. Her father had cast doubts upon the innocency of my friendship; and these it was my first business to allay. But there is a kind of an excuse for Catriona also. We had shared in a scene of some tenderness and passion, and given and received caresses; I had thrust her from me with violence; I had called

upon her in the night from the one room to the other; she had passed hours of wakefulness and weeping; and it is not to be supposed I had been absent from her pillow thoughts. Upon the back of this, to be awaked, with unaccustomed formality, under the name of Miss Drummond, and to be thenceforth used with a great deal of distance and respect, led her entirely in error on my private sentiments; and she was indeed so incredibly abused as to imagine me repentant and trying to draw off!

The trouble betwixt us seems to have been this: that whereas I (since I had first set eyes on his great hat) thought singly of James More, his return and suspicions, she made so little of these that 1 may say she scarce remarked them, and all her troubles and doings regarded what had passed between us in the night before. This is partly to be explained by the innocency and boldness of her character; and partly because James More, having sped so ill in his interview with me, or had his mouth closed by my invitation, said no word to her upon the subject. And at the breakfast, accordingly, it soon appeared we were at cross purposes. I had looked to find her in clothes of her own; I found her (as if her father were forgotten) wearing some of the best that I had bought for her, and which she knew (or thought) I admired her in. I had looked to find her imitate my affectation of distance, and be most precise and formal; instead I found her flushed and wild-like, with eyes extraordinary bright and a painful and varying expression, calling me by name with a sort of appeal of tenderness, and referring and deferring to my thoughts and wishes like an anxious or a suspected wife.

But this was not for long. As I beheld her so regardless of her own interests, which I had jeopardised and was now endeavouring to recover, I redoubled my own coldness in the manner of a lesson to the girl. The more she came forward, the further I drew back: the more she betrayed the closeness of our intimacy, the more pointedly civil I became, until even her father (if he had not been so engrossed with eating) might have observed the opposition. In the midst of which, of a sudden, she became wholly changed, and I told myself, with a good deal of relief, that she had took the hint at last.

All day I was at my classes or in quest of my new

lodging; and though the hour of our customary walk hung miserably on my hands, I cannot say but I was happy on the whole to find my way cleared, the girl again in proper keeping, the father satisfied or at least acquiescent, and myself free to prosecute my love with honour. At supper, as at all my meals, it was James More that did the talking. No doubt but he talked well, if anyone could have believed him. But I will speak of him presently more at large. The meal at an end, he rose, got his great coat, and looking (as I thought) at me, observed he had affairs abroad. I took this for a hint that I was to be going also, and got up; whereupon the girl, who had scarce given me greeting at my entrance, turned her eyes on me wide open, with a look that bade me stay. I stood between them like a fish out of water, turning from one to the other; neither seemed to observe me. she gazing on the floor, he buttoning his coat: which vastly swelled my embarrassment. appearance of indifferency argued, upon her side, a good deal of anger very near to burst out. Upon his, I thought it horribly alarming. I made sure there was a tempest brewing there; and considering that to be the chief peril, turned towards him and put myself (so to speak) in the man's hands.

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. Drummond?' says I.

He stifled a yawn, which again I thought to be duplicity. "Why, Mr. David," said he, "since you are so obliging as to propose it, you might show me the way to a certain tayern" (of which he gave the name) "where I hope to fall in with some old companions in arms."

There was no more to say, and I got my hat and cloak to bear him company.

"And as for you," says he to his daughter, "you had best go to your bed. I shall be late home, and Early to bed and early to rise, gars bonny lasses have bright eyes."

Whereupon he kissed her with a good deal of tenderness, and ushered me before him from the door. This was so done (I thought on purpose) that it was scarce possible there should be any parting salutation: but I observed she did not look at me, and set it down to terror of James More.

It was some distance to that tavern. He talked all the way on matters which did not interest me the smallest, and at the door dismissed me with empty manners. Thence I walked to my new lodging, where I had not so much as a chimney to hold me warm, and no society but my own thoughts. These were still bright enough; I did not so much as dream that Catriona was turned against me; I thought we were like folk pledged; I thought we had been too near and spoke too warmly to be severed, least of all by what were only steps in a most needful policy. And the most of my concern was only the kind of father-in-law that I was getting, which was not at all the kind I would have chosen; and the matter of how soon I ought to speak to him, which was a delicate point on several sides.

The next day, as James More seemed a little on the complaining hand in the matter of my chamber, I offered to have in more furniture; and coming in the afternoon, with porters bringing chairs and tables, found the girl once more left to herself. She greeted me on my admission civilly, but withdrew at once to her own room, of which she shut the door. I made my disposition, and paid and dismissed the men so that she might hear them go, when I supposed she would at once come forth again to speak to me. I waited yet awhile, then knocked upon her door.

"Catriona!" said I.

The door was opened so quickly, even before I had the word out, that I thought she must have stood behind it listening. She remained there in the interval quite still; but she had a look that I cannot put a name on, as of one in a bitter trouble.

"Are we not to have our walk to-day either?" so I faltered.

"I am thanking you," said she. "I will not be caring much to walk, now that my father is come home."

"But I think he has gone out himself and left you here alone," said I.

"And do you think that was very kindly said?" she asked.

"It was not unkindly meant," I replied. "What ails you, Catriona? What have I done to you that you should turn from me like this?"

"I do not turn from you at all," she said, speaking very carefully. "I will ever be grateful to my friend that was good to me; I will ever be his friend in all that I am able. But now that my father, James More, is come again, there is a difference to be made, and I think there are some

things said and done that would be better to be forgotten. But I will ever be your friend in all that I am able, and if that is not all that it it is not so much Not that you will be caring! But I would not have you think of me too hard. It was true what you said to me, that I was too young to be advised, and I am hoping you will remember I was just a child. I would not like to lose your friendship, at all events."

She began this very pale; but before she was done, the blood was in ther face like scarlet, so that not her words only, but her face and the trembling of her very hands, besought me to be gentle. I saw for the first time, how very wrong I had done to place the child in that position, where she had been entrapped into a moment's weak. ness, and now stood before me like a person shamed.

"Miss Drummond," I said, and stuck, and made the same beginning once again, "I wish you could see into my heart," I cried. "You would read there that my respect is undiminished. If that were possible, I should say it was increased. This is but the result of the mistake we made; and had to come: and the less said of it the better. Of all of our life here, I promise you it shall never pass my lips; I would like to promise you too that I would never think of it, but it's a memory that will be always dear to me. And as for a friend, you have one here that would die for you."

"I am thanking you," said she.

We stood awhile silent, and my sorrow for myself began to get the upper hand; for here were all my dreams come to a sad tumble, and my love lost, and myself alone again in the world as at the beginning.

"Well," said I, "we shall be friends always, that's a certain thing. But this is a kind of a farewell too; it's a kind of a farewell after all; I shall always ken Miss Drummond, but this is a farewell to my Catriona."

I looked at her; I could hardly say I saw her, but she seemed to grow great and brighten in my eyes; and with that I suppose I must have lost my head, for I called out her name again, and made a step at her with my hands reached forth.

She shrank back like a person struck, her face flamed; but the blood sprang no faster up into her cheeks, than what it flowed back into my own heart, at sight of it, with penitence and concern.

I found no words to excuse myself, but bowed before her very deep, and went my ways out of the house with death in my bosom.

I think it was about five days that followed without any change. I saw her scarce ever but at meals, and then of course in the company of James More. If we were alone even for a moment, I made it my devoir to behave more distantly, and to multiply respectful attentions, having always in my mind's eye that picture of the girl shrinking and flaming in a blush, and in my heart more pity for her than I could depict in words. I was sorry enough for myself; I need not dwell on that, having fallen all my length and more than all my height in a few seconds; but, indeed, I was near as sorry for the girl, and sorry enough to be scarce angry with her save by fits and starts.

And for another thing she was now very much alone. Her father, when he was by, was rather a caressing parent; but he was very easily led away by his affairs and pleasures, neglected her without compunction or remark, spent his nights in taverns when he had the money, and even in the course of these few days, failed once to come to a meal, which Catriona and I were at last compelled to partake of without him. It was the evening meal, and I left immediately that I had eaten, observing I supposed she would prefer to be alone; to which she agreed, and (strange as it may seem) I quite believed her. Indeed, I thought myself quite an eyesore to the girl, and a reminder of a moment's weakness that she now abhorred to think of. So she must sit alone in that room where she and I had been so merry, and in the blink of that chimney whose light had shone upon our many difficult and tender moments. There she must sit alone, and think of herself as of a maid who had most unmaidenly proffered her affections, and had the same rejected. And in the meanwhile I would be alone in some other place, and reading myself (whenever I was tempted to be angry) lessons upon human frailty and human delicacy. And altogether I suppose there were never two poor fools made themselves more unhappy in a greater misconception.

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As for James, he paid not so much heed to us. or to anything in nature but his pocket, his meals, and his prating talk. Before twelve hours were gone he had raised a small loan of me; before thirty, he had asked for a second and been refused. Money and refusal he took with the same kind of high good-nature. Indeed, he had an outside air of magnanimity that was very well fitted to impose upon a daughter; and the light in which he was constantly presented in his talk, and the man's fine presence and great ways went together pretty harmoniously. So that a man that had no business with him, and either very little penetration or a furious deal of prejudice, might almost have been taken in. To me, after my first two interviews, he was as plain as print; I saw him to be perfectly selfish, with a perfect innocency in the same; and I would hearken to his swaggering talk (of arms, and "an old soldier," and "a poor Highland gentleman," and "the strength of my country and my friends") as I might to the babbling of a parrot.

The odd thing was that I fancy he believed some part of it himself, or did at times; I think he was so false all through that he scarce knew when he was lying; and for one thing, his moments of dejection must have been wholly genuine. There were times when he would be the most silent, affectionate, clinging creature possible, holding Catriona's hand like a big baby, and begging of me not to leave if I had any love to him; of which, indeed, I had none, but all the more to his daughter. He would press and indeed beseech us to entertain him with our talk, a thing very difficult in the state of our relations; and again break forth in pitiable regrets for his own land and friends.

There were times when I was tempted to lend him a round sum, and see the last of him for good: but this would have been to see the last of Catriona as well, for which I was scarcely as prepared: and besides, it went against my conscience to squander my good money on one who was so little of a husband.

(To be continued.)



GROUP IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE.

THE WORK OF THE DELLA ROBBIAS.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

ELLA Robbia ware, as this form of sculpture in enamelled terra cotta is usually called after the name of the man who invented it. and the family who alone practised the novel and charming art, holds a unique place in artistic history. It is not perchance until one sees it in its appointed place, at street corners, in altar shrines, that the spectator to whom this ware is new, fully appreciates its effective beauty. Detached from its intended surroundings, in museums and art galleries, it may seem, for the first moment but cold and nude and unmeaning. But whoever has become familiar with it in Italy, and above all in Florence, where specimens abound, grows to love these simple, naive, tender works. della Robbia, the first and best worker in this ware, was born about 1400. Like most Florentine artists, he began life as a goldsmith. The house in which he first saw the light is still shown in the Via S. Egidio, near the Hospital, now called Via Bufalini. At an early age he was placed as an apprentice with a noted Florentine goldsmith, Leonardo di Ser Giovanni, from whom he learnt to draw and model in wax. Having however, taught himself to work in marble and bronze, he abandoned the goldsmith's art, and devoted himself wholly to sculpture. He had scarcely completed his 15th year, when he was sent with other young sculptors, to Rimini, for the purpose of preparing certain marble ornaments and figures for Sigismondo di Pandolfo Malatesta. In this work Luca gave a creditable specimen of his abilities in some basi relievi which are still to be seen in that wonderful Malatesta Temple at Rimini. But he was soon recalled to Florence by the wardens of Santa Maria del Fiore, for whom he executed the fine bas reliefs which are on the side of Giotto's Campanile, turned to the church. He afterwards executed the famous choir in marble, that was thought worthy to be placed opposite that of Donatello. Then, perceiving that marble and bronze were materials so expensive that they swallowed up all his gains, he proceeded to the invention of his famous glaze, by which he



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was enabled to work in clay. His first work in this material was the Resurrection of Christ which stands over the bronze door of the sacristy of the Florence cathedral. "It was," says Vasari, "so beautiful for that time that when put up it was admired by everyone who beheld it, as a truly rare production." The peculiar soft white glaze which he invented to cover his terra cotta sculpture produced an entirely novel effect, besides rendering the material perfectly weather-proof. The composition of this glaze has defied the discovery of all ceramic artists, vainly though they have tried to find out its secret and to imitate it. There is a legend current in Florence to the effect that in one of the Della Robbia groups is concealed a written recipe for the manufacture of the glaze, which could of course only be discovered by the destruction of the work, indeed of many of the works, if anyone were foolish enough to believe the story which is obviously an idle invention.

Though the works of the Della Robbias are by no means confined to Florence, yet many of the most important are in the city of their birth. The frieze representing the seven works of mercy outside the hospital dell Ceppo, at Pistoja, is among

the most important outside the City of Flowers. This frieze is about 4 ft. in height and runs across the whole front of the hospital. The work has been generally attributed to Andrea della Robbia, but as he must have been eighty years old at the time it was executed, it is more likely that it was the work of his son. The magnificent choir in marble, now again put together in the form it once bore, which formerly stood in the Cathedral of Florence, and is now in the Cathedral museum, is a magnificent work and one that deserves close study. Another work in marble from the hand of the elder Della Robbia, and the founder of the family, was the bas reliefs made from the Campanile of Florence, to complete the series of Arts and Sciences begun by Andrea Pisano. It was after he had finished these works that Luca gave up the sculptor's scalpel for the modeller's sticks. The new form of art which he had invented soon attracted universal attention and became fashionable. as we should say nowadays, so that it attracted orders from all parts of the world, even from Spain and France. Two of the partners Luca found himself obliged to take were the brothers Duccio, besides his own brother Andrea, and eventually



IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE

Luca della Robbia

the Della Robbias formed quite a firm, and it is often difficult, nay impossible, to assign the various works to their real authors.

A large and beautiful work in the second style of the Della Robbias, which is marked by the introduction of more colours than blue and white only, is a shrine which stands in the Via Nazionale of Florence, on the way to the new market. It is a pity that it has had to be covered with glass to

found in the church of San Frediano, at Lucca.

The works of the Della Robbias are difficult to photograph, and cannot easily be judged from photographic reproductions. This is partly owing to the shiny glaze, which is apt to disturb the perspective, partly to the positions in which they stand, in dark chapels or shrines. Thus a beautiful specimen in the church of the Santissimi Apostoli is almost invisible. The number of the



FROM THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, FLORENCE. Andrea Della Robbia

preserve it, and a greater pity that this glass is rarely or never washed, so that a thick coating of dust prevents it from being properly seen. A feature of the Della Robbia work is the borders or frames of the same materials that enclose them, sometimes consisting of wreaths of fruit and flowers, sometimes of groups of angels or cherubs' heads. A beautiful specimen of this kind of work is to be

works turned out by the Della Robbias, even of those which are entirely certain to have been made by one or other of them, is very great. South Kensington alone possesses 50. And when to the authentic works are added the doubtful ones, the number is amazing. Yet they all seem to be different from each other, though several differ only in a very slight degree.

Of late, many of the works of the della Robbias have been removed to the National Museum in Florence, known familiarly as the Bargello, having been taken from demolished or suppressed churches and convents. In the large halls of this fine building, which was formerly the palace of the *podestà* (a foreign official always maintained in the Florentine republic, as a kind of judge among the

arranged along the walls. It is in this collection that can be seen the group of the Madonna, with the Infant Jesus, which forms the subject of one of our illustrations, as well as several of the others.

In the old times the Florentines were in the habit of adorning the outside of their houses or palaces with works of art, which often took the form of shrines, such as may indeed be seen on



FROM THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, FLORENCE.
Andrea della Robbia.

native citizens), the effect of the della Robbia works is good, though not so good as those seen n the places for which they were originally made. Still they can be studied here at leisure, and with ppportunities of comparison. A large and beautiful group, with a border, is set into the wall at the and, while others of different size and shape are

many houses in Florence even in the present day. Since the unification of Italy, a law has been passed to the effect that once any work of art is placed on the outside of a building, it becomes the property of the town or commune, and cannot be removed by the owner of the house, even should he sell the house or leave the place



MADONNA, WITH CHILD AND SAINTS.

Luca della Robbia, From the Uia della Scala.

altogether. This law, which is a little hard sometimes on owners, has nevertheless kept many beautiful works of art in situ. There is a strange-looking front of a house in Borgo S. lacopo, one of the streets on the Oltrarno, the more ancient part of Florence, which turns the backs of its houses to the river. This tall house, or rather tower. nearly opposite the church which gives its name to the street, is decorated in rather a stiff way with several figures, which are either real Della Robbias or imitations of them. The man who owned the house was desirous to



MARY AND THE INFANT CHRIST.

In the National Museum Florence.

objects, remove the when he was about to leave his abode, but he was restrained from doing so by the above named law, and the decorations remainedan attractive site to the foreign visitor. Another of our illustrations represents a group still to be seen outside a house in Via della Scala. There are several pretty Della Robbias in this street, which is an interesting as well as a long one, leading as it does from the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, the fashionable church of the Decameron, called by Michael Angelo, La Sposa, or The Bride, to the Porta Prato, or Gate of the Meadow.

This gate is near the Cascine, and the meadow (prato) which gives it its name was the scene of the interview between Tito and Tessa, in "Romola," which ends by his going to sleep with his head on her lap. The bust of a Florentine saint, over the door of a chapel, is one of the decorations in Via della

a meeting between S. Francis and S. Dominic, which is said to have taken place on this spot.

For our next illustration we must return to the Burgello. In this group, as well as in the next, which is in the same place, the Madonna and Child are accompanied by saints.



OPEN-AIR GROUP FROM THE PIAZZA'S, CAETAN: Luca della Rabba.

Scala, which ends, as we have said, in Piazza Santa Maria Novello. Here, facing the church, in the open arcade which belongs to the hospital of San Paolo, are a number of medallions by Luca and Andrea della Robbia, the two at the ends being portraits of the artists themselves. A relief over a door at the end of the arcade commemorates

There are, besides the della Robbias in the churches, in the National Museum, and in the streets of Florence, some which still remain in the houses to which they belonged, either in private chapels or in the shrines in different parts of the house, especially in corridors and on the landings of stairs, places which it was considered necessary



GROUP IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE.

to protect from the influence of evil spirits. Unfortunately many of these have been sold before the law forbidding the alienation of works of art without the authorization of the government came into force.

It is not generally known to everyone that the period during which the Della Robbia ware continued to be made lasted for about 100 years. The secret of its preparation was only imparted to such workmen as were absolutely engaged in the manufacture. As time went on, fashion changed, and there was not so extensive a demand for the glazed terra cotta, so the workmen became fewer, and dwindled perhaps to two or three, or even one, who died without communicating the process. We see from this hypothesis, which is quite as likely to be true as any that can be stated, how absolutely absurd is the legend of the recipe. In the first place, how could the recipe be preserved? Neither paper nor metal would resist the heat of the furnace in which the works were burnt. Besides, these

secrets were rarely written down by these mediæval art craftsmen, but were taught vivá voce, or, better still, taught by experiment to the novice, and the last workmen, soured perhaps by the depreciation into which their work had fallen, or greedy of the fame and gain dependent on keeping the secret, would every year be less willing to convey it to others. Perhaps it will be discovered once more in these days. One of the most distinguished ceramists of our time, Signor Cantagalli, is diligently pursuing investigations to that end, but as yet with indifferent success. The glaze on his reproductions of Della Robbia ware is apt to be hard and metallic. The blue colour of the foundation plays into purple and loses the tenderness of the original.

But to return to our illustrations. We find the next on our list in a private house in Via del Agnolo; in English, the Street of the Samb. It too represents the popular subject of the Madonna and Child, with saints. The earliest Della Robbia work and also the best, with the exception of the borders, is distinguished by being always devoid of any colour but blue, and sometimes a little black, the blue forming in most cases the background of the figures, while the black relieves the whiteness or is employed in the drapery. This is the case with the lovely figures of children which adorn the front of the Innocenti or Foundling Hospital in "that great square the Santissima," as Mrs. Browning calls it, and of which it forms one side. are six figures, three boys and three girls. They are known to be by Andrea della Robbia, Lucia's great nephew, and fill the rounds which surmount the arches of the porch of the building. All the babes are wrapped in swathing bands and all have an imploring, almost an eloquent expression of countenance which, if it seem rather too intelligent for their apparent age, is calculated in the highest degree to appeal to the sympathy of the spectator. We reproduce one of these sweet little figures. They have some colour introduced into them, but very little, just enough to bring out the costume with the white bands across.

Another open-air group is that in the Piazza San Gaetono, a Madonna and Child with saints, proving once more how eminently this style of art is suited to outdoor decoration. In the Bargello is a Virgin with St. John adoring the Infant Jesus, also an exquisite specimen of its kind. One of the

Madonna with angels which we reproduce from the Bargello is by Andrea. "Andrea died in 1528," says Vasari, "and I being still but a boy and talking with him, have heard him say, or rather boast,



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that he was one of those who bore Donatello to his burying place. I remember, too, that the good old man, in speaking of this circumstance, seemed to feel no little pride in the share he had taken in it." Andrea left two sons who became monks at San Marco, three of high promise who died of the plague, and two, Luca and Girolamo, who devoted themselves to sculpture. This second Luca executed a large number of works in glazed terra

cotta, among them the pavement of the Loggie in the Vatican. He is often confounded with his elder namesake. Those brothers, Luca and Girolamo. emigrated to France, where Luca died. Girolamo returned to Florence, but found the Duke too busy with the Sienese war to attend to him, so he returned to France, where he also died. "With him, not only," says Vasari, "did his fame close and his family become extinct, but art was at the same time deprived of the true method of working in terra cotta." A later writer on art, however, denies this statement. He says that the secret of its invention was transmitted to the family of Buglioni, who were united to the della Robbias by the marriage of a della Robbia with an Andrea Buglioni. This Andrea Buglioni was contemporary with Verrocchio, and his son, Santo Buglioni, knew the secret, which in him, in that case, became totally lost. At any rate, the art gradually deteriorated, and entirely died out before the end of the sixteenth century.

Certainly art owes an immense debt to Luca della Robbia as the discoverer of a process unknown to the ancients, by means of which a large number of beautiful and interesting works have been given to the world. It was for this reason that Vasari thought it worth while to include his life in the list of those artists, by immortalizing whom Vasari has rendered himself immortal, and certainly there were few worthier to be included in the list. If their work was restricted in its expression, it was nevertheless perfect in its self-imposed limits, and unless it should unfortunately become broken, remains "a joy for ever," and is as fresh to our eyes of this late nineteenth century as it was to the fifteenth century eyes that first looked upon it. It cannot fade or alter, or decay. This alone is an immense recommendation.

WITH A ROSE.

Lady Lindsay.

In Persia, 'tis said,
When a man would fain wed,
A tulip he sends
To further his ends.

It explains to the fair His pangs of despair. Its petals are flame; His nature's the same. Its heart is like coal; Just so is his soul; No better than tinder, Burnt black to a cinder.

Dear, on you Love bestows A sweet English rose, Telling—naught of his pain— Only joy, peace, and gain.

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

MRS. PARR,

Author of 'Dumps,' 'Dorothy Fox.'

XXIX.

HILE these conflicting events were agitating the lives of Stella Clarkson and Vivian Stapleton, and long after when their friends and acquaintances had ceased to talk of the broken off marriage and had relegated it to the Hades of stale news, Maynard Rodney continued his search for novelty and distraction. He had given out, as a reason for leaving London, that he wanted to go to some place where he could get on with his work without being fettered by the trammels of civilisation, and the idea being shared by his artist friend, Clement Barton, the two men had started for Spain together, to be later joined by a club acquaintance they met at Gibraltar, Grattan Stewart, one of those happy irrepressible idlers, who love to tack themselves on to busy earnest men, in whose work they take as great pride as if it had been done by themselves.

The three had "knapsacked" through a part of Spain, had answered to a promise held out at Tangier, where they had lingered until no cool place was to be found, and then—having been caught by the fever of sandy plains, bounded by mountains whose Syrian tops seem portals to the heaven they shut from view—they coasted to Philippeville, and early in April found themselves at Biskra, that wonderful oasis of the Sahara.

Surrounded by an atmosphere in which scenes from the Arabian Nights blend with pictures from the Bible, it was evidently a place to make some stay at, and a few days saw Barton settled at his work, and Grattan at his easel with only Rodney dejected and dissatisfied.

"It isn't the place," he said dolefully, "it's the

same wherever we go, I can't get any grip on what I'm doing."

"But you don't want to go away?" asked Grattan Stuart, anxiously. He had fallen head over heels in love with the novelty of everything he saw, and, as was his want, voted that they should stay on here, vaguely hinting that he didn't see any distinct necessity for their going any further. As he had displayed similar enthusiasm at several other stopping places, his ardour did not greatly impress his companions, except that Maynard Rodney began to envy the power of enjoyment which seemed to be going entirely Added to this, but far beyond it, was the anxiety he felt about his work, which had never progressed so slowly, nor, in his opinion, had he ever written so badly. The disappointing part was that each morning, when he sat down to his desk, he was full of vigour; his ideas were clear, his imagination vivid. He dipped his pen in the ink, confident that it would run on rapidly, and so, at times, for the space of half an hour, it did, and then, as if some spring was touched, some chord awakened, he would lose himself and wake to find his inspiration gone, and its place filled by a contempt for what he was writing, a distaste for his occupation, a lack of interest in his surroundings, and a sickness of heart and despondency about life in general and his own life in particular.

Even Grattan had often to give him up, and before Grattan Stewart could lose hope with one for whom he felt such homage as for Maynard Rodney, the case must be bad indeed; but, as the lad justly said, "When a fellow doesn't know whether anybody or nobody is staying in the same hotel, and, if you run in to tell him two girls have arrived,

doesn't care a hang whether they are young, or pretty, or ugly, how are you to get at him? He used to talk till you were fit to die with laughter. Now, he hardly says a word. If you offer him a paper, he won't look at it, and if you begin to tell him the news he shuts you up by saying that what people are doing is nothing to him; he has no interest in anybody."

And indeed that was just Rodney's condition: whatever gall there was in his nature seemed to have been stirred up and brought to the surface, and he was viewing all the conditions of life with a jaundiced eye. This last arrow, aimed by outrageous fortune, seemed still to rankle in the wound. He could not forget the occasion of it. And that the two great reverses of his life had been brought about by one and the same person appeared to him a crowning instance of the irony of fate. He had talked himself into the belief that he had mastered his love for Stella. The last indulgence he had permitted himself was writing in the hope that she might read between the linesthat little poem, "In Farewell." Since then he had been schooling himself to what he termed submission, which was in reality despondency. And it was this absence of hope which destroyed all his imagination and stultified his conceptions. so that, added to the misery of that crushing despair, was the bitterness that each effort he made to get absorbed in his work ended in literary failure.

One afternoon Rodney was stretched out on the stone bench which ran along under the portico, in front of the hotel Barton had just strolled off to finish some sketches in the negro village, Gratten was escorting some new feminine arrivals to explore the beauties of M. Landon's garden. It was nearly four o'clock, and the cool breeze which always springs up about that hour to temper the mid-day heat, came to Rodney with more than usual freshness. He was watching between the puffs of his cigar the pranks of some young Arab ragamuffins, who, in their long white shirts and red fezs, were provoking with bare feet an attack from some three or four small scorpions, which one of them had brought in a bottle and had let loose among the stones.

As Rodney had foreseen, these tricks were being performed in the hope that "M'sieu" would repay them by the distribution of a few sous, in the

search for which his cigar had to be laid down. In a moment the fingers of one monkey had seized it, and though, seeing an observant eye had detected him, he immediately advanced it towards the lips of the owner, joy was his when a sign repulsed him and another cigar was produced. Before any matches could be found, the youthful smoker in his gratitude bolted in at the hotel door to re-appear with the half of a newspaper in a blaze. This, seeing that his companions were now clustered round Rodney, gazing on the wonders of a patent fuzee, was flung down on the stone bench, and there, the small troop having departed, it was left to smoulder and die out.

Those who know Biskra will recall what long intervals of perfect silence occur, when no living being passes and not a sound comes through the air. In front of Rodney, screening the so-called gardens from his view, the yellow Mimosa made a hedge, its tasseled blossoms scenting the air with fragrant perfumes. Far beyond, in that dim distance, where mountain and cloud seemed merged in one, there spread along the haze that streak of purple hue akin in colour to the lining of the mussel shell. Something in the solitude, combined with these surroundings, seemed to stir Rodney to his very depths, but not with the bitterness which had hitherto so poisoned all his dreaming. It was as if his old self had suddenly been roused to life, and, rejoicing in the resurrection, he raised himself up, drew from under him the crushed up newspaper, and, as he held it in his hand, his eyes fell on the words:-

"We are requested to contradict the announcement which appeared in this journal some weeks since of a marriage about to take place between Miss Stella Clarkson and Mr. Vivian Trevor Stapleton."

In as many seconds Rodney seemed to have read that paragraph a hundred times. Was he awake—was he sane—was he alive? And if so—a tremor ran through him; his heart beat wildly, his pulses throbbed: even his teeth chattered in that new resuscitation from death to life.

He could breathe, he could laugh: the scales had fallen from his eyes, so that he looked around and saw the world was fair. He drew from the depths of his pocket-case the little ring which until now he had kept hidden out of sight, and pressing it to his lips a dozen times, laid it in his

palm, and fixing on it his eyes, seemed to be taking council from what he saw.

Suddenly he started off post-haste to the bureau, to find that the diligence would start for Batna the following morning at 3 a.m. He secured a seat in it, and then while returning to the hotel, it struck him that he had not looked for the date of the paper which, all black and charred as it was, he still carried in his hand. A vain search, that portion had been destroyed. Perhaps in the house he might find the other half. A fruitless hunt: no one had seen the boy, who had evidently filched the paper from someone's apartment, an easy task where all the bed-rooms—like Anchorets' cells—open into the garden.

"Hullo," cried Barton, coming home two hours later, to find Rodney in all the agony of trying to fasten the lock of his over-full portmanteau, "What's up with you?"

" Γm off!"

"Off! where?"

"To my own, my native land. Yes," giving his friend a hearty slap on his shoulder, "Old England's shores for me."

"But has anything happened?"

Rodney gave a diplomatic shake of the head, and Barton, taking it as a denial, continued, "Well, upon my life, you're a nice sort of chap for a small travelling party."

"Then its more than I've been of late, old boy. You and Grattan have been awfully good to me. I know what a wet blanket you've had in me."

"But that's no reason why you should leave us. If you don't care for the place we ——."

"It isn't the place. Since four o'clock this afternoon I can see the place is lovely, and so are the people. By-the-way, give that five franc piece to Moumie's boy. Lord, how I love that young rascal," then seeing that Barton was looking at him anxiously, he added: "It's like this, old chap, I've got an idea, and to carry it out I must get back to London as fast as rail and steam will carry me. If I fail I shall come back, and you'll have me on your hands again. If I succeed—well—you'll probably see an announcement of it in the papers."

"All right," said his friend cheerily, feeling no doubt but that it was the sudden inspiration of a new plot, "I've seen all along you'd got something on your mind, and I know how a thing of that sort bothers one, still, it doesn't do to take even work

too seriously. I wouldn't be in such a hurry if I were you, old chap. It isn't like anything another fellow could snap up."

"That's just the very thing it is," and Rodney, seeing Barton's mistake, laughed like a school-boy, "but I don't mean, if I can help it, to give them the chance."

"Well, there I'm with you. All the same, I'm sorry you've got to go."

"I'm afraid you think it awfully shabby of me," said Rodney, apologetically.

"Not a bit of it, I don't. Art before everything, that's my motto."

"And mine, even if it's spelt with an h;" but this was quite beyond Barton's matter-of-fact philosophy, and he parried it by wondering what Grattan would say.

"He'll be wanting to go with you."

"But I shan't let him."

"Well, then, we'd best tell him that you're safe to come back again."

Rodney gave a shiver, which Barton, quick to perceive, answered by adding, "Of course you won't, I know, but that's just to let him down softly."

And in his good nature he contrived to intercept Grattan and impress on that ardent friend that the business which was taking Rodney to London was something upon which he did not wish to be questioned. "But we'll have a jolly evening together, and we'll sit up and see him off."

And this being put into execution, in the small hours of the morning, there was a hearty leave-taking, and the diligence having rolled out of sight, the two left behind turned their backs on the tall cypresses that, under the pale light of the moon, were casting their weird shadows on the ground, and began to pick their way amid the white bundles of sleeping Arabs rolled up along the road.

"You don't think there's anything strange the matter with Rodney, do you?"

Barton looked with enquiry.

"Well, what I mean is, it isn't likely he's off his head in any way?" said Grattan anxiously.

"What on earth should make you ask that now? I never saw him in better form than this evening."

"Just so, that's where it is. He's hardly said a word all the time we've been away, and suddenly you find him in tearing spirits, and bolting off from a place without wanting to tell anyone why. Well, if he was a fellow of my sort I should know what to think."

"Well, what would you think?"

"Why, that he's in love."

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"Love!" growled out Barton, "not he. Love indeed."

"Oh yes, I know." Grattan felt this contemptuous tone personally. He had that afternoon for the thirteenth time since they left Gibraltar, lost his heart to "the very sweetest girl in the world." "You artist and author chaps don't suffer much from that complaint, or, if you do, you work it off in oils or ink. I don't believe there's an ounce of real feeling among you. Why, look at that 'In Farewell' of Rodney's, wouldn't you say he left England with a broken heart. I hinted as much to him, one day. Lord! I thought he'd have snapped my nose off; he called me a brainless fool, and said if I hadn't been, I should have seen it was his liver. You clever fellows are all very pleasant in your way, but you're not the ones to come to for sympathy—that is, in love you know, I mean."

XXX.

UNACCUSTOMED to the vicissitudes of Fortune, Vivian Stapleton had taken his first serious reverse with a very bad grace.

This hitherto spoilt child of the fickle goddess began by assuming the position of a man whose deepest feelings had been outraged and trifled with, and, refusing to believe that Stella's dismissal meant anything but a snare to make him agree to conditions to which he would never give consent, he exhausted himself in demanding explanations, withdrawals, and apologies. For a time Stella had answered his letters, but finding that nothing she said made the slightest impression, she refused any further correspondence, which, after this, was filtered through Mrs. Stapleton, who often allowed her wishes, rather than her truthfulness, to colour the messages she delivered and the statements she made.

Although more open-eyed than she had ever been to the faults of her son, it needed greater strength than she possessed to assist in overthrowing all her hopes. More than ever, since this unhappy misunderstanding, had she felt alive to the fact that marriage with Stella would be Vivian's salvation, for, knowing the wound she was dealing, the young girl had redoubled her affection and consideration towards her all but mother; and Mrs. Stapleton had gained a closer insight into a nature which she saw was as generous as it was sweet. An interview with Mrs. Clarkson, too, had left its mark upon her, and although she could not quite act up to her convictions, she saw that a certain duty to Stella must forbid her pushing her point too far.

One fact which Vivian took as favouring his belief that Stella was only acting like himself was that nothing had been done by the lawyers, an abeyance which was due to Mr. Trevor's desire that matters should be allowed to stand until May, when Stella would be nineteen-of age-and entitled to act for herself. She had expressed to him her wish to place her affairs in the hands of Mr. Lovegrove, and, after a few interviews with the old lawyer, Mr. Trevor approved of the plan. He had always thought it hard that the business should have been taken from him, but at the time of Mr. Briggs' death, the elder Trevor was alive, and the son had had no voice in the matter. Since Vivian's absence, Mrs. Stapleton and Stella had spent much of their time at Stillmere. They were both glad to escape from London, and the Trevors were always delighted to have them, added to which, in the secret mischief of their hearts, they saw in this visit an excellent opportunity for a most eligible neighbour to push his suit.

Sir Wilfred Mostyn, who had only lately succeeded his grandfather, and whom Mr. and Mrs. Trevor would gladly have welcomed for Delia, was known to have tumbled head over heels in love with Stella. If they could not have him for a sonin-law nothing could be more acceptable than that Stella should live close by. So invitations were sent, and parties made up, the object of which the two girls were not long in discovering.

"Stella, he really is not half bad though," said Delia, who, so long as she fancied her parents desired Sir Wilfred for herself, had systematically set about to snub him. "I never heard him talk so sensibly before."

"Perhaps you never before gave him the opportunity?"

"Oh, yes, I have, but I know the cause. He is naturally rather shy, and when he tried to make

himself agreeable to me, I couldn't bear him. Now that he has only eyes for one person he doesn't care a snap for anybody else, so he's quite natural and himself, and really I like him."

"Hear, hear."

"Oh, don't say 'Hear, hear,' in that way. You know how much chance I or anybody has when you are near. One might give him the two eyes from out of one's head and he wouldn't look round to see where they came from."

Stella shook her head.

"Does that tragic movement mean that it intends remaining an old maid for ever?"

"I am not sure that that is what I intend, but I think it's highly probable that that is what I shall do. You know I have felt a very sharp pinch of experience, Delia."

"Well, but as you, and he, and his dear mother have often told me, there are not two Vivians, happily."

As was her wont, Stella took up the cudgels in Vivian's defence. "Come now," she said, "you must not speak against him—he was often very good and kind to me."

"Exhausted the supply apparently, for he can't be accused of having shewn you much kindness of late."

"Because he is out of humour, and then his pen always runs away with him."

"If it wasn't for auntie I wish someone else would run away with him. A woman like that Madame Simond, she would be the one. Hasn't she a temper? Hasn't she a tongue? Wouldn't it be snakes for our own dear cousin?"

" Delia!"

"Yes, I know, my dear, but I never can control the vulgar tongue when I'm fairly on the subject of Vivian. No doubt he would explain it as the influence of culture and æstheticism on the reflex action of a common-place nature. You needn't open your eyes, that sounds every bit as sensible as the things he says. Oh! it was a treat to see him and his intellectual affinity—that's what she called herself to him—drawing each other out at that dinner. You did not notice them, you were so swallowed up by that Mr. Rodney. By the way, what has become of that young man? One never hears of him now."

Stella made a supreme effort to answer that she did not know, indifferently, but her mantling colour was beyond her control.

"Oh, I don't wonder at your blushing," said Delia, pointing a finger at her, "I never saw such bare-faced flirtation in my whole life. When auntie began pulling a long face about Vivian being so put out at your jealousy of Madame Simond, I told her I thought he could very well turn the tables on you there."

"I jealous of Madame Simond!" said Stella; "but when?"

"Why, the night of that dinner, when you went off without saying good-night to anybody. Vivian and aunty had a grand tussel about you, and next day, I was told, you went to his study and asked to be forgiven, and it was then you wished him to make the engagement known."

"And did he think that was on Madame Simond's account?"

"Certainly; as it was told to me, I don't see how he could find any other explanation. If it was not that, what was the reason? because, according to his version, you said you had gone to him to be scolded, and then you proposed that you and he should love each other so much that there would be no room left for any other person, and you finished up by desiring that your engagement might be made known, and so prevent any other misunderstanding."

A strange expression came into Stella's face.

"Don't you remember it?" asked Delia.

"Yes, perfectly; I can recall the very words I said, and how Vivian sneered at them, not knowing what was in my heart one bit."

She rested her elbows on the table, and leaning her face against her clasped hands, went over in memory that scene on which a fresh light had just been thrown.

Delia bent down and put her arm round Stella's neck. "What was in your heart, dear?" she said softly.

"Oh, something not worth recalling. A shadow which, at a word of sympathy from Vivian, would, I believe, have there vanished; but I see now that we were at opposite ends of the pole, with nothing in common between us. Oh! Delia, let it be a warning to you. Never enter on an engagement without feeling quite sure that beyond all doubt you have made choice of the right one."

"Well, dear, I hadn't any doubt but that you had not made that choice. When I stopped with you in London I never saw you so miserable in all

my life. I said, when I came home, 'Vivian's ruined Stella, she is not one bit the same.'"

"And that was just how I felt. I was drifting away from everything that was good in me; adopting Vivian's opinions, echoing his sentiments, becoming a bad imitation of him, and yet all the while in my heart of hearts, longing for something to snap the chains which bound us, and not having the courage to say so."

"No matter, you plucked up courage enough at last, and 'at the right moment too.'"

"And I often wonder now what made me do it, for I had allowed a hundred things to pass, far more galling to me."

"That is what makes poor dear auntie feel so hopeful that it will all come right again. She says it was about such a trivial matter—because you could not agree about some poem. Was that so?"

"Well, in a way, but not quite."

"What poem? Whose was it?"

"A little poem by Mr. Rodney."

Stella congratulated herself or not colouring; but the words had come out a trifle too precisely.

"By Mr. Rodney! oh! that young man again. Do you know, Stella, that I wonder if——" but at the expression which, on looking up, Stella caught in Delia's face, she hastily interrupted the sentence by saying,

"No, dear, don't wonder at anything, because there is no reason for it. I can tell you, quite frankly, that I admire Mr. Rodney's writings exceedingly, and that I like him very much indeed; but I don't want to be laughed at or teased about anyone. I have a great deal of serious business to occupy me, you know," and as she put her arm round her, she smiled reassuringly in Delia's face. "There is a father and mother to settle down comfortably, and two sisters to marry, for the elder one is engaged now; and a whole heap of things to decide upon and look after when I come into possession of my property."

"It seems to me, if you give away such a lot, you won't have much property left."

"Oh, yes, I shall. It is such a heap of money for one girl to possess. I am often troubled by the doubt whether I ought not at least to share it with that poor young man who was originally intended for the heir."

"He can't be a very young man now," said

Delia, judging from her standpoint of twenty, "he was grown up when we were children. Do you know where he is, and what he is doing?"

"No, but Mr. Lovegrove says he will try and find out for me. He was making a fair living when he last heard of him, but he fancies before that he had had a very hard struggle, so that I hope it will come as a pleasant surprise when he finds that I do not ignore the claim I consider he has on me."

Delia drew closer to her friend. "It's quite true what Sir Wilfred says of you," she said, admiringly, "You're a real good sort, Stella."

"Very complimentary of him."

"Oh, that is but a drop in the ocean of praise that he bestows on you. He talks of nothing else when he is with me."

"He doesn't talk at all when he is with me."

"I know I used to think him like that, but don't run away with the idea that he is stupid, because he is really nothing of the kind. He knows a great deal about horses and dogs, and sport of all kinds; things I know that you think nothing of, but they mean a great deal to me——No, now Stella, I won't stand it. If you are not to be teased by me I won't be looked at like that by you. Remember, it's a bargain."

"Very well, I agree." Stella said this quite gravely; but inwardly she was smiling, for, could these two but be brought together, it would make more than themselves happy.

XXXI.

By the time Maynard Rodney left Biskra, Vivian Stapleton was already half way on his voyage to Japan leaving—with the exception of his mother—very few to send after him a single sigh of regret.

To add to Mrs. Stapleton's sorrow, Madame Simond was included in the travelling party which Vivian had joined, but had he permitted them to read him truly, he carried a wound in his heart which secured it against feminine hopes and made groundless maternal fears.

A character such as his, made up of extremes, is certain to be full of surprises, and in situations of emergency and difficulty it becomes all but impossible to count on its actions.

Thus Vivian, after remaining in Paris for weeks, which slowly passed into months, suddenly, in a

day, resolved to stay away no longer, and as fast as the express could take him he arrived in London, and, without a word of announcement, presented himself at his home in Kensington, to find Delia with his mother, and Stella at Stillmere.

Ill luck just now was certainly Vivian's portion, for he had beguiled the discomforts of a terribly cold journey and a very rough crossing by rehearsing the scene by which he meant, by his scathing eloquence, to literally crush Stella and thus reduce her to tears and reason. Most of us know how forcible are "the words that breathe and thoughts that burn" in those one-sided arguments where we ourselves say all the good things and our opponent is left without a leg to stand on or a syllable to utter. When an interview of this kind has been mentally arranged, nothing more tries the temper than to find no outlet for oratory which must be bottled up again. It needed all those instincts which Vivian so prided himself on naturally possessing to seem cordial to Delia and to give even a shew of affection to his mother.

"What has become of Stella?" he asked sharply as soon as Delia had gone out of the room.

"She is at Stillmere. It was necessary that she should consult with your uncle about some business, and she thought if she went down there, it would save him trouble."

"Wonderfully considerate, I am sure," he said, trying to keep down his ruffled temper, "at the same time I think it would be equally praiseworthy if she reserved some small amount of this same consideration for others who have an equal, if not a greater claim on her."

"You have forgotten, or perhaps you do not know that your uncle is only just recovering from a sharp attack of gout."

"Certainly I don't know, how should I know, when no one thinks it worth their while to inform me of anything. Time was when I was regarded as one of the heads of the family, now, it seems to me, I am looked on as a mere cipher."

"Oh, Vivian dear, that is a very exaggerated way of talking. I know that this sad misunderstanding must be a cause of trouble to you. No one can possibly feel it more bitterly than I do. It is the threatened wreck of all my fondest hopes."

"Then, indeed, mother, you must excuse me for saying that I think you might have acted differently. The very great want of sympathy shewn by you

towards me has been a source of intense astonishment to me."

"Want of sympathy!" repeated Mrs. Stapleton, "in what way?"

"In every way; and considering that you were solely instrumental in bringing us together, to say nothing of my being your own son, there is no one thing that I might not most reasonably have expected of you."

"I am certainly at a loss, Vivian, to comprehend your meaning"—and Mrs. Stapleton looked at her son in amazement. "As to bringing you together, yes, I freely acknowledge that, loving Stella as I do, it was my greatest wish that I might see her the wife of the one who is dearest to me upon earth—but when have I ever known you to be influenced by any desire that I might have formed?" She shook her head. "No, of your own free will you made your choice—that a word of mine would have had the smallest effect on your decision would have seemed as impossible then as it does now."

He gave a shrug of his shoulders.

"My dear mother," he said, impatiently, "it is very far from my wish to enter into any discussion of this kind, which reminds me of an acknowledged fact that in matters of feeling, the majority of women entirely lose the very limited powers of reasoning, with which they are originally endowed. But to return to the question at issue—if as you say you were so prodigal of your sympathy, I am certainly somewhat curious to hear you explain how you consider that has been shewn."

Mrs. Stapleton's heart swelled with emotion as she recalled the tender commiseration she had poured out on her son—the excuses she had made for his domineering attitude—the glaze she had spread over those blustering letters—her arguments—her explanations—her entreaties. In her efforts to screen him from the just judgment of tongues around, she felt now that she had come near to endangering her own self-respect.

"The sympathy a mother gives to her child, to my mind, requires no explanation."

"Just so," he said, with a little 'tsh' of derision which, though it stung her, she would not notice.

"It was enough for me to feel sure that you must be suffering, and that, too, in spite of your letters which I must own were anything but calculated to give the idea of a disconsolate lover."

"Oh, that was the rôle it was presumed that I would play." It needed a strong effort now to keep any check on his temper. "How vastly interesting, and I disappointed you all, did I? Ha, ha, ha, this is most entertaining." His voice and manner, even more than his words, struck anguish in his mother: something in them seemed suddenly to reveal to her the smallness of his nature, the puerile vanity of his mind. She had gone through a severe ordeal of suffering while he had been absent. Events had brought her face to face with the crowning mistake of her life.

In the faults of her son she recognised the imperfection of his training. He was selfish because she had never taught him self-denial, arrogant because everyone was made to give way to him. Vain—for she had fostered the belief that he had no equal. Her whole life since the day of his birth, had been spent in picking the rough stones from out his path, and her reward was that, if one of the rose leaves she left in its place was ever so slightly crumpled, he reproached her for it.

During the all but imperceptible pause, this and much more than this flashed through her mind to sink heavy in her heart, so that she heaved a long drawn sigh before saying, "I don't know that any one was disappointed, for the reason perhaps that they gave more credit to what you said than I did speaking frankly as mother to son, Vivian, I may admit to you that nothing ever more surprised me than the affection I had of late seen you display towards Stella--I had confidently counted on her devotion to you, I have had a long experience of her warm heart and loving nature, and I thought I foresaw how you would accept it; but to see you giving her the tender consideration of an adoring lover, was a charm in your disposition hitherto unknown to me."

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"And had I been as wise then as I am now, it would be unknown to you still. It was one of the greatest mistakes I ever made. From the first moment that Stella thought she held me in her power, she conceived the fatuous notion of making me her slave—was possessed by the wild idea that I—I Vivian Stapleton, was going to become a mere puppet in the hands of a school girl."

"There I entirely disagree with you, and I am convinced that you judge Stella most unjustly. No, Vivian, the mistake you made was—in forcing

back with your sneers and ridicule, Stella's fresh girlish romance, in nipping with your *fin de siècle* aphorisms her warm impulsive affections. I warned you at the time, I foresaw that such constant repression might end in a very fatal coldness."

The arrow hit too truly for Vivian to enter on any defence of this accusation to turn it aside; he said:

"My regret is that some prevision of this sort did not earlier warn you yourself to avoid the real cause of separation which has came between us."

"You allude to her family?"

" I do."

"Then I may tell you that that obstacle is entirely of your own making. Just before the New Year when her engagement to you was broken off, unknown to Stella, Mrs. Clarkson asked for an interview with me, and with a delicacy of self-sacrifice, which I regret to think my son would find it difficult to appreciate, she offered, if this marriage was for her child's happiness, to renounce every claim upon Stella, and to give a promise in the name of herself and her family, never to seek to see her and to pass her, if they met, without notice."

"But what in heaven's name do I want more? It is the one thing I asked for and you tell me they are willing to give this promise, and you keep it to yourself and never so much as send me a word. Oh! Mother, mother, what has come to you? Have you cast all care for my happiness away?"

His heart was beating tumultuously—he began walking up and down the room. The flood-gates of fear and distrust were burst open, and the torrent that poured forth seemed to sweep away every difficulty.

"Remember that Stella knows nothing of this interview," Mrs. Stapleton was saying.

"Nor shall she ever know from me. If it pleases her, she shall think that her obduracy has brought me on my knees before her. What matter!" and he laughed triumphantly. "If it is the very smallest satisfaction to her, she shall so see me."

"It seems to have escaped your notice that the promise was given on one condition"—Mrs. Stapleton winced at the unseemly exultation of her son—"the condition that Stella's happiness would be secured by marrying you."

"Well?" he said stopping before her.

"Well, it is evident that Stella does not consider that to marry you would be happiness for her." He did not speak, but his face showed his surprise, and his mother continued in the same dry voice: "Since you have come back it is necessary to repeat to you that to which, while away, you gave neither heed nor belief."

"What?" he said, his lips forming the word to which his voice gave little sound.

"That it is no longer a question of Stella's family, it is she herself who refuses consent."

"What makes you say so?" he asked hurriedly. "It is not that there is anyone else? Speak, mother! tell me?" and he turned and took two or three steps away, and then, overcome by the sudden revulsion, dropped into a chair, and resting his elbows on a table, bent his head on his hands.

The mere sight of that despondency made all the mother love in Mrs. Stapleton burst forth. She went quickly to his side, and putting her arm round him, "No, no one," she said. "It is but a few weeks since that, in all but so many words, she refused Sir Wilfred Mostyn. She did not wish him to propose to her, and she made him understand by her manner what her answer would be."

"But surely that means hope for me?" He was looking at her, his eyes strained to catch some gleam of comfort, but she had none to give him. Tears of that tender pity which is born of great love, rolled down her cheeks. "It is more than useless to deceive you," she said, "I fear that as regards becoming your wife, Stella is lost to you." For a moment he continued to look at her as if he had not grasped her meaning, then he let his head slowly droop until his face was hidden from her view.

"Oh, Vivian!" she cried, "My idolised, worshipped boy, never think that your mother, who, if she admits to herself that you have a failing, knows but too well that you owe it to her imperfect training, has not strained every nerve to urge your suit. I have questioned Stella, I have appealed to her. I have implored her to tell me the reason why she should so suddenly feel it impossible ever to become your wife."

He did not raise his head, but he made a little movement of it to show he was waiting for her answer.

"It is always the same reply: that the engagement was a mistake; that you neither of you

pretended love for each other. That satisfied her then, but not now. Now, if she ever marries, it will be some one to whom she can give her whole heart."

"And that some one cannot be me," he said bitterly.

Mrs. Stapleton stretched out her arms to enfold him in her embrace, but he gently put her aside. "Some other time, mother," he said. "Just now I feel I want to be alone"

XXXII.

Is it to verify the old adage, "pity is akin to love," that hearts, between which something has crept in are so frequently at the moment of final separation brought into closer touch again? Certain it is that in the early days of his misery, when Vivian was his more natural self, and poured out his whole soul in entreaties to Stella, he had never before been so near to gaining her affection.

True to his temperament, his remorse and regret, like his anger and his indignation, were pushed to the utmost extreme. There was nothing he would not promise; nothing he would not consent to. If Stella would but give her word to marry him, her wish should be henceforth his law. As to her parents, they might live with them; her sisters and brother should have welcome from him. She had but to say what it was she required of him, and, no matter how great the sacrifice, she could consider his consent as given. And it was by this terrible straining to gain his desires that at length he most effectually defeated his end. Stella at first touched, softened, self-reproached by his pleading, set herself the task of putting before him the very grave reasons which had actuated her decision. She tried to show him that it would be a solace to think that the friends they had once been they still might be. She repeated to him his own arguments and theories, and reminded him of the supreme contempt he had expressed for those unions which depended for happiness on the mere common-place bond of love; but, like most other sophists, Vivian had little relish for instruction conveyed through the medium of his own teachings. His one aim was to win Stella, and, as it began gradually to discover itself to her, the desire to regain her love was becoming

mastered by the overwhelming passion to obtain his own will.

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Her eyes once open to this, she could see nothing but servility in his professions, a feeling which even his mother began to share with her. As for the others who watched him, they simply looked with contempt on the tricks they regarded as the stock-in-trade of a poseur. It is hard for a man who all through his life has played a part to expect that anyone should take him seriously, and Vivian began to feel that, end as it might, the game was nearly over. He would put his fate to the test by a final interview with Stella, and, if that failed, he would bid her farewell, and go he cared not where, so long as it was sufficiently far off for her not to have the satisfaction of trium hing over him.

During the time of this conflict with Vivian, Stella had no wish to be in the neighbourhood of London, and her visit to Stillmere ended, she had asked her mother to join her and accompany her to Cromer—that place being fixed on because at Sherringham, near by, "Father had seen a cottage which had taken his fancy," and if Stella liked the situation they rather thought they should decide to settle there.

One morning, when the winds which had blustered through March had fallen to a rest so profound that not a leaf was stirring, Stella proposed that she and her mother should walk along the shore, sheltered by the cliff, to Runton. The idea was delightful to Mrs. Clarkson, and off the two started. Stella's spirits in harmony with the fresh, bright, sunny day. The tide being out, Stella beguiled her mother over the green slippery rocks to the stretches of fine sand, washed smooth by the sea, along which she ran, tempting the waves with her pretty feet, and laughing with the glee of a merry child when they all but caught her.

Mrs. Clarkson was watching one of these narrow escapes as she rested against the keel of a battered-in boat jaramed in between two pinnacled rocks. Suddenly she was aware that some one was approaching from behind her. A man who, drawing nearer, raised his hat and then stood hesitating, while he looked from her to Stella and back again. She thought he was going to speak to her, but before he could do so, Stella, having caught sight of him, was at her side.

"You!" she exclaimed, "Is it possible?" then

turning, she added, "Mother, this is Marraine's son, Mr. Vivian Stapleton."

"If only for your mother's sake 1 am very pleased to see you, sir," said Mrs. Clarkson, with old-fashioned courtesy, and she held out her hand, which Vivian took with the tips of his fingers and in place of shaking, respectfully bent his head over. Of the three he was the one who visibly lacked the largest amount of self-composure.

"And what has brought you here?" Stella asked pleasantly.

"I came to see [100]," he answered significantly. "I thought it not impossible that you would understand that probably I should do so."

"Yes."

"Does that mean that you did expect me?"

"No, it means that I am listening to what you tell me."

A quick contraction came over Vivian's face, which he twisted into a smile as he said to Mrs. Clarkson, "Your daughter is as cool as the morning."

"Well, now I daresay you do feel it fresh, coming straight down from London. Perhaps Mr. Stapleton would prefer returning to the house, Stella?"

"I will give him the clearest directions if he does, mother, but I cannot offer to lose this beautiful day, it is putting new life into me."

"You hardly need me to say that I must have an interview with you alone."

Vivian was chafing under Stella's manner, which he looked on as a simulation of independence and indifference. His mood was an agitated one. His nerves were highly strung and over strained, giving a sharpness to his tone and manner, which had led his valet to announce that "his mightiness had got a fit of the jumps on him again."

"Alone?" Stella repeated, as if considering the possibility of granting that demand.

"My dear, I was just about to say," said Mrs. Clarkson, "that I don't feel equal to much walking this morning, so that if you and Mr. Stapleton cared about going on, I would prefer to stroll slowly home again."

Stella laughed outright at this transparent subterfuge. "What an excellent diplomatist this mother of mine would have made," she said to Vivian. "You sweet old dear," turning to her, "wanting to give up your walk on this delicious morning: but

there is really no occasion to do so. What Mr. Stapleton has to say can be very well said before you."

"No, there I can't agree with you. I am one with Mr. Stapleton. If two people have anything serious to say it is best said to one another: a third person, though she may be your mother, is in the way."

"I wish you would allow that mantle of consideration to fall on to your daughter's shoulders," said Vivian, giving a profound bow to shew his thanks to her.

"Oh! she has got plenty of the stuff in her, though it may be fashioned another way," replied the proud mother. "I don't know that it's well for children to be the same as their parents in everything; and speaking of that, how little you take after Mrs. Stapleton. I thought to find you the image of her."

Mrs. Clarkson, without being actually disappointed in Vivian's appearance, did not find him at all like what she had expected to see. The portrait she had pictured in her mind's eye had been made up from descriptions his mother had given of him, and what Lottie and Carry had said of the beau they had seen with Stella at the play; but in place of the delicate refinement of form and feature, combined with an impression of strength and manliness, essentially his own, which had been Mrs. Stapleton's portrayal of her son, he stood before her a tall, well-grown man, very tolerably covered with flesh, which was rather superabundant in his face, making the jaw, without being square, seem heavy. He had a fine forehead, and dark expressive eyes, and wore his brown hair in a fashion which suggested that some time had elapsed since he had submitted his locks to a barber.

"No," he said, in answer to her remark on the absence of family likeness, "as far as I know, I have the happy advantage of not resembling anyone. It would inexpressibly annoy me to be con-

stantly told that I reminded those about me of this person or that one. I place a very high value on my own distinct individuality."

Mrs. Clarkson's face shewed that she did not in the least comprehend this mixture of vanity and pomposity. The bewildered look she gave made Stella come to her aid by saying, "All that highflown reasoning does not convince us, does it, mother? We know quite well that he would give all he possesses to be as handsome as Marraine."

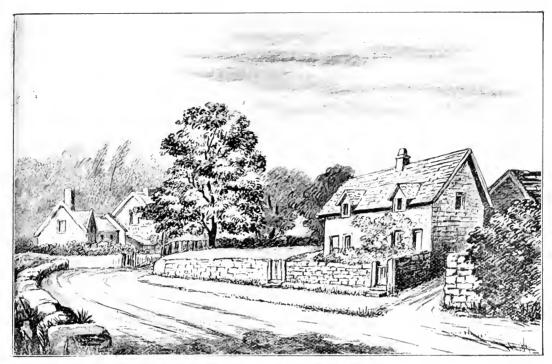
"Oh! good looks aren't of half the value to men that they are to women," said Mrs. Clarkson, sententiously, "besides, every eye makes its own beauty, and I daresay Mr. Stapleton could tell us of many who think he hasn't any reason to be discontented with his looks," and having delivered herself of this left-handed compliment, she gave a nod to Stella, an old-fashioned sort of half-curtsey to Vivian, and turned towards the house which in the distance she could see.

Looking back a few minutes later she saw that the two had walked on, and were seemingly in earnest conversation.

"I'm not afraid of you winning her back," she was mentally saying, "and since I've seen you I'm more than ever glad it is so. I feel you'd have done your best to make her ashamed of us, and though I don't believe that would have been possible, it's an end to all married happiness when the two that ought to be one, are pulling in opposite ways."

From Stella herself, Mrs. Clarkson had received a very vague account of the actual cause which had broken off her engagement with Vivian; but that interview with Mrs. Stapleton had been a source of great enlightenment, and though at the time the sacrifice the parents had offered was made in all good faith, Mrs. Clarkson now felt that Vivian was neither worthy of her child nor of all she had been willing to forfeit for him.

(To be continued.)



SETH LEDES COLLACE, ELLASTES

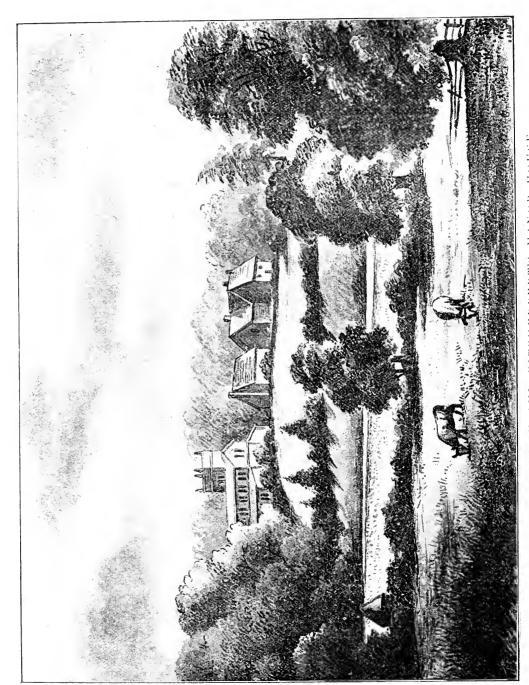
GEORGE ELIOT'S COUNTRY.

WHERE can we go? This was the question when we found ourselves free for a ten days' holiday. The air of London seemed quite used up, and we longed to fly far away into some land where leaves were really green, and where wild flowers could be plucked without leaving smoky traces on the hands that gathered them, and where the sun could once again shoot forth his rays without losing half of them in their passage through London smoke. The choice was great: the difficulty was to hit upon the small paradise that should offer what we sought—country and rural pleasures.

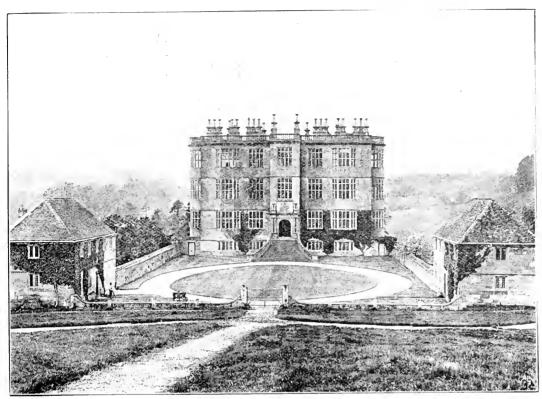
After weighing *pros.* and *cons.* for north and south, east and west, we decided upon the little village of Ellaston, on the confines of Derbyshire and Staffordshire, and after a few hours' rail, found ourselves established in as pretty a farm-house as one could wish for, far from London sights and sounds.

Do many of our readers know Ellaston? Some

may do so through the tradition which connects it with the name of Miss Evans, so well known as "George Eliot." Tradition, however, is more fertile in its imagination than correct as to fact. The Evans family, on the father's side, came from Ellaston, but Mr. Evans seems to have left his native village several years before the birth of his now famous daughter, and she never paid it more than a passing visit. She went occasionally to Wirksworth, not far from Ashbourne, where her aunt, Mrs. Evans, and other members of her father's family, lived; and it was from them she caught up the striking types of character, embodied in "Adam Bede," which bear so truthful a stamp upon them, that the villagers of Ellaston, who had known the brothers Evans, thought they recognized in the book the portraits of more than one of their neighbours. You are shown the cottage from the steps of which Seth Bede used to preach, as well as the house where "George Eliot" was born: and you are at liberty to believe



NORBURY CHURCH AND FITZHERBERT'S MANOR HOUSE, (From the Drawing by E. Monthellier.)



WOOLION LODGE TRONE VIEW

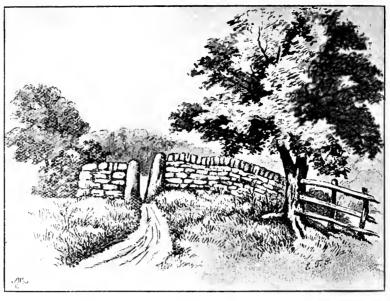
as much or as little as you like of the stories connected with each.

Leaving this knotty question to be decided by others more competent than ourselves, let us say a word about the industry of this busy village. It is the centre of vast pasture-lands, and hundreds of cows furnish the milk which comes daily into the cheese factory hard by, or is started off, fresh and cool, to supply the many towns that call for It would astonish our grandfathers to see the great cheeses which issue daily trom the factory. It reminds one of the famous machine, at one end of which the pig went in whole, and from the other came out in the form of sausages. The transformation of the milk from the pure white liquid, into the firm tempting cheese, is effected almost without the touch of the hand, and three men, with the aid of machinery, now do what it required formerly four times the number to perform.

One thing that strikes the visitor to Ellaston very strongly is the comfortable appearance of the cottages, and the well-dressed and healthy look of the inhabitants. Being there for so short a time, we had no opportunity of meeting with other than the rural population of the place, and it is worthy of note that, during the ten days we were there—and they were not always fine days either

not the vestige of a beggar was to be seen. The school children came and chatted around us as we sat sketching in the fields, but did their best not to get in our way, and the ear was never shocked by the loud, coarse expressions that grate so harshly upon it, in the neighbourhood of towns. Whether this is due to the humanizing effects of peaceful country scenery, or to the blessings of having regular work, we cannot say. We merely mention the fact, as it is very striking.

Just half-a-mile from Ellaston rises the old and picturesque Church of Norbury. There it stands in front of our windows, embosomed among the trees, and having on the right hand the ancient manor house. In the morning light it is half lost in mist, but in the afternoon it stands out softly against the distant trees, the cool tones of the building being warmed up by the deep rich reds



A FIELD-PATH ELLASTON.

of the old house. The church itself is of the grey stone of the neighbourhood. It dates from early days. One of the monuments beneath its roof represents Sir Henry Fitzherbert, fifth lord of Norbury, in the time of Edward II. Other tombs, to the memory of later lords of the same family, lie on either side. The careful sculpture of the dresses and accessories of the different figures on these tombs, both male and female, make them

valuable historical documents. The many windows of the church are filled with ancient painted glass which has suffered from time, and from the changes of place which it has undergone. The painting appears to have been laid on to it, and not to have been burnt in, as is the case with most painted glass. In the middle of the chancel floor is the tomb of Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, of historic fame. It is a large blue stone, having several brasses.



ELLASTON CHURCH.

Upon the two upper pieces we see the father and mother; the children are represented on small brasses at their feet.

The name of Sir Anthony brings us back to the old house. It dates from the fourteenth century, and was the manorial residence of the Fitzherberts until the time of the Civil Wars. In outward appearance the house is as it must have been in the days of its prosperity. The surrounding farm

now inhabited. The rest is used merely as a place for lumber. Vet the curious visitor may still find more than one upper room lined with oak panels, wherein, doubtless, children have played, and young men and maidens danced, and between times, looked out from the windows upon the beautiful landscape that lies all around. One room in particular bears the name of Sir Anthony's study, and tradition says that here he worked at

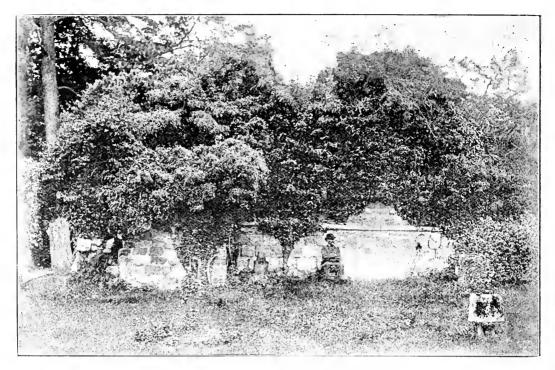


AN OLD COTTAGE, NEAR FILASION.

buildings have been cleared away, and it stands alone, in simple, unaffected grandeur. Its proximity to the church, where so many of its inhabitants found their last resting-place, tells a touching tale of their love for the religion of their childhood, and their attachment to their native land. And they had good reason thus to cling to it.

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Let us go into the house and see what remains of the past home-life. Only a small part of it is some of the books that have made his name famous. The study windows look out over the garden, and beyond, across the valley of the winding Dove to the Wever Hills. The happy notes of birds, and the beauty of the surrounding country must have struck upon the heart then, as they do now. A little to the right is the church, and it may well be that the peaceful and solemn notes of the organ have come to cheer and soothe



RUINS OF ALBEY, STYDD HALL

the knight, as he sat at work over some abstruse law book. That he loved his God as well as his fellow countrymen is abundantly proved by the verses of Scripture that are written upon many of the oak-panels around. Perhaps it is in this very room that he made his children promise to be faithful to their Church—a promise which one of them at least kept only too well. Many such thoughts pass through the mind as we hastily glance over the dwelling that has re-echoed to so much family life, but which is now silent and abandoned.

Leaving Norbury behind and taking what is called the upper road, a drive of about an hour will bring us to Stydd Hall. To find this Hall, which is now used as a farm-house, you must know where to look for it. It lies far away from any road, at the bottom of a valley, and is so completely isolated by the surrounding fields that one wonders how the inhabitants manage to keep up their connection with the outer world. In winter they must be literally snowed up. Close to the Hall are the small ruins of a chapel, that formed part of a Preceptory of the Knights of St. John. Several great stones, half-hidden in the grass,

speak of the former buildings, and a stone slab on the ground, close to the chapel, marks the restingplace of one of the brethren.

Let us come back to Ellaston, and to the life of to-day. The pretty lanes on every side tempt you to follow them. One leads to Alton Towers, the well-known creation of a former Earl of Shrewsbury. We will not speak of that further than as being worth a day's excursion to see it. The natural beauties of the stone walls and hedgerows arrest us at every step. In spring and summer they must be a veritable garden of flowers. Even now, in the month of September, a fox-glove raises its cheery head amid the faded spikes of its more enterprising brethren. Harebells, and the large blue geraniums brighten other spots, and here and there a late honeysuckle or wild roses deck the hedges. The leaves, just beginning to change colour, add a dash of crimson or yellow to the scene. Look at these cottages, half hidden under the damson trees! Each little garden is gay with dahlias or asters, which hide the more prosaic, but more useful, crops of cabbage and potatoes. Each little house has its pig or its cow, and hens more or less numerous, and often a string of geese start

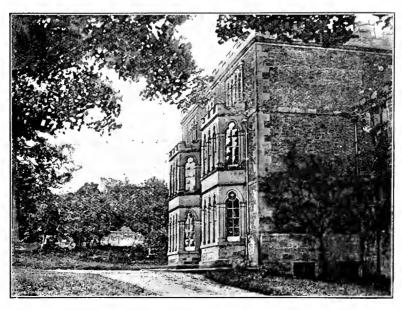


NORBURY CHURCH A CHASOL INC.

up unexpectedly, and waddle off, a long white band, across the brilliantly green grass. The painter may find many a charming subject for his pencil among these picturesque cottages, where colour and form blend so happily with the life around. At one gate two youngsters are busy wheeling in a small barrow of coals, brought from the village. The mother's smile welcomes them, and she looks as proud as they are of their achievement. At another, a little girl, scarcely taller than her two toddling sisters, "minds the babies," while mother is washing. The little

maids press close around us as we sit down awhile to rest and sketch their flowery cottage; and the round and rosy faces are bonny to see.

Quitting one of these lanes half way between Ellaston and Alton, we turn into a field to take a short cut home. The grassy slopes lie golden in the evening sun of autumn, and as we gain the rising ground, the stately mansion, known as Wootton Lodge, comes into view. It rises as if by enchantment in the midst of the solitude around. No sign of life appears in or near it, and yet it is in such good repair that its owners might



SIYDD HALL.

have left it only vesterday. Very little is known of its history; it is said to have stood a siege during the Civil Wars, and to have remained impregnable. It stands upon a rocky platform overhanging a precipice. Beyond is a deep valley, and then once more the hills rise high behind the building. As we saw them they formed a golden background, against which the house stood out in imposing silence. The two upper stories were in a blaze of light owing to the numerous windows through which the sunlight streamed, and the deep bays at either end allowed one to look almost inside the principal rooms. The effect was fairylike. It might have been an enchanted palace, which was awaiting the visit of the favoured knight whose magic touch should bring to life the sleeping inmates. Many other handsome mansions lie in the neighbouring valleys or on the heights, but Wootton Lodge, seen at a favourable moment, leaves the most indelible impression. The way home takes you through a long avenue which must have been beautiful when well kept up, and then into another lane, past more cottage gardens gay with flowers, and so on to Ellaston. The picturesque church rises on the left, surrounded by fine trees, and more than one aged yew speaks of the antiquity of the place.

If time permits, pleasant excursions can be made on every side of Ellaston. Ashbourne and Dovedale are within reach on one side; on the other the ruins of Croxden Abbey tempt the enterprising pedestrian. It is said that the heart of King John reposes under the shadow of the Abbey; whither it was brought by his physician, who was at that time Abbot of Croxden. The troubled heart found at last a quiet resting place.

E. Montpellier.

"GOOD GENIUS."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

ISABELLA EVVIE MAVO.

TRS. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," though still spared to the world, is now a woman of eighty-two, and those who were little boys and girls when that book appeared in 1851-2, are the elderly people of to-day. Younger folk cannot realise the impression it made. Other books have been a fashion, a rage, the success of a season on the lips of all the literate classes, or else finding wide favour with the young and simple. But this wonderful book seized on the universal heart—was read alike by princes and peasants of all countries, by poets and literateurs, and by little Sunday school children. It is surely interesting to learn something of the kind of life out of which came the woman who could wield such a force.

Harriet Beecher was born in 1811—one of the younger children of a distinguished Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher. Her mother died when she was only three or four years old, so that Harriet could scarcely separate her faint personal recollections of her from traits revealed in

loving reminiscences related by friends and relations. One or two of her own memories, as she says, "twinkle like rays through the darkness." One is of all the children running and dancing from the nursery to the sitting-room in the sunshine of a Sunday morning, and the mother's pleasant voice saying after them, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!" And again, of the mildness of her rebuke—her simple explanation of the "consequences" of her children's action when they ate up some tulip roots which she had procured with considerable trouble—"If you had let them alone we should have had next summer in the garden great beautiful red and yellow flowers such as you never saw." Harriet remembered being taken in to see her every day during her last illness, and adds an incident best told in her own words: "I remember dreaming one night that mamma had got well, and of waking with loud transports of joy that were hushed down by some one who came into the room. My dream was indeed a true one. She was for ever well!"

After the mother's death, the little Harriet lived for some time with her maternal grandmother and aunt. She remembered arriving at their lonely little white farmhouse, and being ushered into a large parlour where a cheerful wood fire was crackling, and wondering why her grandmother wept as she embraced her. It was an old-fashioned household, with old-fashioned ways, prim little proprieties, plenty of catechism and needle-work and solid old books. The little girl liked best when the old lady read from the Bible and made homely comments on its characters and narratives, just as she might on the people and incidents in her own neighbourhood.

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When Harriet returned to her father's house, her favourite resort was his library, where she would sit curled up in a corner with a book, careful never to disturb him by a question or remark. Her elder brother wrote of her: "Harriet reads everything she can lay hands on, and sews and knits diligently."

Presently the father married again. The stepmother proved a wise and good woman, who was pleased to find her adopted family of "agreeable habits, and some of them of uncommon intellect" a shrewd observation to be made concerning young people, the eldest of whom was not more than seventeen years of age. The mental superiority of the Beecher family was, however, always so marked, that it soon gave rise to the saying that humanity consisted of "Men, women, and Beechers."

As a school girl, Harriet excelled in "composition." One of the strongest influences on her young life was that of her sister Catherine, eleven years her senior. In 1822, this sister underwent a terrible experience—her betrothed lover, Professor Fisher, bound for Europe, perished at sea. We may judge of the impression made on the little Harriet by the re-appearance of this incident in "The Pearl of Orr's Island" and "The Minister's Wooing." The Calvinistic creed in which the Beechers had been reared, and Catherine's own inability to have any joyful faith regarding her lost lover, wrought in her for a while the terrible anguish which her gifted sister afterwards depicted in the latter book as rending a mother's heart. Catherine Beecher "faced the spectres of the mind." She went on living, steadily trying to do right, and to be helpful to those about her,

especially in connection with the educational work in which she was engaged. Thus "doing the will," she presently found enlightenment on the "doctrine," and rose to the conception of the Great Father of the Universe as a being of infinite love, patience, and kindness, Who suffers with man.

This experience of the elder sister saved the younger from much of the agony to which sensitive natures were often exposed by the morbid introspection and searching spiritual analysis of the theological school in which the Beecher family had been reared. "Harriet can talk freely to me," said Catherine.

One gathers much information as to Harriet's character from chance phrases in her letters. She says (at nineteen) "I wish I could bring myself to feel perfectly indifferent to the opinions of others. I believe there never was a person more dependent on the good and evil opinions of those around than I am."

Again: "I am trying to cultivate a general spirit of kindliness towards everybody. Instead of shrinking into a corner to notice how other people behave, I am holding out my hand to the right and to the left, and forming casual or incidental acquaintances with all who will be acquainted with me. . . . The kind words and looks and smiles I call forth by looking and smiling are not much by themselves, but they form a very pretty flower border to the way of life."

Yet there were deeper chords which had no place in this burst of gay music. For she soon writes:

"The greater part that I see cannot move me deeply. They are present and I enjoy them; they pass and I forget them. But those that I love differently—those that I LOVE—oh, how much that word means!"

When Harriet was twenty-one, the whole family removed to Cincinnati, and, at the age of twenty-three, she first made personal acquaintance with Southern slavery by visiting in a Kentucky planter's house. It appears that she drew on her memories of this visit for her description of the "Shelby Estate," in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The young lady who was her companion on this occasion says, "Harriet did not seem to notice anything in particular that happened, but sat much of the time as though abstracted in thought. When the negroes

did funny things or cut up capers, she did not seem to pay the slightest attention to them."

Harriet herself, however, records a debate on slavery which she overheard about this time, and her delight when the anti-slavery debater "sprung up all lively and oratorical and gesticulatory and indignant," adding, "I like to see a quiet man that can be roused."

In 1836, at the age of twenty-five, Harriet was married to Professor Stowe, of Lane Seminary,

enlisted strongly in the Abolition cause. One of its students, lecturing in the South, had been so impressed with the horrors of slavery that he became an apostle of negro-freedom, and actually converted a few Southerners to his views. We must never forget that long ere party feeling was roused on this subject there were noble people who laid the strong foundations of abolition, by sacrificing everything of their own for its sake. Among these, we take the opportunity of mention-



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
(Fr. m. Her Life'; by ferm.ssion of the Publishers, Messrs, Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.)

"a childless widower." They had not been married six months when it became his profes sional duty to make a voyage to Europe, involving an absence of nearly seven months. His wife remained quietly at home, among her own people, employing herself with a little modest literary work, and maintaining a constant correspondence with her husband, by means of a daily journal, which was forwarded to him once a month.

It was at this time that Lane Seminary became

ing Margaret Mercer, of Maryland, a young lady of birth and fortune, who, about the year 1822, being convinced of the evils of slavery, freed her own slaves, sent them to Liberia, and henceforth supported herself as a teacher. She had found "society" an empty weariness, and she had not been able to satisfy her heart with the tinkering philanthropy which picks a few dead leaves from the social plant, but ignores the worm which is gnawing its root. She had felt "herself cut off

from every means of usefulness, and could not find anything on earth to do that might not as well remain undone." But in simply taking courage to put away wrong from her own life, she found a sufficient cure for this "vague disease," as brave and true hearts always can. Henceforth she depended wholly on her own labours ever the strongest and most wholesome interest in life. She wrote some beautiful devotional verse, and was herself the original of Longfellow's poem, "The Good Part which shall not be Taken Away." She died, still Margaret Mercer, in 1846, while negroslavery in the South yet flourished.

One of the Lane Seminary student's converts was a similarly honest and direct person, a Mr. Birney, of Alabama, who freed his slaves, and then employed himself with an anti-slavery newspaper in Cincinnati—a paper whose office was wrecked in the slave interest during Professor Stowe's absence from home, Mrs. Stowe writing to her husband, that "respectable citizens are disposed to wink at the outrage in consideration of its moving in the line of their prejudices." The end of this naturally was that the mob went further than "respectable citizens" cared to be thought to countenance it. After the printing presses had been thrown into the river, the roughs proceeded to spend the night and the next day in pulling down the houses of respectable and inoffensive blacks, and Lane Seminary itself was threatened. Is it any wonder that Mrs. Stowe writes, "No one can have the system of slavery brought before him without an irrepressible desire to do something, and what is there to be done?"

After Professor Stowe's return to his home, the household life went on, amid narrow means, unceasing work, and many cares. Mrs. Stowe reported herself as having "few ideas beyond babies and housekeeping," but "thought herself a fortunate woman, both in husband and children." She still engaged in literature in the intervals of mending and baking and making. She took into her household a coloured girl from Kentucky, who, by the laws of the State of Ohio, was free, having been brought there by her mistress and left. But the Stowes presently heard that the girl's master was in the place, looking for her, and that a little perjury, and the help of some corrupted lawyer, might restore her to slavery. Accordingly the Professor himself, with his brother-in-law, afterwards the famous

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preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, both armed to the teeth, drove the poor lassie, by night, and by unfrequented roads, till they placed her in a place of perfect safety. From this incident, Mrs. Stowe afterwards elaborated the episode of the fugitives' escape from Tom Loker and Marks, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The Beecher family, now scattered, had a habit, both married and single, of maintaining themselves in a singular unity of life and purpose. To do this they communicated with each other by means of circular letters. These, begun on great sheets of paper, were passed along from one to another, each adding his or her budget of news to the general stock, until it reached its last destination, when it was returned to its original sender. It is a custom worthy of consideration in these days of widely-severed and long-divided family circles!

Professor Stowe, who seems to have been the original of the "Visionary Boy" in "Old Town Folks," must have been a man of very fine imaginative and sympathetic temperament. He always encouraged his wife in her literary efforts. He wrote to her while she was still but a hunble magazine scribe: "God has written it in His book that you must be a literary woman, and who are we that we should contend against God?" On the other hand, she asked herself, "Can I lawfully divide my attention (as a wife and mother) by literary efforts?"---and probably would not have done so then but for the sake of her earnings, of value in so poor a household. She was never at a loss for reliable information on any subject, while her husband lived. During one of their brief separations she writes: "I did not know till I came away how much I was dependent on you for information."

In 1843 began a march of great sorrows and trials, which lasted till 1850. First, the sudden death of Mrs. Stowe's brother George, next in age above herself. Next, a rather serious breakdown in her own health, followed by so severe an illness of Professor Stowe's that he was obliged to seek distant curative treatment, and to remain under it for nearly fifteen months, while his brave wife upheld the home, by taking boarders and doing literary work, being also called upon, during that trying interval, to face a cholera epidemic, which carried off one of her little ones.

In 1850, Professor Stowe accepted an educa-

tional post, which took him to Brunswick, near Boston. There the family removed, Mrs. Stowe going first, to get all in readiness. She covered sofas and chairs, made bedspreads and bedding, painted rooms and revarnished furniture, till at last, when her baby came, she was "really glad of an excuse to lie in bed."

And while she had been engaged in these practical labours, which to many women would have seemed ample excuse for a grumbling narrow-mindedness, her soul was all on fire with indignation over the Fugitive Slave Law, which came into force about this date.

It may be necessary to explain that at this period the Union consisted of "slave-states," the South, and "tree states," the North, where slavery had already been abolished. This new Act not only gave the slave-holder of the South the right to seek out and bring back into slavery any coloured person whom he claimed as a slave, and who had escaped into the free states of the Union, but it actually commanded the citizens of the free states to assist in such pursuit and capture, while assistance given to a fugitive or obstruction offered to his arrest, became penal. One very obnoxious provision was that when any case was debated before the authorities, the judicial officer should receive a larger fee if the negro was adjudged to be a slave than if his owner's claim was disallowed!

The consequences of such a law can be readily understood. Negroes who had been free for years, who had attained positions of honourable independence, had saved money, and redeemed friends and relatives from captivity, were pounced upon and conducted back to bondage. Some hid themselves: some threw up everything and started for Europe or Canada. They had to travel to the latter place on foot at night, by bye-ways, and that in midwinter.

It was the wife of her brother Edward who first fired Harriet Beecher Stowe "to write something that would make the whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is." Mrs. Stowe's children say that they remember this letter coming in, and that when their mother came to the passage we have quoted, she rose up, crushing the letter in her hand, her face illuminated by an expression her children could never forget, and cried, "I will write something; I will, if I live."

An American writer might well remark, "The Fugitive Slave Law has been to the slave power a questionable gain. Among its first fruits was "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Mrs. Stowe related that she was seated at communion in her husband's college, when, suddenly, like the unrolling of a picture, the scene of the death of Uncle Tom passed before her mind. With difficulty could she refrain from weeping aloud! She went straight home and wrote out what had been, as it were, revealed to her. She says that during that winter she remembers many a time weeping over her own little baby sleeping beside her, and thinking of the slave mothers whose babes were torn from them.

She would write nothing without consulting the best authorities. When she found that the course of her story would fall upon a cotton plantation, she wrote to Frederick Douglass. He had been born in slavery, but had already worked himself to freedom, and also to no mean position as an orator and a literary man. He was safe even from the Fugitive Slave Law, because £150, collected by him during a lecturing tour in Britain, had been paid to his latest owner! He is now the Hon. Frederick Douglass, and has filled many important public offices. She told this gentleman that she already possessed an able paper written by a Southern planter, in which the details and *modus* operandi were given from the master's point of sight, but that she was anxious to have something from another standpoint, so that her picture might be graphic and true in all its details.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared first in serial form in a journal edited by Dr. Bailey and the poet Whittier. For the serial issue, Mrs. Stowe received only £60. When a Boston publisher offered to bring it out as a book, his proposal that he would give Mrs. Stowe half the profits if she would share the expense of publication, was rejected because the Stowes thought the risk too great. The final agreement was that the author should receive a ten per cent, royalty on all sales.

Mrs. Stowe says she felt perfectly indifferent to this bargain, expecting no great pecuniary results. She herself bought the first copy sold. Her mind was then filled with the thought of some poor young escaped negroes just then about to be reconsigned to a Virginian slave warehouse. There seems to have been then some reason to fear that presently slavery might follow its victims even to their last refuge in Canada. Deeply concerned at this, Mrs. Stowe was thinking, not of the pecuniary success of her own book, but of writing letters to leading Englishmen, the Prince Consort, the Duke of Argyll, Lords Shaftesbury and Carlisle, Macaulay, Dickens, and others, earnestly imploring their sincere attention to the subject.

Mrs. Stowe said of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that "it was written with her heart's blood." She wrote afterwards to Lord Carlisle that "the moral effect of witnessing and becoming accustomed to the most appalling forms of crime and oppression is to me the most awful and distressing part of the subject. In dealing even for the ransom of slaves, in learning market prices of men, women, and children, I feel that I acquire a horrible familiarity with evil."

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It is no part of our present purpose to chronicle the success of this book, nor to tell how it brought fame and fortune, till "the poor professor's wife had become the most talked-of woman in the world." Longfellow wrote to Mrs. Stowe, "It is one of the greatest triumphs recorded in literary history, to say nothing of the higher triumph of its moral effect." Whittier, Lords Shaftesbury and Carlisle, Charles Kingsley, Jenny Lind, Elihu Burritt, Higginson, and crowds of other notable personages, put themselves into sympathetic communication with Mrs. Stowe. - Lloyd Garrison wrote: "I estimate the value of anti-slavery writing by the abuse it brings." And there were not wanting letters, threatening and insulting, from the Haleys and Legrees of the country, letters, as Mrs. Stowe says, "so curiously compounded of blasphemy, cruelty, and obscenity, that their like could only be expressed by John Bunyan's account of the speech of Apollvon, "he spake as a dragon."

On one occasion, it is said, she received a box containing a negro's ears! As she told the Duchess of Argyll years afterwards, during the Civil War, "I have long known what and who we had to deal with, for when I wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," I had letters addressed to me showing a state of society perfectly inconceivable. That (in the South), they violate graves, make drinking cups of skulls, that ladies wear cameos cut from bones and treasure scalps is no surprise to me. If I had written what I knew of the obscenity, brutality, and cruelty of that society down there, society

would have east out the books." It was her opinion that nobody is so hopelessly brutalised by slavery as the slave-holder and his race, and present-day events seem fully to confirm this view.

Mrs. Stowe was not content with what she could do for negro slaves with her pen. She says that the "underground railway" (the name given to the secret organization for the help of fugitives) "ran through our house." She and her brother secured the freedom of a whole family, in whose education and future advancement she interested herself, taking two of the girls into her own domestic circle. Their mother was, said Mrs. Stowe, "a living example in which Christianity had reached its fullest development under the crushing wrongs of slavery." Jenny Lind was a liberal contributor to the fund for buying the liberty of these poor people.

There is no doubt that the great moral impression produced by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" actually obscured its literary and artistic merit. Public enthusiasm was aroused by Uncle Tom and little Eva, while scoffers said that there were not many Uncle Toms among the negroes, forgetful that thereby they but the more condemned the system, since it might have had something to plead for itself, could it have been shown that slavery was a successful school for saints! But the worst evils of slavery lurked in the sombre background, in the dumb misery and degradation of poor old Prue, the frivolous vacuity of 'Dolph and his fellows, the utter moral corruption of the Marie St. Clairs and Legrees of the slave-holding class, and the production of a breed of Marks and Halevs!

In 1853, Mrs. Stowe, with her husband and brother, crossed the Atlantic, and made a tour through Scotland, Britain, and the Continent. It is pleasant to notice how Mrs. Stowe felt most touched and proud whenever she found that her fame had penetrated among the lowlier people. She likes to tell how the servants in a household had wished to see her; how in Scotland the country folk came down to the stations where her train stopped, and how, as she drove through villages, "the butcher came out of his stall, and the baker from his shop, the miller dusty with flour, and the blooming comely young mother, with her baby in her arms," and how the street

boys in Edinburgh ran after her cab, pointing her out and saving "That's her; see the courls."

Mrs Stowe returned to America entrusted with much English gold to be expended in advancement of the cause she had at heart. She assisted in the redemption of slaves whose cases were of peculiar hardship: she supported anti-slavery lectures and anti-slavery publications, and founded and assisted schools for the education and training of coloured people.

In 1856 Mrs. Stowe returned to England to make arrangements for the issue of "Dred," which she introduced as intended "to show the general effect of slavery on society: the various social disadvantages which it brings, even to its most favoured advocates: the shiftlessness, and misery, and backward tendency of all the economical arrangements of Slave States; the retrograding of good families into poverty, the deterioration of land, the worse demoralisation of all classes, from the aristocratic tyrannical planter to the oppressed and poor white." It is said that the Queen, always interested in Mrs. Stowe's work, actually preferred "Dred" to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." So did Harriet Martineau. It got an appreciative notice in the "Revue des deux Mondes." Mrs. Stowe considered that, generally speaking, her French critics had a finer appreciation of her subtle shades of meaning than did the English.

Soon after Mrs. Stowe's second return to America, in 1857, she lost her first-born son, Henry, through sudden death by drowning. She had parted from him in England before she proceeded to the continent of Europe, and she never saw him more. It was a terrible blow. "It is always our treasure that the lightning strikes," wrote the poor mother: but went on to tell how a deaf old slave woman, who had still five children in bondage, came up to comfort her. "Bear up, dear soul," she said, "you must bear it, for the Lord loves you." The poor old soul said further. "Sunday is a weary day to me, 'cause I can't work, and can't hear preaching, and can't read; so I can't keep my mind off my poor children. Some on 'em the blessed Master's got, and they's safe; but, oh! there are five that I don't know where they are." And out of the depths of her own new sorrow, Mrs. Stowe could still see things in their true proportion. "What are our mother-sorrows to this?" she cries, and instantly rises to the occasion. "I shall try to search

out and redeem these children, though, from the ill-success of efforts already made, I fear it will be hopeless. Every sorrow I have, every lesson on the sacredness of family love, makes me the more determined to resist to the last this dreadful evil that makes so many mothers so much deeper mourners than I ever can be."

"Yet," she adds, "I go about as if I were wearing an arrow that had pierced my heart."

Following on this great woe came the two exquisite stories, "The Minister's Wooing" and the "Pearl of Orr's Island." The poet Whittier called the last "the most charming New England idyl ever written." Lowell gave high praise to "The Minister's Wooing." Ruskin wrote that "it is sure to be a popular book, as a true picture of human life is always popular." He told Mrs. Stowe—"My father says the book is worth its weight in gold, and he knows good work."

Yet the bepraised successful woman was writing to her young daughter—"To mamma life has been a battle in which the spirit is willing, but the flesh weak. . . Mamma is sitting weary by the way-side, feeling weak and worn, but in no sense discouraged."

In 1859 Mrs. Stowe and most of her family again visited Europe—in her case, for the last time.

Then broke out the great Civil War in America—the rebellion of the Southern States against the changing order, in which they saw that the balance of power was passing from their hands. Mrs. Stowe's own son, Fred, was in the war. She wrote that "the year has been one long sigh, one smothering sob." She bitterly felt the withdrawal of much English sympathy—that commiseration for the downfall of the cruel oppressor, without whose downfall the oppressed could not go free!

In the battle of Gettysburg, Mrs. Stowe's son was wounded. He was struck by a fragment of shell, which entered his right ear. The wound was not fatal, and after much suffering it healed imperfectly. But the young man was never himself again, the cruel iron had too nearly touched the brain.

About this time Mrs. Stowe built herself a house on the wooded banks of Park River, near Hartford. To live on that spot had been an old ambition of her girlhood. But in ten years' time the encroaching city drove the family out of this habitation, when they removed to that house in

Hartford, of which they have ever since retained possession.

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In 1863 Mrs. Stowe addressed a noble letter to the women of England. She reminded them of their former appeal (in 1855), to American women to set their faces against the evil of slavery. She asked what were the women of England now doing in this very matter. "False statements," she wrote, "have blinded the minds of your community, and turned the most generous sentiments of the British heart against us. It is said that the North is fighting for supremacy, and the South for independence. Independence? for what? To do what? To prove the doctrine that all men are not equal; to establish the doctrine that the white may enslave the negro!"

She had on another occasion summed up a résumé of what slavery is, which should for ever silence those who are inclined to think "that it was well enough if it was not abused." These are her words—

"I do not believe there is a wife who would think it right that her husband should be sold to a trader to be worked all his life without wages or a recognition of rights. I do not believe there is a husband who would consider it right that his wife should be regarded by law the property of another man. I do not believe there is a father or mother who would consider it right were they forbidden by law to teach their children to read. I do not believe there is a brother who would think it right to have his sister held as property, with no legal defence for her personal honour, by any man living. All this is inherent in slavery. It is not the abuse of slavery, but its legal nature."

Mrs. Stowe's appeal to the Women of England elicited replies from John Bright and Archbishop Whately. The first was wholly sympathetic; the latter explanatory and argumentative.

Slavery in the United States was doomed. The war dragged on its length, with unreckoned expenditure of life and wealth, but the North triumphed at last, and the slave was free! Mrs. Stowe wrote to the Duchess of Argyll—

"When I think of what has been done these last few years and of what is now doing, I am lost in amazement. I have just, by way of realizing it to myself, been reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' again, and when I read that book, scarred and seared, and burned into, with the memories of an anguish and horror that can never be forgotten, and think it is all over now, all past, and that now the questions debated are simply of more or less time before granting legal suffrage to those who so lately were held only as articles of merchandise—when this comes over me I think no private or individual sorrow can ever make me wholly without comfort."

Let us hope her words were true, for "private and individual sorrows" were coming, though there was to be a peaceful interval first. bought an estate in Florida, hoping that it would afford wholesome and interesting occupation for her invalid son, and that she herself might find some personal work among the negroes there. She spent half the year in this place; her husband enjoying the retired life with all his scholarly heart. After a few years, however, the invalid son became possessed of the idea that a long sea voyage would do him good. He planned one from New York to San Francisco, round the Horn. His safe arrival at San Francisco was heard of. Then nothing more. A thick veil fell between him and those who loved him. His mother was to partake even that cup of anguish of the poor old negress who "had other chilen, she didnt know whar."

Mrs. Stowe's life, like all lives, was not without special trials and difficulties -- possibly it had its errors in social discretion. But certain blunders of this sort are only possible to very noble natures. She failed to remember that the adverse criticism of some people is the very highest honour others can receive, and that the wise, if they could, would fain go about the world with such abuse hung about their necks, as their distinctive decoration! When she sought to defend goodness and endurance from injury at the hands of the mad and the bad, she should rather have remembered the saving of the great Oriental, that he who throws stones at the sky, only receives them back on his own head, or even the homelier phrase of the individual whom she sought to champion, "Words do not kill, my dear, or I should have been dead long ago." Then Mrs. Stowe would have possessed her soul in patience. But the worst that can be brought against her is that, on one occasion, her chivalric feeling overleaped the limits of social prudence; and it is so seldom that those are forgotten in the interests of friendship and justice!

Mrs. Stowe continued busy with literary work,

producing "Little Foxes," "Old Town Folks," "Old Town Stories," "My Wife and I," "Poganuc People," and other books, perhaps less known in this country. For a year or two she went on a reading tour. In 1882, her seventieth birthday was celebrated by a literary gathering at Boston. Everybody knows Whittier's tribute

"To her who world-wide entrance gave
To the log cabin of the slave."

But some may be less familiar with Dr. Holmes' spirited lines, one verse of which we quote. Referring to the great civil war, he says:—

"All through the conflict, up and down,
Marched Uncle Tom and old John Brown,
One ghost, one form ideal:
And which was false and which was true,
And which was mightier of the two,
The wisest sibyl never knew,
For both alike were real.'

WHERE THE RAINBOWS REST.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

I T was in the Spring of the year, I know,
That I saw them coming along the lane,
For their innocent faces were all aglow
With the falling April rain:
Two little children with dancing feet,
Looking upward with wistful eyes
At the wonderful glories that melt and meet
In the rainbow-coloured skies.

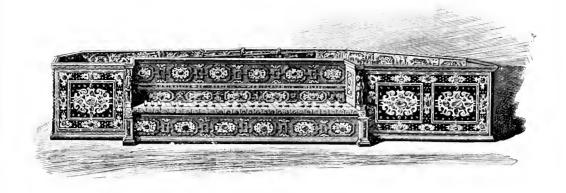
"Where does it go to?" they asked of me,
Clinging about me on either hand.
"Is it the staircase of Heaven we see,
Or the door into Fairyland?
One end touches the mountain's crest,
And one is lost on the heathery wold—
Is it true what they say, where the rainbows rest,
There lies a treasure of gold?"

"Can we not go there this very night?

'Tis only to climb to the farthest rock,
Or over the moorland, just out of sight,
To seek that magical crock.
We are old enough, surely, we need not wait,
It is not too far for a child of seven,
And we want to find out ere it grows too late
If that is the road to heaven."

"Nay, not to-night, dear hearts," I said,
"The way is rugged, the shadows fall,
And none may venture that path to tread
Till they hear the Angels call;
Some time or other, when years are past,
You shall climb that mountain by pilgrims trod,
And find your treasure safe hid at last
In the four-squared City of God."

Ah me! 'tis the same sweet springtide still,'
Still I am here who am old and grey,
But the children have long since crossed the hill
And entered the Far-away:
Far beyond mountain and sunlit west,
Far beyond moorland and purple wold,
They have found the land where the Rainbows rest,
And the City of shining gold!



THE EVOLUTION OF THE PIANOFORTE.

THE pianoforte, it may safely be said, owes its origin to one or other of the primitive stringed instruments of the ancients; but whether its embryon was the lyre, the lute, the cithara, the chelys, the psaltery, the dulcimer, or harp, is indeterminable.

These instruments, all of the same genus, were in use among the Egyptians, and it is impossible to say which of them is of the greatest antiquity. The Egyptian harps varied considerably in shape, size, and design, some of them being remarkable for their beauty of contour and elaborate decora-The celebrated traveller, Bruce, discovered a painting of one of these on a tomb at Thebes, supposed to contain the remains of the father of Sesostris, who lived more than 4,000 years ago. "It overturns," he wrote to Dr. Burney, "all the accounts of ancient music and instruments in Egypt, and is altogether in its form, ornaments, and compass an incontestable proof, stronger than a thousand Greek quotations, that geometry, drawing, mechanics, and music, were at the greatest perfection when this harp was made, and that what we think in Egypt was the invention of arts was only the beginning of the era of their restoration."

The idea of producing sound from a string is ascribed to Apollo, to whom it was suggested by the twang of his sister Diana's bow. The fable of Mercury making a lyre from the shell of a tortoise is familiar to us all; and it is worth observing that the Abyssinians use a similar instrument to the present day.

The dulcimer, a favourite instrument with the Egyptians and Assyrians, was generally strapped to the performer, leaving his arms entirely free.

Like the lyre and lute, it was played sometimes with the fingers and sometimes with the plectrum. The plectra were either small pieces of ivory or bone used for twanging the strings, thereby causing them to vibrate, or short sticks with which the player struck the strings. The first device doubtless suggested the crowquills, which were used in the spinet and harpsichord, the immediate precursors of the pianoforte, and the latter, the hammers employed in the piano itself.

The development of the ancient stringed instruments into the pianoforte, by the introduction of finger keys for raising a number of plectra together, appears to have taken at least two thousand years. The first keved instrument was the tamboura, which was followed by the organum, the clavicytherium or keyed cithara, the clavichord or manichord, and the virginal. The last-named instrument may be considered the immediate ancestress of the pianoforte. It was a very favourite instrument of Queen Elizabeth's, and is thought to have been named after her maiden majesty. Whether this was so or not, Queen Elizabeth must have possessed considerable skill on the instrument if she was really able to play the pieces contained in her virginal book which is still preserved. These pieces, which were composed by Tallis, Bird, Giles, Farnaby, Dr. Bull, and others, show only that habit of complication and contrivance acquired in writing for several voices, which was out of place in a different sphere of expression—overloading the old airs, which they still chose as themes, rather than be at the trouble of inventing new ones, with dry unmeaning intricacies, and cramping the fingers with such a crowd of clumsy

difficulties, as, says a well-known writer, the virgin queen could have had no chance of overcoming unless she had abdicated on purpose. And not even then, according to the account of Margarita, wife of Dr. Pepusch, to whom the virginal book belonged, for she, after her own retirement from the English stage, spent great part of her life in trying to master the first piece in the volume, and failed.

An amusing account is given by Sir James Melvil, the secretary of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, and envoy to the English Court, of his being conducted by one of Elizabeth's attendants into an ante-chamber, where he could hear that

walking with my Lord Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber door, I heard such a melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how; excusing my fault of homeliness as being brought up in the Court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She inquired whether my



HALIAN VIRGINAL

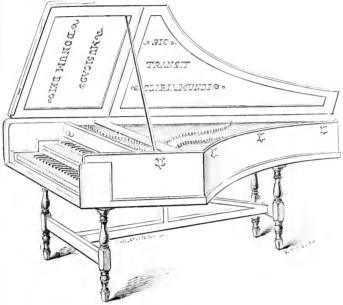
princess playing on the virginals. The scene which followed was sufficiently characteristic of the vanity of the queen, and the adroitness of the courtier. "After I had hearkened awhile," says Melvil, "I took up the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing the queen's back was toward the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately, so soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there. I answered: As I was

queen or she played the best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise." One of Queen Elizabeth's virginals is still in existence, and is described as having a case of cedar, covered with crimson Genoa velvet, the inside of the case lined with strong yellow silk.

The English spinet, which had the form of a harp laid in a horizontal position, like the virginal, had only one string to each note, which was set in vibration by means of crow or raven quills fixed in a small instrument called a jack. On striking the keys, the quill was carried past the string and remained above it so long as the finger rested on the keys, thus giving the string liberty to sound. The compass of these instruments was four

octaves, and their tone is described by Dr. Burney as "a scratch with a sound at the end of it."

The harpsichord was a distinct improvement on the virginal and spinet, some of these instruments having an improved mechanism and three or four



HANDELS HARPSICHORD

strings to one note. Handel's favourite harpsichord maker was Hans Ruckers, of Antwerp, one of whose instruments may be seen in the South Kensington Museum. It is six feet eight inches in length, three feet in height, and three feet wide. The case is in shape similar to that of a modern grand piano, and is constructed of black japanned deal with decorations inside the top and upon the sounding-board. It has two rows of keys, each with a compass of four octaves and seven-eighths—G to F. Handel's lessons for the harpsichord were composed for the practice of the Princess Anne, but the master's own performances on the instrument must have been remarkable, notwithstanding Ouin's assertion that the composer's hand was a foot and his fingers toes. Handel's hand was unquestionably fat, and the knuckles, which usually appear convex, were like those of a child, dinted or dimpled in. However, his touch, it is said, was so smooth that his fingers seemed to grow to the keys; they were so curved and compact when he played that no motion, and scarcely the fingers themselves, could be discovered.

M. Fétis, in his "Sketch of the History of the Pianoforte," refers to the many attempts to improve the harpsichord. He says, "Harpsichords were constructed with more than twenty different modifications, to imitate the sound of the

harp, the lute, the mandoline, the bassoon, flageolet, oboe, violin, and other instruments. In order to produce these different effects, new rows of jacks were added, which were furnished with materials of the softest kind, and most conducive to expression; and yet, with all the complications of stops, springs, extra rows of keys, and Venetian swells over the strings, the grand secret the real shading of the piano and forte -was still wanting. Nothing better was devised for augmenting or diminishing the sound than to put in motion different rows of jacks, so as to withdraw them from, or approximate them to, the strings at pleasure."

The merit of the invention of the piano is claimed by several nations. The Italians claim it

for Bartolomeo Cristofori, of Padua, who is said to have constructed the first instrument of the kind in the early years of the 18th century. The Germans advance the claims of Christoph Gottleib Schroeter, an organist, who was born at Hohenstein, on the frontiers of Bohemia, in 1699. When a pupil at the school of the Holy Cross at Leipzig in 1717, Schroeter is said to have



PIANO CRISTOFOR

constructed a pianoforte and presented it to the Court of Dresden. Although the king then testified his satisfaction at the invention, and from that time thousands of these instruments were made, Schroeter received neither reward nor the honour of being recognised as the first discoverer of the improvement.

The first pianoforte seen in England was brought to this country early in the 18th century by Father Wood, an English monk at Rome, and sold by him to Samuel Crisp, Esq., the author of "Virginia," from whom it was subsequently purchased by Fulk Greville, Esq.

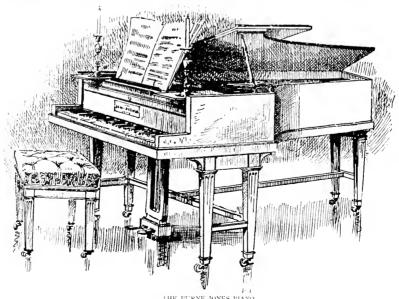
Mr. A. J. Hipkins, F.S.A., unquestionably the greatest living authority on keyed musical instruments, showed models of Cristofori's actions, when delivering a lecture on "Musical Instruments: their construction and capabilities," before the Society of Arts a year or more ago. Cristofori, he said, solved three important problems, the first of which was to counteract the strain of thicker strings necessary to withstand the impact of hammers. The second, allied to the first, was to compensate for the weakness caused by the opening between the tuning-pin block—technically called the "wrest-plank"—and the sound board, imperative for the hammers to rise to the strings. The third was the mechanical control of the rebound of the hammer from the strings, technically, "escapement," so that the hammer should not block against the strings and prevent vibration.

this he did, and more, for he invented the check, which preserves the position of the hammer for a repeated blow.

Notwithstanding its novelty it was a long time before the pianoforte in any degree superseded the harpsichord. People were familiar with and attached to the latter instrument; and moreover, in its first imperfect state, the piano was by no means suited to all kinds of music; since, we are told, that although slow pieces could be played upon it with striking effect, it was ill adapted for music of a light and brilliant character. This defect was undoubtedly due to the clumsy actions employed in the earlier instruments.

Among those who greatly improved the harpsichord was Burckhardt Tschudi, or Shudi-as the famous maker indifferently spelt his name; and it is evident that this instrument was preferred to the newer invention, the piano, by King Frederick of Prussia, for that monarch in 1765 ordered one of the best harpsichords that Tschudi could produce. The piano was, however, at length taken up by Tschudi and other eminent harpsichord makers, and by their exertions and improvements it came more generally into vogue.

Having thus briefly traced the history of the pianoforte up to the time of Tschudi and his contemporaries, it is only meet that we should devote a few remarks to the work of his successors, who are to-day justly regarded as facile princeps in the art of pianoforte-making.

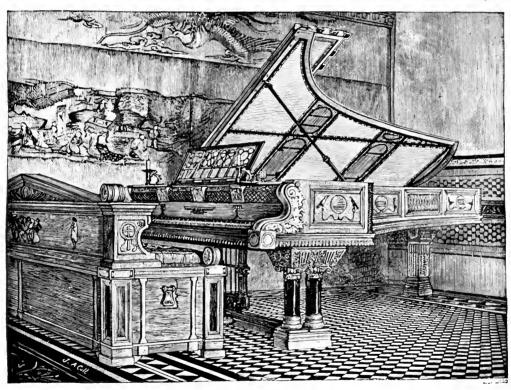


THE EURNE JONES PIANO

A quaint, quiet, out-of-the-way sort of street is that in which Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons have, during five generations of unbroken tradition, handed down from father to son, carried on the business which Tschudi began. Great Pulteney Street was named after William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, who figures so prominently in Coxe's "Life of Walpole," and is perhaps the only street in London without the orthodox lamppost—the gas lamps are affixed to iron brackets which jut out from the houses. There are only about four noteworthy buildings in the street: one

Ferdinand Ries, Moschelles, Weber, Litolff, Czerny, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt and Wagner, to say nothing of lesser musical celebrities, have often stood.

John Broadwood was a young Scotch carpenter and joiner, who came to London to seek employment at his trade. He succeeded in obtaining a situation with Tschudi, who, in common with other harpsichord makers, was just at this time experimenting upon the pianoforte, especially with a view to improving the action, the mechanism of the new instruments having hitherto been far from perfect.



MR. ALMA TADEMAS PIANO.

is a big woollen warehouse, another the depot of the well known publishers, Chatto and Windus; the third is the fine old business house of Cooper, the upholsterer: and the fourth, No. 33, is Messrs. Broadwood's, the oldest established pianoforte makers in the world. Here is the same old door, furnished with brass knocker and bell combined, that old Tschudi opened to the fine ladies and gentlemen whose patronage he enjoyed when George II. was king: and here the historic threshold on which such master-spirits as Storace, Haydn, Handel, Clementi, Dussek, Samuel Wesley,

Young Broadwood possessed the assiduity and energy, which so often characterize his countrymen, in a high degree, and soon made himself invaluable to his employer, whose partner and successor he subsequently became. The numerous inventions by which the first Broadwood improved the infant piano have been continually supplemented by those of his successors, and one would think that the piano has become almost incapable of further improvement. An aggregate of power has been reached in the grand piano that almost silences the stringed quartet, and even

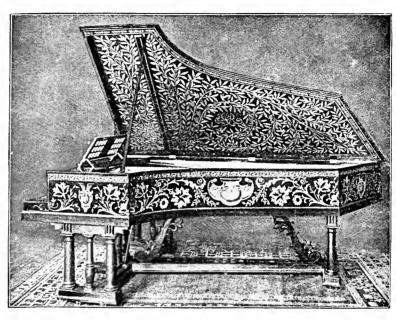
competes with the full orchestra, and yet the instruments of the best modern makers possess all the charm of varying *romance*, and a tone quality as specialised in character as the harpsichord.

Although Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata was published (in 1802) "for the harpsichord or pianoforte," it is evident that the greatest of all musicians soon afterwards recognised the superiority of the latter instrument. The composer of "Fidelio" and "The Mount of Olives" was

upon at no fewer than twenty-four memorable concerts during his last visit to England.

The perfection to which the piano has been brought in England is unquestionably largely due to the mechanical ingenuity of John Broadwood, who introduced the grand action, and to the improvements effected by his successors during their century and a half's devotion to the art of pianoforte making.

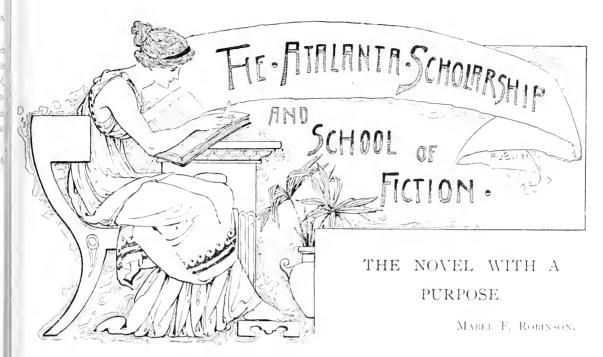
Concurrently with the advance in the methods



a great admirer of the Broadwoods, and shortly after the Battle of Waterloo, when Thomas Broadwood journeyed to Vienna, there sprang up a friendship between the master musician and the master piano maker, which culminated in the latter presenting to the former one of his finest instruments. A copy of Beethoven's autograph letter acknowledging the safe arrival of this graceful gift hangs framed in the Beethoven Room at Messrs. Broadwood's showrooms. Here also may be seen the identical piano which the Abbé Liszt played

of construction of the piano, which has so greatly enhanced its power and tone, has grown the desire to improve and beautify its outward appearance. The accompanying illustrations of pianos de luxe, which Messrs. Broodwood have kindly lent us, will suffice to show that, though structural exigences preclude any considerable modification of the form of the piano, a great deal may be done by the cunning employment of beautifully-figured woods and elaboration of case work.

Alfred Alfieri.



I N my young days I was much puzzled by the attitude of artists towards works of art with a purpose, and could not have believed that I should ever join the ranks of those who use the term, "novel with a purpose," in condemnation: for "purpose" is defined by Johnson as "design, intention," and a novel without these is no novel, and certainly it is no work of art.

For the first business of the novelist is selection: she must select her characters, her story, her environment, her incidents, and the manner in which she will treat them, and having made her selection she must form her work of art by careful construction, and by close selection of such incidents and phrases, as will best build up her story; and how can she build and choose if she set out without intention and design? Artists respect a well-constructed novel, as thoroughly as they despise a "novel with a purpose"—a cant phrase, used by literary persons to define a novel treating either an artistic subject from a certain inartistic point of view, or an inartistic subject from the same inartistic standpoint.

People put the question, "What is an artistic subject?" as though it were the riddle of the Sphynx; but the sole difficulty in answering lies in the form of the question, for a fit subject for one art is never quite fit for another; but there is

seldom any difficulty in deciding what is or is not a fit subject for any particular art.

A fit subject for a novel must contain the element of development, and a fit subject for a short story must be without it. A short story must be an episode, or incident, or scene complete in itself. It must not be necessary for the reader to know what led up to it or what followed; while no number of such isolated incidents makes a good novel. In this there must be a continuous interest, and to the full appreciation of Chap. VI. we must be in possession of Chap. 1.; and for this reason a good novel is generally a bad serial. Any story containing this element of development, and relating to normal human beings, is a fit subject for the novelist's art, provided it be not too repulsive to be regarded, too hackneved to admit of freshness, or so similar to a masterpiece as to incur the reproach of plagiarism.

Those who do not write or paint often rebel against the word artistic. They urge that a novel or a picture can be great through other qualities than artistic ones, but this is because they confuse art with style or brushwork. The novel with a purpose is condemned as inartistic not because artists are indifferent to moral questions, not because it is "badly written," but because it is untrue. Artists attempt to paint life and human

nature, and maintain that fiction must be true to these, or it becomes a falsehood; and it is often said by them that art is un-moral: neither moral nor immoral, but that, like dressmaking, its connection with right and wrong is obscure. An indecent dress is immoral, and one which is badly made is contemptible. This is true also of books: but I myself hold that the connection of the novel with morality is closer, and am convinced that the tendency of the novel with a purpose is as false as its art, for the novel is not merely an amusement, it is an interpreter, and every novel-writer who respects her art, her public, and herself, selects stories and characters and situations which are new as well as true, or which are made novel through being regarded from a new standpoint. Women writers invented plain heroines, and we have taught the world to realise that ugly women have their lives and feelings, and do not choose their plain appearance from spite to the men. The motive, you see, is perilously instructive, and the first novel with a plain beroine might have been a work of art, or a novel with a purpose, according to the treatment and the point of view. If it were written to support the supposition that plain women are better than pretty ones it would have been a novel with a purpose—bad art, untrue to life, for beauty and goodness have no closer connection than beauty and riches. But a true portrait of a plain woman's life may be a masterpiece and a supremely touching story.

Nothing can be proved or disproved by fiction; you cannot prove by a story that the Christian does not fear death, or that women are more intelligent than men. These are matters of theory; and a novel full of Lady Wranglers and men who are brave and pious does not add an iota to the intelligence of our sex, nor to the courage of Christians; and if we look to life we shall still see that women are not always clever, nor Christians always without fear. To write a book on such false premises is doubly inartistic; it is inartistic in conception because its subject is opinion, not life, and it is inartistic in execution because it professes to prove fact by fiction—an attempt which reduces fiction to falsehood, and fact to fiction. The novelist must concern herself with truth, and though it is not artistic to tell the whole truth-else our characters would sleep through a third of our pages—she must tell nothing but the

truth. Having conceived a character and a story she must correct them from nature as constantly as a painter corrects his drawing from the model of which he makes use for a work of imagination as inevitably as for a portrait. The questions by which a novelist measures her work should be-Would it have happened so? Would this particular person have felt and acted just so? Not—Is this what I like, or what the public likes? nor-Does this support the cause of women's suffrage, free thought, or teetotalism? The novel written with the purpose of proving an idea is false through and through; its brother, written to call attention to an abuse, is almost invariably inartistic, but only as the reflection in a spoon is inartistic: it reflects truth, but reflects it in distorted proportion; it is out of focus rather than untrue.

You will see what I mean if we paint a picture with this purpose: Let us suppose the army to be ill shod-the boots served out without due regard to the feet they are to fit, and badly shaped and made of green leather. Our artist, to call attention to this scandal, paints a picture in which the faces are mere blurs, the fatigue of carrying the rifle is not indicated, the ill-fitting broken boots and the limping gait are highly finished. Novelists are often called upon to admire novels as untrue as this picture, and are judged either heartless or envious if they condemn them as "bad art," but no one would misjudge a painter who demurred at the artistic success of the picture of the boots, and he would run little risk of being misunderstood if he should say that one pair of real boots proved more than a gallery of painted ones. Now, suppose that this sore-footed regiment has been seen by another artist, and he too has painted the scene: the faces are hot and scorched and tired; the men droop; some shade their heads with leaves or with their blue-and-white check handkerchiefs: some have their tunic unbuttoned at the throat. All are tired and in discomfort. They carry the rifle and the kit at every angle that can ease their aching backs and shoulders, and here, too, their boots are all bad and broken, and they hobble and limp as they go. One or two are singing; some are past that; all are brave and young, and suffering, and travelstained and weary. Tears spring to our eyes, and we feel with indignation the sin of adding unnecessary suffering to necessary hardship. Life confirms this impression: the true picture reveals Tommy Atkins to us in a light in which, may be, we had never seen him. We notice that his boots are really clumsy, that his cap never protects his head, that his uniform is for show rather than for comfort. The artist has interpreted him to us, and opened a window unto life, whereas the impression of the boots has been effaced by the correcting hand of time.

Reflection soon convinces us that the picture was painted on false premises, for good boots don't do away with the hardship of war. Time and thought and experience of life are the enemies of works of imagination with a purpose in the received meaning of that unsatisfactory term. They fail as art because they are conventional or disproportioned, and they fail as argument because they are fiction, and as such can influence us only emotionally, or as interpretation of life. All who read much must have observed how one book which we have read with interest fades from the mind, and how another which at the time may even have seemed a little dull dwells in the memory. That is because life contradicts one impression and confirms the other, which has been to us a vicarious experience and has taught us to understand some character or situation hitherto outside our sympathy or interest. It has not proved anything nor helped us to form any political opinion, but as life has the same inconclusiveness, art must be either inconclusive or untrue, and the writer of novels with a purpose has always this discouraging fact before her that the person so emotional, so unthinking, so lost to all sense of the value of evidence as to be converted by a novel, may any day be perverted by another.

All art has a tendency: the artist can never see out of any eyes but her own nor feel with another's heart, nor interpret more than she herself understands. The tendency of the writer is the tendency of the book, and the work of a sentimental author will be sentimental, of a hard person hard, whatever motive she may select for treatment. Thus novelists have an ethical as well as an artistic responsibility, for a widely-read novel is, to some extent, a power for good or evil. But this power is not for argument, and the writer who tries to push her most cherished and sacred faiths by fiction shews herself frivolous minded, that is to say, wanting in a sense

of the dignity and sacredness of serious things. What should we have thought of General Booth if he had written a novel instead of a pamphlet on "Darkest England," and how deeply should we have entered into his scheme of reformation? If you feel that you have a mission to reform the world, to do good to the evil, or kindness to the afflicted, obey your call; do your work instead of writing of it, for you will do more for any cause in which you are interested by working in it than by writing of it. At best, the mission of the novelist is a humble one, and the least prominent of temperance workers, hospital nurses, or Salvation Army lassies, is of far more use in her day and generation than a successful story teller. God and Mammon are not the only two Masters who cannot be served together.

Yet the novelist is not without power, nothing is: the class of food we eat, the style of dress we wear, the temperature of our bath, every detail of daily life braces or enervates, refines or brutalizes the body and the mind. And if these unthought-of necessities of life affect us, our mental food of literature must have a more direct influence upon our character, for few persons are so strong or so unimpressible as to be unaffected by the tone of life around them. If you read a number of "French novels," you will become used to the lax moral standard of French novels; you will rub the bloom off the peach; but unless you are as weak as water, no worse a thing will happen to you. If you feed your mind on "English novels," you will end by taking an artificial view of life, should you be weak or should you be thoughtful, by adopting the theory that the novel has no place in art or life, and is to be accepted no more seriously than the shilling shocker. I use the words French novels and English novels in their accepted sense as typifying the novel of the locked book-shelf and the novel in which life and truth are sacrificed for the making of a novel that shall

A good many men and a great many women are compelled to live in a narrow groove: they know very few people, and those few are of their own class: thus they have scant opportunity of studying character, and perhaps not very much gift for it: with the result that men and women of other countries, classes, characters, and ways of life are as unknown as creatures from the planet Mars,

and as utterly beyond the range of sympathy. They argue from what they see: they "speak of people as they find them," and judge others by Here is the real moral power themselves. and mission of the novelist; she is the interpreter of life, the historian of manners, and the medium through which we learn something of those sorts and conditions of men from whom we are separated by class, race, character, and sex. It is true we can see only through the glass and dimly, but the novel may give the outline which we must all fill in for ourselves. Life, reflection, experience, and our own heart confirms or obliterates the impression, and its value depends on truth more than on any other quality, indeed so soon as the novelist departs from fidelity to life, her usefulness is gone: she alienates all thoughtful persons and must find her public (unfortunately a large one) among those who will not take the trouble to read Life for themselves, and who live in a world of shadows wherein the good people are very, very good, and the wicked ones very horrid. Such persons like a novel to "prove" something, and will tell you that to read less "serious" fiction is waste of time. All fiction should be serious in the sense that the writer should approach serious things in a serious spirit; but gaiety, wit, humour, and a vivid sense of fun, are not against seriousness. On the contrary, the world is so exceeding odd and illogical, that nothing so sharpens the sense of humour as a serious view of life, and few things shew a more frivolous spirit than dulness.

A true picture of life, then, need not be a dull picture, nor of necessity a "realistic" picture; a novel is not a photograph, though even in that there is as much art in choice of subject and point of view as in treatment. A romance, a tale of adventure, a passionate love story, a psychological study, and a novel of contemporary manners may be equally artistic and equally truthful pictures of life, and, though every

artist would naturally select different types and different incidents, it is possible to view the same story and the same characters with equal truth from different standpoints. This you can test for yourselves by taking some tale with a strong human interest and re-writing it from a new point of view. Try the experiment with Enoch Arden, and you will find material for a thrilling tale of adventure, two or three deeply moving love stories, three interesting psychological studies, and a novel of everyday life after the manner of Jane Austin and Mrs. Gaskell. Yet, granted that you have power to make a correct interpretation, all your stories will be the "Enoch Arden," and all your characters the Enoch, Philip, and Annie, so powerfully drawn by the poet. Every reader would recognise your copies, even though you should change the names and the very period, and would say, "But this is simply 'Enoch Arden, told from a new standpoint." You would, of course, dwell on different points in the different treatment, and Enoch's life on the desert island would come to the foreground in the tale of adventure, and the home life of Philip and Annie be dismissed in a few vivid lines, while in the novel of everyday life you would stay at home with the quiet ones and merely state the wanderings of the more adventurous spirit. Now, try to re-write the poem as a novel with a purpose; try to make it advance some hobby or some view; be just to all the characters, be true to all the circumstances, and what theory, what opinion can you make it advance? If you think that I have selected a particularly unyielding subject, try another, try an incident in life or from history or from any story true to life, and you will find that though nature gives material which is good alike for the Idealist and the Realist, for the chronicler of small beer and the historian of passion, she has no place for the writer of the novel with a purpose.

STUDIES IN COMPOSITION.

Write an Essay of not more than 500 words, giving your own views with regard to the subject treated of in this month's Paper.

Papers to be sent in on or before August 25th. They should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U., "Atalanta," 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

What character in fiction is described as having the mark of a horse-shoe in his forchead when he frowned?

П.

I. Name author and work-

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"——— Not that fair field Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers, Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis Was gathered."

2. What poet compared "Letty" with Proserpine in lines very similar?

3. What "gentle maiden" said-

"——— O Proserpina, For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall From Dis's waggon!"

111.

How were the Sheviri, whose city was called Abibah, governed?

IV.

Who are the real persons supposed to be represented in "Julian and Maddalo"?

V.

Explain the following allusions-

1. "To rest among the lilies." 2. "I 'spect I growed." 3. "When found, make a note on." 4. "A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." 5. "The Noble Brotherhood of the Rose."

VI.

The following lines appear on the title-page of a well-known book. 1. Name book and author. 2. Also the poet and poem from which the lines are taken.

"A child, more than all other gifts,

Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts."

VII.

To whom were the following words addressed? =

"Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star, Are at thy beck and bidding, child of clay! Before thee, at thy quest, their spirits are— What would'st thou with us? Son of mortals! Say,

VIII.

Give author and work where this quotation occurs—

"Hope, only hope thou, and believe alway; I also know not, and I need not know, Only with questionings pass I to and fro, Perplexing these that sleep, and in their folly Imbreeding doubt, and sceptic melancholy; Till that, their dreams deserting, they with me Come all to this true ignorance, and thee."

IX.

- 1. To whom do these lines refer? 2. Who wrote them?
- "And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know, Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure, Didst tread on earth unguess'd at.—Better so!
- "All pains the immortal spirit must endure, All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow, Find their sole speech in that victorious brow."

Answers to be sent in by August 15th. They should be addressed to the Superintendent, R.U. "Atalanta," 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should have the words Search Questions on the cover.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS JULY.

I.

Alton Locke (Charles Kingsley).

H.

The poet referred to is Wordsworth; the poem, Ode on Intimations of Immortality; the lines are by Coleridge.

III.

John Sterling (Life by Carlyle).
 Thomas Carlyle (Life by Froude).

3. Sir Walter Scott (Life by Lockhart).

4. Dr. Johnson (Life by Boswell).

5. William Wordsworth (Life by Knight).6. Edward Irving (Life by Mrs. Oliphant).

IV.

1. Thomas Carlyle. Poem called "Cui Beno?" (see Vol. I., Miscellaneous Essays).

2. "Hopes, what are they? Beads of morning Strung on slender blades of grass;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.

What is youth? A dancing billow (Winds behind, and rocks before!) Age? A drooping, tottering willow, On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace? When pain is over, And love ceases to rebel, Let the last faint sigh discover That precedes the passing knell."

Wordsworth. Inscription supposed to be found in or near a hermit's cell.

١.

1. Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn. 2. Bulwer Lytton's Kenelm Chillingly. 3. Mary Howitt's Lillieslea.
4. George Macdonald's Robert Falconer. 5. William Black's A Princess of Thule.

7.1

"He that bestows his goods upon the poor,
Shall have as much again, and ten times more."

Pilgrim's Progress, Part II.

OXFORD SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDS.

ADELAIDE M. WYMNE-WILLSON, Hanborough Rectory, Oxon: and ALICE M. PRICE, Bryn Glas, Neath. S. Wales, having sent in the two best essays on the subject selected for competition, are entitled to receive the two Exhibitions at Oxford, placed at the disposal of ATALANTA.

Next in Order of Merit. - Frances Margaret Mary Comper. Ethel Skeffington. Beatrice Mary Danby,

EXAMINER'S REPORT.

It has been my privilege to see a number of essays written on the Force of Example by the Members of the "Atalanta" Reading-Union, and I have been asked to make a few brief remarks upon them.

As in all such cases, there was a great diversity as regards merit, although at the same time there was a marked uniformity in the ideas expressed, and not unfrequently even a verbal identity in the expressions used. In many there was much to be commended, and all were written with evident ease. As a rule, however, the very wide subject was treated in a somewhat narrow way. An influence such as the force of example, which affects the whole range of animal life, from the beast of the field to the most highly cultured man, and which includes every motive from mere imitation to the force begotten from a settled conviction of the beneficial results of following in the footsteps of a great model, affords abundant opportunities for discussion on many issues and from many sides. Certain philosophers have held that the force of example is a lever with which to move the world, and abundant instances might be quoted of the ever widening circle of influence extending over whole provinces and states, in the life of courts and of nations, exercised by great personalities. But the baser sort, which consists only of the kind of mimicry which induces monkeys to imitate the actions of men, and parrots to repeat their words, is perhaps after all the most interesting phase of the subject. Beginning, so far as man is concerned, with the nursery, and following him

to his school, and in after life in every direction he may take, whether in society, literature, art, or even science, the imitative tendency of human nature offers countless subjects for remark.

Many of the essayists bestowed an almost undue attention on the religious side of the question, a tendency which in some cases resulted rather in the production of amateur sermons than of literary essays. There seemed also to be often a confusion between the force of example and the effect produced by a conviction of the truth of a newly discovered doctrine or phase of thought and conduct. The men who followed Luther, to take one instance given, were not influenced by his personal example, but by a profound belief in the truth of the opinions which he held. The ladies also, who took to nursing when Miss Florence Nightingale showed the way, can only be held to have followed her example in the same way that every engine driver may be said to follow the example of George Stephenson. Again, some of the essayists seemed to ignore all individuality, and to consider that every great man must have had before his eves the example of some still greater man whom he desired to imitate. But it may safely be said that the greater the man the less likely he is to follow any model, and the greatest men of all have been-setting aside the religious question-uninfluenced in their careers by any effort to follow in the footsteps of others. There was a great deal in the essays which was very interesting, but a wider application of the facts related to the subject would have done much to heighten their value.

R. K. Douglas.

The Editors regret that, owing to want of space, the Brown Owl Department is unable to appear this month.



MEMOIRS OF HIS ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PART II. FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A TWOSOME.

I BELIEVE it was about the fifth day, and I knew at least that James was in one of his fits of gloom, when I received three letters. The first was from Alan, offering to visit me in Leyden: the other two were out of Scotland and prompted by the same affair, which was the death of my uncle and my own complete accession to my rights. Rankeillor's was, of course, wholly in the business view; Miss Grant's was like herself, a little more witty than wise, full of blame to me for not having written (though how was I to write with such intelligence?) and of rallying talk about Catriona, which it cut me to the quick to read in her very presence.

For it was of course in my own rooms that I found them, when I came to dinner, so that I was surprised out of my news in the very first moment of reading it. This made a welcome diversion for all three of us, nor could any have foreseen the ill consequences that ensued. It was accident that brought the three letters the same day, and that gave them into my hand in the same room with James More: and of all the events that flowed from that accident, and which I might have prevented if I had held my tongue, the truth is that they were preordained before Agricola came into Scotland, or Abraham set out upon his travels.

The first that I opened was naturally Alan's; and what more natural than that I should comment on his design to visit me? but I observed James to sit up with an air of immediate attention.

"Is that not Alan Breck that was suspected of the Appin accident?" he inquired.

I told him, "Ay, it was the same;" and he withheld me some time from my other letters, asking of our acquaintance, of Alan's manner of life in France, of which I knew very little, and further of his visit as now proposed.

"All we forfeited folk hang a little together," he explained, "and besides, I know the gentleman: and though his descent is not the thing, and indeed he has no true right to use the name of Stewart, he was very much admired in the day of Drummassie. He did there like a soldier; if some that need not be named had done as well, the upshot need not have been so melancholy to remember. There were two that did their best that day, and it makes a bond between the pair of us," says he.

I could scarce refrain from shooting out my tongue at him, and could almost have wished that Alan had been there to have inquired a little further into that mention of his birth.

Meanwhile, I had opened Miss Grant's letter, and could not withhold an exclamation.

"Catriona," I cried, forgetting, the first time since her father was arrived, to address her by a handle, "I am come into my kingdom fairly, I am the laird of Shaws indeed—my uncle is dead at last."

She clapped her hands together, leaping from her seat. The next moment it must have come over both of us at once what little cause of joy was left to either, and we stood opposite, staring on each other sadly.

But James showed himself a ready hypocrite. "My daughter," says he, "is this how your cousin learned you to behave? Mr. David has lost a near friend, and we should first condole with him on his bereavement."

"Troth, sir," said I, turning to him in a kind of anger, "I can make no such faces. His death is as blythe news as ever I got."

"It's a good soldier's philosophy," says James. Tis the way of flesh we must all go, all go. And if the gentleman was so far from your favour, why, very well! But we may at least congratulate you on your accession to your estates."

"Nor can I say that either," I replied, with the same heat. "It is a good estate; what matters that to a lone man that has enough already? I

had a good revenue before in my frugality; and but for the man's death — which gratifies me, shame to me that must confess it!—I see not how anyone is to be bettered by this change."

"Come, come," said he, "you are more affected than you let on, or you would never make yourself out so lonely. Here are three letters; that means three that wish you well; and I could name two more, here in this very chamber. I have known you not so very long, but Catriona, when we are alone, is never done with the singing of your praises."

She looked up at him, a little wild at that; and he slid off at once into another matter, the extent of my estate, which (during the most of the dinner time) he continued to dwell upon with interest. But it was to no purpose he dissembled: he had touched the matter with too gross a hand; and I knew what to expect. Dinner was scarce ate when he plainly discovered his designs. He reminded Catriona of an errand, and bid her attend to it. "I do not see you should be gone beyond the hour," he added, "and friend David will be good enough to bear me company till you return." She made haste to obey him without words. I do not know if she understood; I believe not; but I was completely satisfied, and sat strengthening my mind for what should follow.

The door had scarce closed behind her departure, when the man leaned back in his chair and addressed me with a good affectation of easiness. Only the one thing betrayed him, and that was his face; which suddenly shone all over with fine points of sweat.

"I am rather glad to have a word alone with you," says he, "because in our last interview there were some expressions you misapprehended, and I have long meant to set you right upon. My daughter stands beyond doubt. So do you, and I would make that good with my sword against all gainsayers. But, my dear David, this world is a censorious place—as who should know it better than myself, who have lived ever since the days of my late departed father (God sain him!) in a perfect spate of calumnies? We have to face that; you and me have to consider of that; we have to consider of that." And he wagged his head like a minister in a pulpit.

"To what effect, Mr. Drummond?" said I. "I would be obliged to you if you would approach your point."

"Ay, ay," says he, laughing, "like your character indeed! and what I most admire in it. But the point, my worthy fellow, is sometimes in a kittle bit." He filled a glass of wine. "Though between you and me, that are such fast friends, it need not bother us long. The point, I need scarcely tell you, is my daughter. And the first thing is that I have no thought in my mind of blaming. In the unfortunate circumstances, what could you do else? Deed, and I cannot tell."

"I thank you for that," said I, pretty close upon my guard.

"I have beside studied your character," he went on: "your talents are fair; you seem to have a moderate competence; which does no harm; and one thing with another, I am very happy to have to announce to you that I have decided on the latter of the two ways over."

"I am afraid I am dull," said I. "What ways are there of it?"

He bent his brows upon me formidably and uncrossed his legs. "Why, sir," says he, "I think I need scarce describe them to a gentleman of your condition: either that I should cut your throat or that you should marry my daughter."

"You are pleased to be quite plain at last," said I.

"And I believe I have been plain from the beginning!" cries he robustiously. "I am a careful parent, Mr. Balfour; but I thank God, a patient and deleeberate man. There is many a father, sir, that would have hirsled you at once either to the altar or the field. My esteem for your character——"

"Mr. Drummond," I interrupted, "if you have any esteem for me at all, I will beg of you to moderate your voice. It is quite needless to rowt at a gentleman in the same chamber with yourself, and lending you his best attention."

"Why, very true," says he, with an immediate change. "And you must excuse the agitations of a parent."

"I understand you then," I continued—"for I will take no note of your other alternative, which perhaps it was a pity you let fall. I understand you rather to offer me encouragement in case I should desire to apply for your daughter's hand?"

"It is not possible to express my meaning better," said he, "and I see we shall do well together."
"That remains to be yet seen," said I. "But

so much I need make no secret of, that I bear the lady you refer to the most tender affection, and I could not fancy, even in a dream, a better fortune than to get her."

"I was sure of it, I felt certain of you, David," he cried, and reached out his hand to me.

I put it by. "You go too fast, Mr. Drummond," said I. "There are conditions to be made; and there is a difficulty in the path, which I see not entirely how we shall come over. I have told you that, upon my side, there is no objection to the marriage, but I have good reason to believe there will be much on the young lady's."

"That is all beside the mark," says he. "I will engage for her acceptance."

"I think you forget, Mr.* Drummond," said I, "that, even in dealing with myself, you have been betrayed into two or three unpalatable expressions. I will have none such employed to the young lady. I am here to speak and think for the two of us; and I give you to understand that I would no more let a wife be forced upon myself than what I would let a husband be forced on the young lady."

He sat and glowered at me like one in doubt and a good deal of temper.

"So that this is to be the way of it," I concluded: "I will marry Miss Drummond, and that blythely, if she is entirely willing. But if there be the least unwillingness, as I have reason to fear—marry her will I never."

"Well, well," said he, "this is a small affair. As soon as she returns, I will sound her a bit, and hope to reassure you —"

But I cut in again. "Not a finger of you, Mr. Drummond, or I cry off, and you can seek a husband to your daughter somewhere else," said I. "It is I that am to be the only dealer and the only judge. I shall satisfy myself exactly; and none else shall anyways meddle—you, the least of all."

"Upon my word, sir!" he exclaimed, "and who are you to be the judge?"

"The bridegroom, I believe," said I.

"This is to quibble," he cried. "You turn your back upon the facts. The girl, my daughter, has no choice left to exercise. Her character is gone."

"And I ask your pardon," said I, "but while this matter lies between her and you and me, that is not so."

"What security have I!" he cried. "Am I to let my daughter's reputation depend upon a chance?"

"You should have thought of all this long ago," said I, "before you were so misguided as to lose your daughter: and not afterwards, when it is quite too late. I refuse to regard myself as any way accountable for your neglect, and I will be browbeat by no man living. My mind is quite made up, and come what may, I will not depart from it a hair's breadth. You and me are to sit here in company till her return: upon which, without either word or look from you, she and I are to go forth again to hold our talk. If she can satisfy me that she is willing to this step, I will then make it; and if she cannot, I will not."

He leaped out of his seat like a man stung. "I can spy your manceuvre," he cried, "you would work upon her to refuse!"

"Maybe ay, and maybe no," said I. "That is the way it is to be, whatever."

"And if I refuse?" cries he.

"Then, Mr. Drummond, it will have to come to the throat-cutting," said I.

What with the size of the man, his great length of arm, in which he came near rivalling his father, and his reputed skill at weapons, I did not use this word without some trepidation, to say nothing at all of the circumstance that he was Catriona's father. But I might have spared myself alarms. From the poorness of my lodging—he did not seem to have remarked his daughter's dresses, which were indeed all equally new to him-and from the fact that I had shown myself averse to lend, he had embraced a strong idea of my poverty. The sudden news of my estate convinced him of his error, and he had made but the one bound of it on this fresh venture, to which he was now so wedded, that I believe he would have suffered anything rather than fall to the alternative of fighting.

A little while longer he continued to dispute with me, until I hit upon a word that silenced him.

"If I find you so adverse to let me see the lady by herself," said I, "I must suppose you have very good grounds to think me in the right about her unwillingness."

He gabbled some kind of an excuse.

"But all this is very exhausting to both of our tempers," I added, "and I think we would do better to preserve a judicious silence."

The which we did until the girl returned, and, I must suppose, would have cut a very ridiculous figure had there been any there to view us.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH I AM LEFT ALONE.

I OPENED the door to Catriona and stopped her on the threshold.

"Your father wishes us to take our walk," said I. She looked to James More, who nodded, and at that, like a trained soldier, she turned to go with me.

We took one of our old ways, where we had often gone together, and been more happy than I can tell of in the past. I came half a step behind, so that I could watch her unobserved. The knocking of her little shoes upon the way sounded extraordinary pretty and sad; and I thought it a strange moment that I should be so near both ends of it at once, and walk in the midst between two destinies, and could not tell whether I was hearing these steps for the last time, or whether the sound of them was to go in and out with me all my life.

She avoided even to look at me, only walked before her, like one who had a guess of what was coming. I saw I must speak soon before my courage was run out, but where to begin I knew not. In this painful situation, when the girl was as good as forced into my arms, and had already besought my forbearance, any excess of pressure must have seemed indecent: yet to avoid it wholly would have a very cold-like appearance. Between these extremes I stood helpless, and could have bit my fingers: so that when at last I managed to speak at all, it may be said I spoke at random.

"Catriona," said I, "I am in a very painful situation—or rather, so we are both: and I would be a good deal obliged to you if you would promise to let me speak through first of all, and not interrupt me till I have done."

She promised me that simply.

"Well," said I, "this that I have got to say is very difficult, and I know very well I have no right to be saying it. After what passed between the two of us last Friday, I have no manner of right. We have got so ravelled up (and all by my fault) that I know very well the least I could do is just to hold my tongue, which was what I intended fully, and there was nothing further from my thoughts than to have troubled you again. But my dear, it has become merely necessary, and no

way by it. You see, this estate of mine has fallen fairly in, which makes of me rather a better match; and the—the business would not have quite the same ridiculous-like appearance that it would be-Besides which, it's supposed that our affairs have got so much ravelled up (as I was saying), that it would be better to let them be the way they In my view, this part of the thing is vastly exaggerate, and if I were you I would not wear two thoughts on it. Only it's right I should mention the same, because there's no doubt it has some influence on James More. Then I think we were none so unhappy when we dwelt together in this town before. I think we did pretty well together. If you would look back, my dear-"

"I will look neither back nor forward," she interrupted. "Tell me the one thing: this is my father's doing?"

"He approves of it," said I. "He approved that I should ask your hand in marriage," and was going on again with somewhat more of an appeal upon her feelings; but she marked me not, and struck into the midst.

"He told you to!" she cried. "It is no sense denying it, you said yourself that there was nothing farther from your thoughts. He told you to."

"He spoke of it the first, if that is what you mean," I began.

She was walking ever the faster, and looking fair in front of her; but at this she made a little noise in her head, and I thought she would have run.

"Without which," I went on -- "after what you said last Friday, I would never have been so troublesome as make the offer. But when he as good as asked me, what was I to do?"

She stopped and turned round upon me.

"Well, it is refused at all events," she cried, "and there will be an end of that."

And she began again to walk forward.

"I suppose I could expect no better," said I, "but I' think you might try to be a little kind to me for the last end of it. I see not why you should be harsh. I have loved you very well, Catriona—no harm that I should call you so for the last time. I have done the best that I could manage, I am trying the same still, and only vexed that I can do no better. It is a strange thing to me that you can take any pleasure to be hard to me."

"I am not thinking of you," she said, "I am thinking of that man, my father."

"Well, and that way, too!" said I. "I can be of use to you that way, too: I will have to be. It is very needful, my dear, that we should consult about your father: for the way this talk has gone, an angry man will be James More."

She stopped again, "It is because I am disgraced?" she asked,

"That is what he is thinking," I replied, "but I have told you already to think nought of it."

"It will be all one to me," she cried. "It prefer to be disgraced!"

I did not know very well what to answer, and stood silent.

There seemed to be something working in her bosom after that last cry; presently she broke out, "And what is the meaning of all this? Why is all this shame loundered on my head! How could you dare it, David Balfour?"

"My dear," said I, "what else was I to do?"

"I am not your dear," she said, "and I defy you to be calling me these words."

"I am not thinking of my words," said I. "My heart bleeds for you, Miss Drummond. Whatever I may say, be sure you have my pity in your difficult position. But there is just the one thing that I wish you would bear in view, if it was only long enough to discuss it quietly; for there is going to be a collieshangic when we two get home. Take my word for it, it will need the two of us to make this matter end in peace."

"Ay," said she. There sprang a patch of red in either of her cheeks. "Was he for fighting you?" said she.

"Well, he was that," said I.

She gave a dreadful kind of laugh. "At all events, it is complete!" she cried. And then turning on me: "My father and I are a fine pair," said she, "but I am thanking the good God there will be somebody worse than what we are. I am thanking the good God he has let me see you as you are. There will never be the girl made that would not scorn you."

I had borne a good deal pretty patiently, but this was over the mark.

"You have no right to speak to me like that," said I. "What have I done but to be good to you, or try to. And here is my repayment! Oh, it is too much."

She kept looking at me with a hateful smile. "Coward," said she.

"The word in your throat and in your father's!" I cried. "I have dared him this day already in your interest. I will dare him again, the nasty pole-cat; little I care which of us should fall! Come," said I, "back to the house with us; let us be done with it, let me be done with the whole Hieland crew of you! You will see what you think when I am dead."

She shook her head at me with that same smile I could have struck her for.

"Oh, smile away!" I cried. "I have seen your bonny father smile on the wrong side this day. Not that I mean he was afraid, of course," I said hastily, "but he preferred the other way of it."

"What is this?" she asked.

"When I offered to draw with him," said I.

"You offered to draw upon James More?" she cried.

"And I did so," said 1, "and found him backward enough, or how would we be here?"

"There is a meaning upon this," said she, "What is it you are meaning?"

"He was to make you take me," I replied, "and I would not have it. I said you should be free, and I must speak with you alone; little I supposed it would be such a speaking! 'And what if Irefuse? says he. 'Then it must come to the throat cutting, says 1, 'for I will no more have a husband forced on that young lady, than what I would have a wife forced upon myself. These were my words, they were a friend's words; bonnily have I been paid for them! Now you have refused me of your own clear free will, and there lives no father in the Highlands, or out of them, that can force on this marriage. I will see that your wishes are respected; I will make the same my business, as I have all through. But I think you might have that decency as to affect some gratitude. 'Deed, and I thought you knew me better! I have not behaved quite well to you, but that was weakness. And to think me a coward, and such a coward as that! Oh, my lass, there was a stab for the last of it!"

"Davie, how would I guess?" she cried. "Oh, this is a dreadful business! Me and mine,"—she gave a kind of wretched cry at the word—"me and mine are not fit to speak to you. Oh, I could be kneeling down to you in the street, I could be kissing your hand for forgiveness!"

"I will keep the kisses I have got from you already," cried I, "I will keep the ones I wanted and that were something worth: I will not be kissed in penitence."

"What can you be thinking of this miserable girl?" says she.

"What I am trying to tell you all this while!" said I, "that you had best leave me alone, when you can make me no more unhappy if you tried, and turn your attention to James More, your father, with whom you are likely to have a queer pirn to wind."

"Oh, that I must be going out into the world alone with such a man!" she cried, and seemed to catch herself in with a great effort. "But trouble yourself no more for that," says she. "He does not know what kind of nature is in my heart. He will pay me dear for this day of it: dear, dear will he pay."

She turned and began to go home, and I to accompany her. At which she stopped.

"I will be going alone," she said. "It is alone I must be seeing him."

Some little while I raged about the streets, and told myself I was the worst used lad in Christendom. Anger choked me; it was all very well for me to breathe deep: it seemed there was not air enough about Leyden to supply me, and I thought I would have burst like a man at the bottom of the sea. I stopped and laughed at myself at a street corner a minute together, laughing out loud, so that a passenger looked at me, which brought me to myself.

"Well," I thought, "I have been a gull and a ninny, and a soft Tommy long enough. Time it was done. Here is a good lesson to have nothing to do with that accursed sex that was the ruin of man in the beginning, and will be so to the end. God knows I was happy enough before ever I saw her; God knows I can be happy enough again when I have seen the last of her."

That seemed to me the chief affair: to see them go. I dwelled upon the idea fiercely: and presently slipped on, in a kind of malevolence, to consider how very poorly they were like to fare when Davie Balfour was no longer by to be their milk-cow: at which, to my own very great surprise, the disposition of my mind turned bottom up. I was still angry. I still hated her; and yet I thought I owed it to myself that she should suffer nothing.

This carried me home again at once, where I found the mails drawn out and ready fastened by the door, and the father and daughter with every mark upon them of a recent disagreement. Catriona was like a wooden doll; James More breathed hard, his face was clotted with white spots, and his nose upon one side. As soon as I came in, the girl looked at him with a steady, clear, dark look that might very well have been followed by a blow. It was a hint that was more contemptuous than a command, and I was surprised to see James More accept it. It was plain he had had a master talking to; and I could see there must be more of the devil in the girl than I had guessed, and more good humour about the man than I had given him the credit for. Or perhaps, in him, it was rather to be called weakness.

He began, at last, calling me Mr. Balfour, and plainly speaking from a lesson; but he got not very far, for at the first pompous swell of his voice, Catriona cut in.

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"I will tell you what James More is meaning," said she. "He means we have come to you, beggar-folk, and have not behaved to you very well, and we are ashamed of our ingratitude and ill-behaviour. Now we are wanting to go away and be forgotten: and my father will have guided his gear so ill, that we cannot even do that unless you will give us some more alms. For that is what we are, at all events, beggar-folk and sorners."

"By your leave, Miss Drummond," said I, "I must speak to your father by myself."

She went into her own room and shut the door, without a word or a look.

"You must excuse her, Mr. Balfour," says James More. "She has no delicacy."

"I am not here to discuss that with you," said I, "but to be quit of you. And to that end I must talk of your position. Now, Mr. Drummond, I have kept the run of your affairs more closely than you bargained for. I know you had money of your own when you were borrowing mine. I know you have had more since you were here in Leyden, though you concealed it even from your daughter."

"I bid you beware. I will stand no more baiting," he broke out. "I am sick of her and you. What kind of a vile trade is this to be a parent! I have had expressions used to me——." There he broke off. "Sir, this is the heart of a soldier

and a parent," he went on again, laying his hand on his bosom, "outraged in both characters—and I bid you beware."

"If you would have let me finish," says I, "you would have found I spoke for your advantage."

"My dear friend," he cried, "I knew I might have relied upon the generosity of your character."

"Man! will you let me speak?" said I. "The fact is that I cannot win to find out if you are rich or poor. But it is my idea that your means, as they are mysterious in their source, so they are something insufficient in amount; and I do not choose your daughter to be lacking. If I durst speak to herself, you may be certain I would never dream of trusting it to you; because I know you like the back of my hand, and all your blustering talk is that much wind to me. However, I believe in your way you do still care something for your daughter after all: and I must just be doing with that ground of confidence, such as it is."

Whereupon, I arranged with him that he was to communicate with me, as to his whereabouts and Catriona's welfare, in consideration of which I was to serve him a small stipend.

He heard the business out with a great dea of eagerness; and when it was done, "My dear fellow, my dear son," he cried out, "this is more like yourself than any of it yet! I will serve you with a soldier's faithfulness --- "

"Let me hear no more of it!" says I. "You have got me to that pitch that the bare name of soldier rises on my stomach. Our traffic is settled; I am now going forth, and will return in one half-hour, when I expect to find my chambers purged of you."

I gave them good measure of time; it was my one fear that I might see Catriona again, because tears and weakness were ready in my heart, and I cherished my anger like a piece of dignity. Perhaps an hour went by; the sun had gone down, a little wisp of a new moon was following it across a scarlet sunset; already there were stars in the east, and in my chambers, when at last I entered them, the night lay blue. I lit a taper and reviewed the rooms; in the first there remained nothing so much as to awake a memory of those who were gone; but in the second, in a corner of the floor, I spied a little heap that brought my heart into my mouth. She had left behind at her departure all that ever she had of me. It was the blow that I felt sorest,

perhaps because it was the last; and I fell upon that pile of clothing and behaved myself more foolish than I care to tell of.

Late in the night, in a strict frost, and my teeth chattering, I came again by some portion of my manhood and considered with myself. The sight of these poor frocks and ribbons, and her shifts, and the clocked stockings, was not to be endured; and if I were to recover any constancy of mind, I saw I must be rid of them ere the morning. It was my first thought to have made a fire and burned them; but my disposition has always been opposed to wastery, for one thing: and for another, to have burned these things that she had worn so close upon her body, seemed in the nature of a cruelty. There was a corner cupboard in that chamber; there I determined to bestow them. The which I did, and made it a long business, folding them, with very little skill indeed, but the more care: and sometimes dropping them with my tears. All the heart was gone out of me, I was weary as though I had run miles, and sore like one beaten; when, as I was folding a handkerchief that she wore often at her neck, I observed there was a corner neatly cut from it. It was a kerchief of a very pretty hue, on which I had frequently remarked; and once that she had it on, I remembered telling her (by way of a banter) that she wore my colours. There came a glow of hope like a tide of sweetness in my bosom; and the next moment I was plunged back in a fresh despair. For there was the corner crumpled in a knot and cast down by itself in another part of the floor.

But when I argued with myself I grew more hopeful. She had cut that corner off in some childish freak that was manifestly tender; that she had cast it away again was little to be wondered at: and I was inclined to dwell more upon the first than upon the second, and to be more pleased that she ever had conceived the idea of that keepsake, than concerned because she had flung it from her in an hour of natural resentment.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WE MEET IN DUNKIRK.

Altogether, then, I was scarce so miserable the next days but what I had many hopeful and happy snatches: threw myself with a good deal of con-

stancy upon my studies; and made out to endure the time till Alan should arrive, or I might hear word of Catriona by the means of James More. I had altogether three letters in the time of our separation. One was to announce their arrival in the town of Dunkirk in France, from which place James shortly after started alone upon a private mission. This was to England and to see Lord Holderness; and it has always been a bitter thought that my good money helped to pay the charges of the same. But he has need of a long spoon who sups with the deil, or James More either. During this absence, the time was to fall due for another letter; and as the letter was the condition of his stipend, he had been so careful as to prepare it beforehand and leave it with Catriona to be despatched. The fact of our correspondence aroused her suspicions, and he was no sooner gone than she had burst the seal. What I received began accordingly in the writing of James

"My dear Sir,-Your esteemed favour came to hand duly, and I have to acknowledge the enclosure according to agreement. It shall be all faithfully expended on my daughter, who is well, and desires to be remembered to her dear friend. I find her in rather a melancholy disposition, but trust in the mercy of God to see her re-established. Our manner of life is very much alone, but we solace ourselves with the melancholy tunes of our native mountains, and by walking upon the margin of the sea that lies next to Scotland. It was better days with me when I lay with five wounds upon my body on the field of Gladsmuir. I have found employment here in the haras of a French nobleman, where my experience is valued. But, my dear sir, the wages are so exceedingly unsuitable that I would be ashamed to mention them, which makes your remittances the more necessary to my daughter's comfort, though I daresay the sight of old friends would be still better.

" My dear Sir,
"Your affectionate, obedient servant,
"James Macgregor Drummond."

Below it began again in the hand of Catriona—

"Do not be believing him, it is all lies together.
"C. M. D."

Not only did she add this postscript, but I think she must have come near suppressing the letter; for it came long after date, and was closely followed by the third. In the time betwixt them, Alan had arrived, and made another life to me with his merry conversation; I had been presented to his cousin of the Scots-Dutch, a man that drank more than I could have thought

possible and was not otherwise of interest; I had been entertained to many jovial dinners and given some myself, all with no great change upon my sorrow; and we two (by which I mean Alan and myself, and not at all the cousin) had discussed a good deal the nature of my relations with James More and his daughter. I was naturally diffident to give particulars; and this disposition was not anyway lessened by the nature of Alan's commentary upon those I gave.

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"I cannae make head nor tail of it," he would say, "but it sticks in my mind that ye've made a gowk of yourself. There's few people that has had more experience than Alan Breck; and I can never call to mind to have heard tell of a lassie like this one of yours. The way that you tell it, the thing's fair impossible. Ye must have made a terrible hash of the business, David."

"There are whiles that I am of the same mind," said I.

"The strange thing is, that ye seem to have a kind of a fancy for her, too!" said Alan.

"The biggest kind, Alan," said I, "and I think I'll take it to my grave with me."

"Well, ye beat me, whatever!" he would conclude.

I showed him the letter with Catriona's post-script.

"And here again!" he cried. Impossible to deny a kind of decency to this Catriona, and sense forby! As for James More, the man's as boss as a drum; he's just a wheen words: though I'll can never deny that he fought reasonably well at Gladsmuir, and it's true what he says here about the five wounds. But the loss of him is that the man's boss."

"Ve see, Alan," said I, "it goes against the grain with me to leave the maid in such poor hands."

"Ye couldnae weel find poorer," he admitted.

"But what are ye to do with it? It's this way about a man and a woman, ye see, Davie, the weemenfolk have got no kind of reason to them. Either they like the man, and then a' goes fine; or else they just detest him, and ye may spare your breath—you can do naething. There's just the two sets of them—them that would sell their coats for ye, and them that never look the road ye're on. That's a' that there is to women; and you seem to be such a gomeral that ye cannae tell which way it is."

"Weel, and I'm afraid that's true for me," said I.

"And yet there's naething easier!" cried Alan.
"I could easy learn ye the science of the thing: but ye seem to me to be born blind, and there's where the deefficulty comes in!"

"And can you no help me?" I asked, "you that's so clever at the trade?"

"Ye see, David, I wasnae here," said he. "I'm like a field officer that has naebody but blind men for scouts and *éclaireurs*: and what would ye ken? But it sticks in my mind that ye'll have made some kind of bauchle, and if I was you, I would have a try at her again."

"Would ye so, man Alan?" said I.

"I would e'en't," says he.

The third letter came to my hand while we were deep in some such talk: and it will be seen how pat it fell to the occasion. James professed to be in some concern about his daughter's health, which I believe was never better: abounded in kind expressions to myself: and finally proposed that I should visit them at Dunkirk.

"You will now be enjoying the society of my old comrade, Mr. Stewart," he wrote. "Why not accompany him so far in his return to France. I have something very particular for Mr. Stewart's ear; and, at any rate, I would be pleased to meet in with an old fellow-soldier, and one so mettle as himself. As for you, my dear sir, my daughter and I would be proud to receive our benefactor, whom we regard as a brother and a son. The French nobleman has proved a person of the most filthy avarice of character, and I have been necessitated to leave the haras. You will find us, in consequence, a little poorly lodged in the auberge of a man, Bazin, on the dunes; but the situation is caller, and I make no doubt but we might spend some very pleasant days, when Mr. Stewart and I could recall our services, and you and my daughter divert yourselves in a manner more befitting your age. I beg at least that Mr. Stewart would come here; my business with him opens a very wide door."

"What does the man want with me?" cried Alan, when he had read. "What he wants with you is clear enough –it's siller. But what can he want with Alan Breck?"

"O, it'll be just an excuse," said 1. "He is still after this marriage, which 1 wish from my heart that we could bring about. And he asks you

because he thinks I would be less likely to come wanting you."

"Well, I wish that I ken't," says Alan. "Him and me were never onyways pack; we used to grin at ither like a pair of pipers. 'Something for my ear,' quo' he! I'll maybe have something for his back, before we're through with it. Dod, I'm thinking it would be a kind of divertisement to gang and see what he'll be after! I could see your lassie then. What say ye, Davie? Will ye ride with Alan Breck?"

You may be sure I was not backward, and Alan's furlough running towards an end, we set forth together on a pair of reasonable good road-sters by the road of France.

It was near dark of a January day when we rode at last into the town of Dunkirk. By this time we had left our horses at the post, and found a guide to Bazin's Inn, which lay beyond the walls. Night was quite fallen, so that we were the last to leave that fortress, and heard the doors close behind us as we passed the bridge. On the other side there lay a lighted suburb, which we thridded for a while; then turned into a dark lane, and presently found ourselves wading in the night among deep sand, where we could hear a bullering of the sea. We travelled in this fashion for some while, following our conductor mostly by the sound of his voice; and I had begun to think he was perhaps misleading us, when we came to the top of a small brae, and there appeared out of the darkness a dim light in a window.

" Voila l'auberge à Bazin," says the guide.

Alan smacked his lips. "An unco lonely bit," said he, and I thought by his tone he was not wholly pleased.

A little after, and we stood in the lower storey of that house, which was all in the one apartment, with a stair leading to the chambers at the side, benches and tables by the wall, the cooking fire at the one end of it, and shelves of bottles and the cellar-trap at the other. Here Bazin, who was an ill-looking big man, told us the Scottish gentleman was gone abroad he knew not where, but the young lady was above, and he would call her down to us.

I took from my breast that kerchief wanting the corner, and knotted it about my throat. I could hear my heart go: and, Alan patting me on the shoulder with some of his laughable expressions, I

could scarce refrain from a sharp word. But the time was not long to wait. I heard her step pass overhead, and saw her on the stair. This she descended very quietly, and greeted me with a pale face and a certain seeming of earnestness, or uneasiness, in her manner that extremely dashed me.

"My father, James More, will be here soon. He will be very pleased to see you," she said. And then of a sudden her face flamed, her eyes lightened, the speech stopped upon her lips: and I made sure she had observed the kerchief. It was only for a breath that she was discomposed; but methought it was with a new animation that she turned to welcome Alan. "And you will be his friend, Alan Breck?" she cried. "Many is the dozen times I will have heard him tell of you; and I love you already for all your bravery and goodness."

"Well, well," says Alan holding her hand in his and viewing her, "and so this is the young lady at the last of it! David, ye're an awful poor hand at a description."

I do not know that ever I heard him speak so straight to people's hearts; the sound of his voice was like song.

"What? will be have been describing me?" she cried.

"Little else of it since I ever came out of France!" says he, "forby a bit of a speciment one night in Scotland in a shaw of wood by Silvermills. But cheer up, my dear! ye're bonnier than what he said. And now there's one thing sure: you and me are to be a pair of friends. I'm akind of a henchman to Davie here; I'm like a tyke at his heels: and whatever he cares for, I've got to care for too—and by the holy airn! they've got to care for me! So now you can see what way you stand with Alan Breck, and ye'll find ye'll hardly lose on the transaction. He's no very bonnie, my dear, but he's leal to them he loves."

"I thank you with my heart for your good words," said she. "I have that honour for a brave, honest man that I cannot find any to be answering with."

Using travellers' freedom, we spared to wait for James More, and sat down to meat, we three-some. Alan had Catriona sit by him and wait upon his wants; he made her drink first out of his glass, he surrounded her with continual kind gallantries, and yet never gave me the most small

occasion to be jealous; and he kept the talk so much in his own hand, and that in so merry a note, that neither she nor I remembered to be embarrassed. If any had seen us there, it must have been supposed that Alan was the old friend and I the stranger. Indeed, I had often cause to love and to admire the man, but I never loved or admired him better than that night; and I could not help remarking to myself (what I was sometimes rather in danger of forgetting) that he had not only much experience of life, but in his own way a great deal of natural ability besides. As for Catriona, she seemed quite carried away; her laugh was like a peal of bells, her face gay as a May morning; and I own, although I was very well pleased, yet I was a little sad also, and thought myself a dull, stockish character in comparison of my friend, and very unfit to come into a young maid's life, and perhaps ding down her gaiety.

But if that was like to be my part, I found at least that I was not alone in it; for, James More returning suddenly, the girl was changed into a piece of stone. Through the rest of that evening, until she made an excuse and slipped to bed, I kept an eye upon her without cease: and I can bear testimony that she never smiled, scarcely spoke, and looked mostly on the board in front of her. So that I really marvelled to see so much devotion (as it used to be) changed into the very sickness of hate.

Of James More it is unnecessary to say much. You know the man already, what there was to know of him; and I am weary of writing out his lies. Enough that he drank a great deal, and told us very little that was to any possible purpose. As for the business with Alan, that was to be reserved for the morrow and his private hearing.

It was the more easy to be put off, because Alan and I were pretty weary with our day's ride, and sat not very late after Catriona.

We were soon alone in a chamber where we were to make shift with a single bed. Alan looked on me with a queer smile.

"Ye muckle ass!" said he.

"What do ye mean by that?" I cried.

"Mean? What do I mean? It's extraordinar, David man," says he, "that you should be so mortal stupit."

Again I begged him to speak out.

"Well, it's this of it," said he. "I told ye there were the two kinds of women them that would sell their shifts for ye, and the others, just you try for yoursel, my bonny man! But what's that neepkin at your craig?"

I told him.

"I thocht it was something there about," said he. Nor would be say another word, though I be sieged him long with importunities.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE LETTER FROM THE SHIP.

DAVLIGHT showed us how solitary the inn stood. It was plainly hard upon the sea, yet out of all view of it, and beset on every side with scabbit hills. There was indeed, only one thing in the nature of a prospect, where there stood out over a brae the two sails of a windmill, like an ass's ears, but with the ass quite hidden. It was strange (after the wind rose, for at first it was dead calm) to see the turning and following of each other of these great sails behind the hillock. Scarce any road came by there: but a number of footways travelled among the bents in all directions up to Mr. Bazin's door. The truth is, he was a man of many trades, not any one of them honest, and the position of his inn was the best of his livelihood. Smugglers frequented it: political agents and forfeited persons bound across the water came there to await their passages: and I daresay there was worse behind, for a whole family might have been butchered in that house, and nobody the wiser.

I slept little and ill. Long ere it was day, I had slipped from beside my bedfellow, and was warming myself at the fire, or walking to and fro before the door. Dawn broke mighty sullen; but a little after, sprang up a wind out of the west, which burst the clouds, let through the sun, and set the mill to the turning. There was something of spring in the sunshine, or else it was in my heart; and the appearing of the great sails one after another from behind the hill, diverted me extremely. At times I could hear a creak of the machinery; and half-past eight of the day, Catriona began to sing in the house. At this I would have east my hat in the air; and I thought this dreary, desert place was like a paradise.

For all which, as the day drew on and nobody

came near, I began to be aware of an uneasiness that I could scarce explain. It seemed there was trouble afoot: the sails of the windmill, as they came up and went down over the hill, were like persons spying: and outside of all fancy, it was surely a strange neighbourhood and house for a young lady to be brought to dwell in.

At breakfast, which we took late, it was manifest that James More was in some danger or perplexity; manifest that Alan was alive to the same, and watched him close; and this appearance of duplicity upon the one side and vigilance on the other, held me on live coals. The meal was no sooner over than James More seemed to come to a resolve, and began to make apologies. He had an appointment of a private nature in the town (it was with the French nobleman, he told me), and we would please excuse him till about noon. Meanwhile, he carried his daughter aside to the far end of the room, where he seemed to speak rather earnestly, and she to listen without much inclination.

"I am caring less and less about this man James," said Alan. "There's something no right with the man James, and I wouldnae wonder but what Alan Breck would give an eye to him this day. I would like fine to see yon French nobleman, Davie: I would maybe ken his name: and I daresay you could find an employ to yoursel, and that would be to speer at the lassie for some news of your affair. Just tell it to her plainly—tell her ye're a muckle ass at the off-set; and then, if I were you, and ye could do it naitural, I would just hint to her I was in some kind of a danger: a' weemenfolk likes that."

"I cannae lee, Alan, I cannae do it naitural," says I, mocking him.

"The more fool you!" says he. "Then ye'll can tell her that I recommended it: that'll set her to the laughing; and I wouldnae wonder but what that was the next best. But see to the pair of them! If I didnae feel just sure of the lassie, and that she was awful pleased and chief with Alan, I would think there was some kind of hocus-pocus about you."

" And is she so pleased with ye, then, Alan?" I asked.

"She thinks a heap of me," says he. "And I'm no like you. I'm one that can tell. That she does—she thinks a heap of Alan. And troth!

I'm thinking a good deal of him mysel; and with your permission, Shaws, I'll be getting a wee yout amang the bents, so that I can see what way James goes."

One after another went, till I was left alone beside the breakfast table; James to Dunkirk, Alan dodging him, Catriona up the stairs to her own chamber. I could very well understand how she should avoid to be alone with me; yet was none the better pleased with it for that, and bent my mind to entrap her to an interview before the men returned. Upon the whole, the best appeared to me to do like Alan. If I was out of view, among the sand hills, the fine morning would decoy her out; and once I had her in the open, I could please myself.

No sooner said than done; nor was I long under the bield of a hillock before she appeared at the inn door, looked here and there, and (seeing nobody) set out by a path that led directly seaward, and by which I followed her. I was in no haste to make my presence known; the further she went I made sure of the longer hearing to my suit; and the ground being all sandy, it was easy to follow her unheard. The path rose and came at last to the head of a knowe. Thence I had a picture, for the first time, of what a desolate wilderness that inn stood hidden in; where was no man to be seen, nor any house of man, except just Bazin's and the windmill. Only a little further on the sea appeared, and two or three ships upon it, pretty as a drawing. One of these was extremely close in to be so great a vessel; and I was aware of a shock of new suspicion, when I recognised the trim of the Seahorse. What should an English ship be doing so near in to France? Why was Alan brought into her neigbourhood, and that in a place so far from any hope of rescue? and was it by accident, or by design, that the daughter of James More should walk that day to the seaside?

Presently I came forth behind her in the front of the sand hills and above the beach. It was here long and solitary; with a man-o'-war's boat drawn up about the middle of the prospect, and an officer in charge and pacing the sand like one who waited. I sat immediately down where the rough grass a good deal covered me, and looked for what should follow. Catriona went straight to the boat; the officer met her with civilities;

they had ten words together. I saw a letter changing hands; and there was Catriona returning. At the same time, as if this were all her business on the Continent, the boat shoved off and was headed for the *Seahorse*. But I observed that the officer remained behind and disappeared inland behind the bents.

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car hai I liked the business little; and the more I considered of it, liked it less. Was it Alan the officer was seeking? or Catriona? She drew near with her head down, looking constantly on the sand, and made so tender a picture that I could not bear to doubt her innocency. The next, she raised her face and recognised me; seemed to hesitate, and then came on again, but more slowly, and I thought with a changed colour. And at that thought, all else that was upon my bosom—fears, suspicions, the care of my friend's life—was clean swallowed up; and I rose to my feet and stood waiting in a drunkenness of hope.

I gave her "good morning" as she came up, which she returned with a good deal of composure.

"Will you forgive my having followed you?" said L

"I know you are always meaning kindly," she replied; and then, with a little outburst, "but why will you be sending money to that man? It must not be."

"I never sent it for him," said I, "but for you, as you know well."

"And you have no right to be sending it to either one of us," said she. "David, it is not right."

"It is not, it is all wrong," said 1; "and I pray God He will help this dull fellow (if it be at all possible) to make it better. Catriona, this is no kind of life for you to lead; and I ask your pardon for the word, but you man is no fit father to take care of you."

"Do not be speaking of him, even!" was her cry.

"And I need speak of him no more, it is not of him that I am thinking. Oh, be sure of that!" says I. "I think of the one thing. I have been alone now this long time in Leyden; and when I was at my studies, still I was thinking of that. Next Alan came, and I went among soldier men to their big dinners; and still I had the same thought. And it was the same before, when I had her there beside me. Catriona, do you see this

napkin at my throat? You cut a corner from it once and then cast it from you. They're rour colours now; I wear them in my heart. My dear, I cannot want you. Oh, try to put up with me!"

I stepped before her so as to intercept her walking on.

"Try to put up with me," I was saying, "try and bear me with a little."

Still slie had never the word, and a fear began to rise in me like a fear of death.

"Catriona," I cried, gazing on her hand, "is it a mistake again? Am I quite lost?"

She raised her face to me, breathless.

"Do you want me, Davie, truly?" said she, and I could scarce hear her say it.

"I do that," said I. "Oh, sure you know it I do that."

"I have nothing left to give or to keep back," said she. "I was all yours from the first day, if you would have had a gift of me!"

This was on the summit of a brae: the place was windy and conspicuous, we were to be seen there even from the English ship: but I kneeled down before her in the sand, and embraced her knees, and burst into that storm of weeping that I thought it must have broken me. All thought was wholly beaten from my mind by the vehemency of my discomposure. I knew not where I was, I had forgot why I was happy: only I knew she stooped, and I felt her cherish me to her face and bosom, and heard her words out of a whirl.

"Davie," she was saying, "oh, Davie, is this what you think of me? Is it so that you were caring for poor me? Oh, Davie, Davie!"

With that she wept also, and our tears were commingled in a perfect gladness.

The sun was at the top of noon when I came to a clear sense of what a mercy had befallen me: and sitting over against her, with her hands in mine, gazed in her face, and laughed out loud for pleasure like a child, and called her foolish and kind names. I have never seen the place look so pretty as these bents by Dunkirk: and the windmill sails, as they bobbed over the knowe, were like a tune of music.

I know not how much longer we might have continued to forget all else besides ourselves, had I not chanced upon a reference to her father, which brought us to reality "My little friend," I was calling her again and again, rejoicing to summon up the past by the sound of it, and to gaze across on her, and to be a little distant—"My little friend, now you are mine altogether: mine for good, my little friend; and that man's no longer at all."

There came a sudden whiteness in her face, she plucked her hands from mine.

"Davie, take me away from him!" she cried. "There's something wrong; he's not true. There will be something wrong: I have a dreadful terror here at my heart. What will he be wanting at all events with that King's ship? What will this word be saying?" And she held the letter forth. "My mind misgives me, it will be some ill to Alan. Open it, Davie—open it and see."

I took it, and looked at it, and shook my head.
"No." said I, "it goes against me, I cannot
open a man's letter."

"Not to save your friend?" she cried.

"I cannae tell," said 1. "I think not. If I was only sure."

"And you have but to break the seal!" said she.

"I know it," said I, "but the thing goes against me."

"Give it here," said she, "and I will open it myself."

"Nor you neither," said I. "You least of all. It concerns your father, and his honour, dear, which we are both misdoubting. No question but the place is dangerous-like, and the English ship being here, and your father having word from it, and you officer that stayed ashore! He would not be alone either: there must be more along with him: I daresay we are spied upon this minute. Ay, no doubt, the letter should be opened; but somehow, not by you nor me."

I was about this far with it, and my spirit very much overcome with a sense of danger and hidden enemies, when I spied Alan, come back again from following James and walking by himself among the sand hills. He was in his soldier's coat, of course, and mighty fine: but I could not avoid to shudder when I thought how little that jacket would avail him, if he were once caught and flung in a skiff, and carried on board of the Scatharse, a deserter, a rebel, and now a condemned murderer.

"There," said I, "there is the man that has the best right to open it or not, as he thinks fit."

With which I called upon his name, and we both stood up to be a mark for him.

"If it is so—if it be more disgrace—will you can bear it?" she asked, looking upon me with a burning eye.

"I was asked something of the same question when I had seen you but the once," said I. "What do you think I answered? That if I liked you as I thought I did—and oh, but I like you better—I would marry you at his gallows' foot."

The blood rose in her face; she came close up and pressed upon me, holding my hand: and it was so that we awaited Alan.

He came with one of his queer smiles. "What was I telling ye, David?" says he.

"There is a time for all things, Alan," said I, "and this time is serious. How have you sped? You can speak out plain before this friend of ours."

"I have been upon a fool's errand," said he.

"I doubt we have done better than you, then," said I: "and, at least, here is a great deal of matter that you must judge of. Do you see that?" I went on, pointing to the ship. "That is the Seahorse, Captain Palliser."

"I should ken her, too," says Alan. "I had fyke enough with her when she was stationed in the Forth. But what ails the man to come so close?"

"I will tell you why he came there first," said I.
"It was to bring this letter to James More. Why he stops here now that it's delivered, what it's likely to be about, why there's an officer hiding in the bents, and whether or not it's probable that he's alone—I would rather you considered for yourself."

"A letter to James More?" said he.

"The same," said 1.

"Well, and I can tell ye more than that," said Alan. "For last night, when you were fast asleep, I heard the man colloquing with some one in the French, and then the door of that inn to be opened and shut."

"Alan!" cried I, "you slept all night, and I am here to prove it."

"Ay, but I would never trust Alan whether he was asleep or waking!" says he.

"But the business looks bad. Let's see the letter."

I gave it him.

"Catriona," said he, "ye'll have to excuse me, my dear; but there's nothing less than my poor bones upon the cast of it, and I'll have to break this seal."

"It is my wish," said Catriona.

He opened it, glanced it through, and flung his hand in the air.

"The stinking brock!" says he, and crammed the paper in his pocket. "Here, let's get our things thegether. This place is fair death to me." And he began to walk towards the inn.

It was Catriona that spoke the first. "He has sold you?" she asked.

"Sold me, my dear," said Alan. "But thanks to you and Davie, I'll can jink him yet. Just let me get upon my horse!" he added.

"Catriona must come with us," said I. "She can have no more traffic with that man. She and I are to be married." At which she pressed my hand to her dear side.

"Are ye there with it?" says Alan, looking back. "The best day's work that ever either of ye did yet! And I'm bound to say, my dawtie, ye make a real, bonny couple."

The way that he was following brought us close in by the windmill, when I was aware of a man in seaman's trousers, who seemed to be spying from behind it. Only, of course, we took him in the rear.

"See, Alan!" said I.

"Wheesht!" said he, "this is my affair."

The man was, no doubt, a little deafened by the clattering of the mill, and we got up close before he noticed. Then he turned, and we saw he was a big fellow with a mahogany face.

"I think, sir," says Alan, "that you speak the English?"

"Non, monsieur," says he, with an incredible bad accent.

"Non, monsieur," cries Alan, mocking him. "Is that how they learn you French on the Seahorse? Ye muckle, gutsey hash, here's a Scots boot to your English hurdies!"

And bounding on him before he could escape, he dealt the man a kick that laid him on his nose. Then he stood, with a savage smile, and watched him scramble to his feet and scamper off into the sand hills.

"But it's high time I was clear of these empty bents!" said Alan; and continued his way at top speed and we still following, to the back door of Bazin's inn.

It chanced that, as we entered by the one door, we came face to face with James More entering by the other.

"Here!" said I to Catriona, "quick! upstairs with you and make your packets; this is no fit scene for you."

In the meantime James and Alan had met in the midst of the long room. She passed them close by to reach the stairs: and after she was some way up I saw her turn and glance at them again, though without pausing. Indeed, they were worth looking at. Alan wore, as they met, one of his best appearances of courtesy and friendliness, yet with something eminently warlike, so that James smelled danger off the man, as folks smell fire in a house, and stood prepared for accidents.

Time pressed. Alan's situation in that solitary place, and his enemies about him, might have daunted Cæsar. It made no change in him: and it was in his old spirit of mockery and daffing that he began the interview.

"A braw good day to ye again, Mr. Drummond," said he. "What'll you business of yours be just about?"

"Why, the thing being private, and rather of a long story," says James, "I think it will keep very well till we have eaten."

"I'm none so sure of that," said Alan. "It sticks in my mind it's either now or never: for the fact is, me and Mr. Balfour here have gotten a line, and we're thinking of the road."

I saw a little surprise in James's eye; but he held himself stoutly.

"I have but the one word to say to cure you of that," said he, "and that is the name of my business."

"Say it then," says Alan. "Hout! wha minds for Davie?"

"It is a matter that would make us both rich men," said James.

"Do ye tell me that?" cries Alan.

"I do, sir," said James. "The plain fact is that it is Clumy's treasure."

"No!" cried Alan. "Have ye got word of it?"

"I ken the place, Mr. Stewart, and can take you there," said James.

"This crowns all," says Alan. "Well, and I'm

glad I came to Dunkirk. And so this was your business, was it? Havers, I'm thinking?"

"That is the business, sir," says James.

"Well, well," says Alan; and then in the same tone of childlike interest, "It has naething to do with the *Scahorse*, then?" he asked.

"With what?" says James.

"Or the lad that I have just kicked behind you windmill?" pursued Alan. "Hut, man! have done with your lees! I have Palliser's letter here in my pouch. You're by with it, James More. You can never show your face again with decent folk."

James was taken all aback with it. He stood a second, motionless and white, then swelled with the living anger.

"Do you talk to me, you bastard?" he roared out.

"Ye glee'd swine!" cried Alan, and hit him a sounding buffet on the mouth, and the next wink of time their blades clashed together.

At the first sound of the bare steel I instinctively leaped back from the collision. The next I saw, James parried a thrust so nearly, that I thought him killed; and it lowed up in my mind that this was the girl's father, and in a manner almost my own, and I drew and ran in to sever them.

"Keep back, Davie! Are ye daft? Keep back!" roared Alan. "Your blood be on your ain heid then!"

I beat their blades down twice. I was knocked recling against the wall; I was back again betwixt them. They took no heed of me, thrusting at each other like two furies. I can never think how I avoided being stabbed myself or stabbing one of these two Rodomonts; and the whole business turned about me like a piece of a dream, in the midst of which I heard a great cry from the stair, and Catriona sprang before her father. In the same moment the point of my sword encountered something yielding. It came back to me reddened. I saw the blood flow on the girl's 'kerchief, and stood sick.

"Will you be killing him before my eyes, and me his daughter after all?" she cried.

"My dear, I have done with him," said Alan, and went and sat on a table, with his arms crossed and the sword naked in his hand.

Awhile she stood before the man, panting, with

big eyes, then swung suddenly about and faced him.

"Begone!" was her word, "take your shame out of my sight: leave me with clean folk. I am a daughter of Alpin! Shame of the sons of Alpin, begone!"

It was said with so much passion as awoke me from the horror of my own blood-stained sword. The two stood facing, she with the red spot on her 'kerchief, he white as a rag. I knew him well enough—I knew it must have pierced him in the quick place of his soul; but he betook himself to a bravado air.

"Why," says he, sheathing his sword, though still with a bright eye on Alan, "if this brawl is over I will but get my portmanteau——"

"There goes no portmantie out of this place except with me," says Alan.

"Sir!" cries James.

"James More," says Alan, "this lady daughter of yours is to marry my friend Davie, upon the which account I let you pack with a hale carcase. But take you my advice of it and get that carcase out of harm's way or ower late. Little as you suppose it, there are leemits to my temper."

"But my money's there!" said James.

"I'm vexed about that too," says Alan, with his funny face, "but now, ye see, it's mine." And then with more gravity, "Be you advised, James More, you leave this house."

James seemed to cast about for a moment in his mind; but it's to be thought he had enough of Alan's swordmanship, for he suddenly put off his hat to us and (with a face like one of the damned) bade us farewell in a series. To Alan he gave the name of bastard once again; to me, a worse yet; and the flower of all the three to his own daughter. With which he was gone.

At the same time a spell was lifted from me.

"Catriona," I cried, "it was me—it was my sword. Oh, are ye much hurt?"

"I know it, Davie, I am loving you for the pain of it; it was done defending that bad man, my father. See!" she said, and showed me a bleeding scratch. "See, you have made a man of me now. I will carry a wound like an old soldier."

Joy that she should be so little hurt, and the love of her brave nature, transported me. I embraced her, I kissed the wound.

"And am I to be out of the kissing, me that

never lost a chance?" says Alan; and putting me aside and taking Catriona by either shoulder, "My dear," he said, "you're a true daughter of Alpin. By all accounts, he was a very fine man, and he may weel be proud of you. If ever I was to get married, it's the marrow of you I would be seeking for a mother to my sons. And I bear a king's name and speak the truth."

He said it with a serious heat of admiration that was honey to the girl, and through her, to me. It seemed to wipe us clean of all James More's disgraces. And the next moment he was just himself again.

"And now by your leave, my dawties," said he, "this is a' very bonny; but Alan Breck'll be a wee thing nearer to the gallows than he's caring for; and dod! I think this is a grand place to be leaving."

The word recalled us to some wisdom. Alan ran upstairs and returned with our saddle-bags and James More's portmanteau; I picked up Catriona's bundle where she had dropped it on the stair; and we were setting forth out of that dangerous house, when Bazin stopped the way with cries and gesticulations. He had whipped under a table when the swords were drawn, but now he was as bold as a lion. There was his bill to be settled, there was a chair broken, Alan had sat among his dinner things, James More had fled.

"Here," I cried, "pay yourself," and flung him down some *louis-d'or*; for I thought it was no time to be accounting.

He sprang upon that money, and we passed him by, and ran forth into the open. Upon three sides of the house were seamen hasting and closing in; a little nearer to us James More waved his hat as if to hurry them; and right behind him, like some foolish person holding up its hands, were the sails of the windmill turning.

Alan gave but the one glance, and laid himself down to run. He carried a great weight in James More's portmanteau; but I think he would as soon have lost his life as east away that booty which was his revenge; and he ran so that I was distressed to follow him, and marvelled and exulted to see the girl bounding at my side.

As soon as we appeared, they cast off all disguise upon the other side: and the seamen pursued us with shouts and hullohs. We had a start of some two hundred yards, and they were but bandy-

legged tarpaulins after all, that could not hope to better us at such an exercise. I suppose they were armed, but did not care to use their pistols on French ground. And as soon as I perceived that we not only held our advantage but drew a little away, I began to feel quite easy of the issue. For all which, it was a hot, brisk bit of work, so long as it lasted: Dunkirk was still far off; and when we popped over a knowe, and found a company of the garrison marching on the other side on some manceuvre, I could very well understand the word that Alan had.

He stopped running at once; and mopping at his brow, "They're a real bonny folk, the French nation," says he.

CONCLUSION.

No sooner were we safe within the walls of Dunkirk than we held a very necessary council-of-war on our position. We had taken a daughter from her father at the sword's point; any judge would give her back to him at once, and by all likelihood clap me and Alan into jail; and though we had an argument upon our side in Captain Palliser's letter, neither Catriona nor I was very keen to be using it in public. Upon all accounts it seemed the most prudent to carry the girl to Paris, to the hands of her own chieftain, Macgregor of Bohaldie, who would be very willing to keep his kinswoman, on the one hand, and not at all anxious to dishonour James upon the other.

We made but a slow journey of it up, for Catriona was not so good at the riding as the running, and had scarce sat in the saddle since the Forty-five. But we made it out at last, reached Paris early of a Sabbath morning, and made all speed, under Alan's guidance, to find Bohaldie. He was finely lodged, and lived in a good style, having a pension in the Scots Fund, as well as private means: greeted Catriona like one of his own house, and seemed altogether very civil and discreet, but not particularly open. We asked of the news of James More. "Poor James!" said he, and shook his head and smiled, so that I thought he knew further than he meant to tell. Then we showed him Palliser's letter, and he drew a long face at that.

"Poor James!" said he again. "Well, there are worse folk than James More, too. But this is dreadful bad. Tut, tut, he must have forgot

himself entirely! This is a most undesirable letter. But, for all that, gentlemen, I cannot see what we would want to make it public for. It's an ill bird that fouls his own nest, and we are all Scots folk and all Hieland."

Upon this we were all agreed, save perhaps Alan; and still more upon the question of our marriage, which Bohaldie took in his own hands, as though there had been no such person as James More, and gave Catriona away with very pretty manners and agreeable compliments in French. It was not till all was over, and our healths drunk, that he told us James was in that city, whither he had preceded us some days, and where he now lay sick, and like to die. I thought I saw by my wife's face what way her inclination pointed.

"And let us go see him, then," said I.

"If it is your pleasure," said Catriona. These were early days.

He was lodged in the same quarter of the city with his chief, in a great house upon a corner; and we were guided up to the garret where he lay by the sound of Highland piping. It seemed he had just borrowed a set of them from Bohaldie, to amuse his sickness; though he was no such hand as was his brother Rob, he made good music of the kind; and it was strange to observe the French folk crowding on the stairs, and some of them laughing. He lay propped on a pallet. The first look of him, I saw he was upon his last business; and, doubtless, this was a strange place for him to die in. But even now I find I can scarce dwell upon his end with patience. Doubtless, Bohaldie had prepared him—he seemed to know we were married, complimented us on the event, and gave us a benediction like a patriarch.

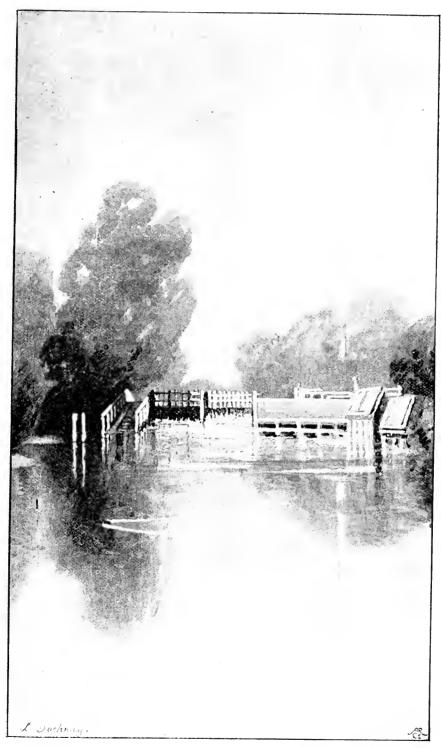
"I have never been understood," said he. "I forgive you both without an after-thought;" after which he spoke for all the world in his old manner, was so obliging as to play a tune or two upon his pipes, and borrowed a small sum before I left. I could not trace even a hint of shame in any part of his behaviour; but he was great upon forgiveness; it seemed always fresh to him. I think he forgave me every time we met; and when after some four days he passed away in a kind of odour of affectionate sanctity, I could have torn my hair out for exasperation. I had him buried; but what to put upon his tomb was quite beyond me, till at

last I considered the date would look best alone. I thought it wiser to resign all thoughts of Leyden, where we had appeared once as brother and sister, and it would certainly look strange to return

in a new character. Scotland would be doing for us; and thither, after I had recovered that which I had left behind, we sailed in a Low Country ship.

And now, Miss Barbara Balfour (to set the ladies first) and Mr. Alan Balfour younger of Shaws, here is the story brought fairly to an end. A great many of the folk that took a part in it, you will find (if you think well) that you have seen and spoken with. Alison Hastie in Limekilns was the lass that rocked your cradle when you were too small to know of it, and walked abroad with you in the policy when you were bigger. That very fine great lady that is Miss Barbara's namemamma is no other than the same Miss Grant that made so much a fool of David Balfour in the house of the Lord Advocate. And I wonder whether you remember a little, lean, lively gentleman in a scrag-wig and a wraprascal, that came to Shaws very late of a dark night, and whom you were awakened out of your beds, and brought down to the dining-hall to be presented to, by the name of Mr. Jamieson? Or has Alan forgotten what he did at Mr. Jamieson's request-a most disloyal act—for which, by the letter of the law, he might be hanged—no less than drinking the king's health across the water? These were strange doings in a good Whig house! But Mr. Jamieson is a man privileged, and might set fire to my cornbarn; and the name they know him by in France is the Chevalier Stewart.

As for Davie and Catriona, I shall watch you pretty close in the next days, and see if you are so bold as to be laughing at papa and mamma. It is true we were not so wise as we might have been, and made a great deal of sorrow out of nothing; but you will find as you grow up that even the artful Miss Barbara, and even the valiant Mr. Alan will be not so very much wiser than their parents. For the life of man upon this world of ours is a funny business. They talk of the angels weeping; but I think they must more often be holding their sides, as they look on; and there was one thing I determined to do when I began this long story, and that was to tell out everything as it befell.



THE SILVER THAMES.

L. Lockras, pinx



"O, a rare merry place is the Land of Cocaigne."

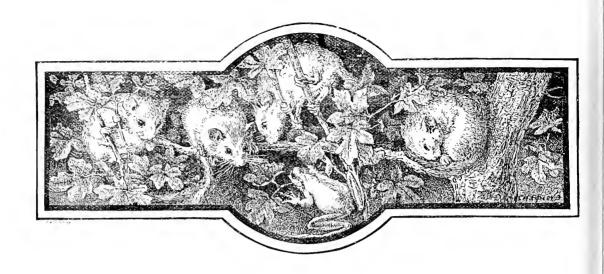


THE LAND OF COCAIGNE.

IS home-knitted suit—blue chain armour complete, That step—for his little plump person, the seat, And Pug there's a mastiff—his ball has a soul, Ogres—anything queer round the corner might stroll. Lucky rogue! To your humble reporter 'tis plain, A pink fatling you wander in sunny Cocaigne.

There winds (well I know!) never blow from the east,
There twopence will furnish a sumptuous feast,
There sparrows are eagles, there roses are blue,
All stories, no matter how dazzling, come true,
Lemon-kali there. . . . Nay, never speak of champagne!
O a rare merry place is the Land of Cocaigne.

Brother exile, we too of that country were free, To-day the door's locked. Ay, fast—lost the gold key. Through chinks as we peer comes the old merry din, Twas so light to stray out—'tis so hard to creep in! What then? we have feasted, do wise dogs complain? Come, let us say grace for our Day in Cocaigne.



THE HOME LAND.

"The Home land, the Home land, The land of the free born; There's no night in the Home land But aye the fadeless morn."

> "Führ uns an der Hand Bis ins Vaterland."

THE doctor had done all he could, the nurse had done all she could, the small boy in the next bed had devoted all his energy and attention to his poor little neighbour. He had cheerfully given up his cherished bricks, and even on visiting day had presented a bag full of dubious-looking biscuits to the small pale boy, who lay so quietly in the bed next his own.

But when all had been done to rouse him, the little patient still lay in the same quiet way, patiently watching the strip of sky seen between the tall chimneys, where from time to time he could see the soft white clouds floating southward.

He knew where the south was, because the first question he had asked the nurse when she found out he was a Swiss boy and could not speak much English, was "Die Schweiz dere?" and the nurse showed him the south window, and told him the clouds were going that way, and they would get to his dear Switzerland in time.

"How long?"

"Oh, well," nurse did not feel much certainty on the subject, "two days, perhaps two days."

The dark eyes turned wistfully to the window.

"To-day, Friday. Sonntag they are there?"
"Ves."

It would have needed a harder heart than that of the kind woman who stood by the bed to keep from humouring the sick child's fancy that the clouds were going straight to his distant home. "Yes, they are going to the mountains, and they will see the place where you lived, and when you are better you shall go too. Tell me how long you have been away." The story proved to be a difficult one to tell, because the English words were not easy to find, and the voice was choked over and over again at the recollection of the weary distance which lay between the great dingy city of London and the bright sunny valley where the little brown wooden house held all he loved; and the cough came so often and left him with so little breath to go on with the tale, which he was so eager to tell now he had found someone who would listen quietly to him and would smile at him to go on when he stumbled about in search of a word—someone who was not like the cold harsh strangers who had no time to listen to his tale, but bustled on in the crowded street.

If the child could only have found words to tell the tale of which his heart was full, he would have told of many troubles which, through no fault of their own, had fallen on a hard-working, thrifty family: the father had hurt his foot in cutting wood, the mother had been ill for many, many months, the harvest had been bad, and Ulrich, feeling that on him lay the responsibility of the eldest son, at last ventured to tell them of his long-cherished plan of going to England, where so many people were rich, to earn money to help "die lieben Eltern." At last a consent had been given, and the parents watched with heavy hearts the few and simple preparations which their boy eagerly made to set out on his long journey.

The good pastor of the village had approved of Ulrich's scheme, and wrote to a friend of his in London to give him a helping hand if needed; and, having nothing else to give, had given him his blessing, and had watched him start out into the strange wild world, seated on a load of wood which was to be taken to the nearest town. had waved his large red pocket-handkerchief, called out cheering words, and repeated "Gott mit dir!" until there was no one to hear his kindly voice but the goats browsing near him. They only tinkled their bells in response, for they were used to the daily greetings of the good man-who, like St. Francis of yore, counted all the animals of the valley among his flock, and passed neither man nor beast without a friendly salutation. But the pastor's cheery face would often have clouded over, and the bright smile have given place to a troubled look, could be have seen, in the days that followed, how few were the kind words, and how many the harsh rebuffs, which met his little friend in his struggle to find work in the cold, dreary town, where the damp fog made him shiver and cough, and the hard faces of those who passed by on the other side made his aching heart feel numb and cold too. The bright hopes of sending help home grewless and less, when he found that it was hard enough to get money to buy the food (and it needed but little) to satisfy his hunger. If he happened to hear of a place, he found a bigger and stronger boy was there before him, and he was told "he did not look much like work." The friend of the pastor had either died or gone away, for no tidings could be heard of him; and who else was there in all the great throng of

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London to whom the lonely boy could turn for help?

"In a whole city full Was it not pitiful? Home had he none."

Ulrich had a brave heart, and had expected to work hard, and get little for it at first. In a vague way he had pictured difficulties which were all to be gradually overcome, and he had made strong resolutions that nothing should make him give way, and that he would never let his parents know how disappointed and wretched he was: he would not write one word until he had good news to tell them, and could send them some money (even a trifle) to make them think he was getting rich, and would soon come home.

But there was one thing to fight against which he had never counted on. He did not know of that terrible home-sickness which takes possession of the noblest and stoutest hearts, and fills them with a longing and a yearning which cannot be overcome, to see once more the home which they have left.

And time, which cures most things, can never cure this. The cure is one you will not find in any list of drugs, no matter how complete. How willingly would the boy have worked hard, and lived cheerfully on the poorest fare; but how could he work when before his eyes, day and night, he saw once more the valley of his home, the snowy peaks shining far above, the foaming stream leaping down the steepest places in the rocks, then wandering slowly through the sweet green pastures, filling, on its way, the old hollowed pine trunk which served as a trough for thirsty cattle?

Seated in a small close room, he gazed out of the dirty windows with eyes which "looked but did not see" the smoky chimneys and thick sky of a dull autumn day in London. He saw instead the waving trees, and, winding through the fragrant wood, the steep and stony path which led to the little châlet, nestling under the dark overhanging rock. And day and night in his ears was the noise of the wind rushing through the pines, of the bells chiming from the cows high up in the upper pastures, the jodel of the children, the cut of the scythe in the long grass, and all the sounds which summer brings into the beautiful Swiss valley.

The days grew colder, and Ulrich's heart grew heavier, while his purse was lighter than ever.

No plans now for going home a rich man, and

buying a cow for father and a goat for Mütterchen. All the castles in the air had gone; only one wish remained, and every day it grew stronger—weak or well, with money or without, to tramp, if need be, and beg his way, but at all costs to go home—home—home. The one friend Ulrich had made—a big boy who sat by him at his work, with a rough manner, and a kind heart—gave him good advice from time to time.

"You ought to go to the hospital, Frenchy" (a name given by him impartially to everyone who had any difficulty with the English language).

The boy's eyes filled with tears, and he shook his head.

"Not a bad place: they'd give you some physic for that cough—you want to get strong and go home, don't you?"

The dark eyes overflowed now.

"I would be quite strong? Yes? You will show me the place. I go now."

"All right; we'll go to-morrow. It's a jolly good place. I went there once myself; I know all about it."

And next morning the big boy, holding Ulrich's thin and trembling hand, pushed his way through the crowd of out-patients at the large hospital gates.

The doctor's kind manner gave Ulrich hope; but he looked up to his friend for guidance, when the doctor told him he would like to keep him as an in-patient.

"It's all right; you stay, and I'll come to see you every visiting-day. Cheer up; you'll soon get better. Good-bye, Frenchy."

And so Ulrich found himself in the long ward, where all seemed so strange and new to him.

The first shyness wore away in a few days, and Ulrich tried, in his broken way, to thank the nurse for all her care: but no strength came, and the old pain never ceased; and the word rang still in his ears, the old refrain: go home—home.

Nurse, who found out many things without being told (as all good nurses do), spoke to the doctor about the home-sickness; and the doctor looked grave and made notes of the case. He used a good many long words, and told the students many interesting particulars about nostalgia; and all the time Ulrich lay in his bed and heard nothing of what they said. He only heard the song his mother used to sing when they sat round the fire on a winter's night, and the wind was

blowing round the house, and trying to get in at all the cracks, as if it wanted to hear the song too.

"Es waren zwei Königskinder," sang the mother, while her fingers flew over the bobbins with which she made the fine lace, to sell in the summer-time This was the song Ulrich liked best, and it had a great many verses; and he thought how he used to sit by the fire and sing too; and he forgot all his troubles and pains until the doctor bent over him with, "Put out your tongue, little man." Then he started, as if waking from a happy dream.

The doctor, fortunately, was clever enough to know that there were cases in which his skill could avail little, and that the remedy must be looked for outside his profession: and thus it happened that one day, Nurse, when she came round with the medicine, had the good news to give that a friend of the doctor was going to Switzerland, and had offered to take Ulrich with him.

The medicine (though nauseous) was good; but the news was far, far better.

You might have thought the nurse held a magic bottle in her hand, and out of it had poured some of the elixir of life, it acted so like a charm upon the sick boy.

He sat upright in bed, with new strength. The colour came back to the wan cheek; the old brightness to the sunken eye. The apathy—the langour had gone; all shyness had disappeared. He turned to his little neighbour, "Now I'm going home. Ach wie schön! If I could only see my home again, I would die quite happy. Ja ganz zufrieden."

And the good nurse, while sharing his joy, prayed in her inmost heart that his feeble strength might indeed last out until he reached in safety his beloved Vaterhaus.

Nurses do not (as a rule) get very long or very frequent holidays, but it happened that our nurse in the following year found herself in Switzerland, marvelling more and more at every turn at the beauties by which she was surrounded.

But no spot in that lovely land attracted her more than the quiet village high up among the mountains, where the home of her little charge had been. The evening shadows lay long over the green pastures, as at the end of a long climb she reached the first of the small houses which formed the scattered village. Before making any enquiries she would sit and rest for a while, and enjoy the fair scene which lay stretched before her. She followed a small path which led to the old weather-beaten church, and sat down upon a rough bench in the quiet hallowed 'Gottes Acker," where the sun's last rays lingered lovingly.

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As she looked around she was able to realize, as she had never done before, the longing of the child to see once more the "fair beauty" of his home—and she pictured to herself the "joy, which is almost pain," with which he would find himself safely

back in his father's house. She could hardly turn her eyes from the distant snowy peaks, glowing in the beautiful "Abend-gluth," but at last she rose and turned to go, pausing to read the simple inscriptions round her.

On one small plain stone near her was written the words—

Hier ruht im Frieden Unser lieber Sohn Ulrich Berger Geboren 1860 Heimgegangen 1873.

DAGMAR.

THE TEMPLE OF THE WOOD.

JANET LOGIE ROBERTSON.

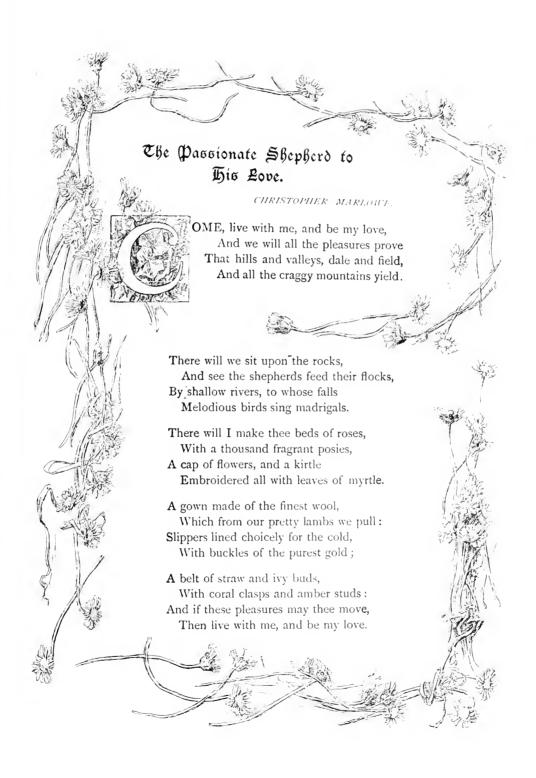
A LONG the highway as we pace,
With languid steps and slow,
Enfolds us like a dream the grace
Of branches drooping low,
And glad beneath green bending boughs,
And o'er untrodden grass,
With wondering hearts and grateful vows
As worshippers we pass.

In silent ranks on either hand,
Unbroken by a breeze,
Like priestly ministrants they stand,
A waiting train of trees.
Within their solemn brotherhood
Is nought of worldly care;
A sanctuary of the wood
They guard in secret there.

A temple of untold delight
Where mystic altars wait,
With hawthorns in their fillets white
Attendant at the gate.
And dare we in our hardihood
Pollute the vacant shrine,
Nor fear a presence in the wood
Majestic and divine?

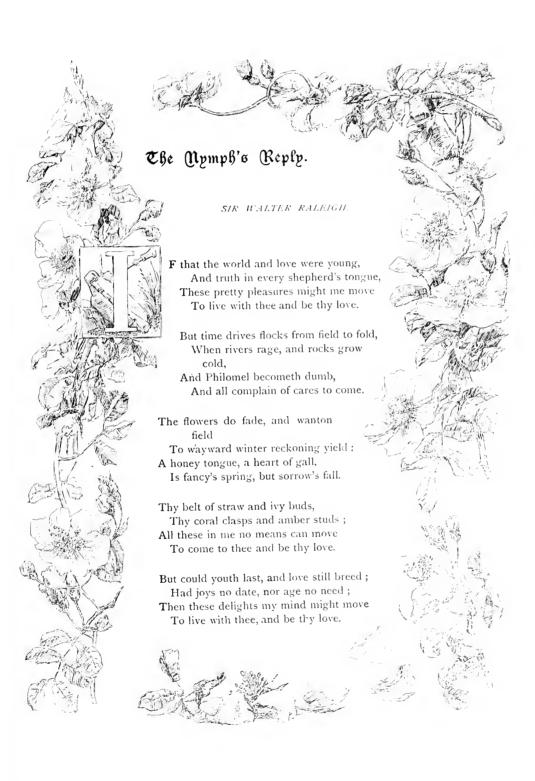
O Shade of Dian, dimly grand,
That haunts the forest way,
The arrows in thy mighty hand
Launch not on us, we pray.
Not ours to press with revel rude
Upon thy privacy:
Within thy temple of the wood
True worshippers are we!







"These delights my mind might move To live with thee, and be thy love."



A MERICA is the land of big enterprises of all kinds, and although some of them come to nothing, one can usually admire their boldness. In the forefront just now is the grand scheme of a canal across Nicaragua, which is a really practicable and business-like project, the completion of which many of us may live to see. It is worth while taking a look at a project of another sort—a fancy design in railway extension which would have the effect of linking together all the capitals of the world by means of the iron rail.

This modern reproduction of "Puck's Girdle" is not exactly novel, and a few years ago it engaged a good deal of attention in certain circles in relation to a proposal for bridging Behring's Straits. But it has been revived recently with a good deal of fervour, so it may be of interest to give a short description of the bearings of the great scheme.

The mechanical interest is naturally first and greatest in all plans of human effort. In the case of the Canadian Pacific Railway, for instance, far more people have been interested in the conquest of the "Rockies" by the iron-horse, than in the story of the monotonous drive over dreary, if potentially valuable prairies. And so with the Forth Bridge: most persons were more interested in learning how it was done, than in considering what it would effect. There is always a charm in conquest, but the charm of conquest over nature and natural objects is the greatest and most powerful, for the largest number of persons. We all, in our secret souls, worship bigness-even if it be only a Titanic gun which we are afraid to discharge, lest it explode. Is there not a peculiar sort of mingled pride and joy in surveying the form of a mammoth ocean-liner, or a stupendous iron-clad, or in marking the magnificent proportions of the monster locomotive which is to whirl the express through the darkness of the night when we sleep? There is a beauty of power and a poetry of motion about a great engine which is irresistible.

If we cannot have the gratification of seeing how the Cosmopolitan Railway is to be made, let us at least see where it is to be made and what it is to do. In the first place, then, the isolated,

dreary, semi-Arctic, but not wholly uninteresting territory of Alaska is to be physically, as it is already politically united with the states of the Federal Union. This will be done by a line of railway through British Columbia, connecting both with the Canadian Pacific and the American railway systems. From the existing lines of the Canadian Pacific, a railway to Behring's Straits would have the choice of two routes: it could go either round the coast, or right through the interior of Alaska, and down the valley of the Jukon river. Either project seems stupendous, but it is contended that the climate difficulty is not so great as it appears, and that Behring's Strait lies in much the same latitude as Iceland, Norway, Sweden, and Finland, and within the same parallels as the cities of Christiana, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg.

This may be so, but these cities are in the centre of, and contiguous to, cultivated and populous areas, whereas this railway has to be constructed through a barren waste.

It is a country of surface frost and subterranean fire, through which has to be carried the indispensable link in the Cosmopolitan Railway. The route through the interior and down the Jukon would seem to be the most practicable, and as regards the coast and the islands of Behring Sea, vegetation is abundant enough, and habitation is possible, by reason of the warm Japan current which crosses the Pacific and laves the American shores, from the Arctic Sea to Southern California.

An American writer contends that as a great portion of interior Alaska is level, to build a railway from the Canadian Pacific line in British Columbia would be neither an impracticable nor a very difficult undertaking. Much more difficult lines have been constructed, and have been made to pay, although it was predicted that they were impossible of construction and would never pay. The Canadian Pacific is itself a remarkable instance of what can be done in railway building in the most unpromising lands. It is probable enough that in Alaska no obstacles may be found worse than those encountered by the Central Pacific in the Sierra Nevada, or by the Canadian

Pacific in the Rockies. But then these works had something to go upon: they were to connect the interior with the east and west coasts.

What has the interior of Alaska to offer, by way of intermediate traffic on the Cosmopolitan Railway? It is said that there "are forests of valuable timber;" but timber must be very valuable to bear the costs of railway transit in competition with the water-carriage of Canada. There are seams of coal—but can shafts be driven and mines worked with profit in these high latitudes? There are deposits of gold—but of what riches and extent is unknown; and there are also supposed resources of great value in other minerals. The mineral traffic of Alaska, however, is something of a "dark horse" and, for the rest, the country is only valuable for its fur-bearing animals, its fur-seal fisheries on the Aleutian islands, and for its salmon supplies for the "Canning" industry.

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So much in the meantime for the American side, and we may assume that the railway can be made if necessary to the shore of Behring Sea. What of the other side—the great mysterious tracts lying between the Arctic Strait and civilised Europe?

That the Russian Government intend to continue their Trans-Siberian line right on to Vladisostock is well understood. To join that line with the American system is what is thought to be perfectly easy. So it is-on paper, and so it may be-with Russian gold and Siberian convict-labour. Certainly it cannot be more difficult for the Czar to order a continuation of the line to East Cape than to the borders of Manchuria. It is simply to make the line turn to the north, instead of, or as well as, to the south. It would have to skirt the shores of the Sea of Okhotsk, and would pass through a land reputedly rich in minerals, and which has been already more or less surveyed for telegraph purposes. A connection at East Cape with the Russian railway would, of course, give access, not merely to all Asiatic Russia and the vast plains of Siberia, but also to the railway systems of Europe.

But how to cross Behring's Straits? There is the difficulty; but a certain Major Kent, another American, got over it some years ago. His scheme was something like this:—The distance across the Straits, at a point where they are most dotted with islands, is some thirty miles, but the islands are so placed that no two of them are more than two miles apart, while most of them lie close together. The idea, then, is to carry a bridge, or line of bridges, from island to island, and so to cross the Straits in a series of jumps. This project does not seem so wild as it did before the completion of the Forth Bridge, for, after all, the longest bridge in Behring Straits would not be so very much longer than the Scotch bridge. On the other hand, there are climatic influences to be counteracted, which were only present in a minor degree in Scotland. Whether it is possible for engineers to estimate and provide for, with exactitude, the alternate expansion and contraction of miles of iron girding, in an Arctic atmosphere, we do not presume to say, but the mere thought of the task is appalling.

It seems cruel, however, to suggest difficulties in the way of such a magnificent scheme, and we will allow the bold Americans to get their railway across the Strait.

What are the prospects of traffic?

First, we are reminded, there is tea which, in many thousands of tons, is shipped in costly vessels from Asia to America and Europe. Surely such a perishable commodity, it is urged, would prefer the railway. Yes, perhaps, but then, the Chinese would first have to build those railways of theirs that we hear so much about, but which remain somehow always in the future.

Apart from tea, however, it is said that Eastern Siberia has resources which Europe and America have not yet realised. There are, already, millions of acres of land under cultivation, and soon there will be a large surplus of grain for export. The plains are capable of carrying unnumbered cattle and sheep, and there is already an immense breed of horses. This sounds well, but would hardly benefit America much, as those are the very items she likes to export herself.

Siberia is said to import at present about twenty millions sterling worth of manufactured goods from European Russia; and this is the trade which America would be most interested in competing for, no doubt.

But it is neither on Siberia nor on Alaska that the Cosmopolitan Railway would depend for its chief revenue. In the shipment of many kinds of raw and manufactured goods, it is predicted, the railway would largely supersede the ocean traffic of Great Britain, in whose hands is now the carrying trade of the world. It may be said that the distance will be too great to permit carriage of any but the most expensive kind of freight; but it is asserted that experience does not prove this—that, on the contrary, goods are being forwarded by rail from the Pacific coast to eastern markets, which, a few years ago, it was thought impossible to transport by the overland route. Grain and fruit, for instance, are shipped (by rail) in America, in enormous quantities, a distance of 2,000 or 3,000 miles, at a cost representing from a third to one-half of their value, and still return a fair profit to the producer.

This is so far good, although the commercial mind will readily perceive the weakness of the reasoning as applied to a railway connecting America with Siberia, but it is possible to take a larger view. To say that the Cosmopolitan Railway will pass largely through a barren and worthless region is, it is contended, no sufficient argument against such a railway, for so do some of the most profitable though most costly roads in the United States.

Northward from the line of the Canadian Pacific are vast areas of unoccupied land, rich in resources. In North-Eastern Siberia there is still a virgin country, whose capabilities have never yet been tested: and, besides, the Cosmopolitan Railway would draw a revenue by carrying over this new line the traffic of other lines already in operation.

Thus, then, the Cosmopolitan Railway would depend most on its "through," and largely on its "passenger" traffic. It is not to be denied that there is something attractive in the idea. By the time the Behring Strait is bridged, Sir Edward Watkin should have his Channel Tunnel or Bridge completed, and Mr. A. R. Colquhoun should also have carried through his long-projected Burmah-Siam-China Railway. All we should then want would be a branch from the Indian Frontier Railways to the Russian line at Merv, and we could embark on a Pullman car in London for either New York, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco, Montreal, Calcutta, Mandalay, Bhano, or Madras: with leave to break the journey at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Warsaw, St. Petersburgh, Moscow, Erkatrienberg, Khiva, Samarcand, Irkutsk, East Cape, Sitka, or Vancouver, according to one's objective point.

From Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Hamburg, St. Petersburgh, &c., goods could be forwarded direct to San Francisco, Denver, New York, or New Orleans, in one-fifth of the time now required by sea. All the Chinese traffic is absorbed by anticipation, and even Japan, it is thought, would be eager to fill the trucks of the Cosmopolitan Railway Company. A still more remarkable effect is predicted in pouring the countless millions of Southern Asia into the vast unpeopled region vaguely known as Siberia.

Population follows the railway and trade follows population. This is the general theory; but then, should not the peopling of Siberia be effected by the opening of the Russian Asiatic line, without the Cosmopolitan Alliance at all?

The financial aspects of the scheme are only of secondary interest to British readers, seeing it is proposed that the cost of the railway should be defrayed by the Russian and United States Governments, and met by the issue of Bonds. The entire length of the line would be some ten thousand miles, and the cost of making the necessary connections is roughly estimated at about £60,000,000 sterling. There are no data for checking this estimate, but the total is a trifle in comparison with the entire capital invested in the railways of the world.

It has been pointed out that the three Powers which would benefit most by the Cosmopolitan Railway, are the United States, the United Kingdom, and Russia. We do not quite see where the benefit will be to Great Britain if she is to lose her ocean traffic, but that is a consideration to which we can hardly expect America to give much weight. As for political consideration, it is held to be improbable that any serious difficulties will arise between the United States and any European power, and the line of the Cosmopolitan Railway would be far removed from any possible centre of military operations. In fact, we are asked to regard the Cosmopolitan Railway as the great pacificator of the future; the cordon which is to bind the nations of the world together as peaceful members of one family, in which the labours of each will be for the benefit of all the great regenerators of mankind.

It is a pleasing idea, but the American-Asiatic Scheme is only a part of the great empire of rail ways which is to be. A map has been compiled in which the future extensions and developments of the Cosmopolitan Railway are carefully outlined. Thus a railway will, in some more or less dim and and distant future, completely encircle the continent of South America, will run up the Isthmus, and through Mexico and the Southern States, to the Cosmopolitan line at Denver. Thence it will rush up through Alaska, across Behring Strait, down through Northern Siberia, to the fiftieth parallel, whence one branch will run across to the European systems, and there send out a spur down through Asia Minor and Egypt, to encircle the entire continent of Africa. The other branch at the Siberian Junction will run southward through Eastern China

into Burmah, where another split will take place—one line rushing off to Calcutta, the other down through Siam and the Malay Peninsula to Singapore, or the nearest point to Australia, which is to be herself encircled by an iron road.

The Laputan philosophers extracted—or tried to extract—sunbeams from cucumbers: why should we not extract some romance out of iron rails and sleepers? Besides, all that is suggested is quite conceivable—if only the world lasts long enough—though we who write and read these lines shall not be there to see.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR, F.R.G.S.

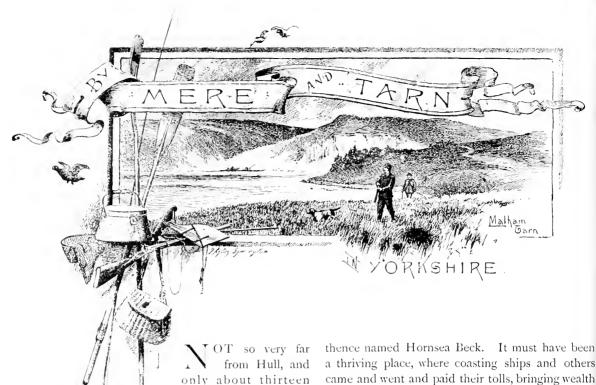
SONG FOR MUSIC.

Love singeth of Faith—
Singeth brave and loud;
Listen what he saith:
"There beneath the cloud
Lies the way across the river,
But I stand beside thee ever."
Then she smiles to think of death,
As love sings of Faith.

Love singeth of Hope—
Singeth full and clear;
"Twilight-caught we grope,
But the dawn is near.
Flowers are waking, birds are calling,
Voices from the blue dome falling,"
Then she sees the mountain slope,
As love sings of Hope.

Love singeth of Love—
Singeth soft and low;
"Oh, my white-winged dove,
All thy heart I know.
Faith and hope are songs of sweetness,
But they faint in love's completeness."
Then she enters heaven above,
As love sings of Love.

MARION BUCHANAN.



miles from the famed

Beverley and its minster, lies the

quiet watering-place, Hornsea, a

town of four streets. Eastgate,

Westgate—the very names smack

of Yorkshire at once. A quaint

old-world place this, not much known to fame, though ancient enough; it was formerly a market town and of some importance in the locality. The fairs, summer and winter, attract the country-people yet, while the lasses and lads hire themselves out, according to custom in the north, at the Martinmas "Statute fair." Two hundred years ago the town was a mile from the coast; indeed, an inscription is supposed to have existed

recording that it had once been as much as *ten* miles removed, but this seems somewhat doubtful. At present, the strip of land on which it stands seems perilously near the creeping waves.

Five hundred years have made a change in many things. Beyond the present town, on land that then stretched further out east, was a village built along a small stream which ran into the sea out of the mere, and

a thriving place, where coasting ships and others came and went and paid their tolls, bringing wealth to their Hornsea owners. The will of one of these, disposing of his ships, still exists. In the time of Elizabeth, probably before, there was a pier for the safe-guard of the lands and country, in the building of which many trees were consumed. Old men in the early years of James I. could tell how they had seen thirty-nine houses and yards of Hornsea Beck washed away, and were full of fears for future catastrophes; fears too well justified, for the place has more than one hundred years ago entirely disappeared, the sea still advancing with rapid strides.

Instead of the *fare-coast* (old name for a coasting trader,) waiting for the wind, and the market throng,

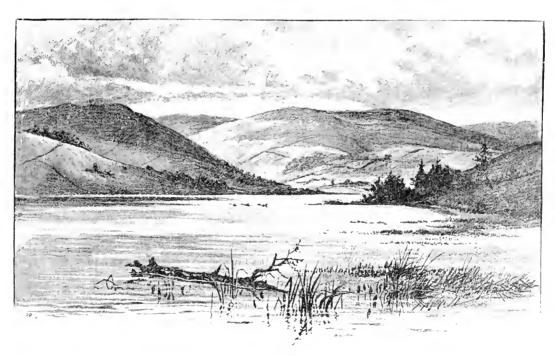


now-a-days there is the railway bringing its summer harvest to the town of busy workers from other regions in quest of health; and Hornsea, having good sands, is looking up in the world again.

But it is the mere that we want to see, and we have not far to go. It lies on the west side of the town, which is thus enclosed between the two waters. A deep fresh-water lake, cool and pure, the Marr—as the old traveller Camden, using the Danish word still on the lips of the people in his day, calls it—is the largest of our Yorkshire waters, being nearly two miles long east and west, and of varying width. Tis a charming spot, dotted with

vastating power through the town that great damage was done in a short space of time.

Hornsea, with the mere and much of the land around, belonged in the old days before the Reformation, to the abbey of St. Mary at York, a valuable possession, for the water was then worth perhaps as much as the land, for the monks drew a chief part of their living from the finny depths of pools like this. Eels and pike, roach and perch, here still abound. The lords of Wissand once laid claim to the right of fishing in their end of the mere. They were near, and the temptation was great: "Wissand Mere" seemed to them more



- TIR WAIH.

islets, where the swans breed that sail on its surface, and bordered here and there with trees. Here is a delicious scene of peace and repose: from the western end, near Wissand, the church and group of Hornsea rise against the evening sky, with higher ground and sea cliffs to the left. Wild fowl start at the intruder's step, the stray sail of a pleasure boat appears round the meandering shore, the angler plies his rod, and few would think that this placid sheet of water could ever be lashed by a storm. Yet history records a surprising tempest that seemed to rise out of its bosom with terrific force, carrying water and stones with such de-

righteous than "Hornsea Mere." So after the fashion of the times a champion for each side was chosen, and they literally fought it out, St. Mary's warrior settling the dispute by winning the pool and its fish for his abbey.

The encroaching sea has swept away many a fertile field, many a thriving homestead. Hornsea Burton quite depopulated, the village of Northorpe entirely gone—Hornsea itself will one day be threatened, and when the waves rush over the bar, the mere will offer them a resting-place, and will disappear also. That this process has been going on from time immemorial geologists tell us:

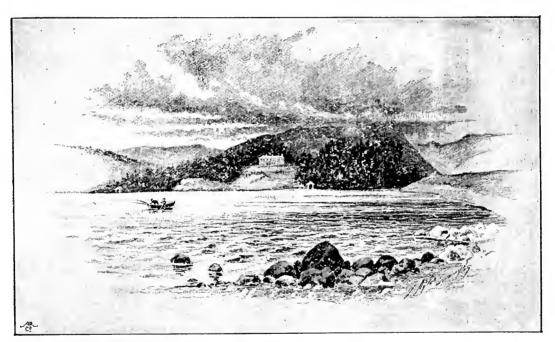
along this coast the beds of ancient pools and lakes are sometimes exposed by the retreating tide. Hundreds of other poolbeds along the low lands are found, peat upon clay; they gradually became marshy ground, filling up with vegetable growth, shells, and sediment brought down by floods from the upper land. Thus our mere is the last of a very ancient race. It is said that submerged trees, even with their nuts and fruit, have been found lying prostrate close to this place; whether part of an ancient fossil forest, or but growth washed away within the age of man, is not very clear. Certain it is that in the drift beds of the cliff, many interesting fossils from different epochs may reward your search. fintrance to the Church Yard

To find our other Yorkshire pools let us hie away to the opposite side of the county, for they are mountain tarns. All the active commercial life of the south part of the West Riding, Wakefield, Huddersfield, Leeds Bradford, Sheffield, and the

rest—perhaps the best known Yorkshire of to-day—we will forget that for the present, with its busy, swarming humanity and activity. We want to taste more of the natural beauty which our many-sided glorious county has to show. Making our

way from Hornsea through Hull to York—where, however, the most impatient cannot but pause in order to hallow his Yorkshire rambles by a visit to the noble Minster (it should be in afternoon light if possible)—we take train to Northallerton, whence we may begin our pilgrimage towards the beautiful district of Wensleydale. Askrigg is our destination, but we cannot resist a stay at Leyburn, where, from the picturesque heights of Shawl, we may have a prospect unrivalled in the county—looking east, south and west, Cleveland Hills and the plains of York in the distance on one hand,

pictures. In fact, the districts of Wensley dale and Craven are consecrated to poet and painter; at Muker, Semer-water, Hardraw Foss, and else where Turner found many exquisite subjects for his pencil, in all the fantastic combinations of water, mist and rock, amidst some of the finest and most picturesque scenery in Britain. To say nothing of lesser artists, Westall's beautiful engravings are a pleasure to the possessor. Wordsworth and his sister made a tour through some of these dales and hills in 1799, writing to Coleridge of the strong impression left by Goredale Scar and



TARN HOUSE, A WEST END OF THE TARN, MAIHAM.

on the other the dales and rocky moorlands leading to the great mountain district of Lancashire and Westmoreland; while nearer to the foreground, castle and abbey and tower add their human element of historic interest and beauty.

All this country is full of small falls (force or foss); each little stream winds down a long narrow glen or gill filled with foliage and greenery, finally to fall over a scar or broken cliff.

The true Ruskinite will make his way to the beautiful Aysgarth Force, a few miles before reaching Askrigg, the subject of one of Turner's well-known other spots. Rilston, whence he drew the pretty legend commemorated in "The White Doe of Rylston," lies between the hills which separate the Aire and Wharfe, at no very great distance from Malham, one of the goals of our present pilgrimage. And, indeed, as we have got away from Wensley dale and find ourselves in Craven, we will proceed to Kirby Malham from Settle junction at once.

We seem now to have come into another world, so strong is the contrast of the scenery to the lower flats of the Hornsea coast. Malham

Village lies in a deep green bottom, where two narrow valleys unite. Going up one of these, Malham Dale, at about a mile's distance the valley comes to an abrupt termination, the wide semicircling rock called the Cove stretches right across it in tremendous height, a lime-stone crag of grey,

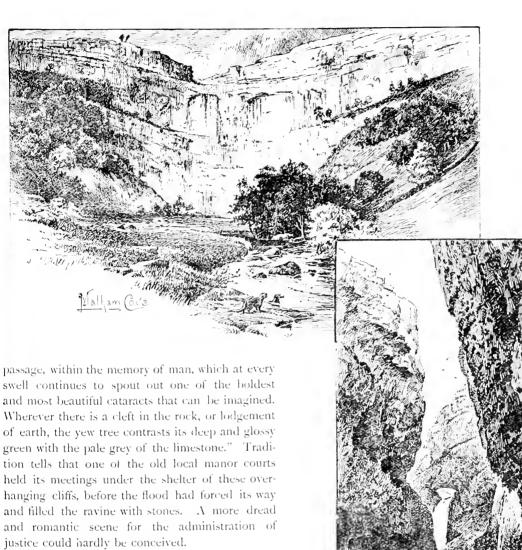
valley to the east, which is Goredale, for about another mile, is perhaps the best approach to the towering heights of limestone, here cleft asunder. Turning to the right, we enter the mouth of the gorge, an awe-inspiring place! A great chasm fronts us, through which the water bounds over



HEAD OF THE MERE, HORNSEA,

relieved by the bush and undergrowth that have fastened on the sides. From beneath sparkles out one of the sources of the river Aire.

We may reach Goredale Scar by a walk across the head of the valley; but starting from Malham again, and following the little stream in the sister rock and stone, till it is lost in slow and silvery windings down the vale. The origin of this chasm, in a storm, about 1730, is known. As a good Yorkshire man says, "You are struck by a yawning mouth in the face of the opposite crag, whence the torrent pent up beyond, suddenly forced a



High on a bleak moorland, on a broken, rocky bottom, lies Malham Water, a tarn or small lake, about a mile across, lying in the hollow of the hills. The lime-stone rocks are full of fissures, through which creep the little rills and trickling streams, running to bring their share to the fair reservoir beneath. Here is a paradise for the votary of Izaac Walton who may be privileged to fish; a "pool inestimable for its trout and perch, which grow to an unusual size, and have the finest flavour."

The fish are waiting for us meanwhile; unless our angler has filled his basket and the tempting dish be ready, we may have another look into those clear, still waters above, and think of the monks who, in times gone by, enjoyed the delicious harvest. The tarn once belonged to Fountains

Abbey; one William de Percy, in Stephen's days, gave them this water, "and the fish in the water." Not an unnecessary addition, for many people long

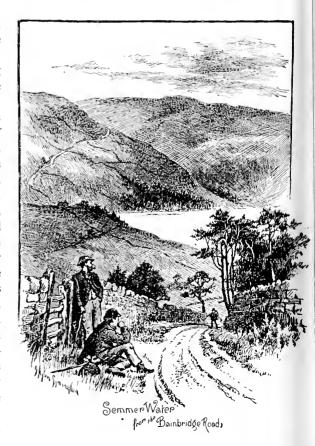


ago liked the fish if they could get at them, and the fishing rights, like all good things, had to be protected.

Among our walks in Craven, the neighbouring village of Calton should have a thought, for the sake of a celebrated man. Here the land in ancient days had formed part of the possessions of Fountains Abbey and Bolton Priory-two of the gems of the county, and Dereham. When in the last years of Henry VIII. these great religious houses were dissolved, and their property seized by the Crown, to be otherwise disposed of, an enterprising lawyer of Skipton, John Lambert, who knew the country side and all its ins and outs, took advantage of his acquaintance with local affairs, and procured a grant of the Manor of Calton to himself. No doubt he paid some small sum for it, but when he died twenty years later, he was twelve-fold richer than his father had left him. From the family which his wits and industry founded on this estate sprung his great grand-son, born at Calton Hall, in 1619, Major-General Lambert, one of the most famous actors in the civil wars on the Parliamentary side. Every part of the country has its memories of those troubled times, generally some Cromwellian legend, but here the home traditions of Lambert, as a

Yorkshireman, are strongest. Quite at the beginning of the war he was at the seige of Skipton Castle, a few years later (1647) was appointed Major-General over the five northern counties, where his military rule was exercised with "wisdom, moderation, and justice," according to the old historians. Where he mustered the stalwart Yorkshiremen, the dalesmen from far and near, how he levied the monthly contributions for the war, what reports were made on Richmond, Skipton, or Bolton castle—for these and other interesting matters, being out on our holidays, we must draw on imagination or wait till we get back to the region of books.

Wensleydale claims the honour of the third Yorkshire lakelet. Seamer or Semmer Water (a name spelt in many ways) lies about two miles above Bainbridge. It is fed by three small streams coming down from as many dales, one of which, the Bain, rising in Raydale, courses over a rocky bed till it reaches the lake, straight through which it flows, pursuing its way on the



other side to the river Ure. From Addleborough Hill is to be seen another of those expansive views which charm the eye. The Romans, who left so many traces in the country, had a station near Bainbridge, called Bracchium, and the remains upon the hill are thought to have been their summer camp. Wise Romans, to choose such lovely spots! and no doubt they, too, could appreciate the fish in the lake below. In those ages the pool may have been larger, for it is one of those, Prof. Phillips tells us, which are changing from a lake to a marsh, "every day undergoing contraction of area and diminution of depth by the growth of plants and the deposit of sediment."

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But the good people of the dales, who may be supposed to know something about it, have their own manner of accounting for Semmer Water. It is said that a large town once stood on the spot, busy with life. One morning an aged wayfarer passed along the streets, feeble and poor; he begged alms, but was refused at every door. At length, weary of knocking in vain, he came to a small cottage on the outskirts of the place, whose inmates, filled with kindness, housed and fed the poor old man. The next day, as he climbed the hill, a fatal spell broke from his lips—

"Simmer water, rise. Simmer water, sink,
And swallow all the town,
Save you li'le house
Where they gave me meat and drink."

And, as he spoke, a rush was heard; out of the yawning earth the waters rose and drowned that town and its dwellers; only the little cottage and the family within were saved to tell the tale.

L. T. S.

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

MRS. PARR,

Author of 'Dumps,' 'Dorothy Fox.'

XXXIII.

WHEN Stella came back to the house alone, saying that Mr. Stapleton preferred to return at once to London, Mrs. Clarkson felt certain that the interview had not ended to his satisfaction. Too delicate to put questions which might seem like indulging curiosity, she allowed Stella's unusual silence to pass without comment, and with the wish to spare her the effort of trying every now and again to start conversation, she occupied herself with a book she was reading.

This cloud of reserve overshadowed them until late in the afternoon, when Stella, standing at the window gazing out on the sea, furtively wiped away some tears which dimmed her eyes.

This tell-tale of some hidden grief was more than Mrs. Clarkson's self-control could bear; she went over and put her arms round her daughters saying, "Won't you let mother share your sorrow?"

"Oh, it isn't quite sorrow, dear," and the small head nestled closer to her, "not at least in the way you mean."

"You're not regretting anything you've said or done?"

"No, if it was all to come over again, I should wish to do exactly the same. It isn't for that I am crying, mother, it is because of a feeling that I can hardly explain." Then, after a pause, she added, "I had so hoped that Vivian and I would have parted better friends than we have done."

"Well there, darling," said the big-hearted woman, "I must put in a word for him. It's very hard to accept friendship when you are begging for love." "And love I should have given him if at the beginning what he felt had been love for me."

" And you think it was not love?"

"It was not love, I am sure."

"H'm!" and Mrs. Clarkson paused reflectively, "yet you say it was not your fortune that made him choose you, and certainly it was not your family, for I know, by more than you have told me, dear, that the cause of this rupture between you was owing to something he said about your belongings."

"No, no," said Stella, hastily, "the truth was that we had both reached a state when the merest spark must cause an explosion, and the spark was given by our opposite opinions of an author and something he had written."

"Dear, dear, that was a trivial thing. It's a poor affair when we can't agree to differ, but you know, Stella, that that last day when you came to see me and we talked about your wedding, although I tried to feel cheerful, there was a weight at my heart about you. I couldn't say how, but you didn't seem to be quite my own happy, loving Stella—the dearest child mother ever owned."

"I know," was whispered tearfully. "I don't think after this experience," she added, sadly, "that I shall be able to trust myself to know what love is."

"Oh! don't fear that, dear. When it comes you won't need to ask its meaning. The old, old story is always the same story. Yet each one who listens to it hears it differently, and fondly thinks they find a charm which no one ever found before."

Stella, with her head resting on her mother's neck, lay quietly folded in her arms. Mrs. Clarkson had gone back in memory to the days of long ago. Twilight was stealing around, swallowing up the light, save that golden line along the distant sea, behind which the sun had sunk to rest.

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"Mother, tell me what you think. If someone cared a great deal for someone else, only there was an obstacle in the way, so that they had to part, feeling that they would never meet again—is it likely that they would soon forget, should you say?"

"What, both of them?"

"No; the one who went away, I mean."

"That would depend on how much hope he took with him."

Stella allowed her mother's hazarded he to pass.

"Very little," she answered; "he would not think that he was cared for more than as a friend."

"In that case, if he was sensible, he would try to think no more of her."

"Yes," but the expression on the fair face told that that was not the answer wished for; and the mother, quick to perceive and tender to spare, added, "But hope is very strong in those who truly love, and, before it gives place to despair, waits and searches to make sure that not a single chance is left."

A light shone in Stella's eyes as if these words brought comfort to her.

Mrs. Clarkson knew that what she had said had pleased her daughter. She bent down, and tilting up the round chin so that she could better see the sweet face, she began, while looking at her, to toy with the soft rings of hair which fringed her daughter's forehead.

"I don't ask you to give me more of your confidence, dear, perhaps you have no more to give. Only, if in your heart there is nothing to reproach you as to the way you've seen best to act towards Mr. Stapleton, never despond about what may come about. Very unforeseen things happen, more especially to some who seemed marked out by Fate for good or ill luck to be always pursuing them. Now, from your very birth I have looked on you as one of Fortune's favourites, and, after blessing you with the gifts of good looks, and good means, and a loving heart that will weigh down all the gold you've got, I'm not going to discredit her with frowning on your love."

XXXIV.

It was the middle of May when Maynard Rodney again took up his old quarters—a May bedecked with all the flowery freshness of which the poet loves to sing. London wore her brightest aspect. The parks were spread with green, the trees leafy, the chestnuts in full bloom, and apart from the hope which sometimes burnt high and then dwindled to a flickering flame, Rodney—an Englishman to the backbone—felt glad at heart to

find himself once more at home. Never, so he thought, had his rooms looked so cosy: never had Rags made the wriggle of her wiry body nor the wagging of her stumpy tail more intelligible; as plainly as words could speak they kept repeating her joy at this meeting, and even when after numerous gyrations she had curled herself into her usual comfortable knot, she kept one eye fixed upon her master, and at the faintest shadow of a smile a cold nose would be poked into his hand and the dumb show of welcome would be gone through again.

He soon found out from two or three men he met at his club that Vivian Stapleton had left England, and, screwing up courage to overcome a horrible self-consciousness, he managed to ask why it was that Stapleton was not married.

"Well, I'm not sure that I ever heard the exact reason given," was the answer. "My own idea is, from something that casually dropped from him, that he changed his mind—a special interposition of providence in favour of the young lady I should say, for he was 'I, I, I'ing' it on his own trumpet louder than ever."

"Where has he gone?"

"Oh, a regular globe-trotting expedition with a party of Cosmopolitans, whose trunks are always to be found blocking up the vestibule of some hotel. They've got a certain Madame Simond among them," and the speaker screwed up his face to convey that his opinion of the lady was not flattering. "Happen to know her?"

"I have met her."

"Ah! then if you think as I do you're not wanting to meet her again. However, that is the party that our friend is among: and, if my wishes have any weight, long may be remain with them."

"He'll not be recalled at my desire," said Maynard Rodney, and the two nodded good-bye to each other, Rodney pondering over the news given to him.

It was not exhilarating to think that the engagement had been broken off through the fickleness of Vivian's fancy. Rodney knew now that he had been flattering himself that it was Stella who had dissolved the tie, and that the words he had spoken to her had been the reason.

He returned to his rooms; he went carefully over the scene of his parting with Stella, and in all the many times he had re-acted it, never before had it seemed so tame, and to bear such little promise. Calmly reviewing the whole circumstances under this new light of Vivian's desertion—oh! how he longed to have the fellow within hitting distance of him—he could not catch sight of one ray of hope. His idea on the journey had been to rush to the house, to seek an interview, to ask for a meeting: that would be looked upon as a gross impertinence, was the view he took now.

"I'm not in the mood to go anywhere, or to see anyone," he soliloquised despondingly. "Rags, what about you and me having a spin? You'd like it, eh? All right then, come along. There's no doubt but that it will make one of us happy."

Away went dog and master at a brisk trot—along Oxford Street to the Marble Arch, and then into the park, with its flower beds ablaze in their spring glory.

The fresh crisp air, the bright atmosphere began to tell on a nature keenly alive to externals, and Rodney became sensible that the burden of his difficulties was lifting, and did not weigh upon him so heavily. He was looking with admiring eyes at the hyacinths, the daffodils—these last recalling an excursion he had made the previous May to Champery, where they were growing in luxuriant wildness. From Champery he was quickly at Les Plans, and then with a few steps at Peuffaire, and there his memory halted, its eyes looking on a face which had become marvellously familiar and dear.

Barely a year since that first meeting-that casual passing sight of a being of whose very existence he was then ignorant, but who was now the pivot on which hung the happiness of his life! When he recalled the few times he had seen her, the scant intercourse there had been between them. how strange this all-consuming passion seemed to be! Then that sudden declaration he had made to her: would be not have called it madness in another man? Yet she had listened listened not in amazement and surprise, but in a certain sympathy with what he told her. . . . He would seek her at once; he would tell her what had brought him back; he would ask her to say whether he was to remain or go into banishment again.

Rousing himself, he found he had not moved a step; he was still standing looking at the daffodils, with Rags seated by his side in an attitude of patient dejection. "I say, what am I going to do with you?"

The answer was given by Rags careering madly on, and dashing to the opposite side in acceptance of a combative invitation from a fox terrier.

"Bother the dog! What did I bring her for?" and Rodney gave a sharp whistle to make her return.

Perhaps Rags scented that prompt obedience might mean interference with the liberty of the subject. Anyway, she first tried a little mild expostulation. Pausing and turning her head, she gave a loud "Bow-wow-wow," which plainly said, "Come on, do," and to which her master replied, "All right, old lady, only at the next corner into a hansom we get, and so I tell you."

At Stanhope Gate this threat was put into execution, and it being advisable to arrange some little programme of what he would say, Rodney was still busily occupied in considering the object of his return, when he was aroused by the voice of the cabman asking through the trap-door overhead, "Is 17, sir, the right number you told me?"

"Seventeen," was answered sharply as Rodney looked out to be met by the sight of drawn blinds and hermetically news-papered window panes. "Out of town," he gasped, and then, as a vent to his feelings, he called to the cabman in a tone which eaused that knowing worthy to snigger, "Drive on, can't you? What's the good of standing here? Don't you see the house is shut up?"

The horse got a flick, and on they rattled, until having allowed his fare time to what he called "cool off," the driver ventured to ask, "Where to, sir, where do ye want to go?"

Rodney gave an answer which need not here be written down. The grin on the cabman's face widened, as entering into the joke, and to keep the ball rolling, he asked insinuatingly, "Royal Academy, did you say?"

"Yes, Royal Academy," was the answer, Rodney adding to himself, "May as well go there as to any other place. Take the dog home," he said, giving the address, as he got out and gave the man his fare. "Just pull open the cab doors, and she'll jump out, she knows her way upstairs."

It was not often that Rodney was taken possession of by a thoroughly bad temper, but on this occasion it was the form in which his disappointment showed itself. He paid his shilling and went up the stairs, mechanically passed in by the turn-

stile, and walked straight on through the sculpture hall to the room beyond.

"Of course I must begin at the wrong end," he said, irritably. He was so perturbed in mind that, if he could not find anyone else, he must snap at himself. His mood was positively savage, and he glared at each picture he stood before as if he saw in it the work of a deadly enemy.

It was nearly five o'clock, and the rooms were rapidly thinning, but whether they were full or empty, had no interest for Rodney. Since he had entered the building he had walked with his eyes looking straight in front of him, and now, although aware that someone was standing close to his elbow, he did not turn to notice if it was a man or a woman. The individual though—who had hovered near him since he entered the room—had made up her mind that she would not be so entirely ignored, and taking a few steps in front, and stooping so as seemingly to get a closer view of the picture they were standing before, she suddenly drew herself up, and turned round so abruptly that they were brought face to face, the one with the other.

"I hardly think that you remember me," was said in an embarrassed manner, the quick mantling colour suffusing the cheeks of the speaker.

Rodney lifted his hat, and tried to assume a smile of intelligence and pleasure, while he rapidly searched his memory to find out where he had met the lady.

"Oh! I see you don't recollect me. I have evidently the better memory of the two. I am Delia Trevor. I met you some time ago at dinner, at my aunt's, Mrs. Stapleton. You know her son Vivian."

Before she had got as far as this, Rodney was shaking her hand with empressment, saying effusively, "But how good of you to speak to me—how kind—how very kind."

"Well, it really needed some courage. Your thoughts seemed so *very* far away; but I knew if I said to Stella ——"

"Are they in town, then?"

"Oh; you've been to the house, have you?"

"I went this afternoon—to call there."

"And found the windows papered up, and the blinds down," Delia laughed gaily. "That's what we did it for. We came up to town to do shopping, and be very busy, and so we did not want any callers—of course, I don't mean you, because we none of us knew that you were here."

"I have only just returned from Algeria."

"Really! I did not know where you had gone, but only the other day I was saying what a long time since we had heard anything of you, and Stella ———"

"She is not here with you, is she?" and he looked eagerly round the room.

"No; I'm all by my little self, with Clements, the maid, you know, to do propriety. I left her somewhere on a settee, half asleep, and auntie was so tired she went home. Stella is buying furniture for her mother, who is staying with her at an hotel. Such a lot of things have happened since we met at that dinner party."

"If it was not for the fear of keeping you standing, I should ask you to tell me some. I am positively dying of curiosity."

"Are you?" she said, laughingly. "Well, then, let us sit down. I thought that men—especially you awfully clever men—never admitted to feeling curious."

"I don't know what they may admit. I only know that I am insatiable. The reason I was such an idiot as not to see you was because I was in a furious temper at thinking they were all out of town, and I should not be able to hear anything about anybody."

"'Anybody' being ——"

"Well, you, for instance."

"I! No, no, that won't do; but I'll be good. I'll spare you, and begin at the beginning. Well, irst and foremost. Stella—Miss Clarkson—is no onger engaged to be married to my cousin."

Rodney made a little inclination of his head.

"You knew that, did you?"

"Yes, I saw it in a paper when I was at Bisra."

"What paper? How was it put in? I do so rant to know."

Rodney took out his pocket-book, and from it rew forth the piece of newspaper containing the ontradiction. "That is it," he said.

Delia gave a quick look of astonishment, then canning the paragraph she said, "Yes, it is the ght one. Shall I make a confession, Mr. odney, and tell you something I have not told the hyone before? I put that into the paper."

"You!"

"Yes, I. It was in this way: No one would believe that Stella was in earnest; but I knew she was. They said they were sure to make it up again, it was such a ridiculously small thing to quarrel over. You were the cause, you know. They fell out over some poetry you had written. Stella says it really might have been about anything, they were in such a state of friction; and so it might be. It didn't need her to tell me that for months she had been miserable through feeling that she did not care one bit for him. Any other man but Vivian would have set her free long before -- Oh! but you mustn't," for Rodney had seized her hand, and was pressing it impulsively, "Suppose anyone saw us! I'm going to be married next month."

"He'll be the very happiest man in the universe."

"That is just what he says to me, and it's a great wonder that we've come together. I couldn't bear him at first, and he wanted to marry Stella, only she would have nothing to say to him. I'm very glad now that she said 'No,' for since I know him better, I see that he is exactly the right sort for me. But I am afraid I must go," she added, rising, "or auntie will wonder what has become of me."

"And I have found no words to tell you how great a service you have done me."

"Oh, I haven't really told you anything yet. What I was thinking was that I would give you Miss Clarkson's address—the hotel where they are staying for a few days. You might like to call on her and her mother."

"I wish I could think of something new," said Rodney, gratefully, "you must be so tired of being called an angel."

"Indeed, no. I don't think I was ever called one before. I suppose you know that it's like the fable of the fox who lost his tail. I'm so happy myself that I want everyone else to be happy too; and I love Stella dearly."

"Would you be shocked if I said, 'So do I'?"

"Why, of course, I know you do. I saw that at the dinner party; but Stella is most impossibly difficult."

" And the name of the hotel is?"

"Oh, yes, Bartlemy's, Albemarle Street. It's close by. I think if you were to go now you would find them at home."

"Then let us look for your maid, and after I have seen you safely away, I shall take your advice and act on your suggestion."

XXXV.

As Rodney took his way from Burlington House to Albemarle Street he seemed to tread on air. His heart danced with joy, his pulses seemed to sing, body and mind united in a pæan that he was going to see Stella.

No need now to arrange what he would say to her, the right words were bubbling up to his mouth, only needing that dear presence to call them forth. He saw neither the shops nor the people he was passing—a rosy cloud hid everything else from view, and he felt himself fortunate in maintaining just so much self control as enabled him calmly to ask, when in answer to his knock the door was opened, if Miss Stella Clarkson was within.

The man intimated that she was, adding, "What name shall I say, sir?"

"Mr. Maynard Rodney."

Good gracious! his tongue had become glued to the roof of his mouth; as he went up the stairs his knees shook under him. A sudden limpness seemed to pervade his whole frame—every atom of self-possession was going. In courage Bob Acres was a lion to him,

Throwing open a sitting-room door, Rodney heard, with ears that seemed stuffed with cotton wool, his name announced, and it was almost a relief when, in place of Stella, a comely matron advanced and said pleasantly, "I daresay it is my daughter, Miss Clarkson, you have come to see. She has not returned yet, but I expect her in every minute."

They were shaking hands by this time. Rodney was saying that, though he had not had the pleasure of seeing her, Miss Clarkson had spoken of her mother to him.

Mrs. Clarkson's face showed her gratification. "Ah!" she said, "to those who belong to her she's one in a thousand. I only wish that every parent was so blessed in their children."

"And she is not your only blessing," put in Rodney, adroitly, "I have seen a son—a tall, handsome young sailor."

"What, my Edgar! oh, come, I must shake

hands again with you. Why, however did you happen to know my dear boy? I can't call to mind that I've heard him or Stella mention you. Mr. Rodney was the name I think I heard him say?"

"Yes, Maynard Rodney."

"Maynard Rodney," she repeated, "no—and yet it seems familiar in a way. However, Stella will make that clear. She ought to be back by now. She'd only to go to Robert Street, Adelphi, to see her lawyer, and she said she knew he wouldn't keep her long."

"Her lawyer—in Robert Street," repeated Rodney, "would his name be Lovegrove, I wonder?"

"Yes, Lovegrove; do you know him?"

"Ever since I was a small boy. "He is my lawyer."

"Well, now, to think of that! How strange, to be sure! Ah, I often say if half the things that happen were put into books nobody would believe them as true."

"Your daughter once said something of the same kind to me when she was telling me her own history, which is in some ways a romantic one."

"It is, and like most things in life, what was good luck for her was another's misfortune."

"You allude to a boy who, I think she said, had originally been meant to have the money."

"Ah, poor lad, it was a sore injustice to him, and so all of us have always felt. Strange to say, 'tis about him that Stella has gone to-day. She is just made of age, you know—nineteen—and she wants to do something by way of compensation to him."

"For which, no doubt, he feels very grateful."

"Well, I don't know about that. According to Mr. Lovegrove, he is very stiff-necked and proud as to letting her know anything about him. I daresay he counts her—as well he may, not knowing anything of her—as his enemy, but Mr. Lovegrove is determined to try and bring about a meeting between them, and if, after that, he can keep up his stubbornness, well—although I am her mother—I shall have a very poor opinion of him."

Rodney was about to reply, when the door was opened, and Stella came quickly in, saying, "Oh, mother dear, have I kept you waiting? I am so sorry."

"You needn't be," said Mrs. Clarkson, cheerily, "I've been very well employed talking to this gentleman, Mr. Rodney," and, as she said his name, she looked smilingly at him, to turn her eyes quickly to her daughter, and see that, as he had turned ashen pale, so she had flushed crimson to her temples, while each, agitated and trembling, spoke in a voice dropped almost to a whisper, Stella asking, "Have you come back again?" Rodney answering, "Say you are glad to see me."

"Glad"—Stella stretched out both her hands, but, before he could take them, Mrs. Clarkson, with an intuitive assurance of the situation, stepped quietly out of the room, and the two were left alone.

And alone we will leave them; for in those supreme moments when heart speaks to heart, and disguise is thrown aside, and all concealment of love is over and done with for ever, words but vulgarise, and descriptions fail. Let those who read conjure for themselves the picture of a paradise into which none enter save those whom Love calls. Oh, happy Eden! Realm of the great magician, by whose mighty spell we mortals walk as gods.

"Not seven?" It was Stella, looking at the clock in amazed alarm, "Oh, what can mother think? I must run and find her and bring her here."

"Do," said Rodney, going with her to the door, and there standing following her with eyes that would scarcely let her go from out their sight.

His happiness was so newly found that he almost feared he might suddenly awake to find it all a dream.

"And so," said Mrs. Clarkson, "all the while I was talking so innocently to you, thinking what a friendly, nice young man you were, you'd only come to steal her and take her away from me."

Mrs. Clarkson was trying to steady her voice, trying to smile through the tears which had gathered in her eyes.

"No, no," said Rodney, "not to steal her, not to take her away. You know her better than that. Her heart is big enough to give us all a share."

"It is you, darling mother," said Stella, "who must find some love for him."

"Try and make room," said Rodney, "for

another son. Since, when a little lad, I was sent an outcast from home, I have never known a mother's tenderness or sympathy."

Stella's hand was in his own. "I do believe," she said, "that it was talking of that which first drew us together. We began comparing notes of how we felt, and then something—I don't know what, for I had never dreamed of such a thing before—made me tell him about myself and Uncle Briggs leaving me his money."

"And we agreed to write a novel on it."

"Well, there's many a worse story," said Mrs. Clarkson.

"Yes," answered Rodney, "only she insisted that when she the heroine grew up, she was to marry the boy who had lost the money."

"Well, so far as the romantic goes, I should agree with her as to that ending—but it's there that stories and real life don't agree. Things are mostly made to finish up happily in one case, while in the other they often turn out very contrary."

"Well, then," said Rodney, drawing Stella to him, and looking with pride at the lovely face, flushed and radiant with joy, "our story must form the exception to the rule."

"That's as it should be," said Mrs. Clarkson, laying a hand on each. "Tis the true lover's creed that none before have felt such happiness as is given to them to feel."

"It seems to me impossible," was Rodney's answer.

TYXXZ.

It was decided that evening that when Mrs. Clarkson went back to "The Cottage," at Sheringham—where, though only partly furnished, they were already living—Maynard Rodney and Stella should accompany her. This arrangement necessarily entailed a few days' delay, during which Mr. Lovegrove would have to be seen, Mr. Trevor written to, and first and above all, the engagement must be announced to Mrs. Stapleton.

"No one must be told before Marraine," Stella said, "and no one but I must tell her."

"Will it pain her?" asked Rodney.

"I fear so, but not as it once would. In many things she is very altered. She says it is because she is growing old, and life looks very changed to her. For my sake you must try and love her. I owe her so much that she will always be very, very dear to me."

"So far as I am concerned, darling, I will do my very best to make her forget that you have not married her son."

"Poor Vivian!" sighed Stella, "will he never be different, I wonder? Ever be happier in himself, I mean."

"Never so long as he keeps that self on the lofty pedestal where he has placed it. There is no such barrier to happiness as an overweening estimate of our own value and importance. Association with him taught me a lesson I hope never to forget.

"Vivian teach anything to you!"

Rodney would have been more than mortal not to have felt touched by the sweet flattery her tone and look conveyed.

"Yes, to me," he said, drawing her to him, "and I will tell you how. We writers are very open to temptations which too often weaken and lower our characters. The praise we read may have no merit for its foundation, the flatteries we hear may be false, and yet both may so titillate our vanity that we begin to hold ourselves as creatures above ordinary beings. It was seeing this in Stapleton that made the man so odious to me, and knowing how often we condemn in others the faults that others see in us, I resolved to take him as a warning. So whenever you see any disposition to self-glorification in me, just whisper in my ear, 'Vivian Stapleton.'"

"I will," said Stella. "So;" and we will not betray the fashion of her whispering.

Early the next morning Rodney went to Albemarle Street, anxious to learn the programme arranged for the day's proceedings. He brought Rags with him, introducing her as the one friend whose good-will was necessary to assure their future happiness and harmony.

"And the parrot?" said Stella. "Oh, we must have Polly to complete the happy family. I consider she was a very important link in bringing us together."

And she related to her mother the incident of the bird and Edgar, and how Rodney had watched them and had referred to it at dinner. This involved going back to the scene at the theatre, which being described to Mrs. Clarkson, she exclaimed, "Why, it's all accounted for now. It's him that Carry and Lottie took for the beau. No wonder I couldn't make Mr. Stapleton's appearance fit in with their description. Did you know the mistake they'd fallen into? If so, you never came to my help in any way, Stella."

"Did I not, dear?" said her daughter, rather consciously, "I think you mustn't catechise me too severely, particularly to-day, when I have several unaided confessions to make. First to Marraine, then to Delia."

"Dear Delia!" put in Rodney, gratefully; "tell her she has my gratitude for ever. I am going to have that piece of newspaper framed, and because we must go to Biskra, for me to disperse those sighs I used to fill the air with in sending after you, we'll hunt up Mouhmu's boy, and if money can tempt that young rascal, we'll bring him back with us."

"What, a little black boy! Oh, delicious;" and Stella laughed outright at Mrs. Clarkson's look of horror. "What a lot of things there will be for us to do."

"It doesn't seem to me that you're either of you in much of a hurry to make a beginning, though," said her mother, "and there's Mr. Lovegrove, you know, don't forget him."

"No; and he likes me to go to him rather early."

"Did you tell her that he was your lawyer too?" Mrs. Clarkson asked of Rodney.

"His lawyer! No, is it really so?"

"Yes, really so," said Rodney.

"Oh, but that simplifies matters exceedingly. If he knows you, of course he'll understand. Besides, we can go together; it will be so much nicer to have you to help me."

And on that, Rodney, who had mapped out a little scheme, arranged that he would take Stella to Mrs. Stapleton's door, leave her there, and at two o'clock he would be back at the hotel to drive with her and Mrs. Clarkson, to Mr. Lovegrove's offices in Robert Street. His own intention was—immediately after depositing Stella—to go and see his old friend, who, he knew, would heartily rejoice at the good fortune which had come to him. Circumstances had been against Rodney making many intimate friends. Instinctively, then, it was to Mr. Lovegrove he turned, remembering with gratitude that, in the dark days

that were now over, he had ever been staunch to him and had rendered all the service in his power.

"My dear Arthur," said the old man, when the surprise of Rodney's unexpected appearance was over, "I almost believe that had it been put to me what wish I desired to have granted, my answer would have been to see you to-day."

"It does me good to have a welcome from you," said Rodney, heartily, "but had you any particular reason for so wishing to see me?"

"Well, yes, I had and I have, and to save time and to avoid bush-beating, which has never been the mode of action between you and me, it is connected with the coming of age of a young lady who has given me a great amount of pleasure by restoring to me the management of that property and income which of right should be yours, Arthur."

"H'm!"

"No, no, no. Now make an effort to overcome that little stubbornness of yours. I know the difficulties of your position," and he laid a kindly hand on Rodney's shoulder. "No one could ever give you more sympathy than I do, because no one could well understand the injustice you suffer from. But you must acknowledge the girl is not to blame—a most sensible young woman, one, I may say, quite out of the common way, full of anxiety to make all the compensation in her power."

Rodney affected to give a little shrug of the shoulders, and Mr. Lovegrove went on quickly to say, "I am not urging you to take anything from her. That is a matter that has to do with your own feeling; but I do ask you not to seem churlish in refusing to see her. Come now, we are friends of long standing. I am an old man; you are a young one. For the sake of long ago, and all that has happened since then, let Mrs. Lovegrove send you an invitation to dine with us and to meet her."

"I hardly see how I can do so."

Mr. Lovegrove's disappointment was visible.

"For this reason: I came here purposely to tell you the cause of my sudden return to England."

"Well?"

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"Well, the cause is that I have proposed to a young lady, that she has accepted me, and that we are going to be married without delay."

"Tut, tut, tut!" said the old man vexedly, "I thought you were never going to marry."

"I never was until somebody agreed to marry me. So you see, if I accepted Mrs. Lovegrove's invitation, I should ——"

"Oh, let that be. It's of no consequence. I quite understand."

"Of course, I could bring the young lady with me."

"No, no; better not trouble her just now;" and he turned away, trying to recover from his disappointment, while affecting to look through some papers for a letter.

Rodney made an effort to assume a look which should correspond with the tone in which he said, "I cannot help feeling very disappointed at the way in which you have received my announcement. I have been in love with this girl for months. I left England broken-hearted because I discovered she was engaged to another man. By the merest accident I learnt, while at Biskra, that the engagement was broken off. I rush home, I propose, she accepts me, and the first thing I do is to come to my one friend to tell him of my good fortune, and he does not wish me happiness, and is not even interested enough to ask her name."

"Arthur, no, don't say that I —I will be frank with you. I had conjured up a little romance of my own, and—well, what you said put an end to it; but now that is past and gone, so, to shew your forgiveness, accept my best wishes." And he warmly grasped Rodney's hand, and still holding it he added, "Now, tell me, what is the lady's name."

" Miss Stella Clarkson."

"No, no; let us put all joking aside. Now."

" Miss Stella Clarkson."

Mr. Lovegrove pushed up his spectacles, and, screwing up his eyes, peered anxiously into Rodney's face.

Deception could not be kept up longer. Real feeling was too deep further to continue this travesty, and, putting his hands on his old friend's shoulders. Rodney, not without emotion, said, "What I tell you is the truth. It is she—she herself and she has not a suspicion that I am who I am. She only knows me as Maynard Rodney, the writer."

"Well, well! Truth, indeed, is stranger than fiction. Had I read of such a thing, I should have said, 'Impossible! A mere story writer's fancy.'"

"Ah! life is so full of such improbabilities that often we authors dare not make use of the true histories that lie at hand."

"And you have now a prize in every way," said the old lawyer, speaking out of the thoughts that crowded into his mind, "That girl has a noble nature, Arthur, she even went so far as to ask my opinion on dividing the fortune with you. Lucky dog! It but needs me to be forty years younger, Arthur, and, knowing what that girl is, I should envy you."

"That reminds me that we have arranged to come together to see you. At two o'clock I am to call for her and her mother, and bring them here. Now to carry out the little plot I have arranged. At the door I shall invent an excuse to leave them for a few minutes, and when they have gone up to you I shall step in through William's office to the inner room. You must tell her that 'the young man has been prevailed on to see her, and that he is there waiting the interview."

"And am I then to lead her in?"

" Yes."

"Dear, dear, I haven't asked half the questions yet—how you saw her; where you met; but they must wait. Be off with you now, so that I may get through my other work and have time to collect myself to play this most important rôle."

And the arrangements to further this conspiracy being carried out, half-past two o'clock found Mrs. Clarkson and Stella mounting the stairs to Mr. Lovegrove's office, Stella a little disconcerted at Rodney's sudden desertion. It was true he assured her that he would rejoin them in a very short time, but he would not hear of their waiting in the carriage for him. His absence, he said, would afford her an opportunity of definitely settling something about that young man, whose claims seemed unduly to weigh on her.

Stella felt that he was really always rather hard on this unfortunate individual, and when Mr. Lovegrove, under the idea that he was carrying out the strict canons of stage diplomacy, said, in an excited whisper, "We've tracked him at last—he's found—I've got him—he's here," Stella, knowing at once to whom he referred, was glad that the first awkwardness of the meeting would be over before Rodney arrived.

"Does he know that he is going to see me?" she asked.

"He does."

"And he does not mind? I really believe it is I who am going to be nervous now."

"That'll pass off directly you are brought face to face with one another," said her mother, "He was a very ordinary looking boy when I knew him. That constant nag-nagging gives such a hang-dog look to children."

"You hear what your mother's recollections are," said the old lawyer mischievously, "there is surely nothing to be nervous about in an ordinary looking young man with a hang-dog expression."

And an arranged signal having caught his ear, "Come along," he added, and, opening the door, he led her into the other room, Mrs. Clarkson bringing up the rear.

Rodney was standing with his back to the window. Stella gave him an instant's smile of recognition, then her eyes went rapidly round the room. "He's gone," she said, "he's not here. You have not sent him away, have you?"

Rodney did not answer. He looked at Mr. Lovegrove, who said, "No! he is here. He is standing before you."

"That is Mr. Rodney," she said, with a dazed expression.

"Mr. Rodney to you, but to me, who have known him since he was so high, he bears the name I first knew him by—Arthur Briggs—the original heir to that fortune which now belongs to you."

Stella's colour died away. She made a step forward, but staggered. "I—— I," she said, with a look at Rodney so appealing that he caught her in his arms, and, holding her there, "My darling," he cried, "you never guessed who I was. From the very first I knew you, and I so battled against my love for you, but it was too strong. Fate meant us for each other, and not Uncle Briggs nor all his money could keep us asunder."

"Oh, what a happy ending," murmured Mrs. Clarkson.

"Happy indeed," said Mr. Lovegrove, with a look at the two who stood oblivious of all save the presence of each other. And, laying his finger on his lips, "We will go into the next room," he whispered, "and for a few minutes leave them alone together." And they stole quietly out and closed the door.

[THE END.]

", ROGUES."

(Defective flowers are called "Rogues" by Gardeners.)

Hans Deeven has his garden where the RhineGrows slow and weary, longing for the sea,"No bulbs, no flowers," the master says "like mine,In all the land, from Wyk to Heil'gen Sea."

Ay 'tis a joy in March to see that sight!

The golden crocus crowding sheet on sheet,
The countless ruffles of the aconite,
The mile of great czar-violets earthy-sweet—

And then the whiskered pansies half in fun,
Turn on each other with a savage look,
And Van Thol tulips down the pathways run,
Like an aesthetic pattern in a book.

'Tis August now ;—slim lupins white as milk
Are blushing faintly in the sunlight low,
While deep brown cloves in skirts of pleated silk,
Turn ruddy crimson in the level glow.

Here comes *mijnlær* himself along the walk, In tasselled cap, his hands behind his back, And each carnation on its jointed stalk, Nods recognition with a faint "Alack!"

For where the "flake" has dared to wear a speck
Or some fringed skirt is neither striped nor plain,
Cold steel will close about the wayward neck,
And straight the "rogue" lies on the pathway slain

Then sometimes in the house a curtain parts,
Bright eyes peep forth, a laughing face behold!
His daughter Franzje down the pathway darts,
And lays the victims in her apron's fold.

She's like a clove herself so trim, so neat,
With many skirts, and Mechlin lappets wide,
Yet runs so swiftly on her little feet,
The household keys flash lightning at her side.

On Sunday when to *Keerk* she wends her way,

A bunch of "rogues" glows crimson in her vest,
But should your eyes towards the posy stray,
She'll smile and whisper—"These are not our best.

But now in heavy folds the curtain lies,
And locust-like, Hans Deeven works his will,
In vain each bud on little Franzje cries,
"O Franzje, Franzje haste!" she tarries still . .

Where Creeping Jennies lovingly entwine

The purple loose-strife mirrored in the stream,
The blue-green sedge bows lows to Father Rhine,
Methinks I see two silver buckles gleam,—

A stately barge that seeks the Northern sea,
Hard by the gaudy weeds rocks to and fro,
Her one brown sail flaps long and lazily,
I hear a happy laugh, a whisper low.

White clouds rise up, speed o'er the boundless sky,

The dunes gleam cold, down sinks the round red sun,
The poor sweet flowers unheeded faint and die;

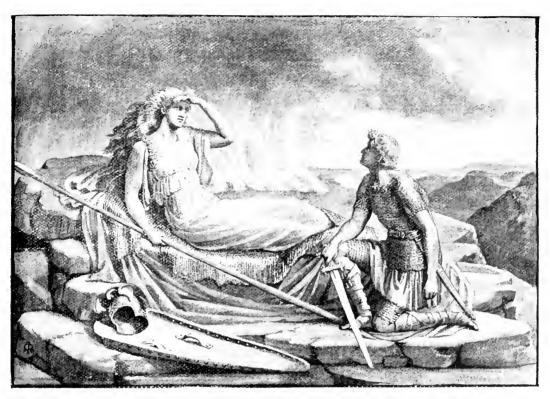
Another "rogue" their mistress' heart has won.

B. J. PENNINGTON.



BRYNHILD, THE VALKYR.

(From the Picture by Margaret L. Hooper.)



THE AWAKENING OF ERVNHILD

BRYNHILD, THE VALKYR.

ODIN, or Woden, the God of Battles and of the Stormy Sky, was the Father and Chief of all the Gods in whom our Norse ancestors believed before they were converted to Christianity; and the Valkyrs were attendant maidens (some say daughters) of Odin, who rode through the air on their horses, armed with helm, and spear and shield, and were sent by him to direct the course of all battles and fights, to give the victory to the side which he favoured, and to carry away the souls of the warriors who were slain to Odin's high hall of Valhal (the Hall of the Chosen), where they feast and live for ever with him.

Brynhild is the great Valkyr, whose story is told in the Volsunga Saga, the famous Norse epic. She angered Father Odin by giving the victory in a certain fight after her own fancy, and against his will; therefore, as a punishment, he doomed her to be no longer a Valkyr, but to become weak as a mortal woman, and to lie in sleep on a certain mountain called Hindfell until the first man who might come there should waken and make her his bride. But against this doom, Brynhild vowed a yow that she would wed no one but the bravest man in the world; and Odin, the protector of all oaths, had respect to her vow, and therefore caused a great fire to burn all round the place where she slept, through which none should be able to ride but he who knew not fear. And this was the end of Brynhild as a Valkyr; never more should she ride through the clouds with her sisters, clad in helm and byrnie (or coat-of-mail), with shield and spear, to join in the battle, and bear away heroes to Valhal. As a mortal woman, though still greater of heart, wiser, and more beautiful than all other women, she slept on Hindfell, covered by the arms she should wield no more.

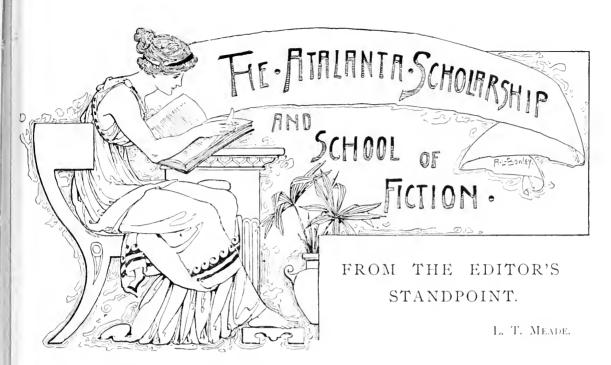
How long the sleep of Brynhild lasted is not known, perhaps as long as that of the Sleeping Beauty, whose story, indeed, may be derived from hers; but in time came the predestined awakener, Sigurd (or Siegfried), the Volsung, the most renowned and best loved hero of all Northern story. After slaying the great dragon Fafnir, and taking the arms and mighty treasure of the Nibelung Hoard, he came to Hindfell, rode straight through the fire, and wakened the sleeping Brynhild by cutting off her byrnie with his sharp sword, Gram. Then Brynhild blessed and hailed the sun and the sky, the gods and the goddesses; and asked who was her awakener. And she and Sigurd loved one another, and plighted their troth, exchanging rings together; and Brynhild taught Sigurd magic runes, and much wisdom, for none was wiser or of deeper knowlege than she who had been in the councils of Odin himself. But after a while Sigurd went on his way in search of more adventures; and Brynhild remained on the fell guarded by the fire, which none but Sigurd might ride through; for she might no longer ride to the wars as in the old days. And this is the end of the awakening of Brynhild, though it is but the beginning of her history, for after this comes the great tragedy and the real interest of the story of Sigurd and Brynhild.

Sigurd went on his way and came to the hall of a certain king, Giuki, and there, by magic arts, he was made to forget all about Brynhild and his troth plighted to her, and to wed Gudrun, Giuki's beautiful daughter, and to swear brotherhood with Gunnar and Hogni, his sons. Gunnar also wanted a wife, and hoped to win the fair Brynhild, who was known to have promised to wed the man who should ride through her flaming fire; but he, having tried in vain to ride through the fire, by magic arts changed shapes with Sigurd, and Sigurd, in Gunnar's likeness, rode through the fire, and in the name of Gunnar claimed the fulfilment of Brynhild's promise. She could not understand how any other than Sigurd could ride through the

fire, but her word was given and she must abide by it; and all unwillingly she came to the Hall of Giukings and was wedded to Gunnar. And after that wedding the magic forgetfulness passed from Sigurd, and he remembered Brynhild, and all that had been done; but he said nothing, as matters could not be mended. In time, however, Brynhild came to know that it was Sigurd and not Gunnar who had ridden through the fire, and great and deep were her wrath and her woe that Sigurd of all men should have betrayed her of all women so foully. So her heart knew no peace till she had caused the sons of Giuki to slay Sigurd while he slept, for none durst face his eyes while awake; and then she killed herself, and left the treacherous family of the Giukings to bewail their evil deeds, while she and Sigurd together went "home to Odin."

Wagner, in his Trilogy of "Der Ring des Niebelungen," has put together a somewhat different version of the story; but the character of Brynhild (in German, Brünnhilde) is splendidly treated, and kept in accordance with the old Saga. In this respect it differs widely from the later mediæval and better-known German version, "Der Niebelungen Lied," about which Carlyle has written such a fine essay. In this, Brünnhilde is a rather coarse virago, and quite shadowy in character; while Chriemhilde, who corresponds in position to Gudrun of the Saga, is the real heroine of the story. One of the finest scenes in "Die Walküre" (the first part of Wagner's Trilogy) is the "Walkürcurist," in which the music expresses the storm of the wild Walküre, riding through the clouds to battle.

De la Motte Fouqué has also made some plays on the great Volsunga Epic which are taken almost word for word from the old Sagas; and all these versions are worthy of study, and in each of them the great character of Brynhild shines out as the noblest woman in mythic story.



I FEEL a particular pleasure in writing this paper. In the articles which have preceded mine, valuable hints have been given for the guidance of the fictionist. Broad rules have been laid down, and some of that personal experience, far more valuable than mere empty rules, has been related for the benefit of the student. I have written stories of all sorts, and can endorse the excellence of the suggestions given. But in this paper I want to touch on a very practical point indeed, namely, how best the fiction-writer, when he has produced his work, can dispose of it.

To effect this most desirable end, he has got to please either a publisher or an editor. I have had a great deal to do with publishers, and find them most kind and encouraging when they are approached in a proper business spirit. But as I am not a publisher, but an editor, I can perhaps best help my readers by telling them a few of my own experiences during the last six years.

Articles of all sorts, written by all classes of people, have been offered to "ATALANTA." A comparatively small number have been accepted, for the simple reason that a magazine can only hold a certain amount of letter-press; and not all the cramming and pushing and squeezing in the world will allow an extra line to be printed, if the pages of the magazine are already full.

There is no better opening for a young writer than to become a contributor to a good magazine. In the first place, he has the opportunity of having his work immediately presented to an assured public. A book, however clever, has to find its own public, and this—except in a few cases—is a slow and laborious process. It is a mistaken idea that books are sold in thousands. This is only the case with authors who have made a very wide reputation. The magazine is, therefore, the best opening for the young writer, and the sooner he knows the right way to set to work to get his articles taken, the better.

Primarily, of course, he *must* have the necessary talent, or, at least, the knack of gauging popular taste, but, granted that he possesses this important gift, it is well for him to know certain pitfalls into which he may stumble.

To quote from my own personal experience may be the best method of showing some of these.

A contribution like the following was not accepted, although the author may have had a great deal of learning, and other valuable qualifications to recommend him. An epic foem to run as a serial through six months of the magazine—to occupy six pages monthly, printed double-column; the subject to be devoted to a description of Indian life. For quite different reasons the fol-

lowing proposal was also rejected—a series of six papers on "Rogues," in which every type of weickedness was elaborately discussed. These are examples of the writers who do not trouble themselves to know anything of the nature of the magazine to which they offer contributions.

Another class of would be contributor is the utterly silly person who thinks that it would be great fun to have something in print, and imagines that this desirable result can be attained with no labour or previous study. On a certain summer's afternoon, my co-editor and I were startled by hearing violent giggles outside the office door. Presently two blushing, rosy-faced girls entered. The spokeswoman said she didn't know our magazine at all—she had never written anything before in her life, but she and her friend thought they would like to make an attempt, if we would give them something to do. We were to suggest a subject, they did not mind in the least what they wrote about. I need searcely say that the services of these accomplished ladies were not secured.

The obtuse, though earnest-minded aspirant is also a hopeless example. Her utter lack of perception as to what is necessary for periodical literature makes it useless to argue with her, and hopeless to advise her. I recall a case in point. I was asked to give advice on the desirability of the applicant's resigning a good post as resident governess with large salary, in favour of literature.

I inquired if she had had much experience as a writer, and if she had been encouraged by the success of her books.

My interlocutor stared at me with round eyes.

"I have never printed a word in my life," she said, "But I am tired of teaching, and should like to take up literature. I have brought a little article with me, which you may care to see. The subject I am sure ought to interest—it is on *Hamlet*."

I gently begged my would-be contributor not to throw up the certainty of earning a comfortable living as a governess until she had tested her powers a little further. I promised to read her expositions on Hamlet, and she withdrew. I need scarcely say what the result of my perusal was. Such a subject treated by an amateur.'

I am anxious to say a word here on Choice of Subject. Why must beginners in the great Art of

Literature try to give their puny ideas on those giant problems over which the greatest minds have thought and puzzled, and thought and puzzled in vain? Nobody wants their poor little ideas, which are after all only feeble reflections of the thoughts of greater minds. Such papers are only suited for Amateur Essay Societies.

Equally silly are the writers who choose hackneyed topics that have been discussed and worn threadbare years ago. Such is the writer who offers a series of twelve Papers on the Higher Education of Women, or Woman's Suffrage, or the Poetry of Wordsworth. The Papers that find favour with Editors must first be fresh as regards Subject, second, be fresh as regards Style, third, fresh as regards Idea. The writer who possesses this triple gift, requires no further hints to tell him how and where to succeed. Success with him is a certainty.

Perhaps the best way to emphasise the above remarks is to tell my readers what to do and what *not* to do.

Do not send an article to a magazine until you have first looked through at least one of its numbers; carefully observe its tone, try to gather for yourself what its motive is, and to what sort of public it appeals. If after a short or a long perusal you discover that you and it are not in touch—that its scope is too big for you, or your thoughts are too big for its limits, leave it alone, and try your luck somewhere else.

When you write, don't fly too high. Get a subject into your head and feel that, small as this subject may be, you have something either useful or amusing to say about it.

Do not write a poem on April, and send it for insertion in the April number of a magazine on the day that number issues from the press. Try to remember, if you know it already, and try to learn the fact if you do not, that magazines take a certain number of days to print, and that, as a rule, the number is practically made up weeks, and sometimes months before publication.

When you offer a contribution to an Editor, do not have resource to a sort of false humility, which some writers are fond of adopting. For instance, I have received letters with offers of verses which the writer deprecates as "unworthy of publication, and only fit for the waste-paper basket," nevertheless, I am expected to read them, and give a

critical opinion, because the friends of the writer in question have urged him or her as the case may be, to forward them. This false humility is always prejudicial to the would-be contributor.

In offering contributions be as terse and business-like as possible. Editors have hearts, and sometimes these hearts are made to ache pretty considerably. But first and foremost an Editor, if he is a good one, must be business-like. He has to place the interests of the magazine before the fact that you want a summer holiday, or that you wish to assist your family, or to earn money for your own needs.

There would be no magazines worth reading if MSS, were accepted on any of the above pleas, and yet they are constantly being urged.

Try and think of yourself as a merchant who has something of value for sale. The Editor represents the public, who want to buy. He will quickly appreciate you if he sees that you can give him what his readers want, and, believe me, he will never care for you, as a writer, on any other grounds, whatever.

"My dear," an old lady and a very celebrated author said to me many years ago, "Please bear one fact in mind. Your Publisher or your Editor may love you as well as himself, but he will never love you better."

r i

Now the Editor or Publisher who takes unsuitable work from a mere sense of pity, inevitably courts financial disaster, and he can scarcely be expected to love the would-be contributor to that extent.

I should like to say a word here with regard to Introductions. Many people who wish to write have an idea that an introduction from a successful author is "Open Sesame!" to the world of literature. This is a vast mistake. You stand or fall on your own merits, and on those only. The utmost your influential friends can do for you is to get your MS. looked at. If it is silly or unsuitable, back it goes just as surely as if it had not been supported by any great name. This is a fact which is worth knowing.

I am afraid I must mention one more don't.

Don't send a MS. to a very busy Editor, with the remark that you know it is unsuitable, but you would be so much obliged if he would read it carefully, and give you his candid opinion as to whether you have got the literary faculty or not. Editors are usually kind-hearted, and don't like to refuse requests of this sort. But do the people who worry them with ill-written, bulky, and all but illegible MSS., realise what a large demand they are making upon valuable time, and by what right they demand a professional opinion from, in many cases, a total stranger? The same people would be much shocked if they were told that they expected advice from their doctor or lawyer for nothing, and yet the Author or Editor who has amassed his knowledge through years of patient toil, must give it away to any one who has the impertinence to ask for it. I feel strongly on this point, for in very truth it is, as a rule, casting pearls before swine, as those who could be really helped with advantage are generally far too modest to ask for such assistance.

I should recommend all those fiction-writers who are anxious to obtain magazine work, to turn their attention to the short complete story, and to avoid for many a day all attempts at *Scrial* fiction. A Short Story, if good, is likely to find a market somewhere—but then it must be good—by this I mean terse and full of plot, without a single unnecessary word, and with the whole range of subject clearly mapped out in the author's mind before a word is written. The short story can be a character sketch, although this is very often intensely stupid, and has a by-way-of clever air about it, which quickly vanishes as you approach it, or it can be a good exciting incident with plenty of movement.

For heaven's sake don't let your friends say of your short story, "How pretty!" Avoid mere prettiness as you do all those things which lead to destruction. The merely pretty writer gets weaker and weaker the older he grows, until at last he is sheer inanity. It is a good plan to be in a certain sense a specialist, and to take up a line which has not already been done to death. Whatever you are, be true: write about things you know of; don't sit in your drawing-room and invent an impossible scene in a London garret. If you want to talk of hunger and cold and the depths of sordid privation, go at least and see them, if you cannot feel them. Don't write high-flown sentiments. It would be far more interesting to the world if you told quite simply how a girl managed to keep out of debt on her allowance, or how she failed in the house-keeping during the

week her mother was away. There are heaps of things you know; and we don't. Tell us of these. As you grow older, life will teach you the deeper things.

It is a good plan also to avoid *morbid* writing. This is a tailing often to be seen in the works of the very young. Be as cheerful as you can; we want all the sunshine we can get.

If you want to take up fiction as a profession, write a little bit every day, whether you are in the mood or not. Put your story into a frame—by this I mean make up your mind in advance what length it shall be, and stick to that length, whether you feel inclined to go farther or not. This is very good practice.

Try, if possible, to see the end of your story before you begin to write it. This is a good plan, for it keeps the motive clear and unwavering. It is also the surest way of exciting a strong interest. Avoid long descriptive bits, more particularly descriptions of scenery. You need to be a Richard Jefferies to do your scenery descriptions so that other people shall see them, shall feel the breezes blowing, and hear the singing of the birds. To write in this style is a special gift, given to very few.

I have always found in writing my own stories, that there came a certain point when the characters ceased to be machines, and began to live. They were flesh and blood, creations as real as those I lived with. I hated some of them, and loved others. All those characters that remained merely puppets I eliminated from the story; they were useless to its progress, they took from its effect. When your characters become alive to you, as they

will to all those who have even the slighest touch of inspiration in writing, you will find a strange thing happen. They will begin to dominate you, not you them. They will grow in spite of you, and take a certain direction and fulfil their destinies just as surely as if they really lived. You may wish to make a villain of a certain character, but in spite of you he may turn out a saint or vice-versa. This is a mystery which I cannot pretend to account for, but I think all fiction writers have felt it more or less. And what is more, the better and stronger the story grows, the more will the characters dominate their author, and turn him whither they will.

Inspiration is the grandest of all gifts for the fiction writer, but he must not suppose that it comes daily, and if he never writes except when he thinks it has visited him, he will seldom or never write at all. Again I repeat that daily practice in writing is the best of all training. It is wonderful how this daily practice overcomes difficulties, one by one. How supple the mind becomes, how easy is the flow of language, how completely the writer masters the difficult problem of concentration of thought.

But I could go on talking indefinitely and, after all, although a few broad rules are necessary and useful, each man must be his own teacher—each life must inculcate its own lessons, and bring forth its own fruit.

If to ability is added courage, and to courage perseverance, you will succeed; and I hope to shake hands with you in spirit over the good work you have accomplished.

SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION.

1892-93.

SUBJECT.

AN ORIGINAL STORY, not more than 4,000 words in length.

Manuscripts must be sent in by December 1st, 1893. Full name, age, and address must be written on first page, also number of words stated.

All members of the Reading Union under the age of twenty-five years, whose names have reared five or more times in the Honour List, are eligible to compete.

SEARCH QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Ι.

t. Explain the allusions in these lines. 2. Give author and work where they occur.

a. "On life's broad plain the ploughman's conquering share
 Upturned the fallow lands of truth anew,
 And o'er the formal garden's trim parterre

The peasant's team a ruthless furrow drew.

Bright was his going forth, but clouds ere long Whelmed him; in gloom his radiance set, and those

b. Twin morning stars of the new century's song,
Those morning stars that sang together, rose.

In elvish speech the *Dreamer* told his tale
Of marvellous oceans swept by fateful wings,—
The Seër strayed not from earth's human pale,
But the mysterious face of common things

He mirrored."

100

II.

State if you know anything about the following:—1. Ruksh. 2. Muléykeh. 3. Lollo.

III.

On what occasion did the "Sixth Knight" at the Lists present

"A withered branch that's only green at top;
The motto, In hac spective":

IV.

1. What poet calls buttercups—"The little children's dower"? 2. What poet calls daisies—"Those pearled Arcturi of the earth"?

V.

Who bought "Caxton's Game of Chess, 1474," the first book ever printed in England, from a stall in Holland, for about two groschen—twopence of our money?

VI.

Give author and work where the following quotation^S occur:—

- "For while the tired waves, vainly breaking, Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making Comes silent, flooding in, the main."
- 2. "Our finest hope is finest memory, As they who love in age think youth is blest Because it has a life to fill with love. Full souls are double mirrors, making still An endless vista of fair things before Repeating things behind."

VII.

Give the name of the "Ship" referred to in the following lines :—

"This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streuning hair."

Answers to be sent in by September 15th. They should be addressed to the SUPERINTENDENT, R.U. "ATALANTA," 28, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., and should have the words *Search Questions* on the cover.

ANSWERS TO SEARCH QUESTIONS AUGUST.

I.

Redgauntlet. Scott.

H.

- t. Milton. Paradise Lost, Book iv.
- 2. Tennyson, in Edwin Morris.

"——— She moved Like Proserpine, in Enna, gathering flowers."

3. Perdita, in A Winter's Tale.

III.

"The Government of the Sheviri . . . rested with four chiefs, who were named from the four points of the compass—the chief of the East, the chief of the West, the chief of the North, and the chief of the South. . . Each chief ruled over that quarter of the city which corresponded geographically with his title. In any ceremonial, the chief of the East had the first place. There were councils, consisting of men of high rank attached to each of the four chiefs: there was also a council of four hundred, which was partly nominated by the chiefs, and partly chosen by election from among the people. This council met only on very great occasions."—Realmah by Sir Arthur Helps.

IV.

Byron and Shelley.

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- t. Christian and Hopeful rested in the "Meadow of Lilies" when they had left Vanity Fair.
 - 2. See Topsy, Uncle Tom's Calin.
 - 3. Captain Cuttle's favourite motto, Domhey and Son.
 - 4. Autolycus refers to himself thus, A Winter's Tale.
 - 5. See Kingsley's Westward Ho!

VI.

1. George Eliot's Silas Marner. 2. Wordsworth's Michael.

VII.

To Manfred. See poem by Byron.

VIII.

Arthur Hugh Clough: The Questioning Spirit.

IX

1. To Shakespeare. 2. Matthew Arnold.

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A FAMILY OF MISSES.

An unpublished letter from Mrs. Barbauld to a little girl who was at her house and had been carcless that morning.

Y DEAR ANNE,— We were talking last night of a family of Misses whose acquaintance is generally avoided by people of sense. They are, most of them, old maids, which is not very surprising, considering that the qualities they possess are not the most desirable for a helpmate. They are a pretty numerous class, and I shall endeavour to give you such a description of them as may enable you to decline their visits, especially as though many of them are extremely unlike in feature and temper, and, indeed, very distantly related, yet they have a wonderful knack at introducing each other, so that, if you open your doors to one of them, you are very likely, in process of time, to be troubled with the whole tribe.

The first that I shall mention—and indeed she deserves to be mentioned first, for she was always fond of being a ring leader of her company—is *Miss Chief.* This young lady was brought up until she was fourteen in a large rambling mansion in the country, where she was allowed to romp all day with the servants and idle boys of the neighbourhood. There she employed herself in summer in milking into her bonnet, tying the grass together across the path to throw people down, and in winter making slides before the door for the same purpose; and the accidents these gave rise to always procured her the enjoyment of a hearty laugh. She was a great lover of fun, and at Christmas time distinguished herself by various tricks,

such as putting furze balls in the beds, drawing off the clothes in the middle of the night, and pulling people's seats from under them. At length, as a lady who was coming to visit the family, mounted on rather a startish horse, rode up to the door, Miss Chief ran up and unfurled an umbrella full in the horse's face, which occasioned him to throw his rider, who broke her arm. After this exploit Miss was sent off to a boarding school, where she was no small favourite with the girls, whom she led into all manner of scrapes, and no small plague to the poor governess, whose tables were hacked, and beds cut, and curtains set on fire continually. It is true Miss soon laid aside her romping airs and assumed a very demure appearance, but she was always playing one sly trick or another, and had learnt to tell lies in order to lay it upon the innocent. At length she was discovered in writing anonymous letters, by which whole families in the town had been set at variance; and she was then dismissed the school with ignominy. She has since lived a very busy life in the world. Seldom is there a great crowd of which she does not make one; and she has even been frequently taken up for riots and other disorderly proceedings, very unbecoming in one of her sex.

The next I shall introduce to your acquaintance is a City lady, *Miss Management*, a very stirring, notable woman, always in a bustle and always behindhand. In the parlour she saves candleends; in the kitchen everything is extravagance

and waste. She hires her servants at half wages, and changes them at every quarter. She is a great buyer of cheap bargains, but as she cannot always use them they grow worm and moth eaten upon her hands; when she pays a long score to her butcher, she wrangles for the odd pence and forgets to cast up the pounds. Though it is her great study to save, she is continually out-running her income, which is partly owing to her trust in a cousin of hers, *Miss Calculation*, with the settling of her accounts, who, it is very well known, could never be persuaded to learn perfectly her multiplication table, or state rightly a sum in the rule of three.

Miss Lay and Miss Place are sisters great slatterns. When Miss Place gets up in the mornings she can't find her combs because she has put them in her writing box. Miss Lay would willingly go to work, but her housewife is in the drawer of the kitchen dresser, her bag hanging on a tree in the garden, and her thimble anywhere but in her pocket. If Miss Lay is going a journey the keys of her trunk are sure to be lost; if Miss Place wants a volume out of her book shelf she is certain not to find it along with the rest of the set. If you peep into Miss Place's dressing-room you find her drawers filled with foul linen, and her best cap hanging upon the carpet broom. If you call Miss Lay to take a lesson in drawing she is so long in gathering together her pencils, her chalks, her indiarubber, and her drawing paper, that her master's hour is expired before she has well got her materials together.

Miss Understanding. This lady comes of a respectable family and has a half-sister distinguished for her good sense and solidity; but she herself, though not a little fond of reasoning, always takes the perverse side of any question. She is often seen with another of her intimates, Miss Representation, who is a great tale-bearer, and goes about from house-to-house telling people what such-a-one and such-a-one said of them behind their back. Miss Representation is a notable story-teller, and can so change, enlarge, and dress up an anecdote, that the person to whom it happened shall not know it again. How many friendships have been broken by these two, or turned into bitter enemies? The latter lady does a great deal of varnish work, which wonderfully sets off her paintings, for she pretends to use the pencil, but her productions are such miserable daubings that it is the varnish alone which makes them pass to the most common eye. Though she has of all sorts, black varnish is what she uses most. As I wish you very much to be on your guard against this lady, whenever you meet her in company, I must tell you she is to be distinguished by a very ugly squint: it is quite out of her power to look straight at any object.

Miss Trust is a sour old maid, wrinkled and shaking with the palsy. She is continually peeping and prying about in the expectation of finding something wrong. She watches her servants through the keyholes, and has lost all her friends by little shynesses that have arisen, no one knows how. She is worn away to skin and bone, and her voice is never above a whisper.

Miss Rule. This is a lady of very lofty spirit, and had she been married would certainly have governed her husband; as it is she interferes very much in the management of families, and as she is very highly connected she has as much influence in the fashionable world as amongst the lower orders. She even interferes in political concerns, and I have heard it whispered that there is scarcely a Cabinet in Europe where she has not some share in the direction of affairs.

Miss Hap and Miss Chance. These are twin sisters, so like as scarcely to be distinguished from each other. Their whole conversation turns upon little disasters. One tells you how her lap dog spoiled a new Wilton carpet: the other, how her muslin petticoat was torn by a gentleman setting his foot upon it. They are both left-handed, and so exceedingly awkward and ungainly, that if you trust either of them with but a cup and saucer you are sure to have them broken. These ladies used frequently to keep days for visiting, and, as people were not very fond of meeting them, many used to shut themselves up and see no company on those days for fear of stumbling on either of them: some people even now will hardly open their doors on Friday for fear of letting them in.

Miss Take. This lady, an old doting woman, who is purblind, and has lost her memory, invites her acquaintance on wrong days; calls them by wrong names; and always intends to do just the contrary thing to what she does.

Miss Fortune. This lady has the most forbidding look of any of the clan, and people are sufficiently disposed to avoid her as much as it is in their power to do: yet some pretend that, not-withstanding the sternness of her countenance on the first address, her physiognomy softens as you grow more familiar with her; and, though she has it not in her power to be an agreeable acquaint-ance, she has sometimes proved a valuable friend. There are lessons which none can teach so well as herself, and the wisest philosophers have not scrupled to acknowledge themselves the better for her company. I may add that, notwithstanding her want of external beauty, one of the best poets in our language fell in love with her and wrote a beautiful Ode in her praise.

A MONG the most graceful and daintiest poets of the present day must be classed the Hon. Roden Noel, and a collection of his works ought to appear on the book-shelves of all lovers of good literature. He is in touch with nature in her many moods; he has an intimate knowledge of the human heart, and he has got the gift of clothing his ideas in language which may fitly be termed poetry.

I have lately become the happy possessor of a little volume of his verse, which is published by Walter Scott in the *Canterbury Poets* series, and I can scarcely express the pleasure it has given me, and the many moods which it seems to meet.

The lovely verses called A Little Child's Monument are too well-known to be quoted here, but while they are incomparable in their way, there are many other gems in the volume. Here is one, amongst several.

> "They are waiting on the shore For the boat to take them home, They will toil and grieve no more, The hour of release hath come.

All their long life lies behind Like a dimly-blending dream, There is nothing left to bind To the realms that only seem. They are waiting for the boat, There is nothing left to do, What was near them grows remote, Happy silence falls like dew. Now the shadowy bark is come, And the weary may go home.

By still water they would rest In the shadow of the tree, After battle sleep is best, After noise, tranquillity."

THE CHRONICLES OF THE SID is a brightly-written, gay little book. It is the life and adventures of Adelia Gates, a wonderful woman, who by sheer pluck, has travelled through the Desert of the Sahara, has visited Palestine, Iceland, and half the other countries of the world, without coming to any catastrophe, and still more wonderful to relate, has done all this on an income of apparently less than one hundred pounds a year.

The story of her life and adventures is told with much freshness and naïvete; in short, it is a delightful volume, and ought to be widely read. The author is Adela Orpen, and it is published by the Religious Tract Society.

"CLEAR ROUND" or seeds of story from other countries, by E. A. Gordon (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.), is a book which ought to fulfil a long felt need. It is the account of the travels and adventures of a lady who went, as she expressed it, 'Clear Round' the world. The book is brightly written and is full of historical references, legends of all sorts, and scraps of information of various kinds. It contains, therefore, quite a mine of information, and at once impresses one with the fact of its veracity.

There are books of travels of many sorts in the present day, but some, although most pleasant to read, are so highly coloured that one feels at once the presence of those rose-coloured glasses which

have enabled travellers to see things through the distorted but fascinating medium of a powerful imagination.

Such books are good to wile away an idle hour, but if one wants to know exactly how to set about a similar journey, they are apt to be, to say the least of it, delusive.

With the author of Clear Round, however, this is not the case. She does not worry her readers with too much \pounds . s. d., but she does describe facts in a practical and yet agreeable manner. It is to be hoped that the book will be read and appreciated, for it is not the lot of everyone to go clear round the world, and the next best thing to going oneself is to hear someone else tell how the thing was done.

CASQUE AND COWL is an exciting story of the French Reformation. It is the work of M. Cotton Walker, and was published by a firm now extinct (Tinsley Brothers). French history is told in a pleasant way in this volume, and there is a great deal of passion, and even power in some of the descriptions. There is no pleasanter way of learning history than under the spell of the romance writer's pen, and a very vivid account will be found in this volume of Henry of Navarre and all those remarkable events that clustered round this great period of history.

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IVHITHER, a novel by M. E. Francis (Griffith, Farren & Co.), is an exciting and powerfully written book. The character of Virginia, the heroine, is portrayed with much delicacy, and all that part of the volume which describes her life as a school-mistress in a remote English village is charming, and even idyllic. The story is a painful one, and the end, tragic in the extreme, but its writer may certainly feel that she has scored a distinct success in the way she arrests attention with almost the first line of her story, which never flags until the reader lays it down. Il hither is a book which must commend itself to many readers, and as it has already reached a cheap edition, we

may conclude that it has found the success which it merits.

The following letter will interest many of our readers:—

DEAR EDITORS,

was once allowed to speak in the pages of "ATALANTA," of the London "Flower Mission for Working Girls." My letter was most kindly responded to. Through readers of "ATA-LANTA," much "sweetness and light" found its way into the evening clubs, where these girls are welcomed. This emboldens me to ask again for space, to mention another way of helping one special group of working girls—those employed in the Fulham laundries. The London working girl does seem to be a fact in our nineteenth century civilisation, to which special attention ought to be paid. Circumstances like hers have not acted on any human being, I think, in previous centuries, and they are circumstances which must and do tend to produce a life of more than ordinary confusion, a life devoid of rhythm, and measure, a bewildering mixture of heavy servitude, and dangerous independence.

Whilst many more possibilities are suggested to her, in her brief education, in the restless atmosphere of the age, in the books she reads, than were dreamed of by her mother or grandmother, few of these possibilities are fulfilled. For her there is no

> "Standing with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet,"

hurried as she is from an unfinished childhood, into a premature womanhood, unconscious of the value of what she is losing and the meaning of that which she gains. The work of laundry girls is very trying, and as the Factory Inspection Act does not apply to them, their day is often exceedingly long. A ten hours' bill would be a gain of rest and leisure to many of these little working people, absurdly youthful and delicate-looking as they frequently appear, to have joined the multitude who "in the sweat of their face eat bread." They seem peculiarly to need the hour or two of relaxation which an evening club offers to them,

the pause, the genial atmosphere, the feeling of "bien ctre," the opportunity for gaining ideas, which can hardly "swim into their ken," during their crowded labouring day.

The club on behalf of which I write, is about to develop from a borrowed Board school room, into a bond fide Institute, which the girls would look upon as their own place, always open to them. For many reasons this seems to be a great advance. Should any of your readers care to help towards it and have leisure, they might do much by joining a Guild of Work, which is sold from time to time, for the benefit of the club. I should be very glad to send further details to those who feel interested. May I also mention that gifts of old story books would be a great help to the club library? With apologies for the length of this letter.

Believe me,

Yours, etc.,

HILDA OAKELEY,

97, Warwick Road, Earl's Court, S.II'.

> 4; 4; 4;

A LL who have watched the steady, though slow progress of the movement in favour of affording to women a thoroughly good medical education, will be interested to know that the Managers of the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh have resolved to authorize the provision of a qualifying number of beds for the clinical instruction of women students.

The women students have been working in a most satisfactory way in the Royal Infirmary for nine months, but the Examining Board of the Triple Qualification having decided that the number of beds set aside for the instruction of women students was insufficient, the Board of Management of the Infirmary intimated that the clinical teaching of women students was to be discontinued after the 1st of October.

The Scottish Association for the Medical Education of Women appealed to the infirmary managers to reconsider their decision, at the same time pledging itself to raise a substantial sum of money to aid in fitting up the new wards. This offer is now accepted, and the managers deserve credit for forwarding this rapidly progressing movement. The Scottish Association has not pushed

this matter for its own students only, but for all women preparing for the medicine profession.

The College of the Scottish Association is at 30, Chambers Street, Edinburgh.

SHOULD like specially to recommend to all artists who wish to sketch from nature in these times of summer holiday, a most charming little invention of Messrs. Reeves and Sons. It consists of a drawing block composed of excellent paper, a palette, a number of moist water colours. a japanned tin water bottle, a cup of the same, an india-rubber eraser, a good camel's hair brush, and a useful sketching pencil; the whole put together in a stout canvas case, which, furthermore, contains a pocket to slip the finished sketches into. A more complete example of much in little has seldom been produced, and all those artists who do not know this delightful little sketching-block, ought to acquaint themselves with it in the most practical manner, at an early opportunity. It saves the necessity of carrying any burdensome apparatus when going to sketch.

45 X

In an article of mine which appeared in the February number, and which was called "Winter Resorts," I made some remarks with regard to the Cantonal Hospital at Lausanne. A lady whom I knew was staying there at the time, and I received certain information with regard to the charges made to foreigners at the hospital, which obliged her friends to remove her. This information was given to me by two officials at the Bureau of the hospital. Since then, however, I have received a letter from a member of the Medical Staff, Professor I. J. Larguiée, in which he tells me that I have been misinformed, and that the expense of a residence at the hospital is not so excessive as I was given to understand, and that in every instance Englishmen as well as all other foreigners are placed exactly on the same footing as the Swiss.

** **

Some most generous replies have been sent to my appeal for the *Children's Country Holidays Fund*, for which the best thanks of all those children who will derive benefit is due.

L. T. Meade.

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has graciously consented to write an article in connection with the subject of

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The Doctor, the Squire, The heads of the Choir,

And the Gentry around of high degree, A highly distinguished company;

For the Bishop was greatly beloved by his See.

And there, below,

A goodly show, Their faces with soap and with pleasure aglow, Sat the dear little school children, row upon row; For the Bishop had said ('twas the death-blow to schism)

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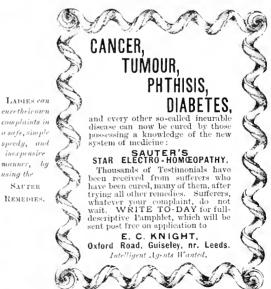
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killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventable suffering which exists in England year after year.—Kinsley. How much longer must the causes of the startling army of preventable deaths remain unchecked?

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When 'ENO'S SALT' betimes you take | No waste of this elixir make;

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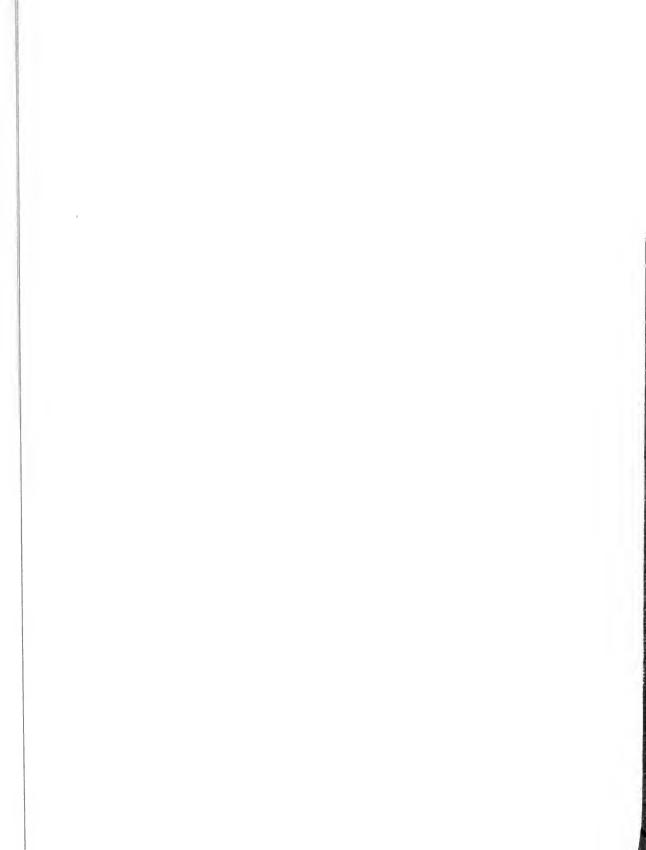
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